

# The King

**Loreena Mckennitt**

Health, love and peace be all here in this place  
By your leave we shall sing, concerning our King.  
Our King is well-dressed in silks of the best  
In ribbons so rare no king can compare.  
We have travelled many miles over hedges and stiles,

In search of our King unto you we bring.  
We have powder and shot to conquer the lot,  
We have cannon and ball to conquer them all.  
Old Christmas is past, twelve tide is the last  
And we bid you adieu, great joy to the new

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