

Please To See The King

Joy, Health, Love and Peace
Be all here in this place
By your leave we will 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
For to conquer the lot
We have cannon and ball
To conquer them all

Old Christmas is passed
Twelfth night is the last
And we bid you adieu
Great joy to the new