

Joy, Health, Love and Peace (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, To conquer the lot
We have cannon and ball, To conquer them all.

Old Christmas is past, Twelfth Night is the last
And we bid you adieu, Great joy to the new.