

The Decemberists, The Infanta

Here she comes in her palanquin
On the back of an elephant
On a bed made of linen and sequins and silk
All astride on her father's line
With the king and his concubines
And her nurse, with her pitchers of liquors and milk
And we'll all come praise the infanta
And we'll all come praise the infanta

Among five score pachyderm
Each canopied and passengered
Sit the duke and the duchess' luscious young girls
Within sight of the baroness
Seething spite for this lithe largesse
By her side sits the baron
Her barrenness barbs her
And we'll all come praise the infanta
And we'll all come praise the infanta

A phalanx on camel back
Thirty ranks on a forward tack
Followed close, their shiny bright standards a-waving
While behind, in their coach-and-fours
Ride the wives of the king of Moors
And the veiled young virgin, the prince's betrothed
And we'll all come praise the infanta
And we'll all come praise the infanta

And as she sits upon her place
Her innocence laid on her face
From all atop the parapets blow a multitude of coronets
Melodies rhapsodical and fair
And all our hearts afire
The sky ablaze with cannon fire
We all raise our voices to the air
To the air...

And above all this folderol
On a bed made of chaparral
She is laid, a coronal placed on her brow
And the babe, all in slumber dreams
Of a place, filled with quiet streams
And the lake, where her cradle was pulled from the water
And we'll all come praise the infanta
And we'll all come praise the infanta
And we'll all come praise the infanta