

## **Decemberists, The**

### **"The Infanta"**

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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 canapied and  
passengered,  
sit the duke and the duchess's luscious young girls  
within sight of the baroness (seething spite  
for this live largess,) 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 camelback, thirty ranks  
on her forward tack follow close,  
their shiny bright standards a'waving.  
While behind, in their coaching 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 cannonfire,  
we all raise our voices to the air, to the air...

And above all this falderal on a bed made of chaparral  
she is laid, a coronal placed on her brow.  
And the babe, all in slumbered dreams

of a place filled with quiet screams  
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.  
And we'll all come praise the infanta.

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