## Infanta

The Decemberists More tabs: http://www.geocities.com/jff\_77/ Artist: The Decemberists Album: Picaresque Song: 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 D And we ll all come praise the infanta D And we ll all come praise the infanta Among five score pachyderm each canopied and passengered Sit the duke and the duchess s luscious young girls Within sight of the baronness seething spite for this live largesse On 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 (Interlude:) Em D Em D Am Bb F A phalanx on camel back, thirty ranks on a forward tack Followed close, their shiny bright standards are waving While behind in their coach in fours ride the wives of the king of bores

And the veiled young virgin, the prince s betrothed

G# D# And we ll all come praise the infanta G# D# 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 BbAnd all our hearts afire, the sky ablaze with cannonfire We all raise our voices to the air To the air Е 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 a lake where her cradle was pulled from the water And we ll all come praise the infanta D And we ll all come praise the infanta D And we ll all come praise the infanta End: GDE GDE GDE