

THE KING'S SPECTACLES – JAMES GIBSON

The King has lost his spectacles!
The court is in a flurry!
They're searching here,
They're searching there.
It's such a hurry burry!

Where can they be?
Where can they be?
We'll search throughout the land.
And he who finds my spectacles
Shall have my daughter's hand.

Then, father dear,
A boy is here:
His home is in a shack.
He often finds a needle
In his master's big haystack.

Then bring him in!
Yes, bring him in!
We'll bring him in, sir, now...
My Lord, your noble spectacles
Are on your noble brow!

We'll now proclaim through all the land,
This boy shall have my daughter's hand!