When the King Enjoys His Own Again

Let rogues and cheats prognosticate
Concerning king's or kingdom's fate
I think myself to be as wise
As he that gazeth on the skies
My sight goes beyond the depth of a pond
Or rivers in the greatest rain
Whereby I can tell that all will be well
When the King enjoys his own again

Yes, this I can tell
That all will be well
When the King enjoys his own again

There's neither swallow, dove, or dade
Can soar more high or deeper wade
Nor show a reason from the stars
What causeth peace or civil wars
The man in the moon may wear out his shoon
By running after Charles his wain
But all's to no end, for the times will not mend
Till the King enjoys his own again

Full forty years this royal crown
Hath been his father's and his own
And is there anyone but he
That in the same should sharer be?
For better may the scepter sway
Than he that hath such right to reign?
Then let's hope for a peace, for the wars will not cease
Till the king enjoys his own again

Though for a time we see Whitehall
With cobwebs hanging on the wall
Instead of gold and silver brave
Which formerly was wont to have
With rich perfume in every room
Delight to that princely train
Yet the old again shall be when the time you see
That the King enjoys his own again

Then fears avaunt, upon the hill
My hope shall cast her anchor still
Until I see some peaceful dove
Bring home the branch I dearly love
Then will I wait till the waters abate
Which now disturb my troubled brain
Then for ever rejoice, when I've heard the voice
That the King enjoys his own again

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Song of the Cavaliers
SOF