

SHERIFF HUTTON

OF SHERIFF HUTTON I HAVE BEEN TOLD
A SENSE OF WONDER DID UNFOLD
OF RICHARD'S COUNCIL OF THE NORTH
IT'S LONELY RUINS I SEE HENCEFORTH

ON THE CASTLE WALLS HE MUST HAVE WALKED
TO HIS AFFINITY HE MUST HAVE TALKED
WHERE DISTANT ECHOES STILL RESOUND
THAT WHICH IS LOST MAY STILL BE FOUND

TO MIDDLEHAM CASTLE I HAVE GONE
IT'S BROKEN WALLS ONCE SO STRONG
THE STRANGE WHITE STATUE STANDING THERE
A TWIST OF FATE HANGING IN THE AIR

TO THE TOWER OF LONDON ONE FATEFUL DAY
THE CROWN OF ENGLAND ONE STEP AWAY
AT BOSWORTH FIELD ONCE REDEMORRE PLAIN
WHERE RICHARD FOUGHT AND LOST IN VAIN

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RICHARD LIVETH YET

THE FIRST CRY OF A NEW BORN CHILD
AND THE DELIGHT OF A BIRTH OF A SON
THE DUKE OF YORK FULL OF PRIDE
AND A NEW LIFE HAS JUST BEGUN

AND RICHARD LIVETH YET

THE YOUNGEST SON OF THE DUKE OF YORK
BORN AT THE CASTLE OF FOTHERINGHAY
OCTOBER FOURTEEN FIFTY TWO
WAS THE SUN SHINING ON THAT AUTUMN DAY

AND RICHARD LIVETH YET

BORN AT THE CASTLE ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER NENE

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WRITTEN AT RISING

FROM CASTLE RISING FOURTEEN SIXTY NINE
TO SIR JOHN SAY THIS LETTER I SIGN
RIGHT TRUSTY AND WELL BELOVED WE GREET YOU WELL
AND OF MY LACK OF FUNDS I DO SADLY TELL

THE KINGS GOOD GRACE HAS APPOINTED ME
TO ATTEND FOR HIS HIGHNESS I DID NOT FORESEE
MY URGENT REQUEST FOR ONE HUNDREDTH POUND
UNTIL NEXT EASTER WHEN REPAYMENT IS FOUND

FOR AT THIS TIME I AM IN GREAT NEED
AND I MUST SHOW YOU GOOD LORDSHIP INDEED
THE BEARER HEREOF SHALL INFORM QUITE SOON
WRITTEN AT RISING THE TWENTY FOURTH DAY OF JUNE

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GOLD ANGELS

IT WAS CHRISTMAS DAY IN LONDON TOWN
SNOW COVERED THE FILTH IN THE STREET
THERE WAS ICE ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER THAMES
THE DUKE HIS BARGE HE DID SEEK

HERE'S A GOLD ANGEL FOR CHRISTMAS DAY
RICHARD HANDED HIS BARGEMAN THE GIFT
NOW STEER ME TO WESTMINSTER THANK YOU SIR
FOR YOUR SERVICE NOW LET'S BE SWIFT

THE DUKE'S BARGE ON THE RIVER THAMES
STEERED TO THE ROYAL COURT
DEPARTING FROM BAYNARD'S CASTLE
RICHARD GLOUCESTER DEEP IN THOUGHT

THE LORD OF MISRULE WAS DANCING
THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER DID KNEEL
TO THE QUEEN ELIZABETH WOODVILLE
TRUE FEELINGS THEY WERE CONCEALED

AND THE LORD OF MISRULE KEPT DANCING
THE DUKE HE DID CONCEAL
IN HIS POCKETS HE HAD GOLD ANGELS
FOR GIFTS HE WOULD LATER REVEAL

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ACT III, SCENE 4 (William Shakespeare)

NOW NOBLE PEERS
THE CAUSE WHY WE ARE MET
IS TO DETERMINE
OF THE CORONATION

IN GOD'S NAME SPEAK
WHEN IS THE ROYAL DAY
ARE THINGS ALL READY
FOR THAT ROYAL TIME

THERE ARE
AND WANTS BUT NOMINATION
TOMORROW THEN
I JUDGE A HAPPY DAY

IN GOD'S NAME SPEAK
WHEN IS THE ROYAL DAY
ARE THINGS ALL READY
FOR THAT ROYAL TIME

WHO KNOWS
THE LORD PROTECTORS MIND HEREIN
WHO IS MOST INWARD
WITH THE NOBLE DUKE

IN GOD'S NAME SPEAK
WHEN IS THE ROYAL DAY
ARE THINGS ALL READY
FOR THAT ROYAL TIME

YOUR GRACE WE THINK
SHOULD SOONEST KNOW HIS MIND
WE KNOW EACH OTHERS FACES
FOR OUR HEARTS

IN GOD'S NAME SPEAK
WHEN IS THE ROYAL DAY
ARE THINGS ALL READY
FOR THAT ROYAL TIME

IN GOD'S NAME SPEAK
WHEN IS THE ROYAL DAY
ARE THINGS ALL READY
FOR THAT ROYAL TIME

THE YEAR OF THREE KINGS

EDWARD THE FOURTH HIS LUST FOR LIFE FLOWN
WITH THE HATED WOODVILLES THE SEEDS OF STRIFE SOWN
THE CHRONICLES TELL US OF CONSPIRACY
OF THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER IN THE YEAR OF THREE KINGS

THE YEAR OF THREE KINGS
THE YEAR OF THREE KINGS
THE CHRONICLES TELL US OF THE YEAR OF THREE KINGS

EDWARD THE FIFTH A BOY NEVER CROWNED
WITH HIS DISAPPEARANCE THE RUMOURS ABOUND
THE CHRONICLES TELL US OF CONSPIRACY
AMID ALL THE RUMOURS IN THE YEAR OF THREE KINGS

RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER AN HEIR TO THE THRONE
BUT OF THE PRE-CONTRACT HE HAD NOT KNOWN
THE CHRONICLES TELL US OF CONSPIRACY
IN A TEXT OF CONFUSION IN THE YEAR OF THREE KINGS

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HOLLOW CROWN

YOU SEE THIS CROWN HOW IT DOES SHINE
A GOLDEN CROWN AND IT IS MINE
I WEAR IT FOR ENGLAND WHICH I HOLD DEAR
A CRY OF USURPER I DID HEAR

THIS HOLLOW CROWN UPON MY HEAD
THEY SAY MY BROTHERS SONS ARE DEAD
WHISPERS AT COURT BEHIND MY THRONE
IN MY REIGN SEEDS OF DOUBT ARE SOWN

YOU SEE THIS BODY IS IT TRULY MINE
MY BACK IS BENT LIKE A TWISTED VINE
YOU SPEAK OF EVIL TO TARNISH MY NAME
FOR THE DEATH OF HASTINGS I AM TO BLAME

THIS HOLLOW CROWN UPON MY HEAD
AND NOW MY YOUNGEST SON IS DEAD
MY GRIEF AT COURT UPON MY THRONE
THE QUEEN AND I FEEL SO ALONE

YOU SEE THIS SWORD IN MY HAND
AGAINST TUDOR I DEFEND THIS LAND
OF NEWS FROM FRANCE I WAIT TO HEAR
WITHIN MY ARMOUR I HIDE MY FEAR

THIS HOLLOW CROWN UPON MY HEAD
THEY SAY QUEEN ANNE WILL SOON BE DEAD
THE SKY IS DARK THOUGH IT IS DAY
WITH MY BOOK OF HOURS I DO PRAY

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REMEMBER MY NAME

THE KING HAS COMMANDED AND TO BATTLE YOU MUST GO
FROM OUR HOME TO A FATE I'D RATHER NOT KNOW

SO IF I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN
I WON'T FORGET YOU
I'LL REMEMBER YOUR NAME

WITH MY LONGBOW I HOPE MY AIM WILL BE TRUE
FOR WAR CLOUDS HAVE GATHERED AND I MUST LEAVE YOU

SO IF I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN
PLEASE DON'T FORGET ME
AND REMEMBER MY NAME

THE KING HAS COMMANDED AND TO BATTLE YOU MUST GO
FROM OUR HOME TO A FATE I'D RATHER NOT KNOW

OUR LIVES ONCE SO HAPPY
COULD BE SHATTERED AND TORN
SOME WILL REJOICE BUT OTHERS WILL MOURN

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LORD LOVELL'S LAMENT

PRAY SLEEP THOU TENDER CHILD
I HOLD YOU TO MY BREAST
DEFENDED FROM THE WILD
AND SLUMBERED IN THY NEST

OH LET SLEEP BE SO MILD
WITHOUT DREAMS OF STRIFE
SLEEP HOLD THEE UNDEFILED
SWEET INNOCENT YOUNG LIFE

REMEMBER THOSE NOW REVILED
WHOSE FAITH HAD WAVERED NOT
THEIR HONOUR HAS BEEN DEFILED
THEY LIE IN EARTHEN PLOT

OH LET SLEEP BE SO MILD
WITHOUT DREAMS OF STRIFE
SLEEP HOLD THEE UNDEFILED
SWEET INNOCENT YOUNG LIFE

LU LE LU LAY
THOU LITTLE TINY CHILD
NIGHT NIGHT LU LE
LU LE LU LEY

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REQUIEM

HER HEART WAS FULL OF SORROW
THE NEWS SOMEWHAT DELAYED
HER YOUNGER BROTHER RICHARD
IN BATTLE HE WAS BETRAYED

A REQUIEM MASS FOR RICHA
SHE HAD TO PREPARE
HER HEART WAS FULL OF SORROW
ANGER AND DEEP DESPAIR

A USURPER HENRY TUDOR
HOW SHE WOULD HATE THAT NAME
DID STEAL THE CROWN OF ENGLAND
HER BROTHER CRUELY SLAIN

A REQUIEM MASS FOR RICHARD
SHE HAD TO PREPARE
HER HEART WAS FULL OF ANGER
MARGARET'S DEEP DESPAIR

A GREYFRIARS CHURCH IN MECHELEN
IN THE CHOIR HER BODY TO REST
FOR IN HER WILL WAS WRITTEN
THIS BURIAL REQUEST

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ROYAL TITLE

I AM DESCENDED FROM SIR JOHN BUCK
EXECUTED AFTER BOSWORTH FIELD
FOR LOYALTY I WILL WRITE A BOOK
AND TRUTH AND HONOUR WILL BE REVEALED

FOR I HAVE FOUND THE CROYLAND CHRONICLES
WRITTEN OUT BY SCRIBES
WITHIN THE MISSING ROYAL TITLE
THE TRUTH IT HAS SURVIVED

I HAVE CLIMBED THE SOCIAL LADDER
AND I WENT TO THE INNS OF COURT
SERVED THE TUDOR QUEEN ELIZABETH
BUT THE TRUTH I HAVE NOW SOUGHT

THE LORDS SPIRITUAL AND TEMPERAL
DID PETITION A MIGHTY PRINCE
TO BE THE RULER OF THIS LAND
SHOWN DISHONOUR EVER SINCE

MY NAME IS SIR GEORGE BUCK
AND NOW A STUART KING I SERVE
FOR KING RICHARD I WILL WRITE A BOOK
TRUTH AND HONOUR HE DESERVES

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AMBION HILL

I SAW A KNIGHT UP ON AMBION HILL
HIS ARMOUR DID SHINE IN THE SUN
HE WORE A SURCOAT OF MURRAY AND BLUE
IT FELT LIKE A DREAM HAD BEGUN

HE BECKONED ME TO FOLLOW HIM
I BLINKED AND HE WAS GONE
A GHOST I THINK I HAD SEEN
BUT YOU SAY I MUST BE WRONG

I HEARD A VOICE UP ON AMBION HILL
HE SAID THE BATTLE WASN'T HERE
I LOOKED AROUND I WAS QUITE ALONE
BUT THE VOICE IT WAS QUITE NEAR

HE TOLD ME TO TURN AROUND
I TURNED TO WALK THAT WAY
A GHOSTLY VOICE I THINK I HEARD
ARE YOU SURE I HEAR YOU SAY

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HOW DO YOU REBURY A KING

HOW DO YOU REBURY A KING
WHEN WINTER TURNS INTO SPRING
SOIL FROM A FIELD WHERE HE DIED
CAN THE OLD HISTORY BE DENIED

SOME CAME TO GAZE
SOME CAME TO PRAISE
SOME CRITICISED
AND SOME WERE WISE

HOW DO YOU REBURY A KING
WHEN WINTER TURNS INTO SPRING
SOIL FROM A PLACE CALLED FOTHERINGHAY
IN HIS TOMB FOREVER TO STAY

HOW DO YOU REBURY A KING
WHEN WINTER TURNS INTO SPRING
SOIL FROM MIDDLEHAM IN HIS GRAVE
ENGLISH HERITAGE TO TRY AND SAVE

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