

## LOYAULTE ME LIE by The Legendary 10 Seconds

### Track 1: York City Fair

The day that I took you to York City Fair  
The sunshine, the laughter, we hadn't a care.  
The flags and the bunting, the stalls and the carts,  
The cries of the hawkers all gladdened our hearts.

We marched along gladly, lads out on a spree.  
I carried the favour you'd given to me.  
The ribbon you'd worn to tie up your hair,  
The day that I took you to York City Fair.

We formed up lines, stared out across the field,  
And the sun glanced and glimmered on helmets and shields.  
The banners flew gaily and the shouts on the air  
All carried me back to York City Fair.

For a moment I stood there bewildered and still;  
Then an order was given, we rushed for the hill.  
The cries and the fury, the pain and the fear;  
Would I ever again see York City dear?

Now the stunned and the weary limp home to find rest,  
And I finger the ribbon tucked close to my chest.  
Will the clamour, the scene, the stench ever fade.  
Will I find my back to my York City maid?

Come a day when the sun shines on bonnets not helms,  
When we walk arm in arm under York City's elms.  
When with pleasure I buy you new ribbons to wear,  
Come a day when I take you to York City Fair.

## Track 2: The Battle of Barnet Song

My Men, I think you can hear  
That the Battle of Barnet is near.  
Though late for the fight we might be,  
Let's rest for a while by this tree.

The three Sons of York are our lords,  
For them we do raise our swords.  
To the Battle of Barnet we ride.  
The White Rose of York is our pride.

The noise of the battle is great.  
For shame, we've arrived far too late.  
I'm thirsty so let's have some wine.  
For a quick drink I'm sure we've got time.

The three Sons of York .....

A drink of ale would be good  
Then no more, am I understood?  
Alright, one more drink I agree,  
Then the battle we surely will see.

The three Sons of York .....

But my courage it has surely gone,  
And the wine it was rather strong.  
The ale has gone to my head.  
We don't fight, we sleep instead.

The three Sons of York .....

I think we drank far too much ale,  
In valour we did rather fail.  
Like a mist the battle has gone,  
But my hangover does linger on.

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### **Track 3: Loyalty Binds Me**

Loyalty binds me to my brother, the King.  
In victory we will rejoice and sing.  
At Barnet and Tewkesbury we won the day.  
Loyalty binds me with my faith on display.

Loyalty binds me to King Edward, my Lord.  
Who reclaimed his throne with his mighty sword.  
Defeated Lord Warwick, his life he did lose.  
Loyalty binds me to the friends that I choose.

Loyalty binds me to King Edward the Fourth,  
For he has made me the Lord of the North.  
At Middleham Castle I now reside,  
Loyalty binds me with Anne as my bride.  
Yes, Loyalty binds me to Anne at my side.

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## **Track 4: Lord Anthony Woodville**

Lord Anthony you look down with disdain.  
You've seen misery, you've see pain.  
Could you have poisoned a king?  
I doubt that we could suspect such a thing.

Lord Anthony Woodville, were you right?  
In the joust you took such delight.  
Lord Anthony Woodville, you weren't wrong,  
In the House of York you did not belong.

Lord Anthony, when he walked through the door  
My heart fell down to the floor.  
Lord Anthony, when he left the hall.  
I could relax at the Devil's call.

Lord Anthony Woodville, were you right?  
In the joust you took such delight.  
Lord Anthony Woodville, you weren't wrong,  
In the House of York you did not belong.

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## Track 5: The Lord Protector

Edward the Fourth lay dying  
On his deathbed, they gathered round.  
And he named the Lord Protector  
Whom he hoped would see his son crowned.

He did name the Lord Protector,  
Whom the Queen she had no faith.  
She feared the Duke of Gloucester  
Would not keep her two boys safe.

And so history is written,  
But Prince Edward was never crowned.  
And Richard, a man of honour,  
In a sea of treason was drowned.

He was named the Lord Protector,  
Whom the Queen she had no faith.  
She feared the Duke of Gloucester  
Would not keep her two boys safe.

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## Track 6: Fanfare for the King - Instrumental

### Track 7: The Lady Anne Neville

We will never know how she felt,  
In the Chapel where she knelt.  
Nor see the letters that she read.  
The Lady Anne Neville.

A bad omen on the day she did die.  
The sun extinguished in the sky.

We can guess at the sorrow she felt,  
In the Chapel where she knelt.  
A message that her son had died.  
The Lady Anne Neville.

The sun went out on the day she did die,  
Blocked by the moon in the sky.  
A bad omen on the day she did die.  
The sun extinguished in the sky.

We can't hear the Compline bell,  
The end of joy that does foretell  
The burden of a royal wife.  
The Lady Anne Neville.

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## Track 8: The Wheat in the Field

The wheat in the field, soon ready for harvest,  
The year of fourteen eighty five.  
The ripening wheat in the fields in August,  
Ruined when Tudor did arrive.

The men of Henry Tudor's army,  
Trampling through the wheat fields.  
The men of Henry Tudor's army,  
Marching off to Bosworth Field.

The wheat in the field never reached the millstone.  
Henry Tudor didn't seem to care.  
His men at arms caused such destruction,  
With little chance of a quick repair.

The men of Henry Tudor's army,  
Trampling through the wheat fields.  
The men of Henry Tudor's army,  
Marching off to Bosworth Field.

The wheat in the fields  
Then dust beneath their heels.  
Scattered like memories  
And fading in the breeze.

The wheat in the field crushed by an army.  
Oh, the damage they did cause.  
And many poor folk did go hungry;  
The new King Henry they did abhor.

The men of Henry Tudor's army,  
Trampling through the wheat fields.  
The men of Henry Tudor's army,  
Marching off to Bosworth Field.

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## Track 9: Tudor Danse - Instrumental

### Track 10: House of York

It was at Bosworth Field that a king was slain.  
Despite it all Lord Stanley felt no shame.  
The Mayor of York he did mourn,  
For his loyalty to Richard he had sworn.

Long gone to his death  
Long gone his dying breath,  
Long gone the House of York,  
Of treachery there is much talk.

For the death of the Princes he carries the blame,  
And their mother she would curse his name,  
For the Woodvilles he did despise,  
But was he the victim of Tudor lies?

Long gone to his death  
Long gone his dying breath,  
Long gone the House of York,  
Of treachery there is much talk.

How he was mocked for his crooked spine.  
Shakespeare too, with the passage of time.  
Buried at Greyfriars Church;  
Now a car park is where she searched.

Long gone to his death  
Long gone his dying breath,  
Long gone the House of York,  
Of treachery there is much talk.

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## Track 11: The Mystery of the Princes

A mystery whispers its way through the years.  
Murder or mercy, bloodshed or tears.  
What was the fate of the boys in the tower  
When Richard of York came into power?

Did Richard recall his own childhood flight,  
Out of the danger, away from the fright?  
Or could it be true, against justice and sense,  
He gave out the order that despatched them hence?

A mystery whispers its way through the years.  
Murder or mercy, bloodshed or tears.  
What was the fate of the boys in the tower  
When Richard of York came into power?

Could he have sent them to safety abroad,  
To his sister, Margaret, away from discord?  
A good man maligned or a murder concealed,  
Was the truth hacked to death at Old Bosworth Field?

A mystery whispers its way through the years.  
Murder or mercy, bloodshed or tears.  
What was the fate of the boys in the tower  
When Richard of York came into power?

Did Richard recall his own childhood flight,  
Out of the danger, away from the fright?  
Or could it be true, against justice and sense,  
He gave out the order that despatched them hence?

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## Track 12: Sans Changer - Instrumental

### Track 13: The Fellowship of the Whyte Boare

We were founded by Saxon Barton  
As the Fellowship of the Whyte Boare,  
Named after King Richard III's standard  
And the badge that his knights often wore.

We do not accept Tudor slander,  
It really is quite absurd.  
All the lies, rumours and falsehoods  
Of the life of Richard III.

Walpole spoke out for King Richard,  
And we feel we must do the same.  
We heartily recommend that you should read  
Any books that stand up for his name.

We do not accept Tudor stories,  
They really are quite absurd.  
All their lies, rumours and falsehoods  
Of the life of Richard III.

We're a historical society,  
The Richard III Society.  
A historical society,  
The Richard III Society.

We have branches in so many counties,  
You'll find us on Facebook as well.  
Once a year we publish a Journal;  
The truth about Richard we tell.

We do not accept Tudor doctrine,  
It really is quite absurd.  
All the lies, rumours and falsehoods  
Of the life of Richard III.

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## Track 14: The King in the Car Park

In the choir of the priory, hurriedly buried,  
No casket beneath the tiles of the floor.  
Silent beneath them, unheeded underneath them,  
King Richard of England, he of the White Boare.  
King Richard of England, he of the White Boare.

Car doors slamming, wet feet splashing,  
Running across to the office door,  
Silent beneath them, unheeded underneath them,  
King Richard of England, he of the White Boare.  
King Richard of England, he of the White Boare.

The King in the Car Park, no peace for poor Richard  
Will York and Leicester dispute ever more?  
Where to rest poor King Richard, a tourist attraction,  
King Richard of England, what crowds he could draw!  
King Richard of England, he of the White Boare.

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