

## TANT LE DESIREE

### Track 1: White Surrey

His standard proudly on display,  
The burnished armour shines.  
Richard upon White Surrey,  
His knights fall in behind.

My horse, my horse, my White Surrey,  
For York and England my White Surrey.  
My horse, my horse, my White Surrey,  
For York and England my White Surrey.

The mediaeval cannons blast  
At Henry Tudor's men.  
Richard upon White Surrey  
Facing death again.

My horse, my horse, my White Surrey,  
For York and England my White Surrey.  
My horse, my horse, my White Surrey,  
For York and England my White Surrey.

The horses reaching gallop,  
The lances coming down.  
Richard upon White Surrey,  
Thunder on the ground.

My horse, my horse, my White Surrey,  
For York and England my White Surrey.  
My horse, my horse, my White Surrey,  
For York and England my White Surrey.

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## Track 2: The Court of King Richard III

Blind John plays the sackbut,  
No sight since his birth.  
He sees the music in his head,  
The notes are filled with mirth.

In the court of King Richard III  
The loveliest music I've ever heard.

A choir like a host of angels  
Sing harmony for the guest.  
A knight from far Silesia,  
Another song he does request.

In the court of King Richard III  
The loveliest music I've ever heard.

In the shadows there is treason,  
Lord Stanley takes his leave.  
A message for the Lady Margaret  
From her son she will receive.

In the court of King Richard III  
In the court of King Richard III  
In the court of King Richard III

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### Track 3: The Rose of Tudor

She knew her father had died in shame,  
A lasting slur on the Beaufort name.  
And her grandfather was bastard born  
The truth concealed, distorted not worn.

Secret ambition and deep desire,  
So strong her feelings, a holy fire.  
The Rose of Tudor risen from the earth,  
For the hope of her son at his birth.

Margaret Beaufort she did foresee  
For her son Henry on bended knee.  
For her Red Rose she did claim  
To bring glory to Tudor's name.

Secret ambition and deep desire,  
So strong her feelings, a holy fire.  
The Rose of Tudor risen from the earth,  
For the hope of her son at his birth.

She lived to see her grandson crowned;  
At dissolving the monasteries he was renowned.  
An evil man on a tyrant's quest,  
For his six wives he is know best.

Driving ambition and deep desire,  
So strong her feelings, a holy fire.  
The Rose of Tudor risen from the earth,  
For the hope of her son at his birth.

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## Track 4: 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.

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.

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## **Track 5: The Gold it feels so Cold (Treaty of Picquigny)**

Clarence took a thousand archers,  
I took a thousand more.  
We sailed across the sea to Calais,  
Not such a distant shore.

No honour in the treaty,  
No honour in the gold.  
I didn't join them on the bridge,  
The gold it feels so cold.

King Edward took his men at arms  
And I took mine as well.  
I was thinking of Agincourt,  
When for France we set sail.

No honour in the treaty,  
No honour in the gold.  
I didn't join them on the bridge,  
The gold it feels so cold.

No honour in the treaty,  
No honour in the gold.  
I didn't join them on the bridge,  
The gold it feels so cold.

My brothers took their share of wealth  
And I took mine for sure.  
A heavy heart I still have  
When that day I recall.

No honour in the treaty,  
No honour in the gold.  
I didn't join them on the bridge,  
The gold it feels so cold.

## Track 6: By Hearsay

By hearsay she heard of his riding to town,  
For she feared Lord Gloucester would steal her son's  
crown.

This thing to prevent, Earl Rivers tried  
To ambush and kill him before he arrived.

Of treacherous men she would quickly name,  
She felt Lord Hastings was largely to blame  
For giving him warning of her true intent;  
To comply with her wishes, they were not content.

King Edward her husband was buried and gone.  
In mourning and sorrow she did not linger long.  
In his codicil the Protector he named.  
Of her anger at this, she was not ashamed.

By hearsay I'm told that the ambush did fail,  
Earl Rivers arrested, so that is the tale.  
To Sanctuary she did run and hide,  
Her next plan of action she would later decide.  
Her next plan of action she would later decide.

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## Track 7: Fortune's Wheel

The Goddess Fortuna spins the wheel  
And our good fortune she may steal.  
The Goddess Fortuna spins the wheel  
And our bad luck she may seal.

Fortune's wheel has spun Richard low  
And fate has dealt him a mighty blow.  
Not only has Richard lost his son,  
It's a hollow crown that he has won.

The Goddess Fortuna spins the wheel  
And sees your fate chasing at your heel.  
The Goddess Fortuna spins the wheel  
See the cards that she will deal.

Fortune's wheel has spun Richard low  
And fate has dealt a might blow.  
Not only has death claimed his wife,  
Soon treachery will claim his life.

Fortune's wheel has spun Richard low  
And fate has dealt a might blow.  
Not only has death claimed his wife,  
Soon treachery will claim his life.

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## Track 8: A Tewkesbury Tale

An old man told me of deeds he had done,  
Of Tewkesbury Field fourteen seventy one.  
King Edward the Fourth and his brothers two,  
One Richard of Gloucester, his Lord that he knew.

To you this tale I will provide.  
When he spoke of Duke Richard,  
He fought by his side.  
To you this tale I will provide.  
When he spoke of Duke Richard,  
A man now despised.

T'was after Barnet's morning mist,  
King Edward's army he did dismiss.  
Then came the news of a Queen from France;  
For the fate of her son, she would take a chance.

To you this tale I will provide.  
When he spoke of Duke Richard,  
A man now despised.  
To you this tale I will provide.  
When he spoke of Duke Richard,  
He spoke with pride.

Margaret of Anjou she had returned.  
Of this grave news, King Edward had learned.  
A call to arms in the Cousins' War  
And a frantic march to battle once more.

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## Track 8: A Tewkesbury Tale (continued)

To you this tale I will provide.  
When he spoke of Duke Richard,  
He spoke with pride.  
To you this tale I will provide.  
When he spoke of Duke Richard,  
He fought by his side.

The Duke of Somerset, close by her side,  
Queen Margaret of Anjou she did decide  
To march from the West into Wales,  
With Jasper Tudor she might prevail.

To you this tale I will provide.  
When he spoke of Duke Richard,  
He fought by his side.  
To you this tale I will provide.  
When he spoke of Duke Richard,  
He fought by his side.

At Tewkesbury Field the armies engaged  
And Edward the Fourth unleashed all his rage.  
Somerset smashed in Lord Wenlock's head,  
And Margaret's son was killed when he fled.  
And so ends this Tale of Tewkesbury  
Where Richard of Gloucester fought so bravely.

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## Track 9: To Fotheringhay

My dear trusted Richard I charge you this day,  
Bring our Father and Brother to Fotheringhay  
To the church near our castle at Fotheringhay,  
The church near our castle at Fotheringhay.

I will make certain the Chapel of Rest,  
And for the re-interment invite royal guests.  
Matins at midnight and mass at each dawning,  
Four hundred poor men with torches in mourning.

My dear trusted Richard I charge you this day,  
Bring our Father and Brother to Fotheringhay  
To the church near our castle at Fotheringhay,  
The church near our castle at Fotheringhay.

The Duke of York's effigy clothed in purple ermine,  
Royalty in progress each sign will determine.  
Mark out the way the procession will follow;  
My subjects shall share in the depth of sorrow.

My dear trusted Richard I charge you this day,  
Bring our Father and Brother to Fotheringhay  
To the church near our castle at Fotheringhay,  
The church near our castle at Fotheringhay.

And I will assemble all the great of the Land,  
Ambassadors and envoys, and all I command.  
Nine bishops to pray for our Father and Edmund;  
Lay them to rest and to God we do send them.

My dear trusted Richard I charge you this day,  
Bring our Father and Brother to Fotheringhay.

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## **Track 10: The Road to Middleham - Instrumental**

## **Track 11: Tant le Desiree - Instrumental**

## **Track 12: A Ricardian Dream**

I had a dream of Richard III,  
And in my dream I did observe  
The Battle of Bosworth taking place  
With no charge at Tudor, taken in haste.

In my dream Tudor didn't win,  
Vanquished with all his brethren.  
Richard's vengeance he did withhold  
As he left the Field in his armour of gold.

Henry VIII was never born.  
At the truth of my dream I could have sworn.  
No ruined monasteries in years to come,  
Protected by the victory Richard should have won.

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### **Track 13: 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.

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 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.  
The Lady Anne Neville.

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## Track 14: The Sunne in Splendour

I used to think my Brother was as tall as the trees,  
The trees in the forest that so scared me.  
For Edward was fair and Edward was strong.  
I used to think my brother could do no wrong.

For my Brother was like the Sunne in Splendour,  
A hero he seemed to me.  
My Brother was like the Sunne in Splendour,  
Declining in luxury,  
But he declined in luxury.

I used to see my Brother as a knight so bold,  
A King so dashing he would not grow old.  
For I was young and so naive,  
He could do no wrong, I did believe.

For my Brother was like the Sunne in Splendour,  
A hero he seemed to me.  
My Brother was like the Sunne in Splendour,  
Declining in luxury,  
But he declined in luxury.

I used to think my Brother was as tall as the trees,  
The trees in the forest that so scared me.  
For Edward was fair and Edward was strong.  
I used to think my brother could do no wrong.

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## **Track 14: The Sunne in Splendour (continued)**

For my Brother was like the Sunne in Splendour,  
A hero he seemed to me.  
My Brother was like the Sunne in Splendour,  
Declining in luxury,  
But he declined in luxury.

But he declined in luxury.

For my Brother was like the Sunne in Splendour,  
A hero he seemed to me.  
My Brother was like the Sunne in Splendour,  
Declining in luxury,  
But he declined in luxury.

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