

Renaissance, Richard IX

Deep in the past there lived a man whose story must be told
Of royal descent but not of the royal line, oh oh

No history book relates this night of indiscretion
Into the world he's brought, never to be presented at court
In his mind a king though his mother wasn't wearing a ring
She keeps on saying:

Chorus I:

"What they gonna do with Richard, Richard The Ninth?
You know he's my son, and the thought of it cuts like a knife
To think he'll ever sit upon the throne
A prince without a home
What we gonna do with Richard, Richard The Ninth
The least that we could do is to provide for his life
No job could have a stranger pedigree
He means so much to me!"

As Richard grew, he won the hearts of all the people
His father reigned, and while the servants poured, wo-oh

The lady waits and watches with anticipation
Ways of the world he's taught
The eyes of the queen he has caught
Midnight matinees soon become the order of play
She keeps on saying:

Chorus II:

"What we gonna do with Richard, Richard The Ninth?
You know he's my son and the daughter, the queen, is his wife
Becomes the answer to my fantasy
He means the world to me"

"What we gonna do with Richard, Richard The Ninth?
It seems a night of love, in the end turned out right
One day I know he'll sit upon the throne
A prince no more alone"

This classic tale of woe
Should tell you all you want to know
A page from our history
It's meant so much to me, to me

Chorus I

Chorus II

Repeat to fade