

Richard's Little List

Tune: **I've Got a Little List** from Gilbert & Sullivan's "The Mikado"

Lyrics: Harry Robinson

RICHARD Now as someday it may happen that I'd like to wear the crown,
I've got a little list – I've got a little list
Of royals with a better claim who could be taken down
Who never would be missed – I hate that they exist!

There's my older brother Clarence just ahead of me in line –
I'll send him two goodfellows and a killer malmsey wine.

Two precious little princes, each as gentle as a dove –
With towering affection I will smother them with love.

I'll marry Lady Anne whose family fortune I'll enlist –
And then she'll be dismissed. I think you get the gist.

CHORUS We think we get the gist – we're sure we get the gist –
And we really must insist we not get on that list.

RICHARD But my eldest brother Edward is still sitting on the throne –
should he be on the list? That sickly hedonist?
I've got a hunch that Edward will be dying on his own –
Just as I might have wished – no need for my assist.

But that thorny patch of Woodvilles Edward planted in the way
Requires that I cut a path through Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey.

Lords Buckingham and Hastings each declare they're on my side –
If ever they desert me more than friendship will have died.

And what of Henry Richmond, my purported nemesis?
That drab antagonist – he barely makes the list.

CHORUS He barely makes the list – he's easily dismissed –
Unless he gets a lift from some fifth-columnist!

RICHARD I could wed my niece, Elizabeth, to fortify my claim.
She's likely to resist – I may need to insist.
Perhaps I'll get her mother to support me in the same.
(That's such a creepy twist – I'll keep it on the list!)

And that foul and hateful Margaret, still pining 'round the throne –
She needs a sharp reminder it's our kingdom, not her own...

And last I'll clear out nobles of the vacillating sort –
Like Dorset, Stanley, Oxford, Blunt ... most everyone in court ...

But it matters not a whit whose name you see upon a list –
If you find the list is writ by Tudor publicists.

CHORUS Each item on the list, each creepy little twist –
Do we see them through the mist of some revisionist?