

### **I. The Sentry** **King Prussia's Minuet**

Good day to Your Honesty: God guard who guards the gate.  
Here is the key of the Kingdom.  
You are a pretty fellow: next month I shall give you a cabbage.  
Undo the door!  
Who has stolen my key? Ach! my Kingdom is snakes and dancing, my Kingdom is locks and slithering.  
Make room!  
Pity me, pity me, pity me. Child, child, whose son are you?

### **2. The Country Walk** **La Promenade**

Dear land of sheep and cabbages. Dear land.  
Dear elms, oaks, beeches, strangling ivy, green snakes of ivy, pythons. God 'guard trees. Blue-yellow-green is the world like a chained man's bruise.  
I think of God. God also is a King.

### **3. The lady-In-Waiting** **Miss Musgrave's Fancy**

Madam, let us talk, let us talk. Madam, I mean no harm.  
Only to remember; to remember what it was that through silk, lace, linen and brocade swooped on my needle. To remember: Madam, let us talk, I mean no harm.

### **4. To Be Sung On the Water** **The Waterman**

Sweet Thames, sweet Thames, far; far have I followed thee.  
God guard my people.  
Sweet Thames, flow soft. Flow, burdened by my people (deliver me of my people; they are within) to Eden garden, unto Eden garden  
in Hanover, Bermuda or New South Wales. Sweet Thames, flow soft. Evacuate my people. I am weary of this feint. I am alone.

### **5. The Phantom Queen** **He's Ay A-Kissing Me**

Where is the Queen. why does she not visit me! Esther! O my heart's ease.  
Have they chained you too, my darling, in a stable? Do they starve you, strike you, scorn you, ape your howls?  
They say some other woman is my wife, but the Queen's name is Esther  
Esther  
Esther  
Fall on my eyes, O bride, like a starless night.

### **6. The Counterfeit** **Le Conterfaite**

I am nervous. I am not ill but I am nervous.  
If you would know what is the matter with me I am nervous.  
But I love you both very well;

if you would tell me the truth.

I love Doctor Heberden best; for he has not told me a lie  
Sir George has told me a lie: a white lie, he says

but I hate a white lie!

If you tell me a lie,  
let it be a black lie!

## **7. Country Dance**

### **Scotch Bonnet**

Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people with singing and with dancing,  
with milk and with apples.

The landlord at the Three Tuns makes the best purl in Windsor.

Sin! Sin! Sin!

black vice, intolerable vileness

in lanes, by ricks, at Courts. It is night on the world. Even I, your King, have contemplated evil.

I shall rule with a rod of iron.

Comfort ye.

## **8. The Review**

### **A Spanish March**

my people: I come before you in mourning, on my breast a star.

The King is dead.

A good-hearted gentleman, a humble servant of God, a loving husband, an affectionate sire.

Poor fellow, he went mad.

He talked with trees, attacked his eldest son. disowned his wife, to make a ghost his Queen - -a ghost his Queen.

So they seized him (yes!) and they whipped him (ach! yes!) starved him; jeered in his face,  
while he talked he talked he talked he talked he talked: they could not shave him, his mouth was never still. Sometimes he howled like a dog.

And he veiled the mirrors not to see himself pass by  
for his eyes had turned to blackcurrant jelly.

Poor fellow, I weep for him.

He will die howling.

Howling.

**Randolph Stow and King George III**