

Toy "Anne"

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See how she moves with perfect grace
Her jet-black eyes behold his face
She steals his heart and gives her own
In order to possess the throne
A willful queen yet so alone

Once he whispered: "You're the light of my life"
Come what may I'll make you my wife
In the end

Gentle maiden, you were born to be loved
You will sooth me when times get too tough
Loyal Nan

Why did he push aside the one we adore?
Caught in the web of that vain Boleyn whore
For that vixen drives him wild

People scorned her, said his choice wasn't right
Loved their king but they hated his bride
Who just smiled

Your sweet appearance always brings me delight

Whenever I'm lonely at night
You'll be there

I'll make sure that you'll rule over the earth
Dear Anne, if you only gave birth
To an heir

You played the lute and sang him a song
Weeping for his first stillborn son
Now you know you're in disgrace

Seeking comfort, immersed in sad memories
You will die but he'll never be free
For the rest of his days

'Cause he'll hear your voice in every song
Your vision will haunt him when you are gone

Echoes of your mocking laugh

His sons will die so your death just won't be in vain
For your daughter she will reign
On your behalf

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