

“In the King’s Hand” Lyrics

(Verses are set to the tune of “The Fate of John Burgoyne”. Chorus is set to the tune of “Yankee Doodle Dandy”.)

In Virginia we lay our scene
Two houses of great power
The burgesses and council meet
To make our people prouder

In 1619, the assembly met
Beneath the Jamestown steeple
The first of its kind in America
To represent the people

Good young King Farmer George
Rules from mother England
Along with the Board of Trade
To keep us in the king's hand

The burgesses, elected men
Who write and bleat and ponder
Debate the laws that bring us peace
And all is a great wonder

The council is appointed here
To serve the governor's pleasure
They are the rich and privileged few
Who guide us in this venture

Good young King Farmer George
Rules from mother England
Along with the Board of Trade
To keep us in the king's hand

The king appoints the governor
Who then directs the assembly
He is the royal leader here
Some were a wee bit bumbly

His council sits in judgment for
The court they hold command o'er
Presiding o'er the crimes we fear
And bringing victims closure

Good young King Farmer George
Rules from mother England
Along with the Board of Trade
Who keep us in the king's hand

For many years this system reigned
It kept the people happy
Things began to fall apart
When England got all tax-y

We did away with monarchy
We gained our independence
We adopted much the same government
And you can see the resemblance

Poor mad King Farmer George
Ruled from mother England
Along with the Board of Trade
Who lost us as a king's land!