1577 there was born a king of architectual passion Placed in dire peril he would stand tall and erect ${\tt In\ retrospect}$

All I do is run tonight
Even twice as sweet but half as bright
I did not intend to impersonate a friend

If I didn't know my luck
Listen to the clock's last ticking tock
I shall ascend at last
Like a question never asked

Think him not so good natured Oh no, not the slightest bit, quite the opposite Because even though he would build things He onto his queen was mean, poor Anna Katherine She's crying

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I could not remain your friend Lest it would have made a difference then Could it possibly? Well no thanks to you and me

Hey, this is the king speaking to you Bet you didn't think I'd make it this far But I know you all remember old Christian I was number 4, you see And people will think of me and say: A good king was he! And cry...

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