

A Herald's Lament

The Legendary Ten Seconds

Treacherous Stanley, and others, with Percy,
Did desert our true king, and offered no mercy.
All grace did they forfeit, as well as all honour,
By callously raising to crown and to power

A herald's lament King Richard is dead
And of Henry Tudor his reign I do dread

A cowardly knave by the name of Tudor.
A claimless, joyless Lancastrian usurper!
Oh, England! Our anointed King Richard is lost.
Betrayed, deserted at what ruthless cost!

A herald's lament King Richard is dead
And of Henry Tudor his reign I do dread

Now we have Henry, he is numbered seven,
Who will close upon us the gates of God's Heaven.
King Richard is dead! Such dread news I bring!
No joy to cling to, no hosannas to sing.

Lyrics Submitted by Ian Churchward

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