

The End of the Line

The apothecary shook his head, "He's gone, your Grace", he sadly said

Plantagenet heir, his precious son, the pain of loss had just begun

As time went by his dear young wife began to lose her hold on life

Physicians came and did their best, but fever took her to her rest

Heartsore and sad this lonely man turned instead to a battle plan

For on the coast, arrived from France, a man who thought he had the chance

To take this England for his own, then he would sit upon the throne

Henry Tudor marched inland with a French and English band

But Richard led a larger force so he could steer the battle's course

He split his army into three, but victory was not to be

For soon, surrounded, without choice, gentle mercy had no voice

Henry's men were thorough, they inflicted many blows
The crown, his armour, stripped away by these cruel foes
Slung across a horse's back and borne from Bosworth Field
To know no more of this life and the throne he would not yield

And thence to Greyfriars Priory, into a shallow grave
No reverence, scant dignity unto the king they gave
Buried and forgotten, of another age
Till science and technology could take centre stage

What remained of him was measured, identified, assessed
With tools, techniques and testing he would not have guessed
The Cathedral of St. Martin is where his bones were blessed
As in a simple service there, the king was laid to rest.