In no dishonoured grave ye lie,
Flower of Wales' chivalry,
You could not help the sad disasters,
All must bow before their masters;
And that your masters we have been,
Upon the face of it is seen.

So let the harp be muted,
And your Bards in mournful strain,
Tell how, in Gloucester City,
Their doughty knights were slain.

P.S.—If you come to life next year,
And in Gloucester you appear;
Once again we'll hope to meet you,
And again the same to treat you.