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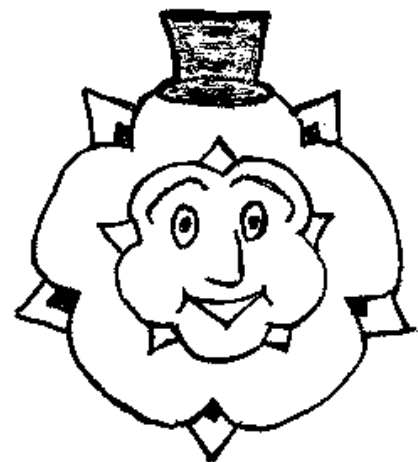
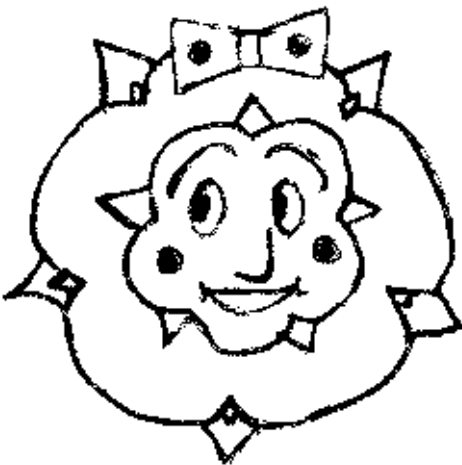
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Meet two characters who know their way around Tudor History:

Tudor Rosie

and

Tudor Ted



A TALE OF TWO ROSES

In the year of fourteen fifty-five,
Long before you or I were alive,
Two families of powerful men
Battled over and over again.
One was from Lancaster, the other from York,
And being enemies, they wouldn't talk.

They fought one another to gain more power,
Each had an emblem – a rosy flower.
The Yorks' was white, the Lancastrians' red,
And each one wanted the other dead.

Then in fourteen eighty-three,
The crowned king, Edward the fourth was he,
Died, and left his poor young son
To reign supreme, the land to run.

The boy, who had his father's name,
Alas, as king, would not have fame.
For poor young Ed was out of luck
And, shortly, he would come unstuck:
'Tis thought his Protector, Uncle Dick,
Played a mean and rotten trick
Upon poor Ed and his little bro,
For Uncle Dick was greedy, so
He cruelly snatched them unawares,
And dragged them down the Tower stairs.

He locked them up right good and proper,
Like a naughty, bad and fiendish plotter,
Subjecting them to a life of gloom,
Imprisoned in a darkened room,
In that terrible London Tower,
And no one had it in their power
To try to get the Princes back.
Things were looking very black.

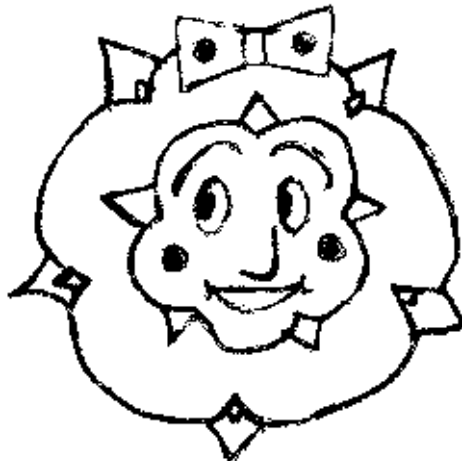
Then one sad day, they disappeared,
And just as many folk had feared,
Their Uncle Richard claimed the throne.
So now it was his very own.
No one saw the boys again.
They never grew up to be men.
Much later on, some bones were found
Beneath the floorboards, under ground.

Anyway, this now crowned king
Who, some say, did this wicked thing,
Was called King Richard number three,
(For there had been two more like he).
Now HE had trouble of his own,
As others wished they had the throne.
The War of the Roses didn't stop.
The Lancastrians wanted their man at the top.

On they fought for two more years,
Midst battle, bloodshed, sweat and tears.
Until in fourteen eighty-five,
King Richard took a fatal dive.
As one fine day in Bosworth Field
When armies fought with swords and shield,
He met his match once and for all,
And from his head the crown did fall,
As fighting men tore him apart
Then from this life he did depart.

The crown was retrieved by a noble man,
Who went by the name of one Lord Stan.
He put it on the head of a Lancastrian,
A kindly and deserving man:

Henry Tudor was this man's name,
And Henry the Seventh he became.



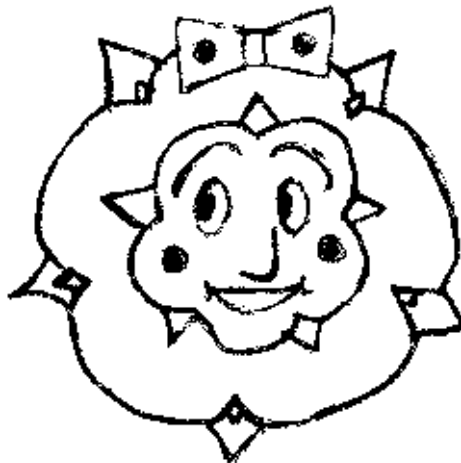
Tudor Rosie wonders how many dates you can remember from that poem. Do you think King Richard was responsible for the deaths of the Princes in the Tower? Perhaps you could find out what other historians think.

THE TUDOR RAP (Part 1)

1. Now, this rhyme goes with a bit of a swing.
Yo! Henry the Seventh was a very fine king.
'Cos he was clever and he was cool,
He used great wisdom to help him rule.
2. The first thing he did when he was crowned
Was to go on a walkabout, and travel around.
He spoke to the people, they saw he was good,
Here was a dude who'd treat 'em like he should.
3. Next our man he married a dame.
Elizabeth of York was this babe's name.
Now the Yorks saw this as a real smooth move
To unite both families, they sure did approve.
4. Our Henry was a man who knew what to do,
So he made real sure no one started a coup.
His ordered all the rich to pay off all their men,
And never build up armies, ever again.
5. He fined all the noblemen and kept them poor
So they couldn't afford to pay their armies any more.
And, in this way, he kept the peace,
'Cos the soldiers turned to begging and the fighting ceased.
6. Now Henry had a son, Prince Arthur by name,
And he married him off to a chick from Spain.
Poor young Arthur, didn't long survive,
But his little Spanish lady, she stayed alive.
7. Now Henry the Seventh had another son,
Who was rich, handsome, clever and the strong-willed one.
His name, too, was Henry, and, boy, could he be cruel.
And he was the next Tudor king to rule.
8. Henry the Eighth was just a young lad
When he became king, succeeding his dad.
He was just seventeen in fifteen O nine,
When he began his reign, as next in the line.....

- 18.....She was Anne of Cleves, but she wouldn't do.
She wasn't his type so he left her too.
Fifth was Catherine Howard who was young and haughty,
She also got the chop for being just a bit naughty!
19. Last in the line was Katherine Parr.
She was wise and sensible and she would go far.
She lived, but Henry died, in fifteen forty-seven.
Maybe Henry's watching from a throne in Heaven?
20. So this was a song full of rhythm and swings
A Tudor rap, fit for Tudor Kings.
History was made and was written in the sand
When the Henrys took charge of this fine old land.

IN TOTAL: 20 VERSES



Tudor Rosie has a question for you: How many facts about the Henrys have you learned from 'The Tudor Rap'?

THE BOY KING

Picture a peaceful, urban scene, one chilly February morn,
As gentle birdsong heralds in the coming of the dawn.
The cobbled roads are covered with a sparkling rug of white,
As frost begins to glisten in the Sun's warm, rising light.

Carriages stand motionless, polished, rich and fine.
The stillness halted only by a rattling inn sign.
Children sleeping soundly, oblivious, unaware,
Not a soul is stirring and the narrow streets are bare.

Yet in one noble courtyard, not so far away,
Four majestic stallions lie munching their breakfast hay,
In anticipation of a ceremony grand.
But, for now, a silence reigns, all across the land.

A young boy awakens, but not from slumbers deep.
He peers through the window as all of London sleeps.
Great will be his glory, for him the bells will ring,
Today is Coronation Day and he will soon be King.

For he is Edward Tudor, Henry's treasured son,
Destined for a lifetime to be England's Number One.
The future of the country, and of the Tudor line
Rests upon the shoulders of this little boy of nine.....

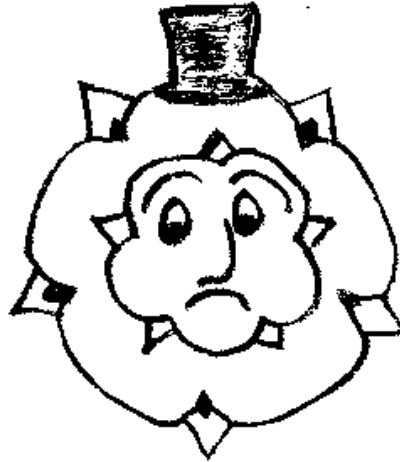
.....As Edward lay a-dying, Northumberland colluded,
Drawing up a plan to have Elizabeth and Mary excluded
From any claim to England's throne, and then to give the crown
To one Jane Grey, his daughter-in-law, a lady of little renown.

On July 6th, poor Edward died, a sad and solemn day.
And, for a time, Northumberland appeared to have his way.
Within three days Jane Grey was Queen, just sixteen years of age,
Put there by a twist of fate, a puppet on a stage.

Yet she remained for just nine days as Queen upon the throne,
Till Mary Tudor, rightful heir, claimed it for her own.
The Protestant cause would not survive during Mary's reign,
As Dudley had predicted then, his only hope was Jane.

And Edward Tudor, treasured son, lived just to be fifteen.
How sad that we shall never know how wise a King he'd have been.

IN TOTAL: 22 verses.



Tudor Ted believes that King Edward would have been a great King. What do YOU think? Find out more about him.

A MAN OF VISION

There was once a young man from across the sea,
Who was born in Genoa, in Italy.
His name was Columbus, and he had a dream
To voyage and travel to lands unseen.

His father was a weaver of little renown,
Though well-respected by all in the town.
His brother, Bartholomew, learned to draw maps,
Which, later, would help on his travels, perhaps.

Now this young man from a tender age
Took to the seas to earn a good wage,
By trading in silks and spices from the East
Which changed a bad meal to a fabulous feast.

He studied the Scriptures, his knowledge was great.
He thought God had mapped out his nautical fate,
Chosen him to journey on voyages grand.
His destiny as Admiral was all but planned.

When Columbus grew up, he sailed with a fleet,
T'was what he most wanted, and just up his street.
With following breeze and plenty of sail
He started a trip which was destined to fail.

His ship was attacked, caught fire and went down,
Each had to fend for himself, or else drown.
The battle took place just off Portugal's coast,
So, preferring a ducking instead of a roast,
He dived overboard and swam to the shore.....

IN TOTAL: 38 verses

The Tudor Rap (Part 2)

1. Mary **Tudor** was **born** in **fifteen sixteen**,
The daughter of King Henry and his very first Queen
Whose marriage was annulled, Henry wanted a son
Princess Mary wouldn't do, her battle had begun.

2. No longer known as princess, 'Lady Mary' she became.
Pronounced as illegitimate, no longer could she claim
To be a rightful heir to the English throne:
Poor Mary was cut off, she was on her own.

3. Now Henry wed Anne, and they had a little girl,
It was fifteen thirty-three when she came into the world.
Her name was Elizabeth and she was in line
To be Elizabeth the first, in fifteen fifty-nine.

4. Alas, poor Bess was less than three
When her mum was beheaded by royal decree.
She was banished from court as Henry couldn't stand
To be reminded of her mother, his late wife, Anne.....
.....

24. Elizabeth's forty-five year reign would be
From fifteen fifty-eight to sixteen O three.
During that time there was much to do:
Some good things and some bad things changed the old into new.

25. So this was a song full of colourful scenes:
A Tudor rap, fit for Tudor Queens.
History was made and was written in the sand
When Elizabeth and Mary ruled this fine, old land.

IN TOTAL: 25 Verses

TUDOR BAD HABITS

Back in the fifteenth century,
Life was far from grand.
Some of the things they did back then
Today just might be banned.

They didn't eat nutritious food,
But mostly rotten meat.
They didn't have a fridge, you see,
So it stank of smelly feet!

They tried to keep meat fresh with salt,
Or bury it in the ground.
The only thing they gained from this
Was more maggots to the pound!

When they'd finished eating meals,
(With fingers I might add),
They did something quite dastardly
Which'd make your Mum quite mad.

They chucked the bones upon the floor,
And left them in a pile,
Then sat there burping merrily,
With rumberlings most vile!

They drank a lot of wine and ale
To rid them of the taste.
They were far from eco-friendly
In disposing of their waste.....

IN TOTAL: 16 Verses

The Spanish Armada

Thirty thousand men set sail in fifteen eighty-eight
Their mission, quite emphatically, would seal poor England's fate.
One hundred ships and thirty, set sail upon the sea,
Success would mean that Spain would change the course of history.
The mighty fleet left Lisbon shores, majestic, tall and grand
Victory was within their grasp, engraved upon the sand.....

.....Then fever struck, diseases took hold of the Spanish sailors so brave,
And Scurvy from lack of Vitamin C brought an end to many, each day.
They limped back to Spain, in hunger and pain, defeated, dejected, dismayed,
To face the wrath of Philip, their King, whom they hoped knew the price they'd paid.
He blamed the weather for Spain's defeat, which sent men to their graves.
He thought he'd sent them to war with men, not with the wind and the waves.

Thirty thousand men set sail in fifteen eighty-eight,
Their mission, quite dramatically, could've sealed poor England's fate.
Of one hundred ships and thirty that set sail upon the sea,
Just sixty-seven ships sailed back, not one in victory.
'God blew and they were scattered', the victory medal said,
Not guns, nor war, but British weather had won the day instead.

So the English were the victors, they were masters of the seas.
If not, we'd say 'hola' for 'hi' and 'por favor' for 'please'!

IN TOTAL: 13 Verses

TREACHEROUS TRAVELS ALONG PERILOUS PATHWAYS!

'Twas back in 1538, one fine day in the Spring,
When I began my journey South to see His majesty, the King.
The reason for my travels, to me had been revealed:
I carried with me letters from my father, signed and sealed.

"Take these my son, for I am old, and have not will to travel.
They hold the key to a mystery you will, perchance, unravel.
But do not waste a moment here, the King's life is at stake,
And may God guide you on your way, whichever path you take.

Do not forget to be on guard for vagabonds and thieves:
The roads are filled with villains, determined to deceive.
For since they closed the Friaries down, and made Enclosure Law,
There's some folk with no place to go, too many are so poor:
They've taken to the roads to beg, to steal, to thieve, to cheat.
So, do not stop for any man whom you should chance to meet.'

Well, this advice I wisely took as I journeyed on that day,
Avoiding all the shifty types I met along the way.
My horse, a stately, dappled mare, with flowing tail and mane,
Was saddled with much finery as she cantered on the rein.

And I, in scarlet doublet rode, with feather in my hat.
My father's papers hidden in the saddle on which I sat.
I was proud to be his messenger, entrusted by him to bring
Documents telling of treachery, and treason to the king.....

IN TOTAL: 30 Verses

This is just a taster of 'Raps and Rhymes about Tudor Times. If you like what you see, you can order a copy of the book from : www.authorhouse.co.uk or from Amazon. Alternatively, you may like to purchase my e-book version, which is only available at Authorhouse:

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