1. Royal Charles, who chose to die, Rather than the Faith deny,
Forfeit ing his kingly pride, For the sake of Jesus's Bride;
Loving ly his praise we sing, Eng land's mar tyr, Eng land's King.

2. Mirror fair of courtesy, Flow'r of wed ded chastity,
Humble fol low'r day by day, Of the Church's holy way;
Loving ly his praise we sing, Eng land's mar tyr, Eng land's King.

3. All the way of death he trod For the glory of his God,
And his dy ing digni ty Made a bright Epiph a ny;
Loving ly his praise we sing, Eng land's mar tyr, Eng land's King.

4. Bless we God the Three in One, For all faithful 'neath the sun,
For the faithful gone before, And for those our country bore,
Chief ly him whose praise we sing, Eng land's mar tyr, Eng land's King.