**With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm**

**Lyrics by R. P. Weston and Bert Lee; Music by Harris Weston (1934)**

**As performed by the Kingston Trio,** [**With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6JKNl8gmESs)

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| **Intro: Am - C - F - E (2x)**  **Am Dm - E**  1. In the Tower of London, large as life,  **E Am**  the ghost of Anne Boleyn walks, they de-clare.  **Am Dm - E**  Poor Anne Boleyn was once King Henry's wife,  **E Am**  un-til he made the headsman bob her hair.  **Dm E**  Ah, yes, he did her wrong long years a-go,  **F E**  and she comes up at night to tell him so,  **Chorus**  **Am E Am E**  With her head tucked under-neath her arm  **F - G E**  she walks the bloody tower,  **F Am**  with her head tucked underneath her arm  **Dm E**  at the midnight hour.  **Am G F E**  2. She comes to haunt King Henry, she means giving him what for.  **Am G F E**  Gad-zooks, she's going to tell him off, she's feeling very sore,  **F Dm Am F**  and just in case the headsman wants to give her an en-core,  **Am E Am - C - F - E**  she's has her head tucked underneath her arm. **Chorus**  **Am G F E**  3. The sentries think that it's a football that she carries in,  **Am G F E**  and when they've had a few they shout 'Is Army going to win?  **F Dm Am F**  They think that it's Red Grange instead of poor old Ann Bo-leyn,  **Am E Am - C - F - E**  with her head tucked underneath her arm. | | | | | | Am  C  F  E  Dm  G |
| **Bari** | | | | | |  |
| Am | C | F | E | Dm | G |  |

**Am Dm - E**

4. Some-times gay King Henry gives a spread,

**E Am**

for all his pals and gals and ghostly crew,

**Am Dm - E**

her headsman carves the joint and cuts the bread,

**E Am**

then in comes Anne Boleyn to queer the do.

**Dm E**

She holds her head up with a wild war whoop,

**F E**

and Henry cries, "Don't drop it in the soup!" **Chorus**

**Am G F E**

5. One night she caught King Henry, he was in the canteen bar.

**Am G F E**

Said he, "Are you Jane Seymour, Anne Bo-leyn, or Katherine Parr?

**F Dm Am F**

Oh, how the sweet San Perry-Ann do I know who you are,

**Am E Am↓ Am↓ Am↓**

with your head tucked under-neath your arm?"