**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 Dm7 - E7**1. In the Tower of London, large as life, **E7 Am F7 - E7** the ghost of Anne Boleyn walks, they de-clare. **Am E7** Poor Anne Boleyn was once King Henry's wife, **E7 Am** un-til he made the headsman bob her hair. **Dm F E** Ah, yes, he did her wrong long years a-go, **F7 F E - E7** and she comes up at night to tell him so,**Chorus** **Am** With her head tucked under-neath her arm  **Am E**she walks the bloody tower, **Dm Am**with her head tucked underneath her arm  **Dm E7**at the midnight hour. **Am Ddim F7 E**2. She comes to haunt King Henry, she means giving him what for. **Am Ddim F7 E7** Gad-zooks, she's going to tell him off, she's feeling very sore, **Dm Am Am – Em - F7** and just in case the headsman wants to give her an en-core, **Dm Gm A7 Dm - Bb7** she's has her head tucked under neath her arm. **Chorus** **Am Ddim F7 E**3. The sentries think that it's a football that she carries in, **Am Ddim F7 E** and when they've had a few they shout 'Is Army going to win? **Dm Ddim Am Em F7** They think that it's Red Grange instead of poor old Ann Bo-leyn, **Dm Gm A7 Dm - Bb7** with her head tucked under-neath her arm. | AmDm7E7F7EDdimEmGmA7DmBb7Dm9 |
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 **Am Dm9 - E7**

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

 **Dm – Bb7 - A7**

 for all his pals and gals and ghostly crew,

 **Am Ddim**

 her headsman carves the joint and cuts the bread,

 **Am**

 then in comes Anne Boleyn to queer the do.

 **Dm F7 Am**

 She holds her head up with a wild war whoop,

 **F7 F E**

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

 **Am Ddim F7 E**

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

 **Am Ddim F7 E**

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

 **Dm Ddim Am Em F7**

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

 **Dm Em Am Dm↓ Dm↓ Dm↓**

 with your head tucked under-neath your arm?"