

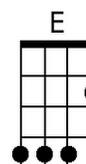
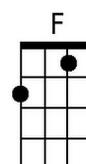
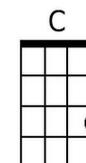
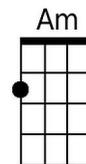
With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm

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](#)

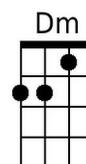
Intro: Am - C - F - E (2x)

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,

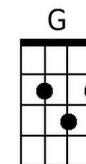


Chorus

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.

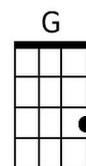
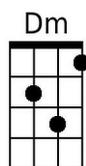
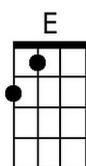
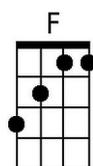
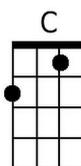
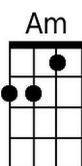


Am G F E
 2. She comes to haunt King Henry, she means giving him what for.
 Am G F E
 Gad-zooks, she's going to tell him off, she's feeling very sore,
 F Dm Am F
 and just in case the headsman wants to give her an en-core,
 Am E Am - C - F - E
 she's has her head tucked underneath her arm. **Chorus**



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.

Bari



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-ley, 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?"