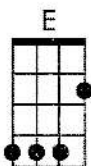
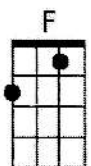
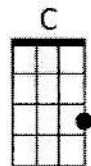
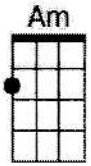


With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm

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

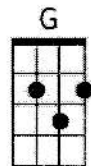
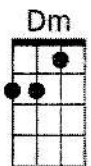
Intro: Am - C - F - E (2x)

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

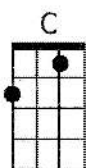
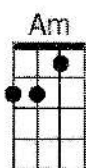
Am E Am E
With her head tucked under-neath her arm
F - G E
she walks the bloody tower,
F Am
with her head tucked underneath her arm
Dm E
at the midnight hour.



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



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4. Some-times gay King Henry gives a spread,
 for all his pals and gals and ghostly crew,
 her headsman carves the joint and cuts the bread,
 then in comes Anne Boleyn to queer the do.
 She holds her head up with a wild war whoop,
 and Henry cries, "Don't drop it in the soup!" **Chorus**

5. One night she caught King Henry, he was in the canteen bar.
 Said he, "Are you Jane Seymour, Anne Bo-ley, or Katherine Parr?
 Oh, how the sweet San Perry-Ann do I know who you are,
 with your head tucked under-neath your arm?"