

With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm

The Kingston Trio

In the Tower of London, large as life
The ghost of Anne Bolyn walks, they declare
Poor Anne Bolyn was once King Henry's wife
Until he made the headsman bob her hair
Ah, yes, he did her wrong long years ago
And she comes up at night to tell him so

With her head tucked underneath her arm
She walks the bloody tower
With her head tucked underneath her arm
At the midnight hour

She comes to haunt King Henry
She means giving him what for
Gadzooks, she's going to tell him off
She's feeling very sore
And just in case the headsman wants to give her an encore
She's has her head tucked underneath her arm

With her head tucked underneath her arm
She walks the bloody tower
With her head tucked underneath her arm
At the midnight hour

The sentries think that it's a football
That she carries in
And when they had a few they shout
"Is Army going to win?"
They think that it's Red Grange instead of poor old Ann Bolyn
With her head tucked underneath her arm

Sometimes gay King Henry gives a spread
For all his pals and gals and ghostly crew
The headsman carves the joint and cuts the bread
Then in comes Anne Bolyn to queer the do
She holds her head up with a wild war whoop
And Henry cries, "Don't drop it in the soup!"

With her head tucked underneath her arm
She walks the bloody tower
With her head tucked underneath her arm
At the midnight hour

One night she caught King Henry
He was in the canteen bar
Said he, "Are you Jane Seymour
Anne Bolyn, or Katherine Parr?
How the sweet san fairyann do I know who you are
With your head tucked underneath your arm?"