The Six Wives Song

(to the tune of 'Greensleeves')

I'm King and ruler of this land,
I'm handsome, powerful, rich and grand.
I need a woman with temper fair,
To be my wife and produce an heir.

CHORUS:

Six wives have married me,
Perhaps for them quite foolishly,
All but one that I have wed,
Divorced or died or lost their head.

The first from Aragon, north of Spain,
Was Catherine, old and slightly plain,
No son could she provide for me,
So off she went to a nunnery.

Then Anne Boleyn, who caught my heart,
But after such a romantic start,
Her ways created quite a shock,
Her head was chopped off on the block.

CHORUS



My Jane, Miss Seymour, was number three,
A baby boy she gave to me,
But from her bed she never left,
She died and left me quite bereft.

Anne of Cleves was sent to me,
From somewhere deep in Germany,
But she was ugly as a horse,
So I arranged a quick divorce.

CHORUS

Catherine Howard, wife number five,
Did end the marriage not quite alive,
By other men she was misled,
So shouted I, "Off with her head!"

My final wife, my Catherine Parr,
The luckiest of my wives by far,
Was there to see my final days,
And lived to mourn me in my grave.

Copyright © PlanBee Resources Ltd 2019