# With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm

R.P. Weston and Bert Lee 1934

or

**< ~[E7]~ means tremolo on the E7 chord, etc. >**

**KAZOO RIFF SHOWN ON LOW G TUNING:**

 **|[Am]↓ [F]↓ |[B7]↓ [E7]↓ |[Am]↓ [F]↓ |[B7]↓ [E7]↓ |**

**A |---0---------------|-------------------|---0---------------|-------------------|**

**E |-------3---1---0---|-----------0-------|-------3---1---0---|-----------0-------|**

**C |-------------------|---3---------2-0---|-------------------|---3---------2-0---|**

**G |-------------------|-----------------4-|-------------------|-----------------4-|**

 **| 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4 |**

**INTRO: / 1 2 3 4 / < KAZOO RIFF WITH CHORDS >**

**| [Am]↓ [F]↓ | [B7]↓ [E7]↓ |**

**| 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4 |**

**| [Am]↓ [F]↓ | [B7]↓ [E7]↓ |**

**| 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4 |**

**[Am]** In the Tower of London large as **[E7]** life

The **[E7]** ghost of Anne Boleyn walks they de-**[Am]**clare

Poor **[Am]** Anne Boleyn was once King Henry’s **[E7]** wife

Un-**[E7]**til he made the headsman bob her **[Am]** hair

Ah **[Dm]** yes, he did her wrong long years a-**[Am]**go

And **[B7]** she comes up at night to tell him **~[E7]~** so

**CHORUS**:

With her **[Am]** head, tucked, underneath her arm

She **[Am]** walks the bloody **[E7]** Tower

With her **[Dm]** head, tucked **[Am]** underneath her arm

At the **[B7]** midnight **[E7]** hour

She **[Am]** comes to haunt King **[E7]** Henry

She means **[Dm]** giving him what **[E7]** for

Gad-**[Am]**zooks, she’s going to **[E7]** tell him off

For **[Dm]** having spilled her **[E7]** gore

And **[Dm]** just in case the headsman wants to **[Am]** give her an en-**[Am]↓**core

She has her **[E7]** head tucked underneath her **[Am]** arm

**< KAZOO RIFF WITH CHORDS >**

**| [Am]↓ [F]↓ | [B7]↓ [E7]↓ |**

**| 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4 |**

**[Am]** Sometimes gay King Henry gives a **[E7]** spread

For **[E7]** all his pals and gals and ghostly **[Am]** crew

The **[Am]** headsman carves the joint and cuts the **[E7]** bread

Then **[E7]** in comes Anne Boleyn to queer the **[Am]** do

She **[Dm]** holds her head up with a wild war **[Am]** whoop

And **[B7]** Henry cries, “Don’t drop it in the **[E7]** soup!”

**CHORUS**:

With her **[Am]** head, tucked, underneath her arm

She walks the bloody **[E7]** Tower

With her **[Dm]** head, tucked **[Am]** underneath her arm

At the **[B7]** midnight **[E7]** hour

One **[Am]** night she caught King **[E7]** Henry

He was **[Dm]** in the castle **[E7]** bar

Said **[Am]** he, “Are you Jane **[E7]** Seymour

Anne Bo-**[Dm]**leyn, or Catherine **[E7]** Parr?”

**[Dm]** How the heck am I supposed to **[Am]** know just who you **[Am]↓** are

With your **[E7]** head tucked underneath your **[Am]** arm?”

A-**[Am]**long the drafty **[E7]** corridors

For **[Dm]** miles and miles she **[E7]** goes

She **[Am]** often catches **[E7]** cold, poor thing

It’s **[Dm]** cold there when it **[E7]** blows

And it’s **[Dm]** awfully awkward for the Queen

To **[Am]** have to blow her **[Am]↓** nose **< NOSE BLOWING >**

With her **[E7]** head tucked underneath her **[Am]** arm

**< SLOWER >**

With her **[E7]** head tucked, head tucked, underneath her **~[Am]~** arm

or

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