d siDivorced, beheaded and died

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Divorced, beheaded, survived
I'm Henry the Eighth, I had six sorry wives

Some might say I ruined their lives

Catherine of Aragon was one

She failed to give me a son
I had to ask her for a divorce
That broke her poor heart, of course

Young Anne Boleyn, she was two
Had a daughter, the best she could do

I said she flirted with some other man
And off for the chop when dear Anne

Lovely Jane Seymour was three
The love of a lifetime for me
She gave me a son, little Prince Ed

Then poor old Jane went and dropped dead

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Anne of Cleves came at four
I fell for the portrait I saw

Then laid eyes on her face and cried
'She's a horse! I must have another divorce! '

Catherine Howard was five
A child of nineteen, so alive
She flirted with others, no way to behave

The axe sent young Cath to her grave

Catherine Parr she was last

By then all my best days were past
I lay on my deathbed, aged just fifty-five
Lucky Catherine the last stayed alive

(I mean, how unfair! )

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