d siDivorced, beheaded and died

Divorced, beheaded and died

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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