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 went 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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