

Im Henery Eighth song lyrics

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I'M HENERY THE EIGHTH I AM
A MUSICAL HALL SONG

You don't know what you're looking at; now have a look
me!

I'm a bit of a nob, I am, belong to Royaltee.

I'll tell you how it came about; I married Widow Burch,
And I was King of England when I toddled out of church.
Outside the people started shouting,Hip-hooray!"
Said IGet down upon your knees it's Coronation Day!"

I'm Henery the Eighth, I am!
Henery the Eighth I am! I am!
I got married to the widow next door,
She'd been married seven times before.
Everyone was a Henery,
She wouldn't have a Willie or a Sam.
I'm her eighth old man named Henery,
I'm Henery the Eighth I am.

I left the Duke of Cumberland, a pub up in the town,
Soon with one or two moochers I was holding up the Crown.
I sat upon the bucket that the carmen think they own;
Surrounded by my subjects, I was sitting on the throne.
Out came the pot-man, saying,Go on, home to bed!"
Said I,Now say another word and off'll go your head!"

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Now at the Waxwork Exhibition not so long ago
I was sitting among the kings, I made a lovely show.
To good old Queen Elizabeth, I shoutedWotcher Liz!"
While people poked my ribs and said,I wonder who this is!"
One said ,It's Charlie Peace!" and then I got the spike.
I shoutedShow yer ignorance!" as waxy as you like.

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The undertaker called and to the wife I heard him say,

Have you got any orders, mum? We're rather slack today!
I packed up all your other seven for the golden gates;

Let's have a pound upon account for Henery the Eighth."
But when he measured me with half a yard of string,
I dropped upon my marrow bones and sang God save the King!

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Written and Composed by Fred Murray and R. P. Weston in 1910.