**Henry VIII – Assembly Lyrics**

ALL : Of all the kings and queens who led amazing lives

One stands out a king, in fact who did marry six wives

Henry was his name, Henry number eight

For the girls he wed and took to bed

Their fate was not that great

Catherine number one, a pretty girl from Spain

Did not begat a male heir

Which really was a pain

H: “Give me a boy!”

ALL: He said

H: “I want a boy!”

ALL: He said

H: “For when I’m cold and dead,

He’ll reign for me instead!”

ALL: Next came Anne Boleyn

Well read and well versed

Who gave the king a little girl,

Elizabeth the First

H: “Give me a boy!”

ALL: He said

H: “I want a boy!”

ALL: He said

H: “For when I’m cold and dead,

He’ll reign for me instead!”

ALL: Jane Seymour saw less

Stepmum to Princess Bess

Got Henry out of a fix

And gave him Edward Six

H: “I’ve got a boy!”

ALL: He cried

H: “A little boy!”

ALL: He cried.

H: “So God is on my side!”

ALL: But Jane Seymour died.

ALL: The king did not despair

He wed the Flanders Mare

Anne of Cleves, her name

Her looks were quite a shame

H: “An ugly cow!”

ALL: He said

H: “I wed a sow!”

ALL: He said

H: “And of course,”

ALL: He said

H: “I must divorce instead”

ALL: Poor Catherine Howard

Was something of a coward

“I can’t remember why

But she also had to die.

H: “The silly fool!”

ALL: He said

H: “Thick as a mule”

ALL: He said

H: “Now I want her dead!”

ALL: He said

So off came Catherine’s head!

ALL : Last came Catherine Parr

King Henry’s final star

His body fat and wide

Before his death he cried

H: “My name is Henry Eight

and I have been so great!”

ALL: And then he went to Heaven in 1547

**When a Knight Won His Spurs**

INSTRUMENTAL

When a knight won his spurs in the stories of old

He was gentle and brave, he was gallant and bold

With a shield on his arm and a lance in his hand

For God and for valour he rode through the land

No charger have I, and no sword by my side

Yet still to adventure and battle I ride

Though back into storyland giants have fled

And the knights are no more and the dragons are dead

Let faith be my shield and let joy be my steed

'Gainst the dragons of anger, the ogres of greed

And let me set free with the sword of my youth

From the castle of darkness the power of truth