

Music was a big part of life in Tudor times, especially at court. Henry VIII himself loved music and was an accomplished musician. Courtiers would learn to play a variety of musical instruments as part of their education. Henry VIII owned many instruments himself, including many flutes, bagpipes, recorders and trumpets.



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These instruments are the kinds of instruments Henry would have owned and that would have been played by himself, his courtiers and the musicians that were hired to play for balls and dances.



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Henry VIII also composed many songs. One of the most famous songs it is said that he composed is 'Greensleeves'. Traditionally, it was believed that he wrote this song about Anne Boleyn, although some historians think now that he didn't write it at all.



Have a look at the lyrics for the original 'Greensleeves' on the next slides. Do you think this could have been written by Henry for Anne Boleyn?

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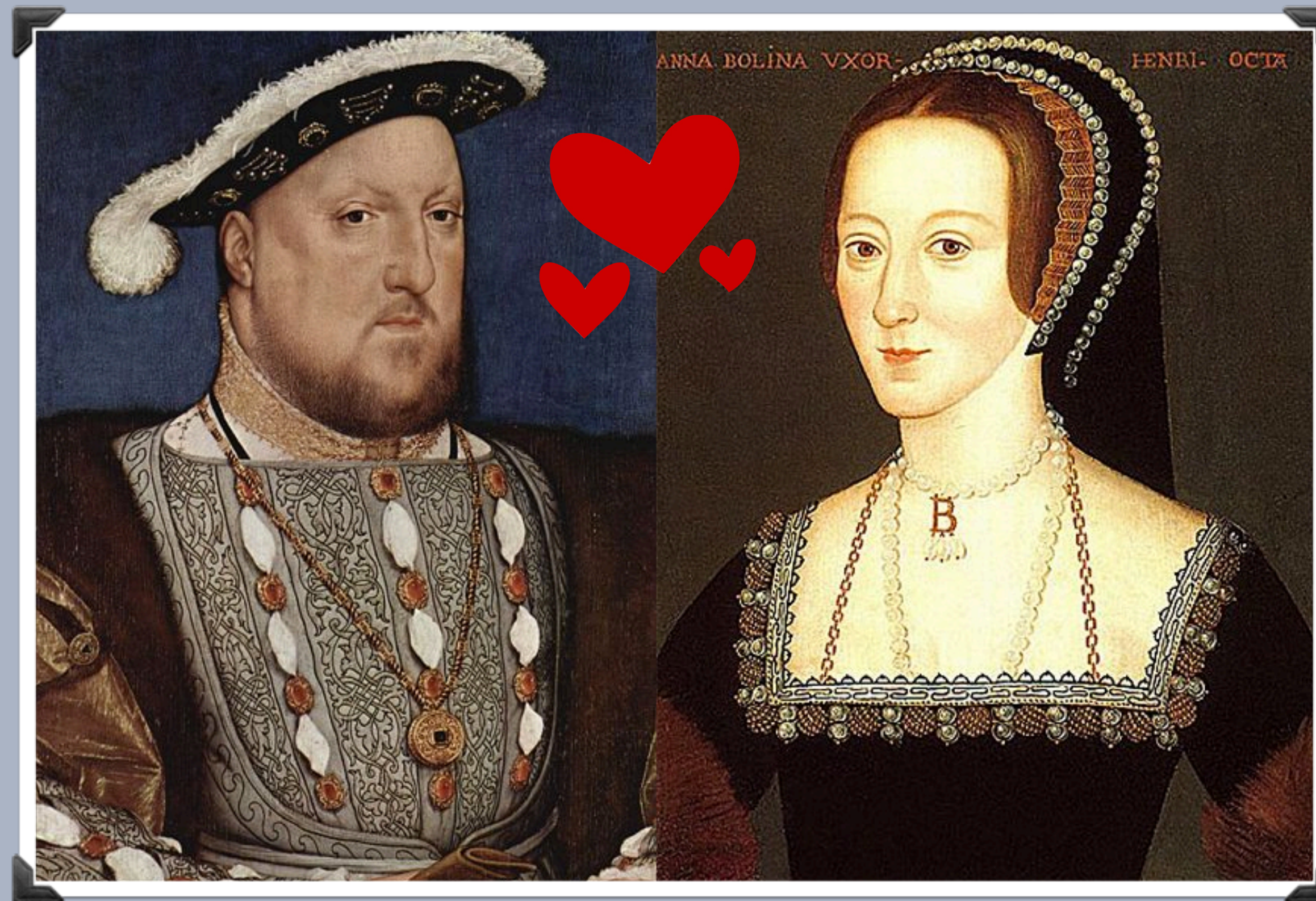
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1. Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously.
For I have loved you well and long,
Delighting in your company.

3. Your vows you've broken, like my heart,
Oh, why did you so enrapture me?
Now I remain in a world apart
But my heart remains in captivity.

2. Chorus:

Greensleeves was all
my joy,
Greensleeves was my
delight,
Greensleeves was my
heart of gold,
And who but my lady
Greensleeves.



4. Chorus

5. I have been ready at
your hand,
To grant whatever you
would crave,
I have both wagered
life and land,
Your love and good-
will for to have.

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Today we will be
learning a version of
'Greensleeves' with different
lyrics. Let's listen...



What is the song about?

What do you think of the tune?

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The Six Wives Song

I'm King and ruler of this land,
I'm handsome, powerful, rich and grand.
I need a woman with temper fair,
To be my wife and produce an heir.

CHORUS:

Six wives have married me,
Perhaps for them quite foolishly,
All but one that I have wed,
Divorced or died or lost their head.



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The first from Aragon, north of Spain,
Was Catherine, old and slightly plain,
No son could she provide for me,
So off she went to a nunnery.

Then Anne Boleyn, who caught my heart,
But after such a romantic start,
Her ways created quite a shock,
Her head was chopped off on the block.





CHORUS:

Six wives have married me,
Perhaps for them quite foolishly,
All but one that I have wed,
Divorced or died or lost their head.



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My Jane, Miss Seymour, was number three,
A baby boy she gave to me,
But from her bed she never left,
She died and left me quite bereft.

Anne of Cleves was sent to me,
From somewhere deep in Germany,
But she was ugly as a horse,
So I arranged a quick divorce.



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CHORUS:

Six wives have married me,
Perhaps for them quite foolishly,
All but one that I have wed,
Divorced or died or lost their head.



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Catherine Howard, wife number five,
Did end the marriage not quite alive,
By other men she was misled,
So shouted I, “Off with her head!”

My final wife, my Catherine Parr,
The luckiest of my wives by far,
Was there to see my final days,
And lived to mourn me in my grave.

