

Old King Henry



In old King Henry's reign,
And a good old king was he,
He had three sons in all, and he turned them out of doors
'Twas because they would not sing.

(Refrain)

'Twas because they would not sing,
'Twas because they would not sing,
He had three sons in all, and he turned them out of doors,
'Twas because they would not sing.

Oh! The first he was a miller,
The second he was a weaver,
And the third he was a little tailor.
These three rogues went together.

Now the miller he stole corn,
And the weaver he stole yarn,
And the little tailor, he stole broadcloth,
For to keep those three rogues warm.

Now the miller got drowned in his dam,
And the weaver got hung in his yarn,
And the devil ran away with the little tailor,
With the broadcloth under his arm.