

Tit Willow

Annie Haslam

On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow'"
"Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside"
With a shake of his poor little head, he replied
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough
Singing "Willow, titwillow, titwillow"
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow
Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow
He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave
Then he plunged himself into the billowy wave
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
Isn't Willow, titwillow, titwillow
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow"
And if you remain callous and obdurate, I
Shall perish as he did, and you will know why
Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow"