

TWO SONGS

by Frank Richards, sent to his brother-in-law, Percy Harrison, on the occasion of the
Abdication Crisis of 1936

I HAVE A SONG TO SING, OH!

I have a song to sing, oh!

Sing me your song, oh!

It was sung, poor thing,

By a love-lorn king,

Whose love-affairs went all wrong, oh!

It's the song of a Teddy-man grim and glum,

Whose taste in widders was rather rum,

Who wriggled about under Baldwin's thumb,

As he sighed for the love of a lady!

Hey, dee, hey, dee, misery me, lackaday dee!

He was rather deaf, but far from dumb,

As he sighed for the love of a lady!

I have a song to sing, oh!

What is your song, oh?

It was sung like this

By a Yankee miss

Who was married but not for long, oh,

It's the song of a Simpson, pale and wan,

Who left her Teddy and went to Cannes,

And was photographed with a Brownlow man,

For she was a flighty lady,

Hey, dee, hey, dee, misery me, lackaday dee,

She threw glad eyes at the Brownlow man,

For she was a flighty lady!



WILLOW WILLOW WAILY!

Tell me, Mrs Simpson, prithee tell me true,
Hey, but I'm doleful, willow-willow-waily,
Have you many husbands, more than one or two?
Hey, Mrs Simpson, oh!
Tell me, I implore, dear,
Have you three or four dear?
Hey, Mrs Simpson, oh!

Say, big boy, my heart is frolicsome and gay,
Hey, but I'm doleful, willow-willow-waily,
I've a coupla husbands in the U.S.A.,
Hey, Teddy Windsor, oh!
In the U.S.A., bo,
That is quite O.K., bo,
Hey, Teddy Windsor, oh!

Tell me, Mrs Simpson, will you marry me,
Hey, but I'm doleful, willow-willow-waily!
I should be delighted to be number three,
Hey, Mrs Simpson, oh!
Baldwin I will tell, dear,
He can go to ——— well, dear,
Hey, Mrs Simpson, oh!

Teddy, now you're talking, sure you've spilled a heap!
Hey, but I'm doleful, willow-willow-waily!
Buddy, you're the husband, that I'm gonna keep.
Hey, Teddy Windsor, oh!
You are sure the guy, Ted,
Let us be united,
Hey, Teddy Windsor, oh!

