

## Annie Haslam

### "Tit Willow"

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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"

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