

The Widow At Windsor

'ave you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?
She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at 'ome,
An' she pays us poor beggars in red.

(Ow, poor beggars in red!)

There's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses, There's 'er mark on the medical stores
An' 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind be'ind That takes us to various wars.

(Poor beggars!—barbarious wars!)

Then 'ere's to the Widow at Windsor, An' 'ere's to the stores an' the guns, The
men an' the 'orses what makes up the forces O' Missis Victorier's sons.

(Poor beggars! Victorier's sons!)

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor, For 'alf o' Creation she owns:

We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the flame,
An' we've salted it down with our bones.

(Poor beggars!—it's blue with our bones!)

Hands off o' the sons o' the Widow, Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,
For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors frown

When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop"!

(Poor beggars!—we're sent to say "Stop"!)

Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the Widow, From the Pole to the Tropics it runs ;
To the Lodge that we tile with the rank an' the file, An' open in form with the guns.

(Poor beggars!—it's always they guns!)

We 'ave 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor, It's safest to let 'er alone:

For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land Wherever the bugles are blown.

(Poor beggars!—an' don't we get blown!)

Take 'old o' the Wings o' the Mornin', An' flop round the earth till you're dead;
But you won't get away from the tune that they play To the bloomin' old rag
over'ead.

(Poor beggars!—it's 'ot over'ead!)

Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow, Wherever, 'owever they roam.
'Ere's all they desire, an' if they require A speedy return to their 'ome.

(Poor beggars!—they'll never see 'ome!)