

Love this is my song
There is a song—
A serenade to you.
The world cannot be wrong
If in the world there's you
I care not what the world may say
Without your there would be no day.

From Edward Ayling
Terneck Mills
Mr. Petersfield
Hants

How nice and touching it was to receive your delightful book.
I might tell you I have been looking all over London for "The
Romance of the London Directory," by Charles Bardsley. I have
several booksellers on the lookout for it.

Wednesday 18

Oona's Songs OK

Then came a change
A great social change
The world had grown very unkind
Though I stood firm and strong
For what's right and wrong
I found myself flat on my behind

In a frivolous fit. Then in a frivolous fit
I became indiscreet I became indiscreet
Met up with a young ballerina
She was not tall. She wasn't small.
In fact, she could have been leaner.

She was a ballerina
She took me to the cleaners
I bought her diamonds and beautiful clothes,
But I could not get her off her toes

We played at romance
We laughed and we danced
At two in a bar
We'd drunk walla!!

I had wealth galor
Then I became poor
And found myself flat on my behind.

[~~xxx~~]

OK

Then came a change—
A good social change
The world had grown quite unkind
I had money galore
Then I became poor
And found myself flat on my behind

In a frivolous whirl
I met up with a girl
She said she was a ballerina
She wasn't tall. She was small.
In fact, she could have been leaner.
We'd play at romance
She taught me to dance

What a girl
To be dancing with you
It's a dream come true.

She is a countess from Hong Kong
From far far far from home
Though she's well dressed
She has no address

When there's a girl in this
World like you
Everything's bright and gay
When there's a girl in this world like you
My troubles all face away

She is a Countess from Hong Kong
Far far from home
She is a Countess from Hong Kong
Far away she's come.

She is a lady without any doubt,
Although she's no home
And she often sleeps out
She is a Countess from Hong Kong
Far far from home

Though she's a blue blood
She has no home and she often sleeps out
She's a perfect lady, no doubt.
She's a perfect lady, but she'll often sleep out.