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MEG MERRILIES

By JOHN KEATS

(Reprint)

Old Meg she was a gipsy
 And lived upon the moors:
 Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
 And her house was out of doors.
 Her apples were swart blackberries,
 Her currants pods o' broom;
 Her wine was dew of the wild white
 rose,
 Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
 Her sisters larchen trees—
 Alone with her great family
 She lived as she did please.
 No breakfast had she many a morn,
 No dinner many a noon,
 And 'stead of supper she would stare
 Full hard against the moon.

But every morn, of woodbine fresh
 She made her garlanding,
 And every night the dark glen yew
 She wove, and she would sing.
 And with her fingers old and brown
 She plaited mats o' rushes,
 And gave them to the cottagers
 She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret
 Queen
 And tall as Amazon:
 An old red blanket cloak she wore;
 A chip hat had she on.
 God rest her aged bones somewhere—
 She died full long ago!