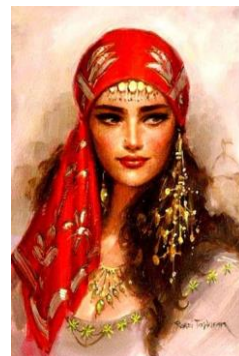


Meg Merrilies



(C7) F
[...] *Old Meg she was a gipsy;*

F
And liv'd upon the moors:

F F7 Bb
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
C#7/G# Csus4 – C – C7
And her house was out of doors.

F
Her apples were swart blackberries,
Am
Her currants, pods o' broom;
Bb
Her wine dew of the wild white rose,
Gm Csus4 – C
Her book a church-yard tomb.

F
Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Am
Her sisters larchen trees;
Bb
Alone with her great family
Gm Csus4 – C7
She liv'd as she did please. (Oh...)

[chorus]

1 No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
Full hard against the moon.

2 But every morn, of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen yew
She wove, and she would sing.

[chorus]

1 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:
2 An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A chip hat had she on.

Bb Gm7
God rest her aged bones somewhere--
Csus4 C7
She died full long ago!