

Alan Jay Lerner "The Love Of My Life"

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Meg

At sixteen years I was blue ans sad.
then father said I should find a lad.
So I set out to become a wife,
An' found the real love of my life.
His name it was Chris, and the last was MacGill.
I met him one night pickin' flowers on the hill.
He had lots of charm an' a certain kind o' touch,
An a certain kind of eagerness that pleased me very
much.
so there 'neath the moon where romance often
springs,
I gave him my heart--an' a few other things.
I don't know how long that I stayed up on the hill,
But the moon had disappeared, and so had
Christopher MacGill.
So I went home an' I thought I'd die,
Till Father said, make another try.
So out I went to become a wife,
An' found the real love of my lfe.
He came from the lowlands, the lowlands said he.
I saw him an' knew he was perfect for me.
Jus' one thing that puzzled me an' it always will,
Was he told me he had heard about me from his friend
MacGill.
We quick fell in love an' went down by the creek.
The next day he said he'd be back in a week,
An' I thought he would, for now how was I to know
That of all the lowland laddies, there was never one as
low!
I told my father the awful truth.
He said, "What difference? Ye've got your youth."
So out I went mad to be a wife,
An' found the real love of my life.
Oh, he was a poet, a rhymer was he.
He read me some verse he had written for me.
He said they would move me, these poems from his
pen,
An' how right he was, because they moved me right
into the glen.
We stayed till the dawn came an' lighted the sky,
Then I shook his hand an' I bid him good-bye.

I never went back, for what I had heard was true:
That a poet only writes about the things he cannot do.
My pa said, "Look out for men who think.
Ye'll be more certain with men who drink."
So out I went to become a wife,
An' found the real love of my life.
Oh, he was a solier, a fine Highland son.
He told me about all the battle he'd won.
He wasted his time tellin' me about his might,
For one look at him decided me to not put up a fight.
We skirmished for hours that night in the glen,
an' I found the sword has more might than the pen,
But when I was drowsin' I snored to my dismay,
An' he thought it was a bugle an' got up an' marched
away.
Now Pa said, "Daughter, there must be one,
Someone who's true, or too old to run."
So I'm still lookin' to be a wife,
An' find the real love of my life.

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