

Graveyard

"There But For You, Go I"

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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,

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