

She sat, with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*) 30

She gave up mending her father's breeks,
And let the cat roll in her new chemise.

She sat, with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And gazed at the piper for thirteen weeks; 35
Then she follow'd him out o'er the misty leas.

Her sheep follow'd her, as their tails did them.
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And this song is consider'd a perfect gem,
And as to the meaning, it's what you please. 40

1872

(From *Fly Leaves*. Cambridge, 1881)