

LIVING WITH A WOODEN LEG

I've red cheeks, red lips and jet black hair

On which a black bonnet I always wear

I once adorned the bow of a ship

I was found floating in the tidal grip

In the River Wear where I felt no fear

I was hoisted up and taken ashore

Painted, spruced and dressed galore

In a black dress and white starched pinny

Now I stand outside the Wooden Dolly

Where people stop and spend their lolly

I'm known locally as Peg leg Meg

Because I've got wooden legs

Stella Rutherford