

### MEONWARA

There was a time, so I am told,  
In those wild, glorious days of old,  
The Meon was so deep and wide,  
The Jutes sailed up her tide.  
In long, low, wooden craft they came  
With battle-axe and spear to tame  
The poor, defenceless Hampshire hordes,  
And be their overlords.  
I wonder who of local strain  
Can read these lines and still maintain  
By some mysterious instinct dim  
The June blood flows in him.

### EAST MEON

In the downland cradle East Meon sleeps  
While the playful infant river creeps  
Under the arches, shallow and small,  
Burrowing low by the cottage wall.  
Around the monarchs of the down  
In lofty contemplation frown:  
Butser, Barrow, Oxehourne, Wether,  
Salt, Park, Tegdown - all together.  
There's Knusberry Arch, from Knut the Dane,  
And many a stream-bound, time-worn lane;  
The old, grey Court House, and the Church,  
Like a white-winged bird on a lofty perch,  
With Amens Plenty in lasting store  
For the slaughtered Roundheads under the floor.  
But over all is the endless crown  
Of the massive kings of the Hampshire Down.

### WEST MEON

Old West Meon holds the pass  
Where the river turns, and the upland grass  
Sweeps to the vale, and in its way  
Reflects a more propitious day.  
The splendid church can well afford  
Its dominant poise; for Thomas Lord  
Lies here at peace beneath the sod:  
And Lord's is very near to God.