



Wild Babe's Got No Mercy *

I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

Wild thing,
you make my heart sing,
you make everything
groo vy...
wild thing.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
I love thee true.

Wild thing, I think I love you,
but I wanna know for sure!
Come on, hold me tight.
I love you.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gazed and sighed deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes—
So kissed to sleep.

Wild thing,
you make my heart sing,
you make everything
groo vy...
wild thing.

And there we slumbered on the moss,
And there I dreamed, ah woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill side.

Wild thing, I think you move me,
but I wanna know for sure!
Come on, hold me tight.
You move me.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cried—"La belle Dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

Wild thing,
you make my heart sing,
you make everything
groo vy...
wild thing.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Come on, come on, wild thing.
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
Shake it, shake it, wild thing.

And no birds sing.

* All lines in Times New Roman font are from the poem *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* by John Keats (1819); and all lines in Calibri font are from the song *Wild Thing* by Chip Taylor (1965). Illustration is *Saint John* by Mati Klarwein, from the album cover of *Hooteroll?* (1971).