Miss Parker

A Tragic Story

W. M. Thackeray

There lived a sage in days of yore
And he, a handsome pigtail wore;
And wondered much, and sorrowed more
Because, it hung behind him.

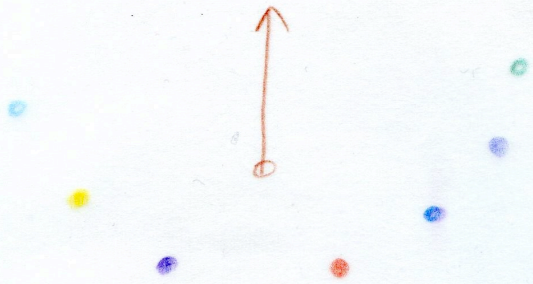
He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not, dangling there behind him.

Says he, "the mystery I've found —
I'll turn me round" — he turned him round;
And round and round, and round and round,
But still, it hung behind him.

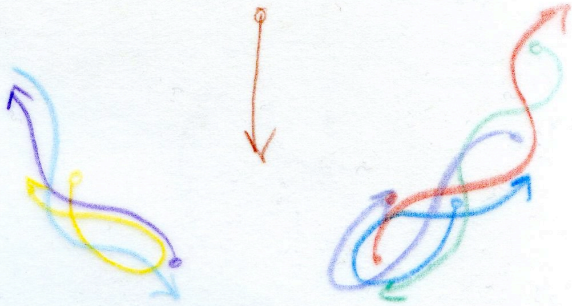
Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain — it mattered not a pin, —
The pigtail hung behind him.

A Tragic Story

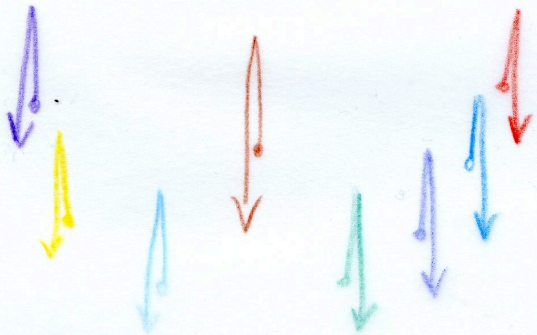
W. M. Thackeray (1



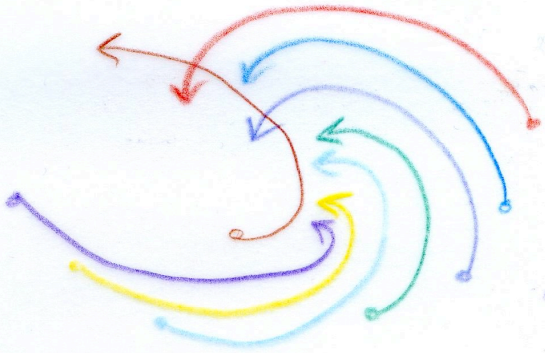
There lived a sage in
days of yore



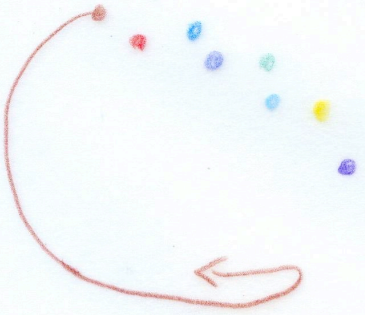
And he a handsome
pigtail wore;



And wondered much
and sorrowed more



Because, it hung
behind him.



He mused upon this
curious case,

And swore he'd change
the pigtails' place,

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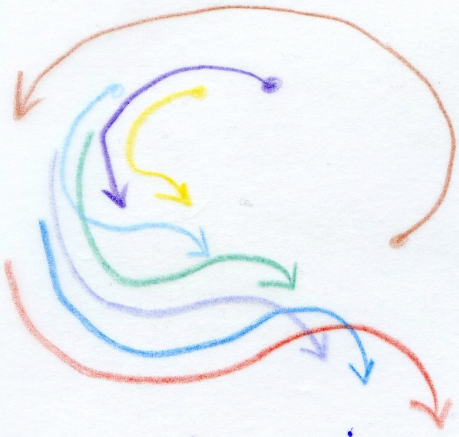
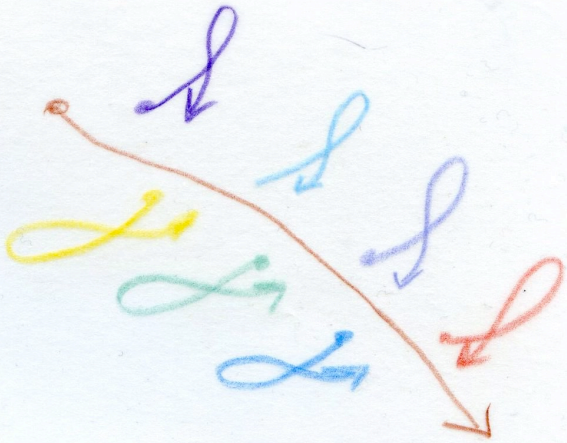
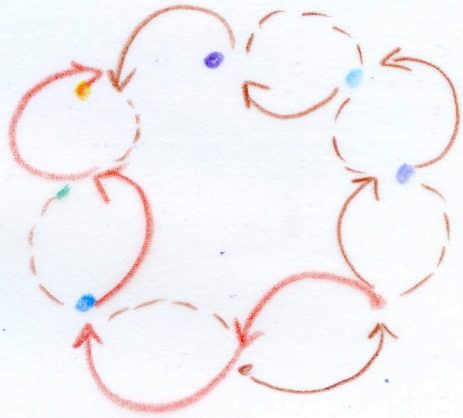


And have it hanging
at his face,

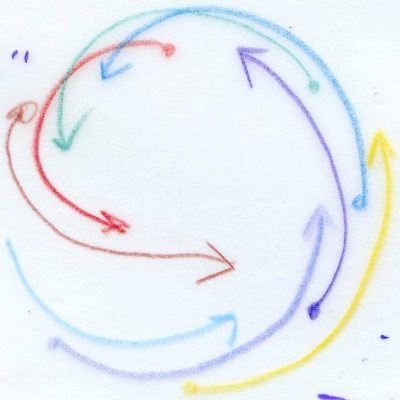


Not dangling there
behind him -

Says he, "the mystery
I've found -
I'll turn me round"



- he turned him
round .... - round



But still it hung
behind him -

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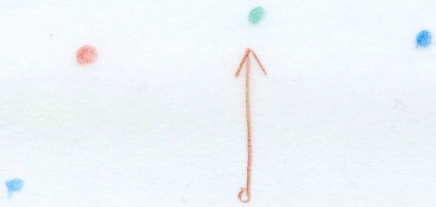
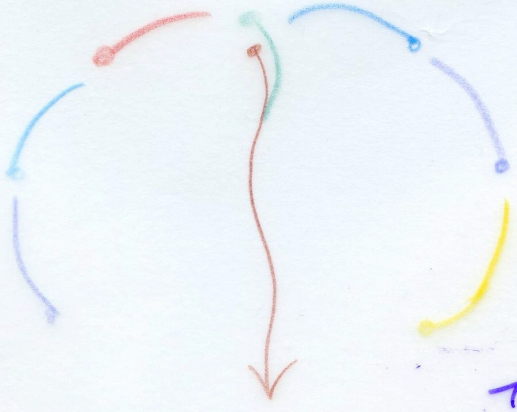
Then round and
round, ... did spin;



In vain —
it mattered ... pin,



The pigtail hung
behind him -