

THE PIMPERNEL.

The little pink pimpernel,
That border the way to the well,
They saw, they knew, and gazed their fill,
Though sorely against their will
Tied by their stalks to the earth;
And the angel who ruled o'er their birth
Forgot, it is said,
A tongue to each head,
So they had to keep dumb;
But they all blushed red
Like the nail of a girly's thumb,
When you bite it a bit
That a kiss may be
The healing of it.
And what did they see?
Why, from the well a woman all white
A woman all naked, fled out of sight!