

## **A Tragic Story**

There lived a sage in days of yore,  
And he a handsome pigtail wore;  
But 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 hang at his face,  
Not dangling behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,--  
I'll turn me round,"—he turned him 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.

And right and left, and roundabout,  
And up and down and in and out  
He turned; but still the pigtail stout  
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,  
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,  
Alas! Still faithful to his back  
The pigtail hangs behind him.