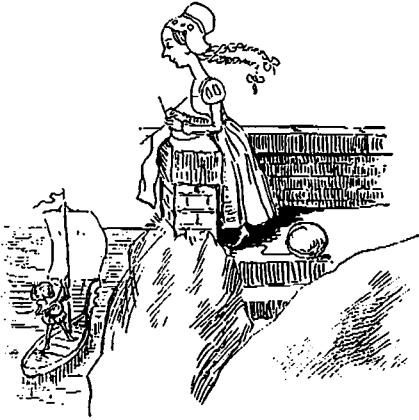
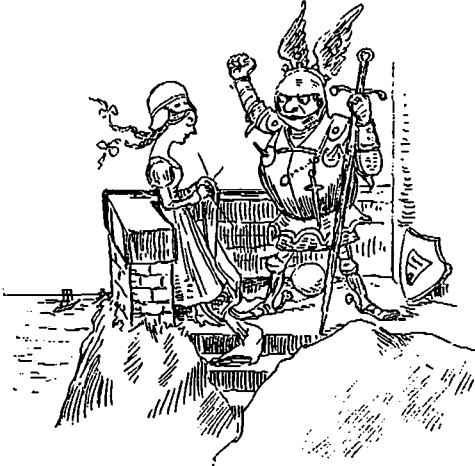


THE BALLAD OF GUNHILDA.



GUNHILDA was a maiden fair
Of very high degree,
And 'gainst her papa's wishes
She loved Prince Poppingee.
Upon the castle wall she stands
To see his ship sail by,
And planning in her cunning mind
How with him she may fly.



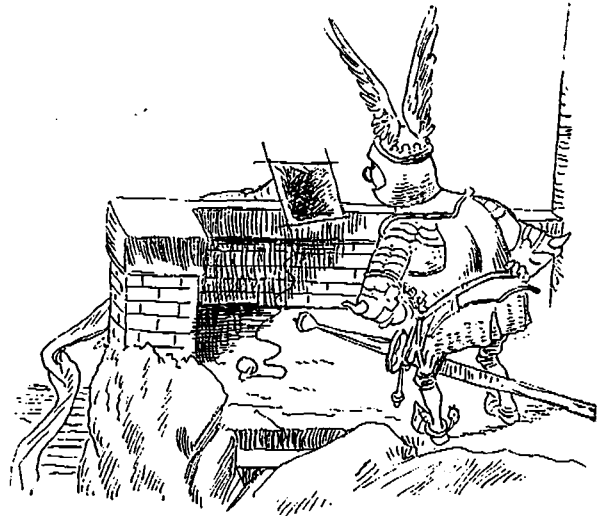
All suddenly her dreadful Pa,
The Baron Boomerang,
Appears upon the balcony,
And pours forth oaths and slang.
"Calm down, dear Pa," the maiden says,
"Your language is quite shocking ;
"I am not flirting, as you think,
"I'm knitting me a stocking !"



When he had gone, the maiden cute
Her skilful labor quickens ;
For half an hour her needles fly,
A-knitting like the Dickens.
"Ha, ha !" she inwardly exclaims,
"I think I clearly see
"A little scheme by which I soon
"May join Prince Poppingee !"



She signals to her lover bold,
And he draws nigh the wall ;
She fastens there the stocking end,
And through the leg doth crawl
Into the arms of Poppingee,
Clear out of reach of Pa ;
Then both the lovers join in mirth,
And fearless say "Ha, ha !"



The Baron Boomerang came back
Some later in the day,
But no Gunhilda could he find,
Which filled him with dismay.
"If she has tumbled from the tower,
"Her head," quoth he, "she'll crack it ;"
But when he saw the stocking end
He tumbled to the racket !