

A PIN



H, I know a certain lady who is
reckoned with the good,
Yet she fills me with more terror
than a raging lion would.
The little chills run up and down
my spine whene'er we meet,
Though she seems a gentle creature, and she's very
trim and neat.

And she has a thousand virtues and not one acknow-
ledged sin,
But she is the sort of person you could liken to a pin.
And she pricks you and she sticks you in a way that
can't be said.
If you seek for what has hurt you—why, you cannot
find the head!

But she fills you with discomfort and exasperating
pain.
If anybody asks you why, you really can't explain!