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The Hermit

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A hermit once lived in a beautiful dell,
And it is no legend, this story I tell,
So my father declared, who knew him quite well,
The hermit.

He lived in a cave by the side of the lake,
Decoctions of herbs for his health he would take,
And only of fish could this good man partake
On Friday.

And most of his time he spent in repose.
Once a year he would bathe both his body and clothes.
How the lake ever stood it, the Lord only knows,
And He won't tell.

One day as he rose, dripping and wet,
His horrified vision three pretty girls met;
In matters of gallantry, he wasn't a vet,
So he blushed.

He grabbed up his hat that lay on the beach,
And covered up all that its wide brim would reach,
Then he cried to the girls in a horrified screech,
``Go away."

But the girls only laughed at his pitiful plight,
And begged him to show them the wonderful sight,
But he clung to his hat with all of his might
To hide it.

But just at this moment a villainous gnat
Made the hermit forget just where he was at.
He struck at the insect, and let go of the hat --
``Oh, horrors!"

And now I have come to the crux of my tale.
At first he turned red, then he turned pale,
Then he offered a prayer, for prayers never fail,
So 'tis said.

Of the truth of this tale, there is no doubt at all.

The Lord heard his prayer and He answered his call:
Though he let go the hat, the hat didn't fall.
A blessed miracle!

BR