

'It was the English,' Kasper cried,
 'That put the French to rout ;
 But what they killed each other for,
 I could not well make out ;
 But everybody said,' quoth he,
 'That 'twas a famous victory.

'My father lived in Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by ;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly ;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 And knew not where to rest his head.

'With fire and sword the country round,
 They wasted far and wide ;
 And many a wretched mother, then,
 And new-born infant died ;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

'They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won,
 For many thousand bodies there
 Lay rotting in the sun ;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

'Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
 And our good Prince Eugene ;'—

'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing,'
 Said little Wilhelmine.

'Nay, nay, my little girl,' quoth he,
 'It was a famous victory.

'And everybody praised the Duke,
 Who this great fight did win.'

'But what good came of it at last ?'
 Quoth little Peterkin.

'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
 'But 'twas a famous victory.' "

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