

26 THE DAGONET BALLADS

All my brain is aflame, and it reels,
And runs back to that terrible time,
And I know not whose figure 'tis kneels,
Or whose lips breathe the words of my clime.
Is it thou, O my love ! that I left
Dead and cold on the blood-sodden graves ?
Or art priest, of all honour bereft,
Come to spy on the outcast who raves ?

What was that ? 'Twas the roll of the drum.
Up and out, for our lives, Marguerite !
Seize the musket hung yonder, and come ;
For the troops of Versailles line the street.
See ! our comrades are rushing this way,
And the city is all in a blaze ;
We must fight for our lives, love, to-day,
In the kingdom of death—Père la Chaise.

Here, my own, 'mid the tombs of the dead,
Let us fight for the children of France.
In the wind wave our banners of red,
In the May sun our drawn sabres glance.
Now, O Liberty, goddess of men !
We are doomed, but we kneel at thy shrine.
We are one to the foul traitors' ten,
Let our blood lave thine altars divine.