

"With fire and sword the country round  
 Was wasted far and wide,  
 And many a childing mother then,  
 And new-born baby, 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 here  
 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 every body 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."

SOUTHEY.