

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh,
 " 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
 For there are many here about;
 And often when I go to plough,
 The ploughman turns them out,
 For many thousand men," said he,
 Were slain in that great victory!"

"Now tell us all about,"
 Young Patrick cries;
 And little Willie looks up
 With wondering eyes;

"Now, tell us all about the war,
 And what they kill'd each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,

"Who put the French to rout;
 But what they kill'd each other for,
 I could not well make out.

But every body said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory!"

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
 They burn'd his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.