

# THE VENGEANCE

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**N**OEL BRASSARD stood by his door,  
And there was haste. The last to flee,  
When brand was set to granary floor;  
House, barn, and church, in Chipoudy,  
That fall, must for a moment stay,

**L**OADING his cart to climb the crest  
The sun at Michaelmas just clears.  
His wife with her tenth child at breast,  
His mother with her ninety years —  
Safe now and half-way up the hill.