

And he was forc'd to fly :
So, with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“ 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 th 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.

THE END.