

30 THE DAGONET BALLADS

Do you think I'm a ——— Curse you, you
know?

You'll betray me! Bah! what need I care?
Paris butchers can't kill in Soho.

Fling that door open wide! Give me air!

I'm a Communist, priest, at death's door,
Far away from the France that I love.

Just one boon, ere I die, I implore,—

As you hope for God's mercy above:
When my soul clasps my own Marguerite,
And my body man lays to its rest,
Put her name on the stone at my feet
And a clod of French earth on my breast.