

IN A CELLAR IN SOHO 29

Where's our crown—that poor girl's and my
own?

Where the laurels we won in the fight?
She is dead—I'm an outcast—alone,

Yet we fought for the people and right.
Now the land that I loved claims my life.

Were I known, even here in the street,
Men would shun me ; and as to my wife,
By what name would they call Marguerite !

Curse you, man—you're the priest after all !

Lo, the mist clears away from my eyes,
And if any strange words I let fall

In my ravings just now, they were lies.
But I'm ill, and I'm hungry—and, priest,

In this den I go mad, and at times,
When I rave, snarl, and snap like a beast,
You might fancy me tortured by crimes.

I'm a teacher of languages, please,

And a fever has stricken me down ;
All my papers are right—look at these,
There's my name and my age—How you
frown !