

28 THE DAGONET BALLADS

Marguerite, are you there with your sword?

Pretty wench! Why, it's red to the hilt!

Oh, they fight like she-devils, this horde

Of fair women—young—slenderly built.

'Tis thy glory, O France, when our girls

And our women for thee give their lives,

When a weak arm the keen sabre whirls.

And aims straight at our Fatherland's gyves.

Now the balls come like hail on the stones,

We are pent in and caught by the foe;

Do you hear me, sweetheart? How she moans!

Creep away through the tombs—let us go!

Marguerite! Marguerite! Do you hear?

Sweet, how bloody your hands are, and lips!

You are wounded, my brave Marguerite!

Curse the fiends! It's her life-blood that drips!

You are dead, Marguerite, for our France,

And your name shall be writ on her scroll;

When they find your poor body, perchance,

They will maul you, and dig you a hole.

I must fly—I have fought—we have lost.

Vive la Commune! but still *saute qui peut*.

Henceforth I'm a waif, tempest-tost,

But I fly, for Thiers' butchers pursue.