

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And, with a natural sigh,
 " 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 " Who fell in the great victory !

" I find them in the garden,
 For there's many here about ;
 And often when I go to plough,
 The plough-share turns them out,
 For many thousand men," said he,
 " Were slain in that great victory !"

" Now, tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin he cries ;
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes ;
 " Now, tell us all about the war,
 And what they kill'd each other for."

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 " Who put the French to rout ;
 But what they kill'd each other for,
 I could not well make out.
 But every body said," quoth he,
 " That 'twas a famous victory !

" My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by ;
 They burn'd his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly :
 So, with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.