

With an evil eagle glance :  
One eye was black and one was blue,  
And the black one look'd straight into you,  
While the blue one leer'd askance,  
Most sinfully in Paris.  
But it was wiser not to try  
To hinder him or harass,  
But quietly to pass him by,  
In the sinful streets of Paris ;  
For his arm was strong, and his sword was long,  
And when he made sword-plays,  
'Twas hard to look him the eye,  
Because he look'd two ways ;  
The black one look'd straight into you,  
And the blue one where he'd pink you through,  
And that was a trick entirely new  
To people then in Paris.  
O he had small fears of the musketeers  
Or the macaroons of Paris !  
And he had his time, and he made most free,  
And he lived in great ribaldrie,  
In the sinful streets of Paris ;  
But at last those evil eyes in his head  
On whom they fell, or so 'tis said,  
Brought such annoy and harass,  
That when King Louis heard of it,  
He order'd him from Paris :  
Yes ; not for the evil life he led,  
Nor the ways that he walk'd unfit,