

Pierre and Marianne

Heather Dale

There was a fair and youthful man
Called Pierre LeBlanc was he
Who loved a girl called Marianne
Who lived in far Paris

One day there came by messenger
A letter in her hand
That begged him come and marry her
And travel across the land.

"Ho-ho!" said Pierre, "my fortune's fair
My lady calls to me."
He packed his bags upon his mare
And off on the quest went he.

Once in Province he met by chance
A man whose back was bare
"Good sir," said he, "come pity me,
I have not a stitch to wear

"I'll offer for your threadbare cloak
This blessed and rare acorn
That grows into a silver oak
Sure as the lord was born."

"Ho-ho!" said Pierre, "my fortune's fair
To own such a useful tree."
He tucked it safe in his underwear
And went off cloaklessly.

As Pierre rode on he chanced upon
A man who came beside
"Good sir," said he, "it saddens me
to see that poor beast you ride.

That nag won't carry you a mile
Then she'll be surely dead.
To save you trouble, give her here.
I'll give you this ass instead!"

"Ho-ho!" said Pierre, "my fortune's fair
To dodge a calamity!"
So off he went on the donkey's back
To travel towards Paris.

As Pierre approached the city gates
A beggar raised a cry
"By God, it is the King of France!"
And bowed as Pierre rode by.

"Your majesty, I know it's you,
Though you don't wear your crown
For royal men ride as you do
A-jouncing up and down!"

"Ho-ho!" said Pierre, "my fortune's fair
Mistaken for King Louis!"

He gave his purse with a lofty air
For the beggar's flattery.

As Pierre rode down the Paris street
Waving left and right
Marianne came out to greet
Her bold and shining knight.

"My dear, I bring you my good ass,
I'm told I ride it well!
I've got a gift in my underwear,
We'll share at the wedding bell!"

"Ho-ho!" said she, "my fortune's fair,
To find such a lusty man!"
So with their wedding ends the tale
Of Pierre and Marianne!