

## LE PRINCE EUGÈNE

Un jour, le princ' Eu - gè - ne , é - tant de-dans Pa-  
 ris - , S'en fut conduire' trois da-mes, Vi ve - l'a - mour ! tout  
 droit à leur lo - gis , Vi - ve la fleur de lis !

- 1 Un jour, le prince Eugène, étant dedans Paris,  
 S'en fut conduire' trois dames,  
*Vive l'amour!*  
 tout droit à leur logis,  
*Vive la fleur de lis!*
- 2 S'en fut conduire' trois dames tout droit à leur logis.  
 Quand il fut à leur porte: Coucheriez-vous ici?  
*Vive l'amour! . . . .*
- 3 —Nenni, non non, mesdames! je vais à mon logis.
- 4 Quand il fut sur ces côtes, regarde derrière' lui.
- 5 A vu venir vingt hommes, ses plus grands ennemis.
- 6 —T'en souviens-tu, Eugène, un jour, dedans Paris,
- 7 Devant le roi, la reine, mon fils t'as démenti?
- 8 Arrête ici, Eugène, il faut payer ceci.
- 9 Tira son épée d'or, bravement se battit.
- 10 Il en tua quatorze, mais sans qu'il se lassât.
- 11 Quand ce vint au quinzième, son épée d'or rompit.
- 12 —Beau page, mon beau page, viens donc m'y secourir.
- 13 —Nenni, non non, beau prince, j'ai trop peur d'y mourir!
- 14 —Va-t'en dire à ma femme qu'ell' prenn' soin du petit.
- 15 Quand il sera en âge, il vengera ceci!

## TRANSLATION

- 1 O Prince Eugene was walking  
 In Paris town, one day,  
 Escorting three fair ladies  
*All hail to love!*  
 Upon their homeward way.  
*Long live the fleur de lis!*
- 2 Escorting three fair ladies  
 Upon their homeward way:  
 When they had reached their dwelling,  
*All hail to love!*  
 They asked: "O will you stay?"  
*Long live the fleur de lis!*
- 3 When they had reached their dwelling,  
 They asked, "O will you stay?"  
 "No, no! Nay, nay! fair ladies,  
*All hail to love!*  
 Homeward I take my way."  
*Long live the fleur de lis!*
- 4 When he has climbed the hill-side,  
 Turning about, he sees  
 A score of men approaching,  
*All hail to love!*  
 His greatest enemies.  
*Long live the fleur de lis!*
- 5 "Do you recall, Prince Eugene,  
 One day, in Paris town,  
 Before the king and courtiers,  
*All hail to love!*  
 You called my son a clown?"  
*Long live the fleur de lis!*
- 6 "Be on your guard, Prince Eugene,  
 Your debt must now be paid!"  
 His hand has grasped the sword-hilt,  
*All hail to love!*  
 And drawn the golden blade.  
*Long live the fleur de lis!*

- 7 He slew fourteen bold villains,  
All with his mighty stroke.  
But as he fought the fifteenth,  
*All hail to love!*  
His golden sword, it broke!  
*Long live the fleur de lis!*
- 8 “Good page, O my good page-boy,  
Do come and rescue me!”  
“Nay, Prince, I dare not help you,  
*All hail to love!*  
For fear of death I flee . . .”  
*Long live the fleur de lis!*
- 9 “Go hence and tell my Princess  
To cherish well our son,  
That he may wreak revenge  
*All hail to love!*  
When he’s to manhood grown!”  
*Long live the fleur de lis!*