## **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!