

WILLIAM THOMAS

Ballade of Vagabonds Long Gone

Where are Villon and his thieving crew
That robbed by night and hid of day,
Or roistered in a Paris stew?
Where are the friends so bold and gay?
Did each of them come to blacken and sway,
At Montfaucan to strangle and hang?
Did all of them go the luckless way?
But where are the hearts that laughed and sang?

Where is the bargeman Jehan le Loup?
The poacher of ducks, Casin Cholet?
—That picker of locks, Colin de Cayeux,
And Montigny, they called René:
We know these two had a price to pay.
But Jehan le Petit and Jehan Mautaint?
Dogis, Pichart, de Moustier?
Oh, Where are the hearts that laughed and sang?

Where are the women the poet knew,
La Belle Heaulmière, lamenting her May,
And darkeyed Kathryn who brought him rue?
The fat Margot and little Macée?
The heirs of the Testaments, where are they?
Where are *La Vache* and *La Pomme de Pin*?
L'Espée de Bois and *Le Grant Godet*?
And where are the hearts that laughed and sang?

Oh Prince of Poets, the crown of bay
Ill fits the heads of most of your gang;
You wear it, François de Montcorbier!
But where are the hearts that laughed and sang?