



“ Oh Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming ? ”  
 “ I see the burning sun,” she answered, “ and the waving grass ! ”  
 Meanwhile old Blue-beard down below was whetting up his cutlass,  
 And shouting : “ Come down quick, or I’ll come after you, my lass ! ”  
 “ One little minute more to pray, one minute more ! ” she pleaded —  
 To hope how slow the minutes are, to dread how swift they pass !

“ Oh Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming ? ”  
 She answered : “ Yes I see a cloud of dust that moves this way.”  
 “ Is it our brothers, Anne ? ” implored the lady. “ No, my sister,  
 It is a flock of sheep.” Here Blue-beard thundered out : “ I say,  
 Come down or I’ll come after you ! ” Again the only answer :  
 “ Oh, just one little minute more, — one minute more to pray ! ”



“ Oh, Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming ? ”  
 “ I see two horsemen riding, but they yet are very far ! ”  
 She waved them with her handkerchief ; it bade them, “ hasten, hasten ! ”  
 Then Blue-beard stamped his foot so hard it made the whole house jar ;  
 And, rushing up to where his wife knelt, swung his glittering cutlass,  
 As Indians do a tomahawk, and shrieked : “ How slow you are ! ”

Just then, without, was heard the beat of hoofs upon the pavement,  
 The doors flew back, the marble floors rang to a hurried tread.  
 Two horsemen, with their swords in hand, came storming up the stairway,  
 And with one swoop of their good swords they cut off Blue-beard’s head !  
 Down fell his cruel arm, the heavy cutlass falling with it,  
 And, instead of its old, ugly blue, his beard was bloody red !



Of course, the tyrant dead, his wife had all his vast possessions ;  
 She gave her sister Anne a dower to marry where she would ;  
 The brothers were rewarded with commissions in the army ;  
 And as for Blue-beard’s wife, she did exactly as she should, —  
 She wore no weeds, she shed no tears ; but very shortly after  
 Married a man as fair to look at as his heart was good.