You are going far away, far away from poor Jeanette. There is no one left to love me now, and you too may forget; But my heart will be with you, wherever you may go; Can you look me in the face and say the same, Jeannot? When you wear the jacket red, and the
beautiful cockade,—Oh, I fear you will forget all the promises you made! With your
gun upon your shoulder, and your bayonet by your side, You'll be taking some proud lady and be
making her your bride, You'll be taking some proud lady and be making her your bride.

Or, when glory leads the way,
You'll be madly rushing on,
Never thinking, if they kill you,
That my happiness is gone!
If you win the day, perhaps
A General you'll be;
Though I'm proud to think of that,
What will become of me?
Oh! if I were Queen of France,
Or, still better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad,
No weeping maids at home!
All the world should be at peace;
Or, if kings must show their might,
Why, let them who made the quarrels
Be the only men who fight!
Yes, let them who made, etc.