

then Medallion lifted the little man on to the railing of the verandah; and over the heads and into the hearts of the people there passed, in a divine voice, a song known to many, yet coming as a new revelation to them all:—

“My mother promised it,
O gai, vive l. roi !
My mother promised it,
O gai, vive le roi !
To a gentleman of the king,
Vive le roi, la reine !
To a gentleman of the king,
Vive Napoléon !”

This was chanted lightly, airily, with a sweetness almost absurd, coming as it did from so uncouth a musician. The last verses had a touch of pathos, droll yet searching,—

“Oh, say, where goes your love?
O gai, vive le roi !
Oh, say, where goes your love?
O gai, vive le roi !
He rides on a white horse,
Vive le roi, la reine !
He wears a silver sword,
Vive Napoléon !

“Oh, grand to the war he goes,
O gai, vive le roi !
Oh, grand to the war he goes,
O gai, vive le roi !