

like a man that was goin' to die. However it's none of our business to pry into the masher's troubles. Hello ! What's that I hear !

*(Voices heard singing :)*

Sing ho, for a gypsy life,  
No worry, nor care, nor strife,  
But the emerald green, and the glittering sheen,  
Of sparkling waters bright,  
And onward we stroll along,  
The forest re-echoes our song,  
Which merrily tells to the listening dells,  
Our gypsy heart's delight.

*Enter L. CARLO, DONTI and JOCKO.)*

CARLO—Ho, ho ! I thought we had the place to ourselves. *(To BARNEY.)* Comrade, I hope we don't intrude ?

BARNEY—Narry a bit, whoever ye are, so long as ye don't come in the name of the law.

CARLO—Law ! Ha, ha, ha, who ever heard of a roving gypsy being on the side of the law ! *(Cracks his fingers.)* That for all the laws that were ever framed !

BARNEY—Then give me yer hand, for we get nothin' but law here, an' we're tired of it.

*(Shaking hands.)*

CARLO—So are we, comrade, for the law is always against us.

*(Looks Around.)*

What a splendid place for a gypsy camp The green woods, the sky for a covering, and a merry heart for the best or the worst that may happen. I hope the woods are free to ail ?

BARNEY—Faith an' they are, especially to boys that can sing as well as yerselves ; an' as we're out here for a bit of diversion, would ye mind givin' us a stave or two of the song ye were singin' as ye came along ?

CARLO—With pleasure, comrade. Up lads for a song.

*(The gypsies sing :)*

I.

We're gypsies three, and merry and free  
Is the rollicking life we lead ;  
The sky above is the cover we love,  
And the air our only need.  
We skip along with an elfin song—  
Our hearts as light and gay  
As the soaring lark or the amorous spark  
Abroad on a Summer's day.

CHORUS—Then give us a gypsy life, &c.