

## THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY

tabourin of his own accord, ran sweetly over the prelude, as he sat upon the bank—Tie me up this tress instantly, said Nannette, putting a piece of string into my hand—It taught me to forget I was a stranger—The whole knot fell down—we had been seven years acquainted.

The youth struck the note upon the tabourin—his pipe followed, and off we bounded—"the deuce take that slit!"

The sister of the youth, who had stolen her voice from heaven, sung alternately with her brother—'twas a Gascoigne roundelay.

VIVA LA JOIA!

FIDON LA TRISTESSA!

The nymphs joined in unison, and their swains an octave below them—

I would have given a crown to have it sewed up—Nannette would not have given a sous—*Vive la joia!* was in her lips—*Vive la joia!* was in her eyes. A transient spark of amity shot across the space betwixt us—She looked amiable!—Why could I not live, and end my days thus? Just Disposer of our joys and sorrows, cried I, why could not a man sit down in the lap of content here—and dance, and sing, and say his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid? Capriciously did she bend her