

# La Saut de la Pucelle

Once upon a time at the top of the village, there lived a young girl. She was very beautiful, with blue eyes, hair that curled like sheep's wool and, nom de tchancre, a bust so rounded all the boys in the village dreamed of touching it. But she was good, that little one and if a bad boy came close she sent him off, nom de gû.

One day as she tended her flock by a willow tree, she stripped a daisy, playing 'he loves me, he loves me not' Hé! Hé! – vingt cinq potadiers for all girls dreamed of being swept off their feet then as they do now. She did not see a well-dressed gentleman standing nearby. "My, my," said the strange man to himself, there's a nice little virgin'. He tried to embrace her but she struggled free and ran away. He chased her Oh damnachon ! He tried to catch her by 'her cotillion'. Ben! Zou! Suddenly she tripped and fell down Ah mes enfants! but an angel was watching over the little shepherdess. A young man passing by, whistling like a blackbird, on his hay wagon, Bon sang he grabbed the girl, who was trembling like a naked baby goldfinch that had fallen out of its nest. He held her and comforted her with such tender words that she was no longer afraid. You may guess the end of the story: they were married in the spring and the good young man finally got to run his hand over that rounded bust crinon !