

He who has trouble he cannot mend,  
Must bear it, must bear it, must bear it !

INIGO.

I don't know what you mean  
By thus making a scene.

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, innocent child !

INIGO.

Now explain it I pray,  
And in some clearer way.

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, who was beguiled.

INIGO.

Will you keep quiet ?  
Really this riot  
Bothers my life.

CHORUS.

Oh, what a man,  
And how he can  
Stand such a wife ?

INIGO.

Will you explain it, explain it !

CHORUS (*repeat*).

Ha, ha, ha, my poor young friend, &c.

INIGO.

This is past all bearing,  
I have had quite enough.

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, where is your wife ?