

MER. Doleful, doleful !
 When humanity,
 With its soul full
 Of satanity,
 Courting privity,
 Down declivity
 Seeks captivity !
 Doleful, doleful !

DAME Joyful, joyful !
 When virginity
 Seeks, all coyful,
 Man's affinity ;
 Fate all flowery,
 Bright and bowery
 Is her dowery !
 Joyful, joyful !

MER. Ghastly, ghastly !
 When man, sorrowful,
 Firstly, lastly,
 Of to-morrow full,
 After tarrying.
 Yields to harrying—
 Goes a-marrying.
 Ghastly, ghastly !

FINALE.

Enter Beefeaters, Women and ELSIE as Bride.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

(ELEGIACS.)

Comes the pretty young bride, a-blushing, timidly shrinking—
 Set all thy fears aside—cheerily, pretty young bride !
 Brave is the youth to whom thy lot thou art willingly linking !
 Flower of valour is he—loving as loving can be !

Brightly thy summer is shining,
 Fair is the dawn of the day ;
 Take him, be true to him—
 Tender his due to him—
 Honour him, love and obey !