

And liberty to me so dear
I now resign without a fear.

CHO. OF OLD WOMEN.

Eh! eh! eh! Poor little dear!
Wait till you come to the end of the year.

SEPTETT AND CHORUS.

PHYLLIS, TOM, TUPPITT, WILDER, SHERWOOD, *and* BANTAM.

TOM *and* PHYLLIS.

What joy untold to feel at last
That all delay and doubts are past,
My future lot with you is cast,
My own.

TUPP.

A parent's feelings who can tell?
His satisfaction who can quell?
I wished to see her married well,
I own.

BAN. *and* CHORUS.

They are indeed a happy pair,
What lot on earth can now compare
With theirs? I only wish it were
My own.

ALL.

They're happily married by parson and ring
So merrily let the bells chime;
For marriage to start with is not a sad thing,
It only gets gloomy with time.
A husband was ready—the maiden said "aye,"
She makes a most beautiful bride;
The knot was remarkably easy to tie,
It won't be so lightly untied.

FINALE.

DOR. *to* WILD.—LYDIA *to* SHER.

Who swore to be good and true
To the maid whom he dared to adore?