

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 BANTAN.

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?