

THE MAYOR OF ST. BRIEUX.

Scene outside the village of St. Brieux, in Brittany; wood, with view of the sea at back; Blacksmith's Cottage, L. Cottage with practicable upper window. Artist's easel, R. U. E. Small table, R. 1st E. The Blacksmith with his apprentices working at anvil in forge, L. Villagers at back and round forge. Lights up. All characters on stage except the Mayor, Mad. Barrie, Marie and Duval. Chorus as Curtain rises.

CHORUS.

Work, brothers, work, while the ruddy atoms yield;
Work, brothers, work, the heavy hammers wield.
Now is the moment when the victory must be won,
Work, brothers, work, the labor will be done.

RECITATIVE.

BLACKSMITH.

Hear the bellows creak and cry
To the sparks that quiet lie
In the forge fire, dim and low,
Waiting idly in the glow.
Off! away! away! away!

ARIA.

See, like boys let out to play
On some summer holiday,
Out they leap towards the skies,
Springing through the chimney high,
With a roar of wild desire;
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
Till the iron, in its bed,
Wakes to life of glowing red.
Now the work, beneath our blows
Shaped and fashioned, ever grows.