

Five, six, one, two, three, four,
(Aside.) Oh, 'twill be a pretty row as we
 said before.

Six, one, two, three, four, five,
(Aside.) This will be a funny dance, as sure
 as we're alive.

(Enter six of the REGENT'S soldiers, disguised as Normandy nurses, each with a baby in long clothes, the head of the baby forming the handle of a sword. Babies cry.)

NURSES. Hush-a-by, baby! Hush! Hush! Hush!
(Aside.) Here is the enemy, now for a brush. *(Babies cry.)*

Hush-a-by, baby, oh, hush-a-by.
(Aside.) Nurses and babies are only "my eye."

Hush-a-bye baby, hush-a-bye do,
(Aside.) When they discover us wont they look blue.

(Vigorous chorus of squalling babies.)

LADIES. Precious poppet will you stop it,
 Oh you blessed baby drop it.
(What a bother when the baby once begins!)
 There's no use ever trying,
 To stop a baby's crying,
 Particularly when it comes from pins.
 Give it syrup,
 Chirrup, chirrup,
 Chirrup, chirrup.
 Chirrup, chirrup.
 Particularly when it comes from pins.

Is it gums or indigestion,
 Or the colic? that's the question.
(What a bother when the baby once begins.)
 Give it Jones' paregoric,
 Or that soothing stuff historic.
 Particularly when it comes from pins.
 Give it syrup, etc., etc.

(The ladies cluster round the babies, and at last succeed in touching them. They immediately come down front.)

LADIES. *(Mysteriously.)*
 Those—babies—all—have—wooden—heads,
 [Church clock strikes.
 Likewise their legs are far too long,
 [Clock strikes.
 The nurses, too, have martial treads,
 [Clock strikes.

MALE CHOR. We } much suspect there's something wrong.
 They }
 [Clock strikes.