

Finale

Crio

Doris, Phyllis and Gladys

Heigho ! Love's a mockery,
 Poor in pleasure and rich in pain.
Heigho ! Hearts are crockery,
 Broken, never the same again.
Reason why we'd like to know,
Lovers true should quarrel so.
 Off they go !
 He to suicidal gunnery—Oh !
 She, no doubt, to seek a nunnery—Oh !
Hasten, Love, thou god erratic,
Show thy powers diplomatic !
Of this jest in reparation
Cause a reconciliation !

(Curtain.)

