

We'll see if this brawny old blacksmithy han'l,
 Can't show them the way to the door.
 But a blacksmith's life is the life for me;
 Rough and ready, honest and free;
 Though the hand may be black, it's the hand of a man;
 And the dirt's only outside: deny it, who can!
 CHORUS.—But a blacksmith's life, etc.

BLACKSMITH. Now, lads, give us another verse of
 your song, and then be off to the dance again.

(*Chorus sings second verse of "Burgundy Wine."*)

Burgundy wine! Burgundy wine!
 Give us a bumper of Burgundy wine!
 What's life but a bubble;
 All trial and trouble!
 Let's fill it with jolly old wine.
 Then bring out your bottles;
 Uncork their old throttles,
 And pour out your Burgundy wine.
 Burgundy wine! Burgundy wine!
 Give us a bumper of Burgundy wine!

(*The refrain is heard dying away as they go off. Blacksmith comes down.*)

BLACKSMITH. There! now they're gone! I declare I
 feel all in a quiver! (*Drinks.*) Just like a piece of soft
 iron. Upset the little corporal, will they! (*Drinks,*
becoming slightly affected.) Here's his jolly good health!
 Well, we'll see! we'll see!
 (*Enter Mayor, L. U. E.*)

MAYOR. Hush! Now's your time. The Englishman's
 dancing away there like a—

BLACKSMITH. Pea on 'an anvil—bah!

MAYOR. Just so. Now let's go and get his baggage,
 the rascal!

BLACKSMITH. Yes; let's get the rascal's baggage.
 (*Hesitates.*) I say—you're sure it's all right. Eh?

MAYOR. Right?

BLACKSMITH. We sha'n't be getting ourselves into trou-
 ble?

MAYOR. Trouble?

BLACKSMITH. Yes. Burglary, bigamy, prigamy, thiev-
 ing, stealing, you know.

MAYOR. Sir! Am I not the Mayor of St. Brieux?