

SONG.

1.

Never a moment left for leisure,
 Never a second for repose,
 Ever a slave to other's pleasure
 From dawn of day until its close.

Whips smack,
 Click, clack.

A newly married couple flying,
 The father of the fair appears,
 He swears great oaths, she talks of dying,
 Then pardon, peace, and happy tears.
 Hilloa ! hilloa ! hilloa ! hilloa !

PEDRILLO.

My good Pedrillo, prithee put your pots on.

CHORUS.

The best, the best is good enough for me ;
 For we must dine,
 And taste your wine,
 Champagne on ice,
 Anything nice,
 In a trice.

2.

Every day brings forth new faces,
 Every night some fresh surprise ;
 But then a prudent landlord's place is—
 To tell no tales, and to have no eyes.

Whips smack,
 Click, clack.

Another couple, not relations,
 The husband suddenly turns up,
 Reclaims her, spite of protestations,
 And number one alone must sup.

Repeat CHORUS as before.)

CHORUS OF THE PEASANT WOMEN.

Ha, ha, ha, my poor young friend,
 The coat you have cut you must wear it !