But catching them thus, is for many too slow, To get them by hundreds they hurry to go; A pull in by wholesale is simple—you bet, If one is but skilful in spreading a net.

Our statesmen, and lawyers, and doctors and all,
Are knowingly watching to make a big haul,
With fish in the sea, we have odd fish ashore,
And land sharks who gobble them up by the score.
We have smooth, pious people, whose meshes scarce fail,
To tangle big flounders by head or by tail.
We have reverend men, quite meek looking—you bet
Who all live like Trojans, while spreading a net.

But most artful of all, are mermaids so fair,
Who sing by the sea side, while combing their hair;
They sit in the rushes until some queer fish,
Is hooked in the gills and flung into a dish.
What hundreds and thousands have met such a fate,
And still thousands more will go snatch at the bait;
For trapping, or fishing, or snaring—you bet,
None equal the ladies in spreading a net.

The net dance follows. SIR RICHARD, LIADY FORD and BARTON are seated on one side. CAPT. FORD leads out MARINA, STEPHEN leads out ANNA. HARRY and the others choose partners. Each female dancer has a small hand net, which is used with graceful motion at intervals in the donce. At the conclusion the female dancers form a line in front, MARINA and ANNA, CAPT. FORD and STEPHEN in the centre the fishermen in the next line behind, and the grenadiers in the line, behind these. The female dancers wave their nets and salute the audience. After this, all sing the last verse of the song "Spreading the Net," and salute as before.

## ALL.

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FINALE.

(Curtain.)