

Either or neither, when both are so fair,
Is enough to send any man into the air.

*Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,
Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!*

They all go out in different directions, leaving the ORGAN-GRINDER alone.

O, love is a dance to a roundelay!
It may last an hour or last alway.

*Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,
But how it will end, or how it began,
You never can tell, says the organ-man.
Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,—*

The music is broken off abruptly as the Organ-Grinder moves on.