

CLOWN *and* PANTALOO, HARLEQUIN *slapping the ground near the* BEAR.

HARLEQUIN *and* COLUMBINE *retire*; CLOWNS *commence tumbling and fooling with* PANTALOO.

1st CLOWN (*to* PANTALOO). Why, what animal are you?

PANT. A man.

1st CLOWN. How can that be, when you were got by a bullet out of a bear? Ho! ho! ho! you fool!

PANT. Give us an account of your late proceedings.

1st CLOWN. Well, here goes. [*Sings.*

I'm fond of sport, that is of fun :
I saw a bear, and took my gun ;
Away I went, at a great pace,
My foot it slipp'd in the wrong place,
So down I fell, when in a trice
I popp'd through a thin young crust of ice.
Tol, lol, idi, idi, idi, idi, aido.

I crusty grew : it was not fair :
To get a wet I couldn't a bear ;
I dragged myself upon the floe,
The bear came near ; oh ! what a go !
I pulled the trigger, but the cap
Quite finished me, by one false snap.
Tol, lol, etc.

My legs they shook ; my heart, pit pat,
Hit my backbone a loud rat-tat.
He snuffed in me a morning meal,
And thought to fix on me his *seal* ;
When lo ! I thought of boys who put
Their head 'tween legs when bulls would butt.
Tol, lol, etc.