

It's absurd,
 But, 'pon my word,
 It's more than I can bear, sir,
 If you go,
 Down below,
 'Tisn't hotter there, sir.

(*Takes Blacksmith's arm nervously.*)

(*Spoken.*) I do assure you that what with guns, swords
 and gendarmes, pickpockets, plots and stray pigs, mandates,
 edicts and proclamations, lost children, organ-grinders,
 mobs and mad Englishmen,

(*Sings.*) Why I'd rather be a monkey than a Mayor, sir.

Here a spy,
 There a spy,
 Plotting, sir, and scheming,
 Night and day,
 P'raps you'll say
 Surely I am dreaming:
 You mistake,
 I'm awake.
 Oh, you needn't stare, sir.
 Listen now,
 This is how,
 This is how I fare, sir.

(*Spoken.*) For breakfast they give me a little plot well
 peppered; for dinner, a brace of conspiracies, served a *la*
maitre d'armes; with a fine big rebellion, devilled, for sup-
 per, till I dream of blunderbusses and hot water all night
 long. Ah, I do assure you, my dear Monsieur Bouillet,
 for *his* tail is not so bad as *my* tale—that

(*Sings.*) I'd rather be a monkey than a Mayor, sir.

DUVAL. (*At back, C.*)

I wish you would go!

MAYOR.

But I'd have you to know
 That I'm not at all slow,
 I can pick out a spy
 With a glance of my eye,
 And take a man in,
 From his toes to his chin,
 And follow his nose
 Wherever it goes—