

## ACT III.

## ROUND COPPICE.

## BALLET OF BRIDESMAIDS AND GROOMSMEN.

OLD WOMEN'S CHO.

Dancing is not what it used to be  
 In the merry days when our tread was light,  
 When our feet were nimble and our hearts were free,  
 And we danced from dusk till the sun shone bright.  
 Eh! eh! eh! Tho' feeble we be,  
 Better than that we can dance you'll see.

## BALLAD.

PHYL. The time has come when I must yield  
 The liberty I loved so well  
 To one to whom my heart revealed,  
 Sighed forth the love I dared not tell,  
 My love, my life, I freely give,  
 Myself and all that in me is,  
 Henceforth in happiness to live  
 For him alone as only his.  
 But liberty to me so dear  
 I now resign without a fear.

CHO. OF OLD WOMEN.

Eh! eh! eh! Poor little dear!  
 Wait till she comes to the end of the year.

PHYL. They say, when wooing days are o'er,  
 And there is nothing left to gain,  
 That turtles coo their love no more,  
 And honeymoons get on the wane;  
 But I will bind him to my heart,  
 With love that shall not loose too soon,  
 And life shall be, till death us part,  
 One everlasting honeymoon.

CHO.

TOM

TUPP.

BAN.

ALL.

DOR.