

(As cadets exeunt, enter WIND, with large box labelled "Fairy Opera,"  
on a wheelbarrow.)

SONG, "I AM WIND."—WIND.

I am Wind—Wind the Poet !  
The whole world doth know it,  
For my verse in all ears I have dinned :  
Although critics, in spite,  
May declare, as I write,  
That my song, like my name, is but—wind !

WIND &  
CHORUS.

I am } Wind, &c.  
He is }

5TH LINE.

May declare { as I write }  
                                { with delight }

Fair sonnets I write  
On the moonbeams of night  
And the sun-dawn—the glory of morning :  
In the girls I delight,  
And for lovers indite  
Triolets to the maids who are scorning.

WIND &  
CHORUS.

I am } &c.  
He is }

'Tis as easy for me  
To write verse, as you see,  
As for others to struggle with prose :  
While they're crawling around  
Like mugwumps on the ground,  
I soar upward in thought and compose.

WIND &  
CHORUS.

For { I'm } &c.  
          { he's }

If a clerk, on two dollars,  
Loves a maid and sports collars  
That rise like the great Eiffel Tower,  
He asks me to propose  
In a lyric that shows  
His devotion to her and her dower.

WIND &  
CHORUS.

For { I'm } &c.  
          { he's }

I'm an officer, too,  
And can fight—just a few,  
As these beggarly Zulus will find ;  
They'll be trembling and quaking  
When their chief I am shaking,  
And they'll call me the great Mogul—Wind.