

PEPITA.

Comic Opera in Three Acts.

ACT I.

CHORUS.

Capital, excellent, heart-warming wine !
Bouquet superb as we raise up our glasses,
Where will you find such a liquor divine,
Where is the juice that such nectar surpasses.
Drink to me, drink,
Let no man shrink ;
Nor let him dare his draughts to stop
Till he has drained the bottom drop,
When flushing cheek and empty glass
Shall show how well he toasts his lass.

PEASANT.

But see, the liquor has run out,
What can Pedrillo be about.
Hulloa ! Pedrillo !
Mine host, hulloa !

PEDRILLO.

Your servant, ladies ; I am here.

WOMEN.

Handsome as ever,
Charming and clever,
Sure there was never
A man so dear.

PEDRILLO.

I've kept you waiting long I fear.