

Flings o'er each soul that holy spell, that holy spell,
Which only true love knows so well.

(Coda.) Oh, blissful hour, our lives shall be,
All harmony, all harmony.

When time has fled with months and years, months and years,
And when our life's decline appears,
We'll calmly watch the setting sun, the setting sun,
Nor grieve to think our race near run,
The future still to us will be,
All harmony, all harmony.

ALL.

Sweet harmony, sweet harmony,
How blest together all shall be,
When purest love our hearts unite,
And cheering hope looks fair and bright.
Hail to this hour, for now we see,
Each union blest with harmony.
With harmony, sweet harmony.

HARRY. Well, well, here is Stephen back again to the bay. He is at his old trade once more, and if my eyes do not deceive me, he has been already fishing to some purpose; even the gallant Captain has evidently secured a mermaid. What shall I be able to haul in? It is, however, plain enough, that one way or another, we all go a-fishing. Some fish in muddy water and lose their hooks; some pull up only weeds; some get only shell-fish; some catch cat-fish or dog-fish; some come across sharks, while others bring to the surface a golden dolphin. In fishing, as in everything else, there is often the strangest kind of luck.

SONG—HARRY.

"Spreading the Net."

The fisherman's art is one very well known,
And ancient as any that ancient have grown,
In times far remote, as all scholars have read,
Some followed this calling to make out their bread.
We also are told by an authorized pen,
That while some caught fish, there were fishers of men,
And still their successors are anxious—you bet,
To catch human gudgeons, by spreading a net.

All classes, it seems, are on fishing intent;
With silver and gilt hooks, what hours have been spent,
With all kinds of lines, and with curious bait,
Poor fishes are lured, till they lie on the plate.