

Would you know who pays addresses
To your rival shepherdesses?

My report is always near it.
While my goods the gossips handle
If there's any bit of scandal
I am not the last to hear it.

Cambries, cottons, velveteens,
Just the thing for straightened means.
Spare the purse and please the eye –
Wondrous bargains, come and buy.

No. 16

Duet

Bo Peep and Black Sheep

B. P. Cold is the midnight air,
Dark is the starless sky ;
Darker my soul's despair.
Ah ! hear my piteous prayer,
Hast thou no potion there
That I might taste and die ?

B. S. Ah ! you are young and fair,
Many your joys in store.
Morn will dispel your care,
You'll find your flock somewhere,
Nature a smile will wear,
Joy will return once more.