

CHAT. Duke ! That decides me. (*Gives ESCAROOT his hand.*) My people, sir ! The Lord of Chateaugris is master here. I will show you. (*Goes up stage and beckons off, L. Peasants and sailors enter, also HELENE, MADAME GIGOT, PIPANDOR and BABETTE.*) Friends, y u are aware that this is my daughters' birthday. I have a pleasant little surprise for her in honour of the occasion. In short, I have promised her hand in marriage.

ALL. Marriage ?

CHAT. Yes ; to my neighbour—the most wealthy and most noble the Baron Chateauinois.

ALL. The Baron Chateauinois !

CHORUS.

WHY, HE'S OLD.

SEMI-CHORUS (*young girls.*)

Why he's old and very ugly;
The idea is quite absurd
That a pretty maid should marry
Such an antiquated bird.

SEMI-CHORUS (*old women.*)

Though he's old and very ugly,
Why we've very often heard
That to be an old man's darling
Is not at all absurd.

(*To HELENE.*)

Be wise, child, be wise, child,
And marry while you may,
For youth and love will vanish,
But the gold will always stay.

HELENE.

I know him not, I love him not,
That Baron rich and old,
I do not want to marry just
A horrid bag of gold.

(*To CHATEAUGRIS.*)

I pray you, sir, relent,
I am so young.
Why should my life be spent,
In discontent ?
I am so young.

CHAT.

This week the Baron comes to woe,
The next he comes to wed:
And daughters have no word to say,
But just be mar-ri-ed.

(*To HELENE.*)

Oh no, I'll not relent,
Although you're young.
Your life need not be spent
In discontent,
If you are young.