

1ST DUDE. Yes, girls ! on two dollars a week we have managed hitherto to support ourselves, drive a tandem, rule society and escape our creditors. We love you all—you are the rose-buds,—the lotus-leaves of life. So the women rave over us, the men swear at us, and half of our creditors are in the Insane Asylum. They used to stop us on the street and inquire when we proposed to pay that little bill. They were very obtrusive. So, calling a Bobby and fixing our eye-glass, we said : Take charge of this vewy impertinent person. He seems to be laboring under an hallucination—don't know him at all—for

CHORUS. We are the dudes, &c.

[*Exeunt dudes.*]

C We've heard their song and now can you (*to cadets*)  
A reason give us why  
We should not bid you all adieu,—  
And with these dear boys fly ?

THE ROYAL CADET.—THE B. S. M.

Let others, fair ladies. declare on their knees  
The beauty and power of your charms ;  
Let them sing of the birds, and the flowers and the trees—  
They are naught to the battle's alarms.  
They may love and adore you, but 'tis from afar,  
And their vows and themselves you forget  
When around you     ir waists runs the gamut of war—  
The red sleeve of the Royal Cadet.

CHORUS. For we march to the fife, &c.

And where will you find such a heart or a hand  
For a tête-à-tête, concert or bliss ?  
Though as quick as the best to obey your command,  
He is king of the earth on a kiss.  
Nay, turn not away, or be wroth with our rhymes,  
And think not of the Past with regret :  
For in matters like these there is no one, at times,  
So discreet as the Royal Cadet.

CHORUS. Oh, we march, &c.

Let the coward dilate on the glories of Peace,  
On her victories by flood and by field ;  
There's a thousand-fold more in the pipe-clay and grease  
Than all parchments that ever were sealed.  
The doctor is sweet on the patient that's sick ;  
The Bar on a mortgage or debt ;  
The Dude on the card that rakes in the last trick,  
But the girls on the Royal Cadet.

CHORUS.— For we march, &c.