

At which they need three plump and hearty fowls.
There are the three. Ah, harken to his howls!
(*Turkey is screaming*)

Gamecock

Poor wretch. His life of tyranny is o'er,
And we shall feel his cruel hand no more,
And those deep villains—gone are all their
schemes,
At one quick blow are dashed away their dreams.

Rooster

You have no cause to pity them, my lord,
They would have stopp'd your life by but a word,
If such could be the case—and by my head,
I am at least right glad that they are dead.
(*Everybody applauds*)

Gamecock

Come, let us turn our faces from this sight,
And end our journey e'er the start of night.
(*Exit everyone*)

CURTAIN

ACT THE SIXTH AND LAST

SCENE. The hayloft. The Gamecock is on
the throne. Everybody is present.