What the song of the lark and the thrush is,
To the nest that soft wings overspread.

Ah why? Ah why?
It is love! it is love! it is love!

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at s? (Bends over flowers.)

Ah rose did your own lover kiss you?

We are sisters then, sweet, you and I.

Ah lily, so white, could love miss you?

My lily, no wonder you're shy.

A secret, I whisper, my lily,
A secret, I tell you my rose,
I blushed at his silly, kiss; was it?
And now all my secret he knows.
Ah why? An why?
It is love! it is love! it is love!

It was but a kiss from my lover,
But a kiss, and I woke from a sleep;
And the life that a veil seemed to cover,
A new life, was mine at a leap.

Could I refuse! ah, I dare not,
This love all so strange and so strong.
Whither it leads me I care not,
Drifting and drifting along.
Ah why? Ah why?
It is love! it is love! it is love!

[Goes off, L. U. E.

(Chateaugris and Escargot enter from house talking earnestly. They seat themselves on garden seat, l.)

Chat. Upon my word I didn't recognize you in that disguise. Last time you came you were a——

ESCAR. Begging friar. (*Imitates whine of mendicant*) Charity, good sir, charity, for our poor brethren. (*Laughs*.)

Chat. And the time before you were a-

Escar. An old sailor with one arm. (In nautical manner.) Fell off the gibboom sprits'l yard, you know, plump to the deek, broke my arm and five ribs; was picked up for dead, I was.

CHAT. I should very much like to know who you really are?

ESCAR. (Taking off his hat.) A humble servant of His Majesty the King of Spain and yours, come over with a cargo of oranges (meaningly) from Seville, to get the King his rights in France. Come, we may count on you, may we not? Remember, if Philip of Spain becomes Regent of France, you will change your Marquis's coronet for the title of Duke.

CHAT. (Aside.) What an addition to our family tree. (Aloud.)

I say. You're quite sure we shall succeed, eh?

Escar. Succeed! Why its the best speculation I was ever in; we can't fail if you are sure of your people, Duke.