

No. 2**Trio***Doris, Phyllis and Gladys*

O pilgrim, trudging on life's high road,
 The dust is heavy, the sun is high.
 O leave by the wayside thy weary load
 And follow the path to Arcady,
 Where lillies shine in the dusky glades
 In sweet remembrance of love-lorn maids.
 Then come and follow the path with me,
 The path that leads us to Arcady,
 Where, folding for ever his dew-starred wings,
 The fairy nightingale sits and sings—
 The nightingale sings !

Oh, youth is fleeting and Time is strong,
 And bloom must vanish, and hope will die ;
 But ne'er forgotten their spring-time song
 By lonely exiles of Arcady.
 Ah, happy he who in youth discovers
 The primrose way to the land of lovers.
 Then come and follow the path with me, etc.

No. 3**Chorus***The Haymakers*

S. & C. Who is this, so sad and pale ?
 Sure a jilted lover.
 Poor boy ! Poor boy !
 Tell us all your doleful tale—
 Cure we may discover.
T. & B. If she's spurned you with rejection,
 Making life a barren waste,
 Soothe your mind with this reflection :
 " There she shows her want of taste."
All. If a rival bar your path,
 Think of this and calm your wrath :
 " If she care for such as he,
 She's no fitting mate for me."
 Thus you see,
 Love may be
 Aided by philosophy.
 If you'd win a maiden fair,
 Best pretend you do not care.