

CHORUS.

'Tis the Mayor,  
See how he dances!  
With what an air  
The old boy prances.  
Look! look! look! look!  
What steps and spaces!  
See! see! see! see!  
What queer grimaces.

He wags his funny head  
Like a little ball of lead,  
As he niggitates the tails of his coat.  
He flourishes his legs  
Like a pair of wooden pegs,  
And he cuts as many capers as a goat.  
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

MAYOR.

Ah, rascals, ah!

CHORUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

MAYOR. (*Embarrassed.*)

I was only—

CHORUS. (*Sarcastically.*)

He was only—

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

MAYOR.

I was only—

CHORUS.

He was only—  
Flourishing his legs,  
Like a pair of wooden pegs,  
While he cut as many capers as a goat.

(*Mayor walks up and down angrily, shaking his fist and stopping his ears.*)

CURTAIN.