

Seven of us are before you, aimed complete
With youth with loveliness with cheerful hearts,
With virtue eminent—a golden chaplet.
But we are here to free you, not to win
Or to be won even by a winsome chief.
We are acquainted with you by report,
While what you see of us is all you know.
That you are young and noble—tho' eclipsed—
Avails not to inspire our youthful hopes.
And to be plain—quite plain—of all these seven,
There are two chances, and but only two.
Two of us will be wed to-morrow. Three
Have each a lover and acceptd lot.
And only two remain. And of the two,
There is a single chance for you—no more.

Urban.

Rayon, select a girl: the fair are fickle.

Emily.

But we are not. Yet you may choose amongst us.

Rayon.

For your amusement, point my preference
Mongst all so radiant? Witches, just blindfold me:
The first one caught shall be the pink of all!
For I admire you each, but love not either.

Edna.

Refuse us? But you sha'nt! and we the two,
Myself and dear Irene. Now I bethink me:
Irene's a treasure trove — I'll give her to you!