

He took me for his wife,
And shamefully he's acted ;
The worst job of my life
That ever I transacted.

ALL.—Dick Deadeye she did marry,
And sorrow had to carry,
He cut up like Old Harry.

A few short years ago !
I married him for wuss,
I kept my eye upon him ;
As Lady Porter's nuss
I'm here in time to stun him !

ALL.—It's true what she's been tellin,
This Deadeye is a villain,
And well he merits killin',
Good Captain, please say so !

DEADEYE.—This is a queer world ! [Exit.

SIR JOS.—I shall see the Admiralty about that man. And
now, Mr. Bunthorne, you may take peaceable possession.

KING.—And accept my unqualified blessings both of
you. We all congratulate you.

ALL.—We do.

KING.—And now if you will favor us with your presence in
our cabin, we will break a few seals in honor of this auspicious
occasion.

SIR JOS.—We came abroad for blood, but some softer drink
will do as well.

(*Sextette*.—"I hear the soft note," &c.)

ENSEMBLE.

Let us now with unanimity
All invoke the gay divinity,
Fill our glasses now in jollity,
Keeping revel and high holiday,
Drinking bumpers with felicity,
To their happy domesticity,
To their bliss almost hystericity,
When they're married in America.

Finale.—BUN. AND CHO.

'Tis a case unprecedented,
Fickle fortune does decide,
Having graciously relented,
To endow me with a bride.

Cho.—Fickle fortune has relented,
And endowed him with a bride.

CURTAIN.