

PEDRILLO.

Dearest and blest.

INIGO.

Oh, how happy I feel ;

BOMBARDOS.

Embrace your uncle, Pedro, my boy
Embrace your uncle Inigo too,
Oh ! what words can I employ
To show my joy ?

CHORUS.

What are the words he can employ
To show his joy ?

BOMBARDOS.

A feast we have in contemplation ;
It is Pepita's natal day.

PEDRILLO.

A festive celebration
From which no friend can stop away ;
And you all know it is our custom
Your presence at it to entreat.
I think that you may safely trust 'em
When there's anything to eat.

CHORUS.

Quite right you are,
Who would refuse ?
This chance is far
Too good to lose.

PEPITA.

Bring the brightest of faces,
The best of appetite ;
And lasses mind your laces
For we will dance to-night.
Dance to the gay guitars,
Under the twinkling stars,