

I put his favourite flowers in my hair ;
His favourite coloured ribbons too I wear.

Why wont he see ?

If I were he,
And he were me,
Why I could see
So why can't he ?

If in the street we sometimes meet,

Why he

Just passes on with foot so fleet;

Ah me,

Why wont he see

How glad I'd be to let him take my hand ?
But no, he never seems to understand.

Why wont he see ?

If I were he,
And he were me,
Why I could see
So why can't he ?

[Goes into house L.]

(Noise and chorus heard off L. U. E. Villagers enter with ESCARGOT as a peddler. Cries of "Tell our fortunes!" "Tell our fortunes!")

ESCARGOT. (*Deliberately taking off his peddler's box.*) Not so fast my pretty maids! All in good time. Now! (*A girl comes forward shyly and holds out her hand.*) Ah! Tall, brown man, with dark moustache—three brown, fat babies and a sack of money. Next! (*BABETTE and HELENE have entered, L. BABETTE comes forward and holds up her hand.*) You'll go to court and see the Regent. Take care the Regent doesn't see you. (*Sees HELENE, R, goes to her and takes her hand, looking at bracelet on her arm.*)

SIX FAIR LETTERS.

ESCAR. Six fair letters on a dart,
Stuck, poor things, right through the middle ;
Letters too extremely smart ;
Green, and gold, and red each part ;
See if I can read the riddle.

Would you know, for by and bye,
How, and where, and when, and why
This insinuating dart,
This uncompromising dart,
This mordacious, mocking dart
Runs those letters through the gizzard ?
Cross my hand for I'm a wizard ;
Cross my hand with silver, lady,
Little lady, pretty lady.