

It's the song of a merryman moping mum,
 Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum,
 Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb,
 As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

ALL. Heighdy! heighdy!
 Misery me, lackadaydy!
 He sipped no sup and he craved no crumb,
 As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

ELSIE. I have a song to sing, O!

ALL. Sing me your song, O!

ELSIE. It is sung with the ring
 Of the songs maids sing
 Who love with a love life long, O!
 It's the song of a mermaid, peerly proud,
 Who loved a lord and who laughed aloud
 At the moan of a merryman moping mum,
 Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum,
 Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb,
 As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

ALL. Heighdy! heighdy!
 Misery me, lackadaydy!
 He sipped no sup and he craved no crumb.
 As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

CURTAIN.