

He was tired, he said, of a bachelor life ;
 He wanted a nurse, but he wished for a wife.
 How shall I marry ? and what shall I do ?
 What shall I do ? said the Mayor of St. Brieux.
 CHORUS.—How shall I marry, etc.

A pretty young widow came trav'ling that way,
 And the Mayor fell in love, head and ears in a day.
 CHORUS.—And the Mayor fell in love, etc.

He vowed that he never had seen such a one,
 So charming a widow, not under the sun.
 CHORUS.—He vowed that he never, etc.

Couldn't she, wouldn't she marry a Mayor ?
 She'd have silks, and brocades, and fine satins to wear,
 And a gallant gay husband, if not very new,
 Wouldn't she marry the Mayor of St. Brieux ?
 CHORUS.—And a gallant, etc.

He fell on his knees with a groan, then he sighed—
 The widow looked down with a laugh, then replied :
 CHORUS.—He fell on his knees, etc.

Wooing and cooing are out of your line,
 Gruel and physic are not, sir, in mine ;
 CHORUS.—Wooing and cooing, etc.

I thank you, kind sir, but I'd rather not wed
 Such a funny old man with no hair on his head ;
 Thank you, kind sir, but I can't marry you
 Although you're the gallant, gay Mayor of St. Brieux."
 CHORUS.—Thank you, kind sir, etc.

(During this song the Mayor has been very uneasy, trying to attract her attention. At its close he brings her to the front.)

MAYOR. My dear Madame Barrie, that's a funny song of yours, upon my word.

MAD. B. Such a silly old man, wasn't he, to think that any pretty woman would marry him ? It is a good joke. I must send it to the papers. Poor old boy, he would be the laughing stock of all Paris if the story got out : particularly when it was added that he has regularly been forwarding letters to Royalists in Paris from the Comte de Provence.