

She with gifts was heavily laden,  
As her many admirers could tell.

Gomez tried hardest to win her,  
Nor in this was he alone,  
For Sancho and Juan would din her,  
Vowing love such as never was known.

But Perdita could not choose her hero ;  
And she vowed she'd not trust it to chance,  
So she'd marry who in the Bolero  
Should the others, his rivals out-dance.

Ah ! Ah ! Ah ! Ah !

So they started the dance in the morning,  
When the sun was first giving his light ;  
And the heat and their weariness scorning,  
They kept dancing far into the night—

*(Repeat Chorus.)*

Gomez was a corpulent farmer  
Weighing just upon sixteen stone,  
He the first to give up the charmer,  
As he sank on the turf with a groan.

Sancho, the handsome young miller.  
Leisure had not for the dance ;  
Although he outlasted the tiller,  
It was clear he'd not much of a chance.

Little Dromez was unlike a hero,  
But was wiry and managed to stand,  
Till the others fell in the bolero ;  
And he thus took Perdita's fair hand.  
For he started the dance in the morning, &c.

*JUAN enters as miller's man.*

JUAN.

For Pepita and Inez at their relation's command,  
I have hastened to deliver this letter by hand.

INEZ.

My surprise is unbounded,  
I really must say.