

But still, like him, I love
 My master's daughter,
 Although I'm quite aware
 I didn't oughter.

(*Exit Angelina.*)

(*Aside.*) Despite the haughty way
 The lady snubs me,
 I have a strong suspicion
 That she loves me:

I'll put it to the test— (calling off)

My friends, my friends,
 Come here, come here !

(*Enter Members, Clerks, MacDeadeye, etc.*)

All — Ay, ay, my lad,
 What cheer ?—what cheer ?
 Now tell us, pray
 Don't stop, don't stop !
 What did she say ?
 Did you pop ?—did you pop !

Sam.—The maiden made an awful fuss,
 And down my fondest hopes did tumble ;
 She said I was a cheeky cuss,
 And that I'm very much too 'umble.

All.—The stuck-up thing !

MacD.—She spurns your suit—it's proper quite ;
 It sairves you right—it sairves you right.

Sam. (taking a large ink-bottle from the desk)—

My friends, my friends, my heart is breaking,
 With poison now my life I'm taking !
 When I am gone, oh ! prithee say
 He died in the genteelest way.

All. (turning away weeping).—

With poison now his life he's taking,
 For oh ! his faithful heart is breaking.
 When he is gone we'll surely say,
 He died in the genteelest way.

Sam. (uncorks the bottle).—

Be warned my comrades all,
 Who love in rank above you,
 For Angeline I fall. (lifts bottle to his mouth)