

PEDRILLO.

Inez, the fete you will grace.

INIGO.

Pepita, here at my side your place.

INEZ.

I hasten to obey.

PEPITA.

I came without delay.

PEDRILLO (*aside*).

In that gentle smile
Treason has no place.

INIGO (*aside*).

Who could think that guile
Lurked behind that face.

PEPITA.

Dear friends, dear friends, you're welcome, now come tell us
How we can here your joys increase,
Your store of fun come now release,
And let the jollity ne'er cease.

CHORUS.

We'll sing when we from dancing cease,
A chorus ! a chorus ! a song ! a song !

PEPITA.

The one will please, the words if I forget,
(*Continue humming.*)
A Spanish strain, with chink of castagnette,
Guitar strum, strumming.

THE BOLERO.

PEPITA.

In a village once lived a maiden,
Famous far and wide as the belle ;