

INIGO.

She's above all comparing
With such foolish stuff ;

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, poor little man !

INIGO.

This is past bearing,
Save me from swearing.

CHORUS.

Those of his kind
Are ever blind :

INIGO.

Will you explain it, explain it, explain it !

CHORUS (*repeat*).

Ha, ha, ha, my poor young friend, &c.

ENTER PEASANTS, MEN AND WOMEN.

CHORUS.

Here they are, here they come ! To their village returning,
To answer to the call of their husbands' fond yearning,
To answer to the call of their husbands' fond yearning,
Here they come, here they are,
Here they come, here they are.

INEZ.

Dear Pedrillo, behold me once more.

PEPITA.

Inigo, you're the man I adore.

INEZ.

I'll never leave you more, love, never.

PEPITA.

Here at your side I'll stay for ever,
Far away from house and home,
All my thoughts have been of you, dear.