

That the lane is long Pataques,
 That has no turning.
 Should I reign, of all things the worst,
 You're doubtless guessing,
 For you, you're the very first
 We'll start suppressing.

Act drop.

ACT III.

CHORUS.

We hasten to the rendezvous,
 Your plans by frankly stating,
 You'll show us what we ought to do,
 For orders we are waiting.

BICKERSMAN.

I can't tell all, I'll tell you some,
 (*Without*) Then no more hesitation ;
 The time eventually has come
 To save the Queen and nation.

CHORUS.

Then who's afraid to relegate
 Usurpers to the shelf ;
 To help his sovereign and her mate,
 And then to help himself ?

SONG.—"MY PEASANT HOME."

PEPITA.

'Mid scenes of rustic peace
 The mind is roving e'er,
 To find a brief release
 From weight of queenly care.
 The joys of pomp and state
 Are fleeting as the hour,
 Ah me ! ah me !
 As transient as the show'r.
 Not long such empty joys as these
 A simple maiden's heart could please,
 The pleasure of the great
 Once sighed for soon she'd learn to hate.

Refrain.—Ah ! rather would I spend my days
 In poor content than I would roam