TRIO.—PHEBE, ELSIE, and DAME CARRUTHERS.

Tis said that joy in full perfection
Comes only once to womankind—
That, other times, on close inspection,
Some lurking bitter we shall find.
If this be so, and men say truly,
My day of joy has broken duly.
With happiness my soul is cloyed—
This is my joy-day unalloyed!

ALL Yes, yes,

This is her joy-day unalloyed!

Plourish—enter LIEUTENANT.

LIEUT. Hold, pretty one! I bring to thee

News—good or ill, it is for thee to say.

Thy husband lives—and he is free,

And comes to claim his bride this very day!

ELSIE. No! no! recall those words—it cannot be!

Leonard, my Leonard, come, oh, come to me!

Leonard, my own—my loved one—where art thou?

I knew not how I loved thine heart till now!

ENSEMBLE.

ELSIE and PHORE.	CHORUS and OTHERS.	LIEUT. and Point.
Oh, day of terror ! day of tears! What fearful tidings greet mine cars ?	Oh, day of terror! day of tears! What words are these that greet-our ears?	Come, dry these unbe- coming tears, Most joyful tidings greet thine ears,
Oh, Leonard, come thou to my side, And claim me as thy loving bride.	Who is the man who, in his pride, So boldly claims thee as his bride?	The man to whom thou art allied Appears to claim thee as his bride.

Flourish. Enter COLONEL FAIRFAX, handsomely dressed, and attended by other Gentlemen.

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FAIR. (sternly.) All thought of Leonard Meryll set aside.

Thou art mine own! I claim thee as my bride.

ELSIE A suppliant at thy feet I fall,

Thine heart will yield to pity's call!