

Who promised to love her as few
Have ever loved woman before?

DOR. Oh, fie! Oh, fie! We spurned the tie
Did not we swear to be ever free?
To single die, and Hymen fly,
Warily, charily, airily.

But Cupid, after all, is blind;
It would indeed be strange
To meet a woman with a mind
That wasn't made to change.

PHYL. Very strange.

LYDIA. Very, very strange.

DOR. Very, very, very, very strange.

DOR., LYDIA, and PHYL.

Yes; very, very, very strange.

DOR. to WILD.—LYD. to SHER.—PHYL. to TOM.

But—

Be wise in time, Oh! husband mine!
Have a care! Pray, beware! Hear me swear.
One word unkind, I change my mind;
Nor are there maids to spare everywhere.

(BAN. advances and joins hands of DOR. and WILD., and LYDIA and SHER.)

BAN. There, take him. Be happy. For what you have got
Be thankful, or never allow that you're not.
And on this occasion I ask the whole lot.
There's a welcome to all
At Chanticleer Hall.

TUTTI. And lucky the man who is pleased with his lot,
Who never sits sighing for what he has not,
Contented and thankful for what he has got.
There's a welcome to all
At Chanticleer Hall.

THE END.