

IV.

Great Bouncer came down from his grand chair of state,
 Fi fum fiddle de dee,
 And entered his chamber not quite so irate,
 Then swell'd out his chest as he thought of the fate
 Which hung o'er poor Tommy's impertinent pate,
 And said to himself ah mon cher pas si bête
 To show that one's plucky 'tis never too late
 In this frigid North countrec.

V.

Great Bouncer next day, when he sat in his chair,
 Fi fum fiddle de dee,
 With visage serene and unmark'd by a care;
 With whi-kers arrang'd and with well order'd hair,
 No longer resembling a great polar bear,
 Thus ore rotundo but funky in air,
 Proclaimed publiely.

VI.

I thought on this matter when I'd become cool,
 Fi fum fiddle de dee,
 And I've made up my mind now to issue a rule,
 On Tommy to show how an insolent mule
 Like he, could induce me to be such a fool
 As shewn in this tourney.

(Curtain falls.)