

If I had married a woman like that,
 She would have led me the life of a cat,
 Moral :—a widow is best left alone,
 She'll have her own way, and you will have none.
 So should a widow seem charming to you.
 Think of the fate of the Maire of St. Brieux.

CHORUS.

Hail ! hail ! hail ! hail !
 Hail to his Honour the Maire of St. Brieux.

Garlands we bring and roses we strew.
 Hail to his Honour the Maire of St. Brieux,
 The Maire of St. Brieux, the Maire of St. Brieux.
 Hail to his Honour the Maire of St. Brieux.

C U R T A I N .