

# Les Cloches de Corneville

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Lyrics by George and Augustus Moore

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## [ACT I]

No. 1. — CHORUS.

In Corneville's wide market-places,  
Sweet servant-girls with rosy faces,  
Wait here, wait here! If you'd engage  
An able man or pretty page,  
Just pass along this way  
And look at us we pray;  
And you will find we cry  
All what you seek to buy.

GUT. The scandal of the week that's past?

JEANNE The Bailie has proposed at last.  
And dear Germain's said "no!"

CHO. Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes!  
But why we cannot guess  
Has she another lover? Oh!

MAN. If I believed all that I hear,  
She has another love, I fear!

CHO. Her sweetheart's name?  
Jean Grenicheux!

GIRLS. Jean Grenicheux!

MAN.                   That's something new.  
Why, he belongs to Serpolette.  
Oh my! how she will fume and fret!

*Enter SERPOLETTE.*

SERP.               Who uses my name in this way?

CHO.                You here?

SERP.               Come, speak your mind, I say.

JEANNE.           It was Manette who had heard,

MAN.               Whispered by a little bird,  
That Grenicheux and you —

SERP.               Ah, what of Grenicheux?

MAN.               Well, this is what I hear is said,  
That you are —

SERP.               What?

MAN.               About to wed.

SERP.               What's sauce for geese is sauce for ganders  
Since you discourse of vulgar slanders,  
Pray listen to what others say.  
They say —

CHO.                They say?

COUPLETS.

They say that you, my beauty,  
When evening's shadows fall,  
Neglect your household duty.  
To pay an evening call.  
They say that 'tis to visit  
A handsome shepherd boy.  
It isn't true, now is it?  
I trust I don't annoy.

CHO.                    They say —

SERP.                They say that Manette begs  
The greedy Nicholas  
To eat her master's eggs,  
And meat and bread, alas!  
Put it all upon a cat,  
Who has no taste for milk or rat!

CHO.                We have heard enough of this,  
Gossip vile you lying miss.  
How her tongue goes prattling, prattling,  
Like a bell goes rattling, rattling;  
Frighting all with tittle tattling,  
                         All our secrets she betrays.  
Scandal at each door is knocking,  
This is something more than shocking!  
Every one of us she's mocking,  
                         In many nasty ways.

SERP.                No, I will not cease my chatter,  
You may make a noise — no matter,  
I will talk through all your clatter,  
                         And I'll gain the day, I swear.  
You commenced it — so I'm ready,  
Mind your steps and keep quite steady,  
But remember I'm a lady,  
                         Who will not pull your hair.

MEN                 The girls are going to fight to-day,  
So we must watch and see fair play.

*Enter LE TABILLION.*

LE TAB.            Come, silence, silence, noisy maidens,  
What disputing all in cadence,  
And on the morning of the fair,  
Your conduct is my life's despair!

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ENSEMBLE.

CHO. In Corneville's wide, etc.

No. 2. — RONDO.

SERPOLETTE.

I know not much of my relations,  
I never saw my mother's face,  
And of preceding generations  
I never found a single trace.

Perhaps I've fallen from the sky,  
Or blossomed like a rose-bud sweet,  
But all I know is this— that I  
Was found by Gaspard in his wheat.

I often fancy that I may  
The heiress to a kingdom be;  
But as I wore no clothes that day;  
I took no papers out with me.

And in default of papers showing  
Who I was, and whence I came:  
There is no certain way of knowing  
What is my parentage and name.

So Father Gaspard, who had listened  
To my prattle in the corn,  
Took me straight and had me christened  
Serpolette upon the morn.

Still I often spin romances  
On what perchance I'll prove to be —  
A Princess, casting fickle glances  
On courtiers bowing solemnly.

I see the traitors who first drew me  
From out my snowy cradle bed,  
Who stripped me of my clothes, and threw me  
Amid the wheat and poppies red.

And though naught be really mine,  
Except a pedigree that's old,  
It's sweet to think my father's wine

Was drunk from goblets made of gold.

And in the haze of sweet day vision  
I am a Queen in silk arrayed,  
But waking clothes me in derision  
And in the rags of peasant maid.

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No. 3. — BARCAROLE.

GRENICHEUX.

The sea's my mother, I have no other,  
No friend nor mistress to comfort and cheer;  
Only the surges, that tempest scourges,  
Give to the sailor a cradle and bier.  
But though winds may roar madly,  
Still the sailor boy bold  
Sings ringingly, gladly,  
Of his home on the wold.  
As he roams from his home  
O'er the white crested foam  
He sings of his home  
On the wold.

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No. 4. — DUO.

GERMAINE and GRENICHEUX.

Unthinking once I made this vow,  
That I would give a life's devotion  
To him who saved me from the ocean;  
But then we had not met, you know.  
And now I tell you that I must  
Be faithful to that plighted trust.

---

ENSEMBLE.

GERM. Yes, I will give a life's devotion,

To him who saved me from the sea,  
To him who saved me from the ocean,  
To him, whoever he may be.

GREN. This is a romance of last year,  
And there are others who entreating  
Await us too!

GERM. Alas! I fear  
I may my vow but keep repeating,  
But though my maiden heart were breaking,  
My too rash vow I mean to keep.

GREN. My plighted vow I'm not forsaking,  
I dream of it awake, asleep.

GELM. Ah! must I keep a vow so rashly given?

GREN. Such loving vows are made to keep, for aye.  
Whisper softly that you love me, say,  
That vow is registered in heaven.

GERM. To say this would not prove me true,  
I have no vow at all for you.

ENSEMBLE.

But still a vow is sacred though  
'Twere given in a moment quickly;  
And now regrets fall fast and thickly  
Like withered leaves that rough winds blow.

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No. 5. — LEGEND OF THE BELLS.

GERMAINE *and* CHORUS.

We have lost for ever all our ancient masters,  
Yet they haunt the ruins of these ancient walls;  
For though superstition is condemned by pastors,  
We believe that spectres pace about the halls.  
Waiting perhaps the coming of their lost descendant,  
Who when he returneth in some joyous spring,  
From that ruined window by some grim attendant

Shall bells in joyous welcome be moved to ring.  
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,  
Ding dong, ding dong day.  
So from out the belfry iron tongues will say,  
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,  
Ding dong, ding dong, day;  
Welcome to the master, he is here to-day.  
In old days they never rang in time of sadness,  
When the crops were blighted, or in days of Lent;  
But they rang out boldly in our hours of gladness,  
When true hearts united from the chapel went?  
Long they have been silent and our village dreary,  
And sweethearts are bashful, and the birds take wing,  
And the days are tiresome, and the nights are weary,  
That is why together we so often sing!  
Ding dong, &c.

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No. 6. — VALSE SONG.

MARQUIS.

Around the world I've often travelled,  
And danger has no fear for me;  
The wonders of strange lands unravelled,  
And learned the secrets of the sea.  
Long my heart yearning,  
Has been discerning  
That the best learning  
Is learned at home.  
From where I started  
Friends have departed,  
No one will miss me whither I roam.  
Old time effaces  
All the old traces  
Of the dear places  
Which once I knew.  
Though joys were tasted,  
Youth has been wasted,  
Garland of roses is shadowed with rue.  
Love I have sought for,  
Love I have fought for,  
Love I got nought for,

All the world round.  
English and Danish,  
French maids and Spanish,  
Fickle and foolish always I've found.  
Still there is ever  
One face I never  
Forget, or can sever,  
From future or past.  
Since first I met you,  
I can't forget you,  
Oh! sweet unknown one I love to the last.  
Others have flattered,  
But when winds scattered  
All things, what mattered  
Their rage to me?  
When you had fainted,  
I bore untainted  
Thy tender body from out the sea.  
From out the sea, love,  
Come back and be, love,  
Sweetheart to me, love,  
Sweetheart for life.  
Where'er I wander,  
Whate'er I ponder,  
Still my heart dreams of thee as my wife.

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No. 7. — FINALE.

ENSEMBLE.

It really really is too bad,  
Before the wedding's over  
To take on with a lover—  
Is the action of a cad.

GAS. Oh! I could strangle you.

SERP. That's it, the ugly shrew.

GERM. I can explain it — list!

GAS. And you shall feel my fist.

BAILIE            Oh, my!

GAS.                Forgive me?

BAILIE                You hit me in the face!

GAS.                But when I hit 'twas meant for that scapegrace.

SERP.                'Twas I who saw them, Sir,  
                          When he was kissing her,  
                          And in this fact you'll see the wife,  
                          As she will act throughout her life.

BAILIE                Come seize that man and run him in,  
                          And let him stop there for his sin.

GREN.                There goes your wig — run after it,  
                          I beg to state it does not fit.

---

ENSEMBLE.

He is steeped to the lips in crime,  
He steals her kisses a husband misses,  
And our code of laws sublime  
He'd pull down and destroy —  
                          The shocking boy.  
Now the Bailie's bride he's after,  
                          Then his wig he knocks awry,  
Then he scampers off with laughter;  
                          But we'll catch him by and bye.

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COUPLETS.

GRENICHEUX.

What path shall I persue now,  
I know not what to do now;  
From both my masters I  
Have had in turn to fly.

I fain must face disaster,  
Or find another master  
To earn a paltry wage,  
As coachman I'll engage!  
But my poor heart is grieving  
At thoughts of Germaine leaving.  
    To don he servile fetter,  
        I vow I cannot bear,  
    But even that is better  
        Than bread and water fare.  
To Corneville I'll hasten;  
And once I show my face in  
The market, I'll engage,  
No matter what the wage.  
And soon as that is settled,  
The Bailie, that I nettled,  
    I'll give the lie direct:  
    The law will me protect.  
The laws are not so genial  
To freeman, as to menial.  
    So don, &c.

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FINALE.

TUTTI and CHORUS.

CHO.       We have all come to be hired  
            As serving men or waiting maid,  
We can work or be admired,  
            Just according how we're paid.

MEN.       Of servants we're the best, sir,  
            Love or money can procure,  
We wait on friend and guest, sir,  
            For to tip us they are sure.  
We never read our master's letters,  
            Nor listen at the door;  
We are civil to our betters,  
            What could you wish for more?

COACHMEN We are coachman steady,  
            Though we've little brains,

With our whip and reins  
You will always find us ready,  
We are under-paid we think,  
We can drive a timid lady,  
About the park quite steady,  
Who never waste our time or drink.

---

SONG OF THE HOUSEMAIDS.

SERP.            Though we all can clean a fender,  
We can look both sweet and tender,  
                    The rest must be inferred.  
Some dark as night, some fair as morning,  
All warranted to take their warning  
                    Without an angry word.  
First look up here and then down there,  
And criticise us everywhere.  
                    You'll find us sweet  
                    From head to feet,  
And quite perfect and complete.

                    We can teach a babe to toddle,  
We will serve as artist's model,  
                    If you're inclined;  
We are quick as any ferret,  
And possess artistic merit,  
                    All the lot combined.

MARQUIS        Say, young girl, what is your name?

SERP.            Serpolette is what they call me.

MARQUIS        'Tis well! So I choose you.

SERP.            What fortune doth befall me!

MARQUIS        Here goes for her. The die is cast!

SERP.            Hurrah! I am engaged at last.

MARQUIS        I want a coachman for my carriage,  
Ah! you will do.

Pray, who are you?

GREN. Jean Grenicheux.

SERP. This is splendid for us two,  
It will surely end in marriage.

MARQUIS Here goes for Grenicheux.

GREN. The Bailie, now I beg to say  
For six months I can keep at bay.

CHO. 'Tis Gaspard who is fighting madly,  
He swears that he will beat us badly.

GASP. In my room I locked my daughter,  
Saying "Here, Germaine, you stay;  
Learn to live on bread and water!"  
But somehow she stole away.  
Do you know her hiding-place, miss?  
Tell me truly if you do.  
Lies I read upon your face, miss,  
Lies and sullen hatred too.  
Yes, my rage amounts to madness,  
My revenge would be complete.  
It would be my life's last gladness,  
Were you dead beneath my feet.

MARQUIS He must have surely lost his senses!

SERP. How funny is his rage!

GREN. Were I but caught, I wage  
I'd have to pay for my offences.

GERM. At last, he's gone! oh, this is most assuring;  
To-morrow morn I must the Bailie wed;  
But cannot love, for he is past enduring;  
I'll be an humble servant girl instead.  
Another master I will now be seeking,  
Amid the rest —

MARQUIS Who is that girl that's speaking?

GERM. How came he here?

MARQUIS Why hide from me, my dear?  
Among the servants there's no fairer;  
To no girl I can compare her.

GERM. Where shall I go?

MARQUIS Don't tremble so!  
But tell me of the work you fancy,  
And if your name be Kate or Pansy,  
If you'll be my maid?

GERM. Oh! I am afraid.  
Look at us here, &c.

MARQUIS How came you here, Germaine?

GERM. I cannot now explain,

MARQUIS Fear nought, the law will set you free.  
You have no master now but me.

GASP. Not in field, nor yet in garden  
Should I seek my niece, I fear,  
But crying " spare!" and pleading " pardon!"  
Among this crowd she will appear.

SERP. Ah, what is this Germaine, your daughter?

GASP. Germaine, at last? Long have I sought her.

MARQUIS Get out! She's mine, I bought her.

GASP. My niece I've always thought her;  
My proof, I say's without a flaw!

LE TAB. Silence! You must respect the law!

CHO. Oh, the law is absolute,  
'Tis absurd to question it;  
The righteous always lose the suit  
Where Justice deigns to sit.  
Good is always mixed with badness,

Sanity is lined with madness,  
And justice, when the judge has dined,  
Is always certain to be blind.

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

No. 10. — CONCERTED NUMBER.

CHO. Let us wander on to the end  
Through these ruined halls and porches;  
Though ghosts and bats we offend  
With the flare of our flickering torches.

MARQ. Now all is bathed in quivering light and shade,  
Mysterious hall and echoing colonnade;  
And it is here the spectres watch and wail,  
Yes, watch and wail, Germaine, your cheek grows pale.

GERM. I tremble! but indeed  
I'll go where you may lead.

MARQ. When by my side fear not, be brave!  
Am I not here to shield and save?

---

AIR.

GERMAINE.

My girlish heart with fear is beating,  
I am a timid little maid;  
My heart spurred on, my feet retreating,  
When you are near I'm not afraid.  
For though my fancy bid me fly,  
Love told me not to stay away;  
I thought of you, and that is why  
Love brought me here to-day.  
To me you've been as elder brother,  
You treated me like sister dear;  
When I had lost my father, mother,  
And so with you I have no fear.

My girlish heart, &c.

---

TRIO.

GREN. Let's shut our eyes,  
Let's shut our eyes.

SERP. I dare not look for fear of seeing  
Some ghostly spiritual being,  
Wrapped in cere-cloths sighing graveyard sighs.

*All.* Let's shut our eyes, let's shut our eyes.

GREN. For what I do not see  
Matters nought to me,  
Oh, good heavens!

BAILIE. I must open my eyes.

SERP. It is Grenicheux's ghost! Is he dead? p'raps he dies!

BAILIE. Serpolette's ghost goes there.

GREN. At me the Bailie's ghost doth stare.

BAILIE. Then our three spectres have met.  
Our three ghosts have met.

SERP. I have not joined the majority yet.

BAILIE. No more have I, no more have I.

*All.* Let's calm ourselves, at least, let's try.

---

SONG.

SERPOLETTE.

Oh, my goodness, what a great excitement,  
'Bout a fancied shade, stepping through the hall!

And should this be known, what a grand indictment,  
Won't they be a-bringing against us, that's all.

I'm a saucy girl,  
Who can twitch a curl;  
But my sweethearts know  
That there is no go.  
All of them I've shown  
I can hold my own.

So if I can cope with a man *sans* aid,  
Say, why should I tremble and shriek at a shade?

For the shades that float in these dismal places,  
Are thin as the air that they float upon;  
As they pass they pull some mystic grimaces  
But as harmless lambs they then go on.

Once, some soldiers caught  
Me, I bravely fought,  
Kicked, and pinched, and scratched,  
And no kiss they snatched.

Favoured those, you bet,  
Who kiss Serpolette.

So why should I tremble at a paltry shade,  
When a regiment in red wouldn't make me afraid.

#### BAILIE'S SONG.

I lost my wig and senses in my hurry,  
Oh, lord! oh, lord, I know not what to do.  
The girls how they did laugh, the boys did worry,  
The dogs did bark, and at my heels they flew,  
And this took place because indeed,  
A pretty ducky little girl is mine,  
If I am old the more's my need,  
For something ducky and divine.  
Why do they wink,  
What do they think,  
Is far beyond my humble guessing.  
The men all jeer,  
The old maids sneer,

But they know nothing of caressing.

I said I did not care for those of fifty,  
    But liked far better lassies fresh and plump,  
Although they were not quite so wise and thrifty,  
    I swore I truly loved; all cried the pump  
Would cool my resurrected youth.  
    I said I loved a flaxen curl,  
They laughed and shouted, Oh, forsooth!  
    A man of sixty love a girl!  
    Why do they wink, &c.

---

RECITATIVE AIR AND CHORUS.

MARQ,       These are the heroes of the mighty past,  
              They watch unaltered, though all else has altered.  
              Before their grandeur e'en the night-thief faltered,  
And left them untouched to the last.

---

AIR.

These are the trusty swords that scattered  
    Our enemies of old in flight,,  
    And these the shields that sheltered right  
When freedom's flag blew torn and tattered.  
Iron men of golden worth,  
    Since many centuries departed,  
    How great you were, how iron-hearted  
Is now the history of the earth.

CHO.       Knights of old arise from out the grave,  
              And welcome back the long-lost heir,  
Knights of olden time arise and save  
              Him from the evil days may bear.

But though those deathless days be ended,  
    We do not break our fathers' trust,  
    Though shields and battleaxes rust,  
Our times are surely not less splendid,  
Less worth a song our modern fame.

The form hath changed, but not the spirit,  
For sons their fathers' souls inherit,  
And we have not betrayed their name.

---

ENSEMBLE.

CHO. What's she saying?

SERP. 'Twas I forsooth,  
These papers speak the truth,  
Yes, dated May the sixth, that day they found me,  
The room is swimming all around me.

MARQ. But she has fainted now, I think,  
Yes, this adventure is surprising,  
A servant girl to a lady rising,  
Oh, what a talisman is ink!

Marchioness, at least a lady,  
Fortune's wheel is never steady.  
Everything I had will be  
Surely given back to me.

Marchioness, at least a Duchess,  
Rank regilds whate'er it touches,  
Now the world will recognise,  
That I've lovely feet and eyes.

Marchioness, at least a lady,  
Whose ancestral tree's not shady,  
Serpolette, you never thought,  
Such great changes could be wrought.

Marchioness, at least a Duchess,  
Poverty must walk on crutches,  
While wealth, if it should have the gout,  
Can always drive its coach about.

---

DUO.

MARQ. At last together fate has guided,  
They who in love are undivided.

GERM. But he who saved my life could tell the tale,  
How his love for me could never fail.

MARQ. No doubt he spoke his lies with truthful fervour,  
But must I, can I tell her this?

GERM. And to be grateful to my saviour,  
I promised that I should be his.

GERM. 'For him who saved me from the ocean,  
When threatening waves enveloped me,  
I feel no throb of love's emotion,  
But sadness bitter as the sea.

MARQ. But though he saved you from the ocean,  
When threatening waves enveloped thee,  
You feel no throb of love's emotion,  
But sadness bitter as the sea.

GERM. I should have answered his beseeching,  
In words that Norman schools are teaching?

MARQ. Oh little Norman maiden sweet,  
This Norman custom pray repeat.

---

AIR.

GREN. When to a Norman you propose  
A bargain, thus his answer goes,  
He don't say "yes," he don't say "no!"  
He simply answers friend or foe,  
"Now can't you make it something less?"  
That isn't "no," nor is it "yes!"

And no girl of Normandie  
When her lover's bending low,  
And a saying "My love, love me!"  
Should give for answer "yes," nor "no."

It was the custom in our school,  
And well observed as you may guess;  
To write in copy-books the rule: —  
“Don't answer lovers 'no,' nor 'yes!'”

II.

To Grenicheux I beg to say,  
I should have answered in this way  
One and one are'nt always two,  
If to each other they are true!”  
And I think you will confess,  
That's hardly “no,” nor is it “yes!”

But if I marry him I know,  
My hand and heart won't coalesce —  
My heart will silently say “no!”  
Although my lips may mutter “yes!”

If the copy-book's golden rule,  
I had kept in mind I must confess;  
I should have answered as at school,  
And never whispered him “no!” nor “yes!”

MARQ. Oh charming girl, oh! fortune kindest  
Love is not blind I beg to say,  
Of Doubt and Love, Doubt is the blindest!  
'Tis Love that always leads the way.

---

CHORUS AND QUINTETT.

CHO. Hail, oh, hail! brave Grenicheux,  
This adventure will suit you;  
For surely in this armour here  
Your sturdy heart will feel no fear.

GREN. Although in steel I be,  
Danger's danger still to me;  
And in the floor the timid mice  
Grow to lions in a trice.  
Oh, Grenicheux, unfortunate,  
How would you escape your fate?

CHO.           Wretched Grenicheux,  
                  Keep up your heart, be brave and true,  
                  Though these dangers don't suit you.

---

FINALE TO ACT II.

*Enter GASPARD with money bags.*

RECIT.

GASP.           Love, honour, happiness and glory,  
                  Are fluttering phantoms that depart,  
                  But gold tells one unchanging story,  
                  Oh, gold! sole idol of my heart.

GREN.           What do I see?

GASP.                     Fair fortune stay,  
                  I love thee; never pass away!  
                  And when I think, my glad heart bounds,  
                  How humble pence grow into pounds.

GREN.           'Tis here his guineas Gaspard hides,  
                  If I could touch their golden sides.

DUO.

GASP.           I want not lands nor castles fair,  
                  Nor friends nor feasts, I see all there,  
                  That perfect love, to love unknown,  
                  Is found in gold, in gold alone.

GASP, and GREN.    How sweet is gold,  
                                  How sweet and strong,  
                  And in its hold  
                                  Lies right and wrong.

TUTTI.           Yes we are come ghostlike and dumb  
                  Though we've pardoned many times,  
                  Vengeance is sweet, all is complete;  
                  To repay you for your crimes.

Naught can spare you, we will tear you  
Like a bird of prey.  
'Tis thy sentence, no repentance  
Is of use to-day,  
Wither you may go  
Above, or down below,  
Awake or sleeping, we will be  
Ever cursing, haunting thee.

GERM. Have pity on him now dear lord  
Have pity for I ask it of thee?

MARQ. For thy dear sake I'll say the word,  
And pity him because I love thee.

ENSEMBLE.

SONG OF THE BELLS.

TABLEAU,

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

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RECIT.

GASPARD.

Well, somehow we're back again,  
In the days of fairy stories;  
Listen while I sing the song  
Of Normandie which tells its glories.

---

AIR.

Seven or eight of us joined  
In a band to wander careless,  
And we robbed, and fought, and coined,  
And lived our wild life quite fearless.

We drank of splendid wine,  
And eat of meats divine,  
And sang, Fal de ral, &c.

And we were a gallant band,  
Who could wear fine clothes or tatters,  
For when fortune waved her hand,  
With a shout we cried "what matters?"  
Then we eat our bread and drank  
Our ale by some green bank,  
Still singing, &c., &c.

And the lassies loved us well,  
Though we were but vagrants roaming;  
And the moon and skies could tell  
Of our meetings in the gloaming.  
Though honour passed us by,  
We ne'er gave it a sigh.  
But sang &c., &c.

#### CHORUS AND COUPLETS.

Here she comes with powdered flunkeys  
As a fine lady takes the air,  
Though she's donned fine feathers, surely;  
Unadorned she's twice as fair,  
See there she comes! See here she comes!

SERP. Good friends, you bring  
Joy with you welcoming,

CHO. Welcoming, &c.

SERP. I'm a countess ready made, sir,  
Like a countess I'm arrayed, sir!  
Mind you do not come too near,  
Or you might spoil my satins, dear.  
Just look up here, just look down there,  
And criticise me everywhere?  
I'm quite as swell as any belle  
That flaunts upon Pall Mall.

GREY. And I, and I!  
Don't I divide the honour,

That you are show'ring on her?

SERP. Be still, factotum, pray!  
Be quiet, and listen what I say.  
And you, my pretty dears,  
Just lend me all your ears,  
And silent keep.

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#### COUPLETS.

SERP. I am simple Serpolette,  
Dressed you see *en grande toilette*  
Fine feathers do not make fine birds,  
And so I simply waste my words  
To tell you I'm not changed a bit;  
Since when I was a simple chit;  
For though I've dresses by the dozens  
I'll treat you all like my first cousins,  
And you must call me just the same?  
Serpolette is still my name.

Since abroad I've been to roam,  
I've regretted my old home;  
Heavy the head that wears the crown.  
I prefer a cottage rather  
Opposite the wheat, my father,  
To a palace in the town.  
I much prefer a country ramble,  
Than through minuets to amble,  
Call me just as when I came;  
Serpolette is still my name.

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#### CIDER SONG.

##### SERPOLETTE *and* CHORUS.

Our apples make each girl's mouth water  
When, like their cheeks, they're' rosy red,  
Who loves them not, is not Eve's daughter,  
Nor Adam's son, a sage has said.

The apple in green leaves was hidden,  
But Eve prefer'd the fruit forbidden  
    To grape or pear though each was there.  
She plucked and eat the juicy fruit,  
    And Adam was loth to chide her,  
And never a man has been known to rail  
    Against the inventors of Cider.  
Then let good Cider fill each glass,  
'Tis good: for lad, and good for lass;  
It cures the body of its ills  
And saves us doctor's bills.

The apple serves all kind of duties,  
    They say that in the days of old  
Three goddesses, three rival beauties,  
    Came to Paris to be told  
Which he'd soonest lead to chapel  
And to her to give the apple.  
    And to this day young lovers pray  
To Venus who first won the prize  
    Of beauty on the mount of Ida.  
The best love-potion in the world  
    Is a bumper of beautiful Cider.

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FINALE — ACT III.

MARQ.       Gaspard, although you stole my money,  
              You gave me twice its worth in love,  
              No more the wandering bee shall rove,  
For Love's land's full of flowers and honey.

SERP.        I know not whose child I may be,  
But I'm not a Princess's baby,  
I'm no one's child, I must repeat,

BAILIE.      No one's child — except the wheat,

GERM.        Come live with me and have no fear.

SERP.        As lady-help?

GERM.        As sister, dear.

GREN. This day I rue  
That I'm not one of you.

CHO. The sweet bells hear!

GASP. I rejoice.  
They welcome you with gladsome voice.

MARQ. A moral is to be discerned,  
When legends are fulfilling, they say;  
They see their master has returned  
And welcome you his bride to-day.

CHO. Yes: sound of bells must bring  
Echoes of a ring.

GERM. Well if I'm to dwell here now and for hereafter,  
When the wedding's over, I trust that one and all  
Will come and pay a visit 'neath this ancient rafter,  
And those who cannot stay a month will pay an evening call.

*To the Public.*

To you, my best supporters, I extend the invitation,  
And trust when you're passing you'll not forget to sing  
The praises of the *menu* to each comrade or relation,  
You pay your moneys at the door, and need not knock [or] ring.  
Ding, dong, &c.

THE END.