Or I shall marry the Prince of Wales,

Pearls and servants and dressing for festivals. Friday nights, with him

all in tails, We'll have dancing. Mean-while... It's a

rip in the bustle and a rustle in the hay And I'll pitch the quick fan-
tastic, With flings of confetti and my petticoats away up

high. (Hns. 1-2)

very short way from the fling that's for fun To the

thigh pressing under the table. It's a
very short day till you're stuck with just one Or it

has to be done on the sly. In the

meanwhile, There are mouths to be

kissed before mouths to be fed And there's man-y a tryst and there's
man-y a bed, There's a lot I'll have missed But I'll not have been
dead when I die!

And a person should
celebrate ev'ry thing passing

by.

And I shall marry the miller's son.