Cue. Bo. Don't - I don't want to dance - I'm quite tired out.

Bun. It's not the same - it's another of the gang! (Noise heard within.) He's in there! (Rushes off R.)

Bo. Another wedding guest, and in regimentals, too! Dear, dear - Woodpecker is certainly doing it uncommonly well!

Music, "Haste to the Wedding." Enter MAGUIRE, FOODLE, MARIA, and the wedding party, all dancing on in couples. They dance round the stage and range themselves at the back.







Mag. That's right my dears - stop there, because Woodpecker hasn't quite finished dressing - he's behind the screen, and he won't be a minute, and you mustn't look any of you. (The screen is now open.) Woodpecker, my boy, your wife is here; and while you're completing your toilet, I'll give you both a bit of matrimonial advice, drawn from my own experience.

## Attacca No.13.