Maria. (screams.) Oh!

Mag. What's the matter?

Maria. Oh, something's pricking me!

Wood. A pin? Allow me. (proceeds to remove it).

Mag. (stopping him). How dare you, sir?

Maria. How dare you?

All. For shame!

Mag. Foodle, remove the pin! (FOODLE crosses to MARIA and removes the pin, kisses it, and pricks his lip accidentally.) They were brought up together. (Addressing WOODPECKER, who is furious.) Now then, are we ready? Then away we go!

Music commences "Haste to the Wedding," the guests are dancing off.

No.3b. - AIR - "Haste to the Wedding."



Wood. Stop! (music and guests stop short - aside). I must find some excuse to stop at the milliner's - what shall I say? I can't tell them I've got to stop and buy a hat for one lady on my way to marry another.

Mag. (who has been standing on one leg in the exact attitude in which he was stopped.) Nearly finished your soliloquy, Woodpecker?

Wood. (aside.) Ha, I know! (aloud.) Hullo! It's very awkward - I've lost the licence!

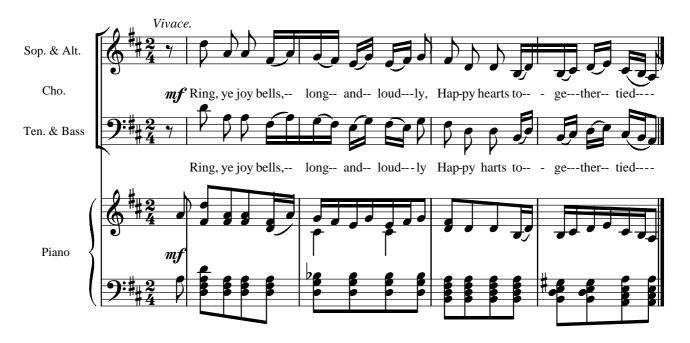
Mag. What!

All. Lost the licence!

Mag. It's off! Another instance of insulting neglect! It's off! Foodle shall have her! (Hands her to FOODLE.)

Food. (embracing her.) Maria!

No.3c. - CHORUS



Wood. Stop! Don't be absurd - it's easily rectified. We must call at Doctor's Commons on the way to the church, and get another. You can remain below in the cabs while I apply for it. (aside.) They're all country people, and don't know the difference between Doctor's Commons and a milliner's shop! (aloud.) Will that do?

Mag. It's on again! It's on again! (To FOODLE, who is embracing MARIA.) Foodle, my boy, it's on again!

Attacca No.3d.