

TABLEAU FIRST.

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts
Upon a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts, he found the tarts
And with them ran away."

SCENE.—*Kitchen in the Palace of Hearts. Cooks and Kitchen Maids
discovered at work.*

Chorus

As attaches of the Queen,
In the Palace here we live,
In her Majesty's cuisine,
Which we find quite lucrative.

Cooks

Observe our looks, we are the cooks,
We've memorized the culinary books;
We know by heart our noble art,
Especially the structure of a tart,
And when we wish to make a dish
To satisfy the royal appetite;
Condensing art into a tart,

Creates the most ecstasial delight.

"Twill thus be seen

That we sixteen

Are quite essential to the queen.

Certain of our indispensability,

Life is but play, day after day,

Nothing at all marring our tranquillity.

We dance, the hours away.

Kitchen Maids.

We're of the grade of kitchen maid,

For which we are quite inadequately paid,

We're always seen with mien serene,

We keep the kitchen scrupulously clean.

It's not our aim, nor do we claim

Distinction in the higher walks of art,

Nor like the cooks, pore over books

To learn the composition of a tart.

"Twill thus be seen

That we sixteen

Are quite essential to the queen.

All.

Certain of our, &c

(Enter Little Joker.)

Little Joker.

Please give me your attention;

A weighty fact I'll mention:

The queen her royal way is wending

In this immediate direction.