Strephon: (embracing her, My Phyllis! And today we're to be made happy for ever.

Phyllis: Well, we're to be married.

Strephon: It's the same thing.

Phyllis: I suppose it is. But oh, Strephon, I tremble at the step I'm taking! I believe it's penal

servitude for life to marry a Ward of Court without the Lord Chancellor's consent. I

shall be of age in two years. Don't you think you could wait two years?

Strephon: Two years! Have you ever looked in the glass?

Phyllis: No, never.

Strephon: Here, look at that (showing her a pocket mirror) and tell me if you think it's rational to expect me to wait two years?

Phyllis: (looking at herself) No; you're quite right; it's asking too much - one must be reasonable.

Strephon: Besides, who knows what will happen in two years? Why, you might fall in love

with the Lord Chancellor himself by that time.

Phyllis: Yes, he's a clean old gentleman.

Strephon. As it is, half the House of Lords are sighing at your feet.

Phyllis: The House of Lords are certainly extremely attentive.

Strephon: Attentive? I should think they were! Why did five-and-twenty Liberal peers come down to shoot over your grass-plot last autumn? It couldn't have been the sparrows. Why did five-and-twenty Conservative peers come down to fish in your pond? Don't tell me it was the goldfish! No, no. Delays are dangerous, and if we are to marry, the sooner the better.

No. 5. None shall part us from each other

Duet

Phyllis and Strephon

