

*[The soldiers are laughing, singing, and filling their mugs.]*

FITZROY. Ain't she coy, the Widow Chic! Well, boys, — here you are to our Royal Master! Long life to King George!

WIDOW AND ALL. *[Holding up their glasses and rising.]* Long life to King George! Hip! Hip!

*[All drink, and then sit down again, some of the men going on with the song.]*

FITZROY. Here's another!

CUNNINGHAM. Give us a wench this time!

ALL. Yes, a wench! Give us a wench's name!

FIRST SOLDIER. Yes, if you can't give us the wench herself, give us her name!

FITZROY. *[By their table.]* What's the matter with the Widow for a wench?