

fleet-ing lei-sure, Hail it as a true al-ly, a true

al-ly.

ff

Ped. *

Kate: What a picturesque spot! I wonder where we are!

Edith: And I wonder where Papa is. We have left him ever so far behind.

Isabel: Oh, he will be here presently! Remember poor Papa is not as young as we are, and we came over a rather difficult country.

Kate: But how thoroughly, delightful it is to be so entirely alone! Why, in all probability we are the first human beings who ever set foot on this enchanting spot.

Isabel: Except the mermaids - it's the very place for mermaids.

Kate: Who are only human beings down to the waist -

Edith: And who can't be said strictly to set *foot* anywhere. Tails they may, but feet they *cannot*.

Kate: But what shall we do until Papa and the servants arrive with the luncheon? (*All listen and come down.*)

Edith: We are quite alone, and the sea is as smooth as glass. Suppose we take off our shoes and stockings and paddle?

All: Yes, yes! The very thing! (*They prepare to carry out the suggestion. They have all taken off one shoe, when Frederic comes forward from cave.*)