

NOBODY. This gentleman will do, he's raised a cry.

KING. There's cayenne pepper for their tart and custard.

(Sprinkles pepper.)

NOBODY. A little sand would much improve their mustard.

(Sprinkles sand.)

There, that will do; they're coming, I'll be off.

(Exit L.)

KING. We'll teach these bold invaders not to scoff.
The sounds approach within my Queen's own bower!
Beware rash strangers! dread the fairies' power.

(Goes off R., calling.)

Beware! Beware! Beware! Beware!

(Enter OGRESS and OGRE L.; the OGRE has a rope, the other end of which is round the waist of the PRINCESS, who follows.)

OGRE. I swear

I heard the sound of voices in the air.

OGRESS. There's no one here; it's fancy. Come on, dear.

OGRE. It may be fancy, but it's very queer.

OGRESS. Ah! here we are. Let's lay the cloth; be quick.

(OGRESS arranges contents of basket on the ground R., at foot of side tree.)

OGRE. I'll tie this olive branch here to a stick.

(Ties PRINCESS to tree R., then assists OGRESS.)

PRINCESS. I wish this olive branch could shoot, you'd find

She'd take her leaf, and leave her trunk behind.