

Kicking and screaming, howling, yelling, bawling.
I only eat 'em from a sense of duty.

Do let me off, sir! I'm an orphan—

NOBODY.

Beauty!

FAIRY KING. (*To OGRESS.*) You're fond of writing,
here's no end of leaves.

You're both *pen'd* up; *ink*-cluded like two thieves.
These trees you'll find polite, not like your spouse.
You make your courtseys, and they'll make their *boughs*.

OGRESS. This *curt* address is not at all in fashion.

(*Aside.*) If nobody were here, I'd fly in such a passion.

PRINCESS. To see them printed she'll not have the
bliss.

NOBODY. When spring time's gone, perhaps she'll
printemps, miss.

FAIRY QUEEN. The Princess now is free. (*To*

PRINCESS.) Before you go,

Say, can you give your hand to this young beau?

PRINCESS. With all my heart.

(*Gives hand to TIM, who kisses it.*)

FAIRY QUEEN. Then learn a secret.

When a child at play

By gypsies he was stolen far away.

Yes, Tim the Tooter, you're of noble birth;

Son of the greatest emperor on earth.

Your noble actions equal, too, your rank,

Though, after all, you've Nobody to thank.

Remember this; be good to all you meet,

And don't despise the beggar in the street;

Nobody knows what he may come to be,

A prince, a peasant, or—a nobody.