

Hot meals I like, and hear my dinner ('s) cold !  
 Take care, miss, pray take care ! Why, what a fuss  
 About a fellow's supper ! might be ' wuss ' :  
 A miss the more or less, what does it matter ?

(Loud noise off L., rattling of chains.)

Why, what's the meaning of this horrid clatter ?

(Exit L.)

PRINCESS.

(Clasping her hands.)

Oh dear ! Oh dear ! Whatever can be done ?

It's past a joke. The monster's not in fun !

He's like a spider. I'm the little fly.

I wish I was'nt nice inside a pie.

I'll run away ! I'll scream ! I'll not be eaten !

(Enter TIM, L., rapidly. She flies to him.)

TIM. You shan't, miss, not until I'm killed or beaten.

PRINCESS. You've come to save me !

TIM.

Hush ! the Ogre's near.

He's puffing up the stairs. You're safe ! don't fear !

To-morrow there's a picnic. Here's the progr—

'Am with champagne, cold chicken and cold ogre.

PRINCESS. I see. Who are you, sir ?

TIM.

I'm not alarming.

(Aside.) She's quite divine !

PRINCESS. (Aside.) He's really very charming.

TIM. Alas, I'm just a poor musician, miss.

PRINCESS. Out here, I'm much a-miss, a lass !

You may be poor ; I'm sure you're brave and true.

(TIM puts arm round her waist.)

TIM. I could'nt, dear, be otherwise to you.

PRINCESS. (Laughing, and removing his arm.)

What's this ! Suppose you just put back that paw,

Until you've known me a few minutes more.

(Enter OGRESS and NOBODY. OGRE following.)