

Music has charms to—

*(Falls asleep, snores.*

OGRESS.

Oh! how nice! *(Snores.)*

TIM.

They're off!

*(Goes to PRINCESS and cuts her bonds. She is fast asleep.)*

The magic music's made her sleepy too.

Wake up! She's fast asleep! What shall we do?

NOBODY. The fairy boots will carry her away.

*(They lift PRINCESS, but stumble backwards, TIM over the OGRE, NOBODY over the OGRESS, all wake and start up.)*

OGRE. Ho! Ho! my friend, so that's your game!

Just stay!

*(OGRE seizes big bough, combat between OGRE and TIM, with a fork. OGRESS sits upon NOBODY. TIM falls; OGRE is going to strike, when the FAIRY KING enters and strikes up his club.)*

FAIRY KING. You're trespassing out here on my domain.

Stay, do not move: you, Ogre, must remain.

This place is haunted; 'tis the Fairies dell,

And thus around you all I weave my spell.

*(Waves his axe in the air, rocks at back open, showing interior of fairies' grotto; fairie in group, FAIRY QUEEN in centre at back.)*

*(To the OGRE.)* For fifteen hundred years you'll keep your seat,

Until your ears are long enough to meet.

NOBODY. The only meat you'll get, friend Ogre, maybe.

OGRE. I'll never, never eat another baby.

They're nasty little things; they're always squalling,