

TIM. I'm not afraid of Ogres, not at all—
When they're asleep that is.

NOBODY.

Now then, we're late.

His temper's horrid if you make him wait.

It's never very sweet.

TIM.

Come then, away!

(Puts goloshes under arm.)

My sole's in arms, and eager for the fray!

NOBODY. *(To FAIRY.)* The tooter, fay, 's in earnest,
tout à fait.

(Music plays "Sabre Song," from "Grand Duchess,"
all march round stage, dance, and exit L.)

