

Coq. Well, if you must, you must then; Take it
There!

(She turns back of head to him as he is about to kiss her.)

What did it taste of eh Sir?

G. KING.

Hay? No! Have!

Coq. Of course! It's all my own.

G. KING.

Oh, game you're making!

Coq. Oh, not at all, Sir, *I don't go hay raking.*

G. KING. A kiss I'll have!

*(Runs after her, catches her, and is going to kiss her, when
loud rap is heard at door.)*

Coq.

Mamma!

G. KING.

I'd like to choke her.

Coq. Dear me! She's awful with the kitchen poker!
You'd better hide, Sir.

G. KING.

Where? (Runs to cupboard.)

Coq.

*No, no! (he runs towards
barrel.)*

Not there! (He runs to table.)

I have it! Here! pretend to be a chair.

*(She takes cover off chair and puts it over him with arms
extended so that he looks like a chair.)*

There! Now you're safe, you need'nt now be daunted.
Meet me to-morrow by the tree that's haunted.

(Goes to door, opens it and looks out.)

What! no one here? how strange! who can it be?