

SCENE III.

Interior of TIM'S Cottage, as before. Enter TIM, R.

TIM. My Princess Sunnylocks! How I do love her.
The ground she treads on, and the sky above her.
Her eyes, her mouth, her hair, her chin, her nose,
Her taper fingers, and her tiny toes.
The air she breathes, the sun—she looked upon it.
Her worn-out shoes, and her best Sunday bonnet.
Tim, this won't do! (*feels pulse.*) A hundred in the shade
I'm going mad about that little maid.
I'm desperately deep in love, that's clear.
I can't be happy till I get my dear.
I've found a treasure. (*Takes paper out of breast, undoes
it carefully and shows a pin.*)
Just a little pin.

She wore it once. (*Looks at pin affectionately.*)

Ah! short but sweet!

(*Kisses it; it pricks him. Rap heard.*)

Come in!

(*Enter NOBODY carrying enormous letter, TIM opens it,
and takes out two big cards, inscribed "Mr. Ogre,
Ogre Castle," and "Mrs. Ogre, At Home."*)

NOBODY. The ticket's come to see the lions fed;
Reserved seats extra, sixpence more a head.
We'll have a private box.

(*Strikes attitude of sparring, turning towards L.I.E., when
FAIRY QUEEN enters in cloak as old woman, carrying
big umbrella, with which she wards off his blows.*)