

Then dressed the King for dinner ; had my own.
 Came here to pop the question—Will you wed ?
 I must get back to put the King to bed.
 Say yes or no.

Coq.

You'd better ask mamma.

(*Rap at door.*)

Not now ! Some other time !

Roos.

Yes ! Now !

Coq.

No !

Roos.

Bah !

Coq. She may be angry. Get beneath the table.
 Please. To oblige me. (*loud rap.*)

Roos.

Well, if I am able.

(*Gets under table.*) I must confess I feel how ill you
 treat me.

Coq. To-morrow, by the haunted tree you'll meet me.

(*Goes to door and opens it. Enter G. KING.*)

She curtseys. He chucks her under chin.)

GNOME KING. Well, lass, your pretty face I've long
 been missing.

You've got a kiss I hope—

Coq. (*Coquettishly.*)

It's always kissing.

Just like a man ! He always *misses* kisses.

G. KING. It's very hard a man can't kiss his *misses*.

I'll have your little head chopped off, Miss ! Pray

Don't make me angry ! One ! two ! three ! Away !