

ROBIN HOOD;
OR, THE
MERRY OUTLAWS OF SHERWOOD:

A Dramatic Equestrian Spectacle,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY

EDWARD FITZBALL, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

Maritana, Lurline, &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND;

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,) 1828

LONDON.

93674

First performed at Astley's Royal Amphitheatre, on Monday, October 8, 1860,
Under the Management of Mr. Wm. BATTY.



OR, THE MERRY OUTLAWS OF SHERWOOD.

Which has been produced with every possible care to its Novel Effects, and introducing the great resources of this vast and unequalled Establishment, including

THE LARGEST STUD OF HIGHLY-TRAINED HORSES, PONIES, &c., IN THE WORLD.

The entirely New and Extensive Scenery by Messrs. CUTTERET & THORNE. Machinery by Mr. AVERN. Costumes by Mr. BOVY and Mrs. MASTERMAN. The Properties and Appointments by Mr. ROGERS. The Incidental Dances by Miss DALTON. The Music Composed and Selected by Mr. G. PHILLIPS. And the Spectacle produced by Mr. W. WEST.

KING HENRY THE SECOND	Mr. E. GREEN.	KING RICHARD THE FIRST	Mr. W. ROBERTS.
ROBERT, EARL OF HUNTINGDON	(Robin Hood)	Mr. J. PURCHARD. <small>(his first appearance.)</small>	
SIR GILBERT PEVYS	(his Bastard Brother)	Mr. W. CABLE.	
SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM	Mr. JOHNSON.	LITTLE JOHN	Mr. G. B. ELLIS.
FRIAR TUCK	WILL SCARLET	Mr. J. FRANCIS. <small>(his first appearance.)</small>	
EARL CLARE	Mr. H. REEVES.	ALLANA-DALE	Miss REBECCA ISAACS.
SQUIRE RICKSEY	Mr. I. LOCKHART.	PHILLIP	(<i>Father of Lilian</i>) ... Mr. RUSSELL.
MAT MIDDLETON	(<i>Night Watch</i>) ..	NIPGOLD	(<i>a Usurer</i>) Mr. PERKS.
GURTH	(<i>a Vassal</i>)	MOSES	(<i>his Serving Man</i>) Mr. THOMAS.
SIR ALLEN BRACEY	Mr. REGAN.	GAOLER	Mr. BENTON.
LADY MARIAN CLARE	Mr. T. PEARSON.		Miss A. BATHURST.
CLARIBELLE	(<i>her Maid</i>) ... Miss EMILY SCOTT.	LILIAN	Miss ROCHESTER.
DAME GERTRUDE	Mrs. THORNE.	DAME AGATHA	Mrs. GREEN.

✓ X6370844

Programme of Scenery.

LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME—NIGHT.

SCENE II.—GARDEN OF THE CASTLE OF EARL CLARE. SCENE III.—TOWER HILL.

SCENE I.—*S H E R W O O D F O R E S T.*
ACT I.

SCENE II.—*T H E C H A P E L.*

SCENE III.—*H U N T I N G TOWER, NEAR THE FOREST.*

SCENE V.—*T H E FOREST. ROBIN HOOD'S BRIEDAL.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*T H E CAVERN.* SCENE II.—*ROOM IN NIPGOLD'S HOUSE.*

SCENE III.—*T H E PRISON.*

SCENE IV.—*N E A R NOTTINGHAM A M.*

SCENE V.—*E X T E R I O R O F N O T T I N G H A M C A S T L E.* 3

ROBIN HOOD;

OR, THE
MERRY OUTLAWS OF SHERWOOD.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*An ancient Street in London in the time of Henry the Second, with distant view of the Tower; house, R.; public house, L.—all the windows transparent, with lights behind. Lights down.*

Music.—MAT MUDDLEBRAIN enters on horseback, R., surrounded by NIGHT-WATCH.

MUDDLE. You of the Night-watch of this ancient City of Lunnon, to your different duties. You, Bill Toller, go and ring the curfew bell, that all honest folk put out their lamps and fires, under pain of heavy penance.

Exit TOLLER, L. 1 E.
You, Jacob Sleep-all-night and Simon Yawn, light your lanterns, and take your way to the East.

Exeunt SLEEP and YAWN, R. U. E.
You, Martin with the one eye, keep a sharp look-out down West.
Exit MARTIN, L. 1 E.

You, Simon with the club-foot, run to the South.
Exit SIMON, L. U. E.

The rest know their duties. Give me my lantern, and away! (curfew bell tolls, L.) There goes the bell. Long live the king!

Music—the lights in the windows disappear, and MUDDLEBRAIN fixes his lantern to saddle, and rides off, L., the rest dispersing to their different posts.

WILL SCARLET enters, R., cautiously.

SCARLET. There's the bell! That's the signal between me and Claribelle. What a charming little darling is my Claribelle! Her lips are as soft and sweet as a red pink; and for pouring out a glass of sparkling ale, there isn't such another

pretty small white buttery hand in all Britain. She's the queen of lady's maids too, and when she steals out on a Sunday, in some of her mistress's clothes, there's no knowing the lady from the maid. Ah! that's her step.

Enter CLARIBELLE on tip-toe, holding to her hood, from L.

CLARIBELLE. That's he! I'll pretend not to know him, and make a feint of passing—that will give him a great idea of my extreme modesty. (*crossing to R.*) Hem!

SCARL. (*taking her arm*) Hillo!

CLARI. (R.) Go along, impudent fellow! Don't attempt to touch a gentlewoman like me, or maybe I'll shriek for the watch, and you'll get the worst of it.

SCARL. Why, don't you know your own Will Scarlet, head groom to an Earl too? The prim little thing—trust her anywhere! What a pattern of wax she is!

CLARI. (*pretending surprise*) Why, la! is that you, Mr. Scarlet? Who would have thought it? I took you for some great nobleman. It's so dark. (*putting up her face*) Are you quite certain it's you?

SCARL. (*kissing her*) Won't that satisfy you?

CLARI. I'm sure it ought—it's loud enough. If anything would waken the watch, that would. But they wake at nothing!

SCARL. Shall we try again?

CLARI. No, no; so long as we are safe, let us remain so—and I'm sure old men are best asleep. But have you heard the news?

SCARL. No! What news?

CLARI. Your master's nose is put of joint.

SCARL. My master's nose put out of joint! How? Which way?

CLARI. They say that a will has been found by the Sheriff of Nottingham, the old Earl's most intimate friend and crony, whereby young Lord Robert, your master, is not only cut out of his inheritance, but all his fortune.

SCARL. In favour of whom?

CLARI. In favour of Sir Gilbert—a natural son of the late Earl.

SCARL. That sneak! Why, his very title of "Sir" is an imposition. The story, like him, is an imposition also. Where did you hear it?

CLARI. Through the key-hole.

SCARL. What key-hole?

CLARI. The key-hole of my young lady's father's cabinet. I heard Sir Gilbert proposed for my lady's husband, instead of your master—who, for his poverty, is to be rejected.

SCARL. Ah! poverty is a great sin which, no doubt, the Sheriff legally represented—you know he's a lawyer—to calm the conscience of the Earl. But the lady?

CLARI. Poor thing! She knows nothing about it; nor is to do till after to-morrow, at the archery match, when she is to appear before the King, in the Tower Meadows, as the Queen of Beauty, and award the prize to the winner.

WILL. That will be my master, then, I'm sure! He's so clever—just like me! (*laughter in house, L.*) But I think I hear my master: he is at this tavern as usual, paying everybody's reckoning, spending money like a prince, thinking himself so rich! Poor fellow! How shall I tell him the ill news?

CLARI. (*frightened*) Tell him! Why, you surely would not betray me? I should lose my place.

WILL. Well, as my master has to encounter so many opponents in his archery contest to-morrow, I'll not tell him, lest such bad news should shake his nerves. One piece of bad luck always follows another!

(*noise and laughter, L.—Music*)

CLARI. Mercy on me! what a noise; I must run. (*crosses, L.*)

Several GALLANTS come from house, L., with ROBERT and LITTLE JOHN; one of them seizes CLARIBELLE, kisses her, passes her across laughing to another who does the same—she exits, angrily, L.

SCARL. (*angrily to last GALLANT*) I beg to inform you, to let you know, that, that 'ere young lady is my young 'oman, and if you—

GALLANT. (*striking him*) Down, dog!

SCARL. A blow! and in the presence of my master.

ROBERT. (C., *angrily*) That man is my vassal. He who strikes him, must atone for the affront to me.

GALLANT. (R. C.) Sir, you paid the reckoning, take back the paltry obligation. (*throws down money*) And if you thus wish to pick a quarrel with me, have at you. (*draws*) I'm your man.

ROBERT. (*drawing*) Oh, with all my heart!

LITTLE JOHN. To the devil with those gallants.

SCARL. (*drawing*) Attack my master! oh, no! here goes.

Music.—a fight takes place—the WATCH enters R. and L.—MAT gets knocked on the head—tableau closed.

SCENE SECOND.—A Splendid Garden before Earl Clare's mansion (1st grooves) lights up.

Enter the SHERIFF and SIR GILBERT, R.—Music.

SIR G. It is scarcely daybreak. (*yawns*)

SHERIFF. It is necessary that you see my Lord Clare before the fete, to prepossess him in your personal favour. He is proud of his daughter's beauty, and would not wed her to a hunchback, with the wealth of Croesus.

SIR G. (*drawing himself up*) I believe, Mr. Sheriff, I'm straight and well made. This isn't the face of an owl. I'm rich—

SHERIFF. Thanks to me, who made your father's will all in your favour, after he was dead.

SIR G. True, but I am to give up half my fortune to you.

SHERIFF. Hush! here comes the Earl. Mind your deportment. Recollect, you are not at the Red Cap, in Nottingham, now.

SIR G. I wish I was, I'm all in a shiver.

Enter EARL CLARE, L.

SHERIFF. Good morning to your lordship.

EARL CLARE. The same to you, worthy sheriff. Is this the young nobleman, that you spoke of?

SHERIFF. This is the Earl of Huntingdon's *favourite son*, my lord, whom he endowed with all his fortune. A goodly and pious young man, believe me, my lord.

SIR G. (*bowing*) At your lordship's service. (*aside*) My knees knock together like a pair of bird-clappers.

SHERIFF. Ah! He is an excellent young man, indeed, my lord. This is the man for your daughter's hand, believe me.

EARL C. I do believe it. (*aside*) Since he inherits all the wealth intended for his brother. But how comes it the Earl's will was not sooner detected? It was discovered by *you*, I think, good sheriff?

SHERIFF. It was, my lord, by *inspiration*, nearly six months after the Earl's death, in a very secret drawer of my dear defunct friend's cabinet.

SIR G. A very secret drawer. I don't know where it was myself.

EARL C. Does the other brother yet know of this new will?

SHERIFF. Not yet, my lord; leading a spendthrift life in London, we, of Nottingham, scarce knew where to find him.

EARL C. Say nothing till after the archery fete. I will then declare my predilection for your young friend there, and—

SHERIFF. You daughter, the fair Marian?

EARL C. Her father's will is law, but hither she cometh.

SIR G. Oh, I'm all over in a lily dew!

Enter MARIAN, L., richly dressed, followed by CLARIBELLE.

EARL C. My dear child, dressed for the King's fete already?

MARIAN. Oh, not so soon, dear sir. (*trumpet*) There goes the first trumpet, to form the procession. All must be over ere noon. You know the king usually dines at eleven, before the sun is at mid-height. But how do you like my dress? (*spreading out her robe*)

EARL C. Charming! What a vain little peacock you are. I'll warrant me, you've not slept a wink all night.

CLARI. Nor I, either! how could we with such serious duties to perform?

SHERIFF. (*profoundly*) Serious duties, eh?

CLARI. Yes, serious enough, trying on the dress—

EARL C. Trying on the dress?

MARIAN. Yes, first putting it on—

CLARI. Then taking it off—

MARIAN. Then putting it on—

CLARI. Then taking it off again—all night.

EARL C. But you overlook our guest, the worthy Sheriff of Nottingham, and his young and handsome friend, Sir Gilbert Pevys.

MARIAN. (*gazing*) Sir Gil—

CLARI. Bert Pevys! That's he, is it? Handsome! Oh! Ha, ha, ha! (*stifling a laugh*)

SIR G. I shall faint! You haven't a scent bottle about you? (*going—SHERIFF pulls him back*) Your servant, sweet lady! There, I've said something. (*crossing to R.*)

MARIAN. Is he correct in his mind?

CLARI. Or troubled with St. Vitus's dance?

SHERIFF. He's bashful! A rare quality now-a-days.

Music.

MARIAN. (*through music*) That's the march of the procession. I long to be on my white palfrey. I wonder what dear Robert will think of his Queen of Beauty? *Runs off, L.*

SIR G. (*crossing to L.*) But, sweetheart, if you please, I've a nosegay.

CLARI. What! Have you now thought of that? Bah! Keep it to hide your ugly face with. *Flaunts out, L.*

SIR G. Ugly! She's nearsighted. (*crosses to R.*)

EARL C. We must now in to prepare for the festivities. Remember to be near.

SHERIFF. Doubt me not, my lord. *Exit EARL CLARE, L.*

SIR G. I wonder if the lady was struck with my personal appearance? Did you see how she rolled her eyes?

SHERIFF. I'm afraid, if you do not make a better impression in twanging the bow for the prize, you'll cut rather a contemptible figure.

SIR G. Oh! if that's all, I don't depend on arrow and target entirely. I'm a second Hercules at the pike--aye! and

at the long sword! (*drawing his, and thrusting*) There! ah! so! there!

SHERIFF. Ugh! Rash Earl! would you run your legal adviser through the body? (*rubbing himself*)

SIR G. (*laughing and putting up sword*) That would be one way of getting rid of him. I hope I didn't wound your lawyer's conscience. But excuse me cracking a joke, Sheriff—I'm going to crack crowns next. I'll speedily crack my brother Robert's, at the quarter staff, and so rid me of him at once. An I do not, crop off mine ears, and write me down an A S S.

Exeunt, R.

SCENE THIRD.—*Court before the Tower, beyond a drawbridge, over which PEOPLE pass on foot and on horse—beyond this bridge the Meadows of the Tower, and ancient London. PEOPLE at windows, &c.—on the r. elm trees, to which are attached targets of gold, silver, and one of blue and silver, with a bleeding heart in centre—a throne of banners, &c. for KING, L.*

Music.—Enter PEOPLE shouting—arranging themselves—then troops of SOLDIERS and ARCHERS taking their station, R—Enter the KING, guarded—taking his position on the throne, as MARIAN, on a white PALFREY, attended by CLARIBELLE and LADIES, advances; KING hands her from HORSE, and places her by his side, then makes signs for the sports to commence—in the KING's train are EARL CLARE, ROBERT, SIR GUILBERT, SHERIFF, WILL SCARLET, LITTLE JOHN, &c.

KING. By your leave, fair Queen of Beauty, foremost of old English sports, the broad staff displays its hardy skill—the first defence by the hand of man, against his savage enemies. Sound, herald; bid the combatants advance. Herald, sound!

Music.—HERALD blows—several combatants attack each other—WILL SCARLET and LITTLE JOHN becoming the winners.

ROBERT. Well done, my gallant followers, Little John and Will Scarlet, at the feet of your sovereign receive the reward of valour.

Music.—They kneel and receive each a silver medal—they retire, &c.

KING. Before either gold or silver, award we from the hand of beauty, the silver arrow for the prize of love.

Music.—Several attempt and fail—GUILBERT, with great bluster, advances with bow.

SIR G. (to SHERIFF) Now, then, with unerring aim, to

astonish the king himself, and let the lady see who really is love's conqueror.

ROBERT. (*snatching a bow*) He here? If—(anxiously)

SIR G. Aside, there, canaille!

(*Music—shoots—the SHERIFF in running away receives the arrow through his cap—laughter, &c.*)

SHERIFF. Confound the fellow! another half grain of an inch, and the brain of his legal adviser had run out like a short brief. (*wiping his forehead*)

SIR G. You lawyers must always thrust your noses in the way!

ROBERT. Now assist me, love! Marian, for thee!

(*Music.—aims and strikes the bleeding heart*)

KING. Noble young Earl! well and aptly won! The blushing cheek and bright eyes of our lady of beauty proclaim our reward—a welcome one!

ROBERT. Marian, dear Marian!

(*Music—kneeling at her feet—MARIAN crowning him with a wreath of roses*)

MARIAN. My own betrothed Robert!

ROBERT. My love! my bride!

KING. Huntingdon's bride! Heard we aright, good Earl Clare?

EARL C. (*coming forward*) No, no, my liege; here, I, the maiden's father, publicly deny the assertion!

ROBERT. How? Have I not your word?

EARL C. I recall that word. You have deceived me. The title of your father is all you possess. Inheritance, castle, land, and gold, all bequeathed to your brother there.

ROBERT. You rave! By whom?

EARL C. Your father's will!

SHERIFF. Yes! till now concealed, no doubt, by some crafty hand. It is a true will; and by the Courts confirmed. See here! (*crossing to L.*)

KING. He is a brave youth! I'm sorry, for his sake.

SHERIFF. Pity him not, sire. Brave he may be, but is a dissolute spendthrift. This match is broken off!

ROBERT. Broken off?

MARIAN. Oh, heavens!

ROBERT. Who, who says it?

EARL C. I, Marian's father!

SHERIFF. And I, in the name of the law!

SIR G. (*apart*) And I, if I dare, in the name of— (*sees ROBERT, and is frightened*)

ROBERT. (*frowning*) It is a wicked—an accursed plot! That will is a vile forgery, concocted by you, designing

Sheriff, to destroy me—me, the true legitimate son—and to exalt my bastard brother, who is your tool and victim!

(sneeringly)

SHERIFF. Infamy! Infamy! Defamation! Defamation!

KING. Calm thee, young man; your suspicions are illegal and unjust.

ROBERT. (*falling at the KING's feet*) Oh, my sovereign! let them not utterly drive me to despair! Let them take all, everything, but not my Marian!

KING. (*haughtily*) Can I command an earl to wed his daughter to one he liketh not? such tyranny were unworthy of an English King. (*rising*) Break up the festivities! (*movement*)

EARL C. (*dragging MARIAN, R.*) Away, Marian, away!

ROBERT. (*clinging to MARIAN and following her across stage*) Marian! Marian! you will not abandon me. 'Tis I, your betrothed, (*she faints*) even she despairs me because I am poor. Wretch that I am—why does not my heart burst! why do I not fall down dead at her feet? Oh! thou false Sheriff and thou base unnatural brother, a day of retribution will come. For you, oh, pitiless and unjust king, I will no longer wear your arms! take back my sword, broken, broken, as the heart to which you have refused succour. (*breaking sword and hurling it at KING's feet*)

KING. Treason! seize him! (*movement—LITTLE JOHN and WILL SCARLET interpose to defend him*)

ROBERT. Never! Who dares to lay hands on the true Earl of Huntingdon, dies that instant—my horse there! (*LITTLE JOHN brings horse*) Stand back all, lest with my horse's hoofs I trample you into dust. Far away from a detested false world let me escape into the wide woods, it may be to perish! It shall be to avenge! To the woods! to the woods! *He gallops off, R.*

KING. Slaves, obey me! arrest him!

(*Tableau.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Greenwood Glade of Sherwood Forest. On the R. is a ruin, so ancient, as to resemble a vast pile of rocks; on the L., overhanging trees, with banks of verdure and wild flowers; a greensward road leads through, L. C., and off, L. U. E., across which is thrown a rude toll bar—early dawn.*

OUTLAWS *lying about—horses feeding at the distance—LITTLE JOHN, WILL SCARLET, &c.* Music.—Enter ROBERT as Robin Hood, stringing his bow, from R. U. E.

ROBIN. So! here comes another day of outlawry to Robin

Hood, late Earl of Huntingdon, the proscribed robber, if robber ought to be attached to his name, who takes from the pitiless rich to give to the penniless poor, and who if hunted by the affluent, has still the widow's prayer and the orphan's blessing. (*sits on bank*) If Marian had not forgotten me, here, in the merry greenwood, I could have looked misfortune in the face, and laughed at her grimaces, as I laugh at, and defy mankind. Ha! (*looks off*, L. U. E.) I see the old Norman baron, Sir Reginald, and his fat wife coming this way, this will be a good opportunity to have revenge upon them. (*blows horn—all the FORESTERS rise and surround ROBIN*) You all know the poor forester at the end of the wood who broke his arm in falling from a tree. Now his wife and family are almost starving, and here comes the avaricious lord of the manor, Sir Reginald, and his wife, who sneer at that poor man's prayer for help, and have refused him aid or mercy. Let us waylay them, and ease them of some of their ill-gotten gold; and you, Little John, shall take it to the poor woodcutter. Ho! Will Scarlet! I have just shot a fine fallow deer. Bring it here; you will find it at the bottom of the hollow.

Music.—WILL SCARLET with two MEN exeunt, R., to fetch the deer at the back—the rest conceal themselves behind the trees, &c.—enter the LORD OF MANOR and his LADY, L. U. E., mounted on a pillion, attended by two SERVANTS on foot—the FORESTERS rush upon them from their places of concealment, knock the two SERVANTS down, and rob the OLD LORD of his bags of gold—after which they drive him off, L. 1 E.—all the FORESTERS exeunt laughing, &c.—a herd of deer rush across the stage, R., closely followed by FORESTERS—when the deer are off and stage clear, ALLAN-A-DALE, pale and emaciated, comes stealthily from the back, L. U. E., and leans against the bar, then advances.

Song.—ALLAN.

In vain I roam through bush and bower,
Where leafy boughs entwine,
And moan from dawn to twilight hour,
For one that can never be mine.
I sit alone when day is past,
When sadly the moonbeams shine;
My weary heart is breaking fast
For one that can never be mine.
No! she can never be mine!

If on some mossy bank I sleep,
 Her sweet form hovers near,
 But when I wake, 'tis but to weep,
 That smile no longer near.
 I pray for death—with life to part ;
 How better this world resign,
 Than live and lament with a broken heart,
 For one that can never be mine.
 No ! she can never be mine !

ALLAN. Food ! food ! Something to satisfy this craving hunger ! I starve, starve—die !

ROBIN. (*from the ruins, r.*) What ho ! Will Scarlet !

ALLAN. Ah ! a voice ! Again I must away to my hollow tree. My limbs still thus feeble—heaven strengthen and sustain me !

Staggers off, L. U. E.

Re-enter ROBIN, from ruins, r.

ROBIN. A spy ! so ho ! (*blows horn*) Little John ! See where flies a strange deer. Give chase. Bring him back. Ho !

Re-enter OUTLAWS, R. and L.—WILL SCARLET and MEN enter, l. 3 e., with deer slung across pole, and carry it into the ruins, R. WILL and LITTLE JOHN pursue ALLAN, and bring him back, and place him on bunk, R. C.—music.

ROBIN. Poor wretch ! What famine in his looks ! Give him some wine.

Music—they give him wine from ROBIN's flask—he revives.

ALLAN. (*sighing*) This is not the hollow of the oak in which I sleep. Ah ! (*seeing ROBIN and MEN—starts*)

ROBIN. How fares it with you ?

ALLAN. (R. C.) Sadly i' faith ! They've taken her away ! Have you seen her ?

ROBIN. (C.) Who ? Of whom speak you ?

ALLAN. My dear love ! Lillian ! We were to have been wed, the ring was bought, when the squire came riding past. He was old, but he was rich ! He fell in love with my Lillian ! Her father was avaricious ; the door closed against Allan-a-Dale. Her tears were as nothing to the old man's gold. I could not endure to hear the wedding bells ring—I fled into the forest—the green oak has been my canopy—the green fern my pillow.

ROBIN. And she is to wed the squire to-day ?

ALLAN. Aye, at noon, to—

ROBIN. (*interrupting*) To thee !

ALLAN. (*starting up*) To me ? Oh ! do not mock me.

ROBIN. By heaven ! I mock you not—I, myself, am too much love's victim—What is thy name ?

ALLAN. Allan-a-Dale ! A shepherd's life, a flock of snow white sheep were all my portion. Save her !—I crave no more.

ROBIN. By heaven ! thou shalt not lose her if I live. My merry men shall enter yonder church, and restore thee thy heart and thy bride,—I, Robin Hood, the friend of love promise it.

ALLAN. (*rising*) Robin Hood ! so dreaded, and so kind ! Let me kneel at your feet—oh ! Heaven ! this is too much, the joy will kill me ! (*falls at ROBIN'S feet*)

ROBIN. Take him in, poor fellow, and give him comfort.

Music—They support him into Ruin, R. 3 E.
What, ho ! Friar Tuck ! Friar Tuck, I say !

Music—Enter FRIAR TUCK, R. 2 E., waddling and drinking from a flask, a large piece of cake in his hand.

FRIAR. (*with his mouth full*) Who dares disturb a holy friar at his devotions.

ROBIN. Run to the village church, if thy fat legs will so far carry thee, and learn if there is likely to be a wedding ere noon.

FRIAR. Shrimp that I am ! Callest thou these *fat* legs, my master ? Run saidst thou ? Who ever saw a friar run when near dinner-time, except to the table ? But this world is made up of mortification, so, I suppose I *must* submit, lamb that I am. Up hill too ! Oh ! that it were the contrary ; then, like a well filled barrel, would I roll myself down with all speed. But spiritual consolation must sustain me.

Exit up road and off, L., drinking.

ROBIN. (*laughing*) Ha, ha ! Bravo, Friar Tuck ! (*bells heard*) Ah ! I perceive up the road some travellers. You, Will Scarlet, exact our usual toll, and give us notice if they refuse to pay.

Music.—All Exeunt different ways except WILL SCARLET, who puts bar across road, &c., L.

SCARL. Poor shepherd ! This love is certainly a desperate matter, and if it hadn't been for our strong ale, I do believe I should have made a scarecrow of myself long ago, by hanging myself on a high branch for the love of my Claribelle, who is, no doubt, by this time married to a six-and-a-half-foot king's trooper, and mother of at least—a dozen—little—Eh !

Music.—CLARIBELLE appears at back, L., disguised as a man.

CLARI. Come ! are you going to open this bar, my fellow ?

SCARL. Oh, don't you be in such a hurry, my little hop o' my thumb ! have you got money enough in your pouch to pay the toll ?

CLARI. How much ?

SCARL. All you have in your purse ! Exactly !

CLARL. What a bright guess you have ! however, little or

much, you shall have it, (*throws purse—Music—SCARLET opens bar, and both come forward*) if you will direct me to some house. My poor young master there is sinking with fatigue.

SCARL. Has he money to pay?

CLARI. Oh, plenty.

SCARL. Then you can't do better than stay at our inn!

CLARI. Your inn? Where is it? What's the sign?

SCARL. (*with meaning*) The Robin Hood!

CLARI. (*frightened*) Oh! Gracious! I fear you have but sorry accommodation.

SCARL. Oh, yes! We have the very best! excellent *hether* beds, green hangings, and I'm head waiter! (*bowing*)

Music.—MARIAN appears from L. U. E. in male attire.

Is this another love-sick shepherd?

(*Music—runs and assists MARIAN and places her on bank, L.*)

SCARL. (*C., looking at them*) Why where have I seen a face like that? Why? Eh? as like as two peas in a peck. (*to CLARI.*) What's your name? Have you a brother? or are you he?

CLARI. (*R. C.*) What's that to you? Mind your own business.

SCARL. Only if—that is—dear me—I don't think I can be right in my head. It spins round like a teetotum.

CLARI. Where's this inn, you were bragging about? (*insolently*) Send the landlord. I hope he's better looking than you, with your copper-coloured nose, and your ugly red beard that hasn't been clipped for six months. A hedge-sparrow might lay eggs in it. Call your master, I say, (*haughtily*) fellow!

SCARL. Well, I'm sure! Fellow! I never! Hillo! Master! Robin Hood! (*calling, R.*)

MARIAN. (*frightened*) Oh! that fearful name, which we have been so warned against.

CLARI. Let us fly! Let us escape!

MARIAN. Indeed, indeed I cannot.

Enter ROBIN, R.

ROBIN. That sweet voice! Marian! Marian!

MARIAN. Ah! Robert! At last;—is it you. (*they embrace and go up C.*)

SCARL. No! Yes! Claribelle! Can it be?

CLARI. Yes! indeed, any other fool would have found that out at once.

SCARL. And yet you didn't know me?

CLARI. Because I thought it impossible for you to grow uglier than you were. But miracles will never cease.

SCARL. (*looking at ROBIN*) I think that you and I are two

too many here. Talking of birds' nests, Claribelle, I'll shew you one, belonging to two pretty robins, and when you see how affectionately them little creatures feed their young ones, I hope it may tempt you to imitate their example. Come this way.

CLARI. Well, just to see the robins! Although I don't like much to trust myself alone with such a robin as—

SCARL. I must stop your mouth, or—

Kissing her, they exeunt, L. 3 E.—ROBIN and MARIAN coming forward.

ROBIN. And I thought you had forgotten me!

MARIAN. Forgotten you! Oh, no, dear Robert. Woman's love is not wrought of such slender materials; but, once lit, burns steadily on, like a star, for ever. It was long ere I could escape—at length in this disguise, I quitted my father's home, and after weeks of wandering—love has at last directed me to your dear arms.

ROBIN. (*tenderly*) Never more to quit them, dearest Marian. And if you are willing to participate in the life of a tenant of the green forest—

MARIAN. Oh! charming, and is this to be our home?

ROBIN. Yes! a free and happy one. You'll find it so.

Enter FRIAR, hastily, L. U. E.

How now, Friar Tuck? What's the news?

FRIAR. I'm melted into a natomy! Fools will go and get married to torment us poor priests into galloping consumptions. They'll soon be at it, master Robin, ring and book. Soft smiles to-day—scratched faces and cracked crowns to-morrow. If it were not for my spiritual consolation (*drinks*)—

ROBIN. The wedding so soon, say you? We must to horse then. Ho! Little John! My steed.

MARIAN. No danger threatens, I hope?

ROBIN. None, dearest! we go on a mission of love—an hour at most will restore us to your presence. Call in Allan-a-Dale: this is his business.

Music.—FRIAR exits, R., and returns with ALLAN, dressed in green as a Forester, &c.—LITTLE JOHN brings Robin's Horse and all the FORESTERS enter, some on horseback—WILL SCARLET and CLARIBELLE enter, L. 3 E.

Ah! Allan, now you look the bridegroom.

ALLAN. Oh! my benefactor! dare I indeed hope you will save Lillian, and restore her to me.

ROBIN. Lillian shall be yours—you, Friar Tuck, give good attendance to this lady and to that maiden! One sweet kiss, love, as a harbinger of success—now mount and away.

ROBIN and the rest mount, and, when in motion, closed in by—

SCENE SECOND.—*Outside of a Chapel, (1st groves). An arched door, stained glass windows, &c.*

Enter ALLAN-A-DALE, cautiously, R.

ALLAN. All silent—not a footstep—not a sound! The bride has not yet quitted her home. Ah! if she knew her faithful Allan were here, longing, once more, to gaze on her beautiful face—once more, perhaps to enfold her in his devoted arms. Ah! they come! (conceals himself, R.)

The Bridal Party enter, L., the PRIEST and CLERK, SQUIRE RICKSEY, LILLIAN, PHILLIP, and DAME AGATHA, BRIDES-MEN and MAIDENS—c. door is thrown open discovering altar, &c.—ALLAN watching.

ALLAN. Still Robin Hood comes not. They shall not compel her to this loathed union! No, I wear a dagger (*rushing to them*) Lillian! dear Lillian!

LILLIAN. (*rushing to him*) Allan! my own Allan! Save me! save me!

ALLAN. (*clasping her wildly*) I will, Lillian! I will! If no other way, with this dagger!

PRIEST. Seize the would-be murderer!

ALLAN. Beware! I'm desperate! He who attempts to tear Lillian from these arms, dies!

(*Music—the CLERKS rush upon and disarm him, and drag LILLIAN away to the altar*)

ALLAN. Ah! cruel monsters—Lillian, Lillian! Oh, she is insensible, and hears me not. I gaze at her for the last time. (*horn heard*) Ah! the signal at last! the welcome signal! 'tis Robin Hood! ha, ha, ha!

ALL. (*in consternation*) Robin Hood!

Music.—ROBIN and his MEN rush in, L.

ROBIN. Yes; Robin Hood! who, outlaw as he is, knows how to defend true love.

A scuffle ensues—LILLIAN is rescued—TUCK knocked down, R.—the ARCHERS draw, and the PEOPLE rush out.—Music.

ROBIN. Here, Allan, take from my hands your bride, and to-morrow, in the greenwood, we'll have a triple wedding—I and my beloved Marian.

SCARL. I and my beloved Claribelle.

ALLAN. I and my sweet Lillian. (*embracing her*)

ROBIN. What have we here? Have they knocked out the Friar's brains at last?

FRIAR. (*as they lift him*) Thanks, thanks! I have a bump on my head as big as a goose's egg. Take me home and lay me

out, then pour a flagon of ale down my throat ; if that don't revive me I'm done for.

ROBIN. Nay, nay, you're out of spirits, good Friar, that's all —try this. (*puts flask to his mouth*)

FRIAR. Thanks, thanks ! Good master Robin, I like thy creed, let me carry the book that I may apply myself to its good contents. (*they laugh*)

ROBIN. To the Greenwood, my merry men all. Away !

They exeunt, R.

SCENE THIRD.—(*2nd grooves*) *A Hunting Tower on the verge of the forest, L. ; a portal ; a gothic window ; on the R., a sort of broken shed, &c.*

Enter KING RICHARD THE FIRST, as a hunter, R.

KING. Thanks to good fortune, I have at length reached a human habitation. My terrified steed, which took fright at the sight of an old tree, and threw me nearly into the ravine, is, I have no doubt, at liberty in the forest, where my trusty and loyal followers will find him, and then come and find their lost master. Ha, ha ! I'll make free to ring this bell, and demand hospitality. (*rings—a heavy bell sounds, and the wicket is opened by GURTH*)

GURTH. Who's there ? Whence come you ? What do you want ? Art thou a rogue, or an honest man ?

KING. (*laughing*) So many questions at once, having only one tongue to use, can I not answer ! I simply demand hospitality. I have been thrown from my horse, in the forest, and wish to wait inside till my attendants—

GURTH. (*interrupting*) Attendants ! Marry, 'tis Robin Hood, and his gang of thieves perhaps, whom the good Sheriff of Nottingham has promised to hang, and that right soon. Get ye gone.

KING. I pray you listen to me. It's coming on a storm. (*distant storm*)

GURTH. So let it. There's plenty of shelter under them oak trees. (*shuts window violently*)

KING. What a reception for Majesty. The rain, too, beginning to fall. Here seems a very humble refuge ! Anything better than a wet skin.

Enters shed, R.

Music.—Enter SIR GILBERT and SHERIFF, attended, on horseback, L.

SIR GIL. (*alighting with SHERIFF—to attendants*) Take round our horses ! Ring the bell, knave. (*bell rung—HORSES taken round—door opened by GURTH, &c.*) Take in the Sheriff's saddle bags ! Now, worthy Sheriff, allow me to shew you

the way. Come into the tower. I can then pay you over the rest of the money, for the amount of which you agreed to forge a will as of my late father Sir Robert Pevys, to disinherit my legitimate brother Robert, and make me Sir Gilbert Pevys, the Earl's natural son, heir instead. Ha! Ha! Ha!

SHERIFF. Ha! Ha! Ha!

KING. (*listening*) Forge a will! Here's a disclosure! The villains.

SIR GIL. (*starting*) Ah! Some one spoke! If he should have overheard?

SHERIFF. Trees have ears they say. Let us enter and settle the business.

Going.

KING, *entering.*

Hospitality, gentle sirs. Hospitality.

SHERIFF. (*starting*) Horror! You listened then, and overheard—

SIR G. What wolf art thou, lying thus in ambush, to devour the words of honest gentlemen? Some cut-purse I'll warrant. I like not thy looks. What dost thou, lurking about my castle? Doff thy cap, knave! Knewest thou that thou art speaking to—

KING. Sir Gilbert Pevys; that much I overheard.

SIR G. And yet doffed not thy cap?

KING. Nor will I.

SIR G. I'll have it torn from thy pate then, and thine ears along with it! Ho, there! bring forth the stocks and clap this rascal in, till the sheriff decide whether to imprison or hang him.

(*Music—the stocks brought out, &c.*)

KING. The stocks! Luckily I hear the tramp of horses. (*they seize him*) But hear me—

SIR G. Not a word! Lay him by the heels.

KING. Only one chance remains.

(*Music—breaks from them and blows horn which is answered*)

SIR G. Treachery! 'tis one of Robin Hood's rascally gang disguised on purpose to betray us; they've heard of the money I'm to pay the sheriff. Into the deepest dungeon with him!

KING. Not without a struggle.

(*Music—struggling, &c.—ROBIN HOOD and his MEN rush in on R., and beat the DOMESTICS, who run in and shut the door leaving SIR GUILBERT and SHERIFF outside, &c.*)

ROBIN. What's all this—twenty to one! Ah, Gilbert, my father's bastard!

SIR GIL. (*humbling*) Robert! Hast thou come to kill thy dear brother?

ROBIN. Don't *brother* me, wretch ! I despise thee too much to kill thee. What man is this thou dost outrage ?

KING. A poor wanderer ! who simply demanded hospitality.

ROBIN. And for that, they would have placed thee in the stocks ? 'Tis like them. But which way wendest thou ?

KING. Towards Nottingham, if I could find my road ; and recover my steed, which I lost like myself, in the forest.

ROBIN. If you have no fear of coming with the outlaw, Robin Hood, you shall not lack hospitality, and my men shall recover your horses, or if you prefer to travel on, you shall have my steed, and I will set you on your journey.

KING. Thanks, gallant Robin Hood ; I've heard much of your brave exploits, and can now affirm your generosity. I prefer to tarry awhile with you and your merry men, under the greenwood tree.

ROBIN. Come on, then, and welcome.

SIR G. (*aside*) My brother, the proscribed Robin Hood ! King Richard has vowed destruction to these robbers. The king's at Nottingham Castle ; I'll soon get my brave brother, Robin, hanged by the neck ! (*going, L.*)

ROBIN. (*seizing him*) Stay a bit, my fine Sir Gilbert, I cry your worship's pardon ; but I see by your eye, that you meditate mischief ; to prevent which, clap him into the stocks, which he so hospitably awarded to this stranger. Ha, ha ! night coming on, and a pelting shower. It will help to cool your malice, my fine Sir Gilbert—ha, ha, ha !

(*Music—they place him into the stocks, laughing, &c.*)
(to SHERIFF) And you, my worthy friend, don't look so doleful ; I owe you an old grudge, but I'll do you no harm ; on the contrary, just by way of diverting your friend in the stocks, you shall dance him a jig, before we put him to bed in the pig sty.

SHERIFF. I ! Oh, monstrous ! I, the sheriff of Nottingham, dance a jig ? Impossible !

ROBIN. Yes, dance a jig ! Call in Allan-a-dale, he has a pipe at his shoulder.

Enter ALLAN, R.

Play, Allan, play lustily ; let us see how well the Sheriff can foot it to an old tune. They won't be the worst steps he has set, depend on it, nor the highest he'll dance in the air. He that's so fond of hanging up other people. Pipe up, Allan. Now, your reverence, dance, dance ! (*striking the ground, &c.*) Dance, dance !

Music.—The SHERIFF compelled to dance to ALLAN's pipe, cuts a caper every time over ROBIN'S staff, till he exits, L.

SIR GILBERT carried off in stocks to the pig sty—ROBIN and MEN hunt the SHERIFF off and exit, L.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Near the Forest.*

FORESTERS, MORRIS DANCERS, PEASANTS, MARIAN, KING, WILL, CLARIBELLE, ALLAN, LILIAN, FRIAR TUCK, MAN with HOBBY HORSE, DRAGON, &c., cross in procession, &c., from L. to R.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Forest (same as Scene I., Act II.) Robin Hood's bridal. A maypole, c., round which PEASANTS are dancing as scene opens; tables each side spread with venison, game, ale, wine, &c.; a well, L.*

Music.—ROBIN, KING, MARIAN, FRIAR, WILL SCARLET, LITTLE JOHN, ALLAN-A-DALE, CLARIBELLE, and all the FORESTERS discovered; MORRIS-DANCERS, &c.; shouts as scene opens, &c.

Aria.—ALLAN—Music from "Martha."

Merrily, under the greenwood tree,
Bold freebooters wander we;
Our house is 'neath the spray,
We know no care, no taxes pay;
Laughing, quaffing, all the day,
With rosy wine our hearts we store,
And rob the rich, to aid the poor.
Hearts that are bolder can never combine,
Drain to the greenwood in rosy wine.
Hurrah! bright wine! bright wine!—hurrah!

CHORUS.
Hurrah, &c.

(after which a Morris-dance takes place; then a game at blindman's buff, in which the FRIAR joins, attempting to kiss CLARIBELLE, he tumbles backwards into the well, L., they pull him out with shouts of laughter.

FRIAR. Sinner that I am, this comes of trifling with women! Cold water forced down my mouth as if I were a walking funnel—then lugged out and laughed at, as if I were a huge hippopotamus. Spiritual consolation! Spiritual consolation!

(drinking—all laugh—at this moment a distant horn is heard—all rise—picture)

KING. (apart) My followers! At length they've tracked my whereabouts. (blows horn—the OUTLAWS seize their bows, &c.)

ROBIN. (aiming arrow at KING) What's this? Have I, like the woodman in the adage, taken the frozen adder to my breast? Have you as a return for our hospitality betrayed us—are such things possible?

KING. Noble Robin Hood, put aside your arrows, and

suspect not the stranger who has partaken of your meat and drunk of your cup. Never, while this heart beats, can it forget what is due even to a brave outlaw, whose generosity and valour might set an example to the highest of the land; but mark who cometh.

Music.—Enter SIR ALBERT BRACEY attended by KING'S FOLLOWERS, &c., saluting the KING from the back, &c.

SIR A. All hail and welcome to—

KING. (*interrupting him*) The Lord of Loverule—that is my title: you see, Sir Robin, well-paid rascals follow me about, not too carefully, since, it seems, they lost and left me in the forest; where, but for your timely interference, I might have been now laid by the heels in the stocks. But, bold Robin, you must come and visit *me* ere long. In the meantime I press upon the finger of this lady, your sweet bride, this ring as a bridal gift—never part with it. There may befall, even to a brave man like Robin Hood, a day of reverse. Enquire, then, with that ring, at the “Rose,” in Eastcheap, for the Lord of Loverule, myself; and then I will let you truly see, Robin, what gratitude really is. Farewell, ! To horse!

(*the KING mounts his HORSE as ROBIN hands him a cup of wine, which he drains*)

ROBIN. Fill all! Long life to our noble guest, the Lord of Loverule!

ALL. (*drinking*) The Lord of Loverule! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Music.—The KING much affected; the PEOPLE waving caps and flags from every part of the scene; the KING taking off his cap, ROBIN also.—Grand Tableau.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—A deep Cavern in Nottingham Forest—opening above, L. C., to a descent from the wood, and an entrance without, raking to the entrance, R. C.; arms and other accoutrements hanging about, &c., &c.

Music.—MARIAN discovered lying on a couch, L. C.; CLARIBELLE working at her feet.

CLARI. But you don't mean to say, my lady, that you are happy, moped up in this dull hole of a place?

MARIAN. Happy! How can I be otherwise? The wife of my dear Robin, who seems to love me every day more and more.

CLARI. I wish I could say the same of my Will. He's always snubbing me—and yesterday, because I merely asked him to take me to Nottingham to purchase a new coif, he enquired, "What did I want with a new coif? I was pretty enough for him as I was." Did you ever hear such barbarity, my lady?

MARIAN. Do you not know last week, by order of the high sheriff, a proclamation was read in the market place of Nottingham, offering a great reward for Robin Hood. It might be dangerous for any of our men to venture into the town.

CLARI. Well, if they should hang my poor little Willy, I should cry my eyes out before I could get another. And about the coif, it's not of much use to decorate one's head; when the best looking glass is only a pail of water.

MARIAN. Ha, ha! your vanity seems to me most deservedly punished. But let me advise you to make a looking glass of your husband.

CLARI. I wish I could, if it were only a cracked one.

MARIAN. Claribelle—I mean, look into his loving and honest countenance, and see how it reflects your affection! If you find it bright with joy—brighten it still more with your smiles. If it be clouded with grief, wash it away with the tears of love. This is a wife's best looking glass, which, if she would consult oftener, we women should not have so frequently to complain of so many unhappy marriages.

CLARI. Such fine words make me cry, although I'm sure I haven't the least idea what they're about. (*horn*) Ah! here comes my dear Will—I hope he's brought me home a *something* to wear—a necklace or earrings.

Music.—Runs out at back, R. C. to L.

Procession of HUNTERS descend bearing a deer. Enter ROBIN, WILL, FRIAR, &c., L., and through, R. C.

ROBIN. My sweet Marian! Your cheek is pale. Have you been thinking of your London home?

MARIAN. I have been thinking of nothing but you, my dear Robin; one anxiety alone occupies my heart—your safety. In your absence, my imagination pictures you surrounded by your enemies; and when I again clasp my arms thus, about your neck, my joy is too much for utterance. (*embracing him with a burst of tears*)

ROBIN, (*gazing tenderly upon her*) Ah! How often do men complain of life's sorrows? How can it be an earth of sorrow, when Heaven hath peopled it with angels like this?

Enter CLARIBELLE, with hood, through R. C.—SCARLET following.

CLARI. Oh, my lady! my lady! Will's the best of husbands. He's brought me this new hood, which he bought of a pedlar.

SCARL. Doesn't she look like a *real* goddess, going out to take a walk in her Sunday clothes?

ROBIN. (*smiling*) Such is man's pride, and woman's vanity. (*ALLAN crosses above*) But yonder returns Allan-a-Dale. He brings private tidings—leave us alone together. Not you, my Marian. (*who is going, L.*) *Exeunt SCARLET and CLARIBELLE, R.*

Enter ALLAN, disguised, L. and through R. C.

ROBIN. Allan, much I fear, you have perilled life, in entering Nottingham on my account.

ALLAN. And if I had, I owe to you, life, love, everything.

ROBIN. (*shaking his head*) Nay, nay, my friend! Your tidings.

ALLAN. Arrived in Nottingham, disguised, as you know, in the market-place I went from stall to stall—every standing rang with your renown—stories and adventures too wond'rous for mortal achievements!—The King alone, it seems, turns a deaf ear to these reports, while the fierce Sheriff and your vindictive brother, have resolved forthwith to send an army of blood-hounds to hunt you from the forest of Nottingham.

ROBIN. Ha! Ha! That trouble we'll save the sagacious Sheriff, by returning to merry Sherwood. Here nothing but bad luck seems to pursue us. People have become wary of our assaults, moving in numbers. Our means have fallen short. A fatality has befallen our horses. In order to depart in safety, money must be raised to purchase fresh horses—though how, heaven knows.

MARIAN, *who is listening, goes off, L.*

ALLAN. Alack! it will, indeed, be desperate to pass, on foot, the open country, swarming with armed enemies. Horses must be obtained, or we are lost!

MARIAN. (*returning with casket*) See, here, dear husband!

ROBIN. (*surprised*) A casket of diamonds! Whose are they?

MARIAN. Mine!—and being mine, yours! My dowry, if you please. I brought them from my home—take them.

ROBIN. To what end?

MARIAN. To purchase horses, which you stand so much in need of.

ROBIN. (*tenderly*) Dear wife! how can I requite you?

MARIAN. By letting me feel that you are in safety! Take this ring also—it seems of value.

ROBIN. No, no! not *that* ring, my Marian; remember it was given you on your wedding day by that stranger guest—the

Lord of Loverule. Have you forgotten his injunction—"Never part with it?" My life upon it, it will one day lead to good! From this place we'll remove to-morrow.

MARIAN. Oh, what welcome news! Lose not an instant.

ROBIN. I will not! Directly I'll turn these jewels into money.

MARIAN. How? In what way?

ROBIN. I'll go myself and dispose of them, in Nottingham!

MARIAN. You! Oh, heavens, what have I done?

ROBIN. Fear nothing!—it is a business I cannot trust to others: these gems are of too much value.

ALLAN. I'll go with you!

ROBIN. No! From your young bride you shall not longer live apart on my account. Send to me little John and Will Scarlet. Make haste!

Exit, r. 2 E.

MARIAN. Woe is me, I've cast you in the net I thought to break. My heart turns cold within me. (*sinks on couch, and bursts into tears*)

Enter WILL SCARLET and CLARIBELLE, from back.

CLARI. Going to Nottingham! Oh, dear! what shall I do without you? If you should get killed!

SCARL. Well, then you'll be a widower.

CLARI. Very fine!—and pray where should I find the money to buy mourning?

SCARL. (*laughing*) Plenty of *weeds* in the forest.

CLARI. It's no joke! You shan't go—don't go, dear Will. I love finery, but I'd give it all up and walk about the Forest barefoot, in deer skins, rather than lose you. I love my own dear Will so—indeed I do!

SCARL. That I know right well—but I *must* go, Clarry. Would you have me desert my master? I'd sell myself to the 'natomist sooner, and even see you—

CLARI. Eh?

SCARL. With a nice fine feather fan in your hand—oh, wouldnt you come it, my lady?

CLARI. Eh! a feather fan?

SCARL. I see the feather *tickles* you; don't cry, I'll bring you one.

CLARI. I will cry!

SCARL. (*wiping her eyes*) Don't; you'll break my heart!

CLARI. (*laughing*) Ha, ha! break your heart! (*sobbing*) I will cry! A feather fan?

SCARL. A feather fan—a beauty, like yourself!

CLARI. (*wiping her eyes*) A Scarlet one? Your own name you know.

SCARL. Scarlet and silver.

CLARI. (*embracing him*) Oh, my dear Will!

SCARL. (*kissing her*) Now I've made a man of you. How fond the dear thing is of me.

Enter ROBIN, disguised in a cloak and hood, R.

MARIAN. Where's your master! not gone?

ROBIN. (*followed by LITTLE JOHN, R.*) Here I am, wife! (*taking off hood, and in a feeble voice*) Don't you know your own husband?

MARIAN. (*surprised*) Is it possible? Robin!

ROBIN. You see, I am in no danger. Courage, and expect all from my experience. One embrace! To-morrow, at this hour, you may expect me. Now, my merry men, hie to Nottingham.

Exeunt ROBIN and LITTLE JOHN, at back.

SCARL. I'll go also! Good bye, Clari;

CLARI. Recollect, scarlet is my favourite colour; green won't do for my complexion. *Exit SCARLET, at back.*

MARIAN. A deep shadow comes over my heart; oh, fatal jewels, why did I possess them! an evil fate attends them; I'm sure there is. Robin, Robin, come back! come back, I say.

(*ROBIN passes upper opening, with ALLAN, LITTLE JOHN, and WILL SCARLET*)

Oh, heavens! I have seen him for the last time.

(*falls senseless on the stage—Music*)

SCENE SECOND.—*A Room in Nipgold's house—door, l.—Music,*

Enter NIPGOLD and MOSES, with boxes under his arm, l.

NIPGOLD. Now, good Moses, give me the boxes, and let me inspect them in my strong room. I'm afraid I've lent too much money on them, but my heart is always melted by a tale of distress, and so naughty people, knowing my weakness, are always imposing upon my generosity.

MOSES. (*beseechingly*) Would you lend me a couple of groats, master?

NIP. A what? A couple of groats, varlet? What wouldst thou do with a couple of groats, thou spendthrift?

MOSES. Truly, good master, would I go to the victualler's, and purchase me meat for my stomach, seeing that it has been empty these three days.

NIP. Two groats! dost think I steal? Stay where thou art, and run over the numeration table, 'twill divert thy hunger. If a beggar knock at the door, shew thy wizen face over the hatch, he'll run away frightened at the sight of it. If a customer come to borrow money, shew him in with a low bow, Moses, a low bow,

Exit, R.

MOSES. He, he, he ! The old avaricious curmudgeon : if ever man went to the devil he will ; there isn't a poor widow, nor a poor orphan in all Nottingham, that he hasn't plundered under the plea of lending. He'd sell his old grandfather's bones to make dice with, for money. Oh ! if the Sheriff who is so fond of hanging, would only hang him. (*knock at door*) Bless me, how nervous I am ! Here's either a beggar or a borrower. (*opens hatch*)

ROBIN. (*over hatch, L.*) Is thy master at home, friend ?

MOSES. Aye ! the worst luck—dost wish to see him ? His face will set thy teeth on edge—I'll warrant.

ROBIN. Truly ; I have a pledge for him.

MOSES. (*calls, R.*) Here, master, some one wants you: (*aside*) would it were Old Nick come to double him up and carry him home.

Enter NIPGOLD, R.

NIP. What is it ?—What is it ? I'm sore busy !

ROBIN. In a word, friend, I'm in haste, and want gold on these diamonds. (*gives box*)

NIP. (*looking at ROBIN with suspicion*) Diamonds ? (*opening box*) Bless me !

ROBIN. What's the matter ?

NIP. They are valuable !—very, very valuable !

ROBIN. So much the better.

MOSES. (*apart, R.*) For him, the old hunks ;—He'll be sure to take care of them.

ROBIN. How much will you lend upon them ?

NIP. I must consult my neighbour, over the way. Moses, call in good Master Cropear to come and value these gems—make haste—mind, be careful—(*aside*) very careful.

MOSES. (*crossing, L.*) Cropear, the constable ! Here's a rumpus a brewing. The old fellow's eyes turn green like a tom cat's in the dark. *Exit, L. 1 E.*

NIP. How did you come by these diamonds, friend ?

ROBIN. That's my affair ! or if you wish to know particularly, they are my wife's !

NIP. In that plain garb, you don't much look like the husband of Lady Marian Clare either.

ROBIN. (*starting*) Knowest thou ?—

Enter MOSES, CROPEAR, and CONSTABLES, L. 1 E.

NIP. Here is good Master Cropear, and I give you into custody. These jewels were of my setting, as a wedding gift to the daughter of Earl Clare, I recognise and detain them.

MOSES. (*L.*) Detain them ! In course for his own uses.

NIP. Take him before the justice !

ROBIN. Never! thus I—

(*Music—struggling to release his concealed bow—they seize him, his disguise is partly revealed*)

A TRADER. I know that man; he and his gang stopped me in the Forest. 'Tis Robin Hood!

ALL. Robin Hood!

MOSES. (*frightened*) Robin Hood! Oh, dear! he'll be robbing me next! Running off, L.

ROBIN. Well, I am Robin Hood! Take me to your justice, but take me like a man, not like a brute. (*aside*) Poor Marian!

Music.—They conduct him out through door, L. 1 E.

SCENE THIRD.—*A Tower and Grated Windows, r. 2 E. (2nd grooves)*

Music.—Enter GAOLER, c., through door, L. 2 E.

GAOLER. Though I says it, a more comfortable dungeon there bean't in all Nottingham Castle. Walk up the prisoner.

Music.—ROBIN hurried in through door, L. 2 E.—they leave him—heavy chains heard, &c.

ROBIN. So, its come to this, at last! The far famed bold Robin Hood, the defenceless inmate of a prison tower, no hope of escape! No hope of anything but death!

(*Music—an arrow is shot in at window, r. 2 E.—ROBIN picks it up*)

What's here? An arrow! with a scroll affixed to its shaft. (*reads*) "Courage at the last; we'll rescue you.—Allan-a-Dale." Ha, ha!—brave fellows! but the Sheriff having once caught hold of me, will not easily be baulked of his prey. If they would only shoot me with an arrow: hanging is such a despicable way of ending a gentleman's life. Ah! a thought strikes me! (*looks out of window*) I see, across that battlement, in the far distance, Allan-a-Dale, Little John, and Will Scarlet. Luckily I have the means of communication, this paper shall convey my last request. (*writes*) "If you cannot rescue, let me die worthy of our band; shoot me through the heart as I ascend the scaffold." There! (*fixing arrow in bow—he discharges it through window*) It reaches them—Allan reads it—an answer is to be returned. (*Music—the arrow returns—he picks it up and reads*) "Master, your will shall be obeyed." Then, I am content. Come what may, I shall not die the death of a dog; and my Marian, I must not think of that—(*Music.—sits down and covers his eyes with his hands—moments of silence—the bow falls*) Ah! my faithful bow, they have not taken you! No, I would only have separated from you with

life. You have discharged your last arrow from the hand of your master. I would thou couldst slumber beside him in his grave. Living, we have hunted the red deer through the merry old forest of Sherwood. I would have thee still rest by my side under the green turf. It seems to me, as if, in the distance, I still heard the winding horn. It is but a delusion sent to calm, to comfort me !

Music.—He sleeps on a couch, R.—the c. walls open and a vision is presented to his mind—KING RICHARD I. appears, offering him a coronet—MARIAN kneeling.

Ah ! my Marian ! (*starts up*) What a sweet dream ! Hope reanimates me.

Enter GAOLER, L.

GAOLER. Prisoner, you are wanted !

ROBIN. So soon ! time flies quickly when the gaol is death ! I'm ready !

GAOLER. I'm glad to hear it ; they're going to make short work of you !

ROBIN. How so, my friend ?

GAOLER. You arn't to be troubled with no trial, 'cause why ? the Sheriff and Sir Gilbert Pevys both knows you to be guilty, so you are to be tucked up at once without no ceremony, right afore the Castle.

ROBIN. So much the better ; those trials too often only prolong misery, when judges torture without pity. Lead on—and give to revenge the sacred garb of justice. *Exeunt, L. D.*

SCENE FOURTH.—*Nottingham Park.*

Music.—Enter ALLAN, LITTLE JOHN, and WILL SCARLET, R.—bell tolls.

ALLAN. There goes the bell ! Our dear master will be marched to the platform of the Castle.

LITTLE JOHN. Behind yonder large elm tree, we can draw our arrows to the head there, without being seen.

SCARL. (*wiping his eyes*) You do it, John ! I can't ; I'm sure I shall make a mess of it. Shoot my dear master ! I'm sure I should hang myself the next moment.

LITTLE JOHN. It is our duty ! He has commanded it. I knew his brave heart too well to let him die on the scaffold.

ALLAN. Revenge, revenge ! I've an arrow here for the rascally sheriff, (*shows it*)

SCARL. And I another for that scoundrel—Gilbert.

LITTLE JOHN, (*mournfully*) And I another, when my poor master's gone, for myself !

ALLAN. Hark ! they come ; let us approach the scaffold if we can, thus disguised—he alone will recognize us.

Music—Exeunt, L.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Exterior of Nottingham Castle—the walls and ramparts covered with SPECTATORS ; on the R., a large elm tree ; on the L., a flight of steps conducting to the scaffold ; seat of honour for the Sheriff, R. C. ; bell.*

LITTLE JOHN, WILL SCARLET, and ALLAN, behind the elm tree, R. 1 E.

LITTLE JOHN. What shouts are those, Allan, and those hootings ?

ALLAN. The hootings are for the sheriff. The shouts for our brave master !

SCARL. Our master ! (*eagerly*) Will the people assist us to rescue him ?

ALLAN. They would if they could, but the soldiers strike at them as they approach. Missiles and handfuls of dust are thrown after the Sheriff and Guilbert. If it were not for the soldiers, they'd be torn from their horses.

LITTLE JOHN. (*anxiously*) Our master looks more like a prince riding to triumph, than a malefactor to yon infernal scaffold. The poor he has relieved follow him with their tears and blessings. The procession is near ; conceal your bows, and when he gives the signal, do your duty like men !

ALL. Like men !

Music—Exeunt, R. and L. U. E.

Procession enters—first, HORSEMEN, who arrange R. and L. with bows and axes—then, the SHERIFF and GILBERT—the PEOPLE yelling after them.

SHERIFF. (*furiously*) Drive back those yelping curs, or strike them down with your partizans.

(*they dismount and go to seats, &c., R.—Music—SOLDIERS on foot drive back RABBLE ; a shout is heard outside ; an opening is made, and ROBIN, with hands tied, is led in on horseback, from back ; PEOPLE burst in, especially WOMEN, some offering blessings*)

SHERIFF. Disperse that insolent mob, and assist the prisoner to dismount. To death with the outlaw ! (*to SIR GILBERT*) His doom is sealed.

SIR G. (*rubbing his hands*) Well done, Sheriff, well done.

(*Music—the PEOPLE driven back ; the SOLDIERS untie ROBIN, who dismounts*)

ROBIN. Thanks, noble Sheriff, for awarding the outlaw, Robin Hood, a speedy end to his reverses. I have often made you, and that reptile at your side, tremble and turn pale ; but you

see I neither tremble nor turn pale. I defy your malice, and in spite of your machinations shall escape you still. (*ascends scaffold*)

ALLAN, WILL SCARLET, and LITTLE JOHN shew themselves.

Now, my trusty followers, you know your target; obey, once more, my word of command. My heart is firm—discharge your arrows!

ALL. Die, then, noble master! (*presenting arrows*)

SHERIFF. Seize them! (*they are seized*) What interfering knaves be those would thus defeat the ends of justice? Drag them to a dungeon!

ROBIN. Alas! then, I must still perish like a felon!

(*a trumpet march is played at distance; a paper is handed to SHERIFF by a MESSENGER in rich livery, who enters, L. U. E.*)

SHERIFF. Stay! let no one quit the place; the King himself advances, who will himself pronounce sentence on the prisoner.

ROBIN. The King pronounce my sentence!—that, at least, hath something noble in it!

(*march, louder—pause—SHERIFF and SIR GILBERT both descend*)

Enter KING RICHARD, mounted, in royal robes, attended by his OFFICERS, L. U. E., and a LADY, veiled; all make reverence as he turns and looks at ROBIN.

KING. Release the prisoner! ask him if he knows this ring! (*handing it to PAGE, who takes it to ROBIN*)

SHERIFF. (*apart*) Some further proof of guilt!

ROBIN. (*seeing ring*) This ring! yes, well I remember it!—the gift of my stranger guest—

KING. The Lord of Loverule! Try if you can recognise him here. Let the prisoner advance and survey the multitude.

ROBIN. (*advancing to c.*) Amazement bewilders me! Dare I believe my senses? In those royal features, is it possible I recognise—

KING. Yes, Robin, the Lord of Loverule and the King are one and the same. (*extending hand*)

ROBIN. Oh, your majesty! (*falling at KING's feet, kissing his hand, &c.*)

SHERIFF. (R. C.) Here seems an awkward change in the tide of affairs.

SIR G. (R. C.) An unlucky one for us, methinks!

KING. (C., smiling) I told you, Robin, your old friend by virtue of that ring, might one day be of service. I mean to keep my word.

ROBIN. That ring which I forgot.

KING. Perhaps your memory may serve to recognize its giver, then, in the person of this lady? (*lifting up MARIAN's veil*)

ROBIN. My wife! Marian! Was it she, then, restored it to your majesty—that ring!

MARIAN. That ring, which, but for you, dear husband, I would have parted with and sold.

KING. With the ring, then, receive back your faithful and devoted wife, and also your ancient title of Earl of Huntingdon.

(ROBIN kneels—*general shout*)

SHÉRIFF. I think we'd best retire.

SIR G. I think we had. I begin to feel excessively ill.

KING. (*seeing them*) Sheriff of Nottingham, and Gilbert Pevys, I arraign you two of forging a will, whereby you defrauded this nobleman of his estate—and I consign you to the prison, lately occupied by Robin Hood. Begone! (*they are taken out, L. U E.—shouts*) Followers of Robin Hood, now Earl of Huntingdon, advance fearlessly and congratulate your master! Outlaws no more, but as my faithful soldiers you shall serve me! Justice, I think, is now accomplished, and hospitality requited. Have I kept my word? (*to ROBIN*)

ROBIN. Oh, most kingly sire! My dream is realised. My heart is too full for words. Oh! my gallant men! shout loyally, fervently, with your master! Long life to our just and gracious sovereign! Long life to Richard, the lion-hearted King of England!

Music.—The FOLLOWERS of ROBIN enter, R. and L., and salute the KING.—Grand Tableau.

Curtain.