

George Alexander Macfarren (1813-1887)
Robin Hood

A romantic English Opera in three acts
Libretto by John Oxenford (1812-1877)
Performing Edition by Valerie Langfield

Robin Hood (in disguise as Locksley) - Nicky Spence, Tenor
Sir Reginald d'Bracy (Sheriff of Nottingham) - George Hulbert, Baritone
Hugo (Sompnour, Collector of Abbey dues) - Louis Hurst, Bass
Allan-a-Dale (a young peasant) - Andrew Mackenzie-Wicks, Tenor
Outlaws:
Little John - John Molloy, Bass
Much, the Miller's son - Alex Knox, Baritone
Alice (her attendant) - Magdalen Ashman, Mezzo-soprano
Villagers, Citizens and Greenwood men - John Powell Singers and Victorian Opera Chorus

The libretto includes certain stage directions shown in the 1860 libretto:
L & R = Stage Left & Stage Right
H & B = Front (house) & Back (upstage)

CD I

[1] Overture

Act I: The High Street of Nottingham

Scene I

The High Street of Nottingham, leading to the river. This is crossed by a practicable bridge, which is ascended by a slope, at R..H.

A view of the country, with forest in the distance, seen across river. The front entrance L.H, is filled up with the practicable door of the castle, between which and the water is the entrance to the the park and garden. On R.H. a large smithy, with blazing forge, &c.

In the centre the stocks. During the scene, the sun sets. Armourers at work. Women spinning.

[2] Chorus

Men

Clang! It is a merry sound! Clang!
It wakes the echoes round.
Brother, hit again;
Ours are blows that give no pain.

Women

Quick, the wheel is whirling round;
Here no idle hands are found:
Broader grows the glossy skein,
While we sing a merry strain.

ALLAN

Pretty Alice, deign to hear me.

ALICE

No, indeed, I've heard enough.

ALLAN

With a smile of kindness cheer me,
For my heart is breaking—

ALICE

Stuff!

Women

Oh, these men I can't endure;
Ever bold, intrusive, rude—

Men

Don't the maidens look demure,
When they're longing to be woo'd!

ALICE (apart)

Though harsh are my words,
Full of love is my heart;
The state of my feelings I dare not impart.
My father desires a rich suitor to see;
But Allan, poor Allan, yes, Allan for me!

ALLAN (apart)

Her face is too lovely, of stone is her heart.
Oh, Allan, dull Allan, a blockhead thou art;
From these cruel fetters I would I were free;
Oh, what will become of poor me!

Men

We with blows the helmet make,
Other blows our work will break,
'Mid the clatter, crash and rattle,
Of the tourney and of battle, yes!

Full Chorus

Men

Clang! it is, &c.

Girls

Quick, the wheel, &c.

Men

Perchance these arms may frighten Robin Hood,
And make him keep within his own greenwood.
Robin Hood—Robin Hood!
'Tis a name that bodes no good.

Girls

These are men—for shame! for shame!
Quailing at an idle name!

Men

The stoutest knight before him quails;

Girls

Perchance—he'd feel a woman's nails, ha, ha

ALICE

You speak of Robin Hood—'tis well:
His last exploit I'll tell.

Chorus

Come and hear, gather near;
Robin's last exploit she'll tell.

[3] SONG—Alice & chorus

The hunters wake with the early morn,
The prey they seek is Robin himself;
Their feet are weary, their patience is worn,
Better chase wizard, or goblin, or elf:
At length a ragged churl they see.
"A welcome to you all," quoth he;
"Come, follow my steps thro' the good greenwood;
I'll bring you straight to Robin Hood."

Chor

Robin Hood is hard to catch—
Robin Hood a prey can snatch—
Robin Hood the fiend can match—
Oh, well-a-day!

ALICE

They follow the churl through the forest deep,
His tatter'd garb he throws on the green,
And faces strange through the foliage peep;
Archers by dozens those hunters surround.
"The prize you came to seek, you find;
Your arms and purses leave behind,
Then make your way back through the good
greenwood,
And say you've met with Robin Hood."

Enter Locksley.

LOCKSLEY

Good morning, masters. Have you seen the noble
Sheriff?

ALICE

The Sheriff himself, or pretty Mistress Marian?

LOCKSLEY

Perhaps—

ALICE

Good; she comes this way.

Enter Marian from park.

LOCKSLEY

Marian!

MARIAN

My love! This meeting well repays the fears of many an
anxious hour.

[4] DUET— Locksley and Marian

When lovers are parted,
How deep is the pain!
They think, heavy-hearted,
They'll ne'er meet again.
Sad and slow,
In ceaseless flow,
Wearily the moments go.
A bright sunny morrow
Succeeds the sad day;
All doubt and all sorrow
Pass dream-like away.
Lovers met,
Their fears forget;
Life has happy moments yet.

Enter Sheriff, between them, from centre.

SHERIFF

What, wooing, Master Locksley?

MARIAN

My father!

LOCKSLEY

Sir Reginald?

SHERIFF

'Tis he! But start not thus, I am not anger'd—I've seen
this young affection grow, and have not check'd it.

LOCKSLEY

Oh, happiness! My life I'd give—

SHERIFF

No need of that—but prove thy valour in defence of our
offended laws. Bold Robin Hood is active still.

LOCKSLEY

If I become thy son-in-law, be sure thou wilt be secure
from him.

SHERIFF

Well said!—I doubt not thy good will—thy power. I shall
best prove at to-morrow's fair—be there with bow and
arrow. He wins my daughter who proves the best
marksman.

[5] TRIO—Sheriff, Marian & Locksley

SHERIFF

A dark and troublous time is this,
'Mid strife and broil we dwell;
And he deserves not woman's kiss,
Who cannot guard her well.
Sweep, minstrel, sweep
Thy hand o'er trembling strings;
But from the sheath thy sword must leap,
Whene'er the clarion rings.

MARIAN

When evening breezes softly kiss
The violets in the dell.
Of happy moments such as this
Their flatt'ring voices tell.

LOCKSLEY

A thousand thoughts of future bliss
Within my bosom dwell.
The rapture of an hour like this
No tongue can ever tell.

All 3

This hand over trembling strings,
A sword that from its sheath can leap, &c.

SHERIFF

Mark all! (*to Chorus*) to-morrow I proclaim, in the name
of good Prince John, five hundred marks for the head of
Robin Hood.

MARIAN

Unhappy man!

SHERIFF

Why should'st thou sigh for one who defies our laws?
Curses light on him!
[Exit Sheriff into castle.]

LOCKSLEY

Marian, dear, thou lov'st me now, while fortune smiles
upon me. But were I in poverty—say—in that wretched
outlaw's place, thou would'st forget thy vow.

MARIAN

Forget my love for thee? So little dost thou
know thy Marian's heart.

[6] BALLAD—Marian

True love, true love in my heart
Treasur'd deep for thee I cherish,
And from me it shall not part,
Though the world itself should perish.
Fate may bid me smile or weep,
Ruthless storms may o'er me sweep,
Still my heart this gem shall keep.
True love—true love,
Hath a pow'r all else above.
Art thou wealthy—art thou poor;
Frowns the world, or is it smiling;
Meet'st thou at the great man's door,
Hearty welcome, base reviling,
Thou to me art still the same,
Noble past the reach of shame;
Love with me is not a name.
True love—true love
Hath a pow'r all else above.
[Exit Marian into park.]

ALLAN

There's troth—there's love—there's constancy!
When will you show a heart like that?

ALICE

When I've a lover with Locksley can compare.

ALLAN

She always has the best of it! But see—here comes
the Sompnour, looking cheerful.

ALICE

That's a bad sign—

ALLAN

Betok'ning something horrible.

Enter Sompnour.

[7] SONG—Sompnour

The monk within his cell
Lives merrily, but not so well
As the Sompnour, who at large can roam,
And always makes himself at home;
For where's the churl who dares refuse
To give his best
To the awful guest,
Who comes to claim the abbey dues.

"Oh, gentle Sompnour, pray be kind:
We're in arrear—we own it.
Pray thee do not be severe.
A little respite pray afford,
And then we shall not fail.
Just taste this capon smoking on the board,
And quaff this cup of foaming ale."
"Good Master Sompnour, do not frown,"
Says some fair damsel, looking down;
And then she wears a winning smile,
The heart of iron to beguile.

Then where's the churl, &c.
The Sompnour hath a liqu'rish taste,
The Sompnour doats on boil'd and roast;
He loves strong ale with a swimming toast;
He joys to clasp a slender waist.
Search all the world, and find a man
To match the Sompnour, if you can.

SOMPNOUR

I would speak with the worshipful Sheriff.

Enter Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Who asks for me?

SOMPNOUR

Sir, would you be so good— I'm going through the
forest and, if a guard you would allow, for I hold in
charge a large treasure, and I fear I may meet Robin
Hood.

LOCKSLEY (*aside*)

A treasure through the forest! Thanks, worthy friend—
the fact's worth knowing.
[Retires.]

SHERIFF

Thy wish is granted.

SOMPNOUR

Eh, what's this? Well met. I trust thou'lt not refuse to
pay in full the money due to the abbey?

ALLAN

Good sir, I greatly fear the times are very bad.

SOMPNOUR

That will not do.

ALLAN

My poverty—

SOMPNOUR

Rather say, extravagance and knavery. Pay!

ALLAN

I can't.

SOMPNOUR

He means he won't.

SHERIFF

Guards, confine him in the stocks at once. As for you
(to *Sompnour*) come in to supper.

SOMPNOUR

This is the very prince of Sheriffs.

[Exit into castle.]

*[Allan is dragged towards stocks by Sheriff's retainers.
The people are indignant.]*

[8] SCENA—Allan with Chorus

ALLAN

Be not severe—be not severe, I pray;
Grant but a little time, the whole I'll pay.
No rebel you behold, in me;
My only crime is poverty.

Chorus

Those Normans' hearts are hard as rocks
What, punish freemen with the stocks!

ALLAN

A little respite I but claim

Chorus

Shame! Shame! Shame!

Enter Locksley.

LOCKSLEY

Why, what's all this?
Good Allan in the stocks!

Chorus

These Norman hearts are hard as rocks.

LOCKSLEY

What could the harmless fellow do?

Chorus

His tithes are in arrear,
So hard has been the year.

LOCKSLEY

The crime is old—the punishment is new!
Mark the blood mantling in each honest face,
At sight of such disgrace.

Chorus

Shame! shame! shame!

LOCKSLEY

Take this, ye minions! (*gives a purse.*)
Set the captive free.

[Allan is released.]

Your masters tell from me,
The English spirit brooks not infamy;
And, though a true-born Saxon may be poor,
His glowing heart will burst
Ere he will shame endure.

[9] SONG—Locksley

Englishmen by birth are free;
Though their limbs you chain,
Glowing thoughts of liberty
In their hearts remain.
Normans, do whate'er you can,
Ne'er you'll crush the Englishman!

Chorus

Normans, &c.

LOCKSLEY

Our fathers were of Saxon race,
With Hengist here they came;
And when they found this resting-place,
They lit a sacred flame.
It did not blaze from altar or from pyre;
But burning in the English heart
Is still that deathless fire!
Englishmen by birth, &c.

Chorus

Normans, &c.
That deathless flame of liberty
We prize, a treasure dear;
Though hidden for a while it be,
At length 'twill re-appear.
In vain our proud oppressors seek
The Saxon race to quell;
Their bonds of iron are but weak,
When freedom in the soul can dwell.
Englishmen by birth, &c.

Chorus

Normans, &c.

[Exit into park.]

Enter Sheriff, Sompnour, and Soldiers.

SHERIFF

Obey my orders. This good man attend, e'en to the
convent door. The saints your cause befriend!

[10] FINALE

SHERIFF

May the saints protect and guide thee,
On thy long and dreary road;
Guardian spirits watch beside thee,
Till thou reachest thine abode.
May the reckless Robin Hood,
Terror of the lonely wood,
Once forego his greed for prey,
Nor molest thee on thy way.

SOMPNOUR

Fortune's hand will surely guide me;
Gaily I pursue my road,
With these sturdy lads beside me,
Guarding well my precious load.
They can make e'en Robin Hood
Quake within the darkest wood;
In the thicket he will stay,
Glad to let me go my way.

Allan, Alice and Chorus

Widows' tears will float beside thee,
On thy long and dreary road;
Mocking fiends will sure deride thee,
Whilst thou bear'st thy pilfer'd load.
May the band of Robin Hood,
Terror of the lonely wood,
Not forego a chance of prey,
May he meet thee on thy way.

[Exeunt Sompnour over the bridge, escorted by soldiers and followed by the Sheriff, Allan & Alice and townspeople. As music dies away, enter Locksley and Marian from park]

LOCKSLEY & MARIAN

Good night, good night, the sun has set,
Though half-inclin'd to linger yet;
Good night, love;
Be thy sleep from threat'ning visions free,
And, if thou dreamest, dream of me.

Both

Goodnight, love.

[Exit Locksley, kissing his hand to her, as he crosses the bridge.]

MARIAN

True love, true love in my heart,
Treasured deep for thee I cherish
And from me it shall not part,
Tho' the world itself shall perish!

[Marian retires towards the castle—she suddenly turns—runs on the bridge, kisses his hand. She slowly enters the castle, still looking after Locksley.]

Curtain slowly descends.

END OF THE FIRST ACT

Act II

Scene 1: The Trysting tree in the Greenwood

The trysting-tree in the greenwood. Bright moonlight. Bushes about the stage. On the R.H. a large fire is kindled, over which a buck, suspended on three poles, is roasting. Little John, Much the Miller's son, and other Outlaws, dispersed about.

[11] Entr'acte

[12] FOUR PART SONG—Chorus

The wood, the wood, the gay greenwood
Is just the home to suit my mood;
Beneath its living trellis-work,
I lo! more proud than king or Turk;
Full well I know the spacious hall,
For these free limbs would be too small
Unfetter'd I would rest or rove,
The turf below, the sky above.
Sorrows that o'er the palace brood,
Will ne'er invade our own greenwood,
Beyond the wood I nought desire,
It gives me all that I require:
My food is of the forest-deer;
The forest birds my spirits cheer;
The forest carpet makes my bed;
The forest branches shade my head.
When wealthy trav'lers hap to stray,
They in the forest lose their way.
A bounteous nurse, and mother good,
To all her sons, is the gay greenwood.

Enter Locksley, in forest dress.

Outlaws

Welcome, brave Robin! *[Much sulky and silent.]*

LOCKSLEY

Thanks, my boys.

MUCH

I'm glad to see thee, though I make no noise about it.

LOCKSLEY

Surly as ever!

LITTLE JOHN

Yes; still the same.

LOCKSLEY

Sulky in presence of a buck like that! However, you shan't spoil my appetite. I would sup early, for, tomorrow morning, I am going to Nottingham.

MUCH

He wants to see the fair.

LITTLE JOHN

Shall we attend thee?

LOCKSLEY

No; I shall go alone.

MUCH

Some private matter. My skill in archery I thought to show—but, never mind; our chief must have his way.

LITTLE JOHN

Silence, churl!

LOCKSLEY

Oh, leave him alone, and listen to my news. The Sompnour will shortly be in the wood, laden with spoils—

LITTLE JOHN

—of which we'll ease him.

MUCH

Comes the knave alone?

LOCKSLEY

No; he's attended by the Sheriff's men. Hark! hark! he comes. Much, John, disguise yourselves. Let all the rest hide among the bushes.

[They do so. Locksley, Much, and Little J. put on smock-frocks.]

LOCKSLEY

Hush, for your lives; while, like three careless swains, we sing, and wait to see what luck will bring us.

[13] TRIO—Robin, Little John, and Much

A good fat deer,
Makes lusty cheer,
To grace the shepherd's holiday.
Perchance we soon shall fast;
This feast may be our last,
So let's be merry while we may.
Here's a neck, and here's a haunch,
Worthy of a friar's paunch;
Neatly turn him; feately baste him
Happy are the lips that taste him!
A good fat deer makes lusty cheer, &c.
Alive, he roamed, the forest's pride;
To feast brave lads he nobly died;
Then here's a cheer, a lusty cheer,
To the memory of the good fat deer.

Enter Sompnour with Soldiers.

SOMPNOUR

Heyday! what's all this noise about?
You're surely drunk, you rabble rout!
And ven'son too, I do declare—
The scoundrels live on dainty fare. 'Tis stolen—

All 3

Nay, great sir, it's not.

SOMPNOUR

The dainty knaves, their crime is clear—
'Tis treason—'tis treason, to steal the king's deer.

All 3

Humbly kneeling thus before thee,
For thy pity we implore thee;
Lowly men you'll not molest,
Met to hold this simple feast.

SOMPNOUR

Vainly do you kneel before me,
Vainly do you thus implore me;
Eating, drinking, of the best
This ye call a simple feast!
The Villains seize! Their crime is clear—
'Tis treason, 'tis treason, to steal the king's deer!

[Soldiers seize Robin, Much and John.]

ROBIN

Rise, comrades, rise; we'll try another course;
When prayers avail not, nought is left but force.

[Sounds alarm with his horn. Archer's appear in the bushes, with drawn bows, aiming at Sompnour and guards.]

Chor

Robin, brave Robin, thy signal we know;
Assistance we bring thee, and death to thy foe!

[Outlaws descend from bushes and drive away soldiers after a struggle and seize Sompnour.]

ROBIN

Yes, hold him fast; I'm sov'reign here;
The traitor insults me—his treason is clear.
What shall be done with him?

MUCH

The shortest plan, methinks,
Will be to hang the man.

Chor (without Robin & Sompnour)

Yes, hung upon the highest tree,
To Robin's foes a warning let him be!

ROBIN & SOMPNOUR

{ Ha, ha
Oh, dear }
a pretty figure
{he will
I shall}
be.

SOMPNOUR (kneeling)

Humbly kneeling down before thee,
Potent monarch, I implore thee;
Noble thief—nay, mighty king
Let me not ignobly swing.

All but Robin

How the rascal kneels before thee!
How his trembling lips implore thee!
Stop him with a hempen string;
In the forest let him swing.

ROBIN

No need is there for haste;
Our ven'son he shall taste.

SOMPNOUR

What need is there for haste?
Your ven'son let me taste.

ROBIN

To hang a fasting man is cruelty.

SOMPNOUR

To hang a fasting man is cruelty.

MUCH

Good meat is thrown away on such as he.

ROBIN

Do you agree?

Little John & Chor

Yes, yes, we all agree.

SOMPNOUR

And this arrangement perfectly suits me.

LITTLE JOHN

Come, sit down here;

[They sit down by the fire, the venison is served. A good fat deer makes lusty cheer.]

Chor

A good fat deer makes lusty cheer,
To grace a traitor's hanging day.
Make much of your repast;
This feast will be your last,
So pray be merry while you may.
Here's a neck, and here's a haunch,
Worthy of the Sompnoir's paunch.

SOMPNOIR

I am not in a hungry mood;
An ugly halter in one's sight,
Don't improve the appetite;
But still, I own the ven'son's good.

LITTLE JOHN

A song will help to keep our spirits up;
A feast without a song is scarcely worth a groat.

Chor

A song! a song!

ROBIN

Well, pledge me then, my merry men;
A cheerful cup makes music lightly float.

[14] SONG—Robin & Greenwood men

The grasping, rasping Norman race,
I never could abide;
I would my staff could leave its trace
On ev'ry Norman hide.
Yet there are sundry moments,
When to love them I incline;
We cannot always hate the men
Who brought us sparkling wine.

Chor

Confusion to the Norman!
Come, pledge me, brother mine;
Confusion to the Norman!
We'll drink it in his wine!

ROBIN

To reconcile my love and hate,
I've found an easy way;
Whenever wine's bestowed by fate,
I drink, but never pay.
I drink, and feel my courage glow,
As with a fire divine,
We're twice as fit to thrash the foe,
When we have quaff'd his wine.

Chor

Confusion to the Norman!
Come, pledge me brother mine;
Confusion to the Norman!
We'll drink it in his wine!

MUCH

Brave Robin, I suggest
'Tis time to hang our guest.

ROBIN

Nay, stop a moment—let him say
What for the feast he is inclin'd to pay.
Come, say, what will you pay?

Chor

Come, say, what will you pay?

SOMPNOIR

My thanks. I can afford no more,
For I am very poor.

MUCH

At once, it will be best
To hang this scurvy guest.

ROBIN

Pray, Little John, that bag explore.

SOMPNOIR

Nay, nay, 'tis empty—nought you'll find

LITTLE JOHN

Most gentle Sir, you'll be so kind—
You'll let me take it—yes, of course;
You would not drive me, sir, to force.
Your cloak, too, pray—ay, that is right.
[Takes cloak and empties contents of a sack into it. Oh, what a glorious sight!]

Chor

Oh, what a glorious sight!

LITTLE JOHN

Of gold and silver here is ample store.

SOMPNOIR

I might as well have given it before.

ROBIN

A noble booty, I declare.
(to Sompnoir) How could you make this sad mistake?

SOMPNOIR

Oh! how I shake.

ROBIN

My merry men, take each a share.

MUCH

This dawdling I detest.
When shall we hang our guest?

ROBIN

Why, not at all, if he'll consent
To cheer us with a dance.
Come, bully, here's a chance
To save your life, and show us your agility.

SOMPNOIR

Believe me, my ability—

ROBIN

May save your neck, at least.

SOMPNOIR

Well, mighty chief, I'll do my best.

MUCH

A tender conscience has our captain found.

ROBIN

Wretch! let me hear one murm'ring sound,
At once I'll smite thee to the ground.
It never shall be said that Robin Hood
Sullied his name with needless blood.

MUCH

Bold Robin, you are over nice;
You'll wish too late you'd follow'd my advice. [*Exit.*]
[*The Outlaws compel the Sompnour to dance, beating time with their hunting spears on the ground.*]

ENSEMBLE—Chorus, Sompnour and Robin

Foot it merrily—caper cheerily—
dance like an elf on fairy ground;
Skip as high as the lark can fly,
And we'll applaud each graceful bound. Ha! ha!

SOMPNOUR

Oh! oh! oh!
Jumping wearily—sighing drearily—
how I perspire at every bound;
Would that I were in yonder sky,
Or safe five fathoms under ground.

Chor

Foot it merrily, &c.

Scene 2: Marian's bower

Enter Marian.

[15] SCENA—Marian

Hail, happy morn!
Thy cloudless sky,
That blushes in the new-born light,
Spreads like a scroll before mine eye,
Gleaming with a promise bright.
[*opens window, showing sunrise.*]

How pure is yon expanse of blue;
No coming tempest is in view.
Oh, happy morning!
May my future be bright
And cloudless, like to thee.

Pow'r benign, the wish fulfil
Of an anxious, faithful heart:
Not upon my lover's skill—
Not upon his eagle eye, doth it rely;
But on thine aid—all bounteous as thou art.

Alas! uneasy doubts my soul invade.
The powers above refuse, perchance,
Their sanction to our love.
Should Locksley fail—my heart is sore afraid
No, no—my pray'rs will certainly prevail;
He will not—he cannot fail.
But, should he lose his wonted skill,
Through good or evil I will love him still.
Yet no, my pray'rs will certainly prevail;
He will not—he cannot fail.

Oh, joy I see him now,
With triumph written on his brow—

With eager step and flashing eyes,
He comes to grasp the welcome prize;
And, while the guerdon I bestow,
My cheeks with pride and pleasure glow;
Applauding voices rend the air,
And all my happiness declare.

Enter Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Marian, my child, thou shalt seem the flower of all who
gather here. May thy best hopes be crown'd to-day!

[16] SONG—Sheriff

From childhood's dawn
Thou hast been my constant care;
And my love bids me think I have never known,
But once, a maid so fair.
In thy blooming face
I delight to trace
The radiance of beauty thy mother wore.
In the noon of youth she sank to sleep,
And left me alone to weep;
And I dream that in thee she is living once more.
My locks are scanty and white,
My arm is weak;
In a heart that exults in its youthful might,
Protection thou must seek.
Thou wilt ne'er forget
Thou'lt perchance regret—
The home where thine hours of childhood past;
But a loving thought thou'lt oft bestow,
On days that fled long ago.
Oh, ruthless is Time, that he travels so fast.
[*Exit Marian.*]

Enter Much, preceded by retainers.

MUCH

Bold Robin Hood will be at the fair. Seize him, and give
me the reward you promise.

SHERIFF

No; it is not earn'd yet. I do not know the man—you
must point him out.

MUCH (aside)

What I meet my chieftain face to face?

Enter Sompnour.

SOMPNOUR

Rebellion! treason! They eat fat venison—they beat
your soldiers, and they make *me* dance.

SHERIFF

Take breath. Speak plainly—who?

SOMPNOUR

Robin Hood and his gang.

SHERIFF

Another outrage! well, 'twill be his last; I mean to seize
him at the fair to-day. Yon fellow says he will be there.

SOMPNOUR

Whom do I see? This villain is the worst of the lot!—
'twas he who most desired to hang me.

SHERIFF

I need his aid to recognise his chieftain, Robin Hood.

SOMPNOUR

No; trust to me. By the light of the moon, last night, I saw the bold outlaw with my own eyes. When he's at the fair, I will be there too. In the disguise of a friar, while begging for alms, I'll examine each face, and I'll certainly clap my paw upon him!

SHERIFF

Most excellent! (*to attendants.*) Bear yon man to prison.

MUCH

Oh, gallant Robin! I'm rightly served.

SOMPNOUR

Who'll be hang'd first? My worthy friend, good-bye!
[Exeunt, different ways.]

Enter Marian and Alice.

MARIAN

Alice!

ALICE

I would assist you to dress for the fair. All vow that Locksley will succeed.

MARIAN

Girl, you say this to please me.

ALICE

No, I speak the truth; although I own I long for his success almost as much as you.

[17] DUET—Marian & Alice

Both. To the fair! to the fair!
What mirth will be there!
The rich and the poor,
The high and the low,
The humble, the proud,
Will thither repair.
To the fair, &c.
The lord and the boor,
The friend and the foe,
Will mingle in merriment hearty and loud
At the fair! at the fair!

ALICE

Methinks, this rose would suit you well.

MARIAN

A thousand thanks!

ALICE

Ay, I can tell
Whose face will far outshine the rest.

MARIAN

Your own, no doubt.

ALICE

Nay, there you're out.
I know whose eye will be the brightest;
I know whose step will be the lightest.

Both

To the fair, &c.

[Exeunt.]

Scene 3: The Fair outside Nottingham

[18] FINALE

Chor

How bright is the day, and how gay is the throng;
The holiday welcome with joy and with song.
We'll forget all the toils of the year;
No sorrowful face must appear.
Here are trinkets to buy, here is liquor to quaff,
Here are heads to be broke with the stout
quarter-staff;
Here are trials of strength,
where a fall you may catch,
And, best of all, there's the archery-match.

Enter Alice.

ALICE

No, his face I cannot see.
Stop! Oh, yes; 'tis he—'tis he. Welcome, Allan.

Enter Allan.

ALLAN

Welcome, dear.

Both

A tedious while I've sought thee here.

Enter Locksley, meeting Marian.

LOCKSLEY

Again, again I meet thee;
Again with rapture greet thee.

MARIAN

Fear with pleasure blends,
When I think how much depends
On the chances of this day.

LOCKSLEY

Talk not of chance—my eye is sure—
My hand is firm—of triumph I'm secure.

MARIAN

How fervently for thy success I pray!

Chor

Merry laughter, heavy thwacks,
Grins through collars, leaps in sacks;
Slippery poles, flowing bowls,
Lightsome capers, dainties rare;
Doleful ballad, saucy catch;
Nought is wanting to the fair,
And best of all there's the archery match.

CD 2

[1] *A Round is danced by the Peasants.*

They then play, Tilting at the quintain. The quintain, a figure of an armed saracen, which in their martial dance the villagers tilt with their lances. When skilfully struck, it revolves and baffles the tilter with its club. The most skilful tilter is carried in triumph in a carriage twined with flowers.

[2] *They then play "Hoodman Blind"*

Chor

Who's for a game of "Hoodman Blind?"
Let her come here, and his eyes we'll bind.
Who's for a game? Come and be blind.
This handkerchief about your eyes we'll bind.
Now, catch whom you can, Sir Hoodman Blind.
Turn round three times—
Don't be afraid.
Some pretty maid
Will gladly be caught, if catch her you can.

[The Hoodman catches one of the girls who escapes. Hoodman seizes a basket of flowers held by another girl who runs away. A girl is caught and kneels. Her eyes are bound with the bandage the former Hoodman takes off. The Sompnour enters unobserved disguised as a mendicant friar. He is caught by the blinded peasant-girl.]

Chor

You're caught! you're caught!

SOMPNOUR

Rude hussies, for shame, for shame!
Behave as you ought.

Chor

'Tis the rule of the game, ha, ha.

Enter Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Why what's all this?
Girls. Pardon, my lord, if we've done amiss.
[They runaway.]

SHERIFF *(to Sompnour.)*

Now, from these saucy peasants you are free:
Look round—the Outlaw do you see?

SOMPNOUR

Not yet, not yet; but caught he soon shall be.

Chor

Merry laughter, heavy thwacks, &c.

SOMPNOUR

My alms whilst I collect—the knave I shall detect.

SHERIFF

Mind, all depends on you, be circumspect;
The law, by you her victim seeks—
The law, through you, her vengeance wreaks.

SOMPNOUR *(going through crowd)*
Pax vobiscum, I implore,

(R.B.)

Date nobis from your store.

LOCKSLEY *(aside L.H.)*

By all that's unlucky,
The nimble-toed guest,
Who cheer'd with his capers, our ven'son feast.
If he should perceive me, my hopes will be cross'd;
If he should betray me, my fortune is lost.

SOMPNOUR

Please to show your *caritatem*,
Et monstrate pietatem,
For our convent's sadly poor.
(to Sheriff) That's not the man—nor this—nor this.

SHERIFF

Be wary or your prize you'll miss.

SOMPNOUR

Pax vobiscum—surely that, no.

(R.H.)

Perhaps yon slouching hat.
Date nobis—wrong again.

LOCKSLEY

In vain I fear will be my dodging;
The castle will afford me lodging.

Chor

How bright is the day, &c.

SOMPNOUR

I'll find him if till midnight I remain;
[Goes to where Locksley has just left, and seizes a man who has taken his place. I have him now—confusion!]

SHERIFF

Dotard!

SOMPNOUR

Confusion!

SHERIFF

I half suspect some vile collusion.

SOMPNOUR

That's he—that's he, I swear.
Pax vobiscum I implore,
Nobis from your store.

Chor

How bright is the day, &c.

SOMPNOUR

Baffled again, I'm certain he was there—

SHERIFF

I'm weary of this fooling!
Therefore mind, if thou the Outlaw dost not find,
Vengeance may fall on thy devoted head!
[Exit.]

SOMPNOUR

Oh, dear! oh, dear! I quake with fear;
The law is fond of hanging—
So I see for want of someone better,
I fear t'will hang me.
[Retires among crowd R. H.]

Locksley brings Allan forward.

LOCKSLEY

Good Allan, you may do me a favour, if you will.

ALLAN

Should I lay down my life,
I should be your debtor still.

LOCKSLEY

There's nought to risk; there's nought to pay,
Yon canting beggar get out of the way.

ALLAN

It shall be done without delay.

Chor

How bright is the day, &c.

ALICE

So, Master Allan, can it be
That you have secrets e'en from me?

MARIAN

Why are they whisp'ring thus apart?
A strange uneasiness invades my heart.

Sompnour enters L.H.

SOMPNOUR

Pax vobiscum.

ALLAN

So at last (*seizes Sompnour*)
We've found you; lasses, hold him fast.
[Girls seize Sompnour.]

SOMPNOUR

What means this folly?—let me go.

ALLAN

'Tis your turn to be blind, you know,
For you were caught—you know it well—
By Sue, or Kate, or Nance, or Nell.

Girls

Yes you were caught, 'tis true—'tis true;
'Twas Nell, or Nance, or Kate, or Sue.
We will not let him go.

SOMPNOUR

No, no, you're all mistaken;
To pieces I shall sure be shaken.

Girls

Ha, ha, ha.
[Sompnour runs off, followed by Girls and Allan leaving traders in their booths.]

ALICE

Why, what can Allan be about,
Neglecting me, to head this rabble rout.

[She follows them.]

MARIAN

This laughter loud
This thoughtless crowd,
Fill my mind with strange distress.
Ah, when will anxious fear
Give place to happiness?

LOCKSLEY

Maiden dear, do not fear;
If I could ever fail,
I can fail not now,
When the prize and the witness both art thou.

[3] BALLAD—Locksley

Thy gentle light would lead me on,
My own, my guiding-star,
Till every sense of life were gone,
E'en wert thou plac'd afar;
And now thou deign'st so near to shine,
With rays that warm and cheer,
The surest, firmest hopes are mine;
My soul is strange to fear.
Yes thy gentle light shall lead me on,
My own, my guiding star.
Thou need'st not doubt,
thou need'st not grieve;
I bear a potent spell:
Be certain Love will ne'er deceive,
The heart that serves him well.
I know my path will lead me right,
With such a prize in view;
And happy omens bless my sight,
That must—that shall be true—
Yes thy gentle light shall lead me on,
My own, my guiding star.

Re-enter Peasants

[4] Chorus resumed

Merry laughter, heavy thwacks, &c.
How bright is the day, &c.

Enter Sheriff from the back.

SHERIFF

Stand all aside—the trial now begins;
And great is the reward of him who wins.

MARIAN

Be still, my heart, the trial now begins:
What will befall me if another wins?
[Sheriff conducts Marian to throne R.H.]

Marian, Alice, Allan and peasants

Watch all—hurrah for the archery-match!
[An archer advances, bows and takes his position to shoot.]
On your arrow, friend, good luck;
But take care,
Yes, beware.
[He shoots.]
Ha! ha! the outward ring he struck.
But bear your mishap—
there's no wisdom in sorrow;
The ills of to-day will be nothing to-morrow.
[Another archer advances, bows and takes his stand.]
Look now, a lucky face is this;

You may be sure he will not miss.
But take care,
Yes, beware. [*He shoots.*
Heyday! his skill is wondrous small;
The target is not touch'd at all.
But bear your mishap, &c.
[Locksley advances, bows and takes his stand.
A gallant form approaches near,
His face betrays no fear,
He looks as though he knew
His arrow would be true. [*He shoots.*
It speeds—hurrah! the prize is won;
With the skill of a true English bowman 'twas done.
[Marian descends from throne, and presents a silver arrow to Locksley, who kneels to receive it.

MARIAN

Victor, take the guerdon you have earn'd so well;
Of your skill 'twill always tell.
Let a faithful heart
Command, that sure eye and steady hand.
Ever succour the distress'd,
Ever side with the oppress'd
And to love and friendship too,
Be as thine own arrow, true.

Chor

Hail to the marksman's craft;
Hail to the English bow;
Merrily speed the clothyard shaft
The terror of England's foe.

[5] QUINTET—Marian, Alice, Allan, Locksley and Sheriff

MARIAN

My heart from its terror reposes at last:
The dangers that threaten'd, like shadows are past.
Oh, moment of happiness, free from alloy,
Oh, rapture that nought upon earth can destroy.

ALICE & ALLAN

Her care's at an end, she's happy at last,
The dangers that threaten'd, like shadows are past.
Oh, moment of happiness, &c.

LOCKSLEY

The prize I have won; thou art mine, love, at last:
Thy needless foreboding and sorrows are past.
Oh, moment of happiness, &c.

SHERIFF

The prize thou hast won;
Thou may'st claim her at last:
Oh, ne'er may her gladness with cares be o'ercast.
The storm of misfortune would surely destroy
The flow'r that basks in the sunshine of joy.

[6] FINALE—Sheriff & company

SHERIFF

My children, thus your loves I bless;
May you live long in happiness.

SOMPNOUR (*Behind scenes*)

My lord, they use me badly;
(*Enters*) My lord, they treat me sadly.
(*seeing Locksley*) Heyday! what's this?
Found—found at last.
Quick, seize him, bind him: hold him fast.

SHERIFF

What mean you?

Chor

What mean you?

SOMPNOUR

This—the terror of the wood—stands there—
the famous Robin Hood!
The knave who fobb'd me, the thief who robb'd me;
The terrible, horrible, vile Robin Hood.

Chor

Nay that's the best archer, the pride of the day.

SHERIFF

'Tis Locksley!

MARIAN

My husband!

SOMPNOUR

I mean what I say;
Whether Locksley or no, 'tis the fam'd Robin Hood!
The knave who fobb'd me, the thief who robb'd me;
The terrible, horrible, vile Robin Hood.

LOCKSLEY

Yes—I am he who, in freedom's cause,
Have resisted a tyrant's laws;
Have help'd the weak against the strong—
Have sought to redress the poor man's wrong;
Have made the rich hypocrite bow;
And, though defenceless, I defy you now.

SHERIFF

Guards, seize him at once.

MARIAN

My father—no. (*clings to him*)

SHERIFF

Thank heaven! I have escap'd a heavy blow.
(*to Marian*) Leave that base outlaw.

MARIAN

Never!

SHERIFF

Obey thy father.

MARIAN

Duty binds me to my husband's side for ever.
True love, true love in my heart,
Treasur'd deep for thee, I cherish,
And from me it shall not part,
Though the world itself should perish.

SHERIFF

Quick, tear them asunder.

Sompnour and Chor

Quick, drag him along.
He's crafty and bold, but the castle is strong.
The robber who caused you to fear,
Has ended his wicked career.

ALICE & ALLAN

Beware, ye base minions, his arm still is strong;
His heart still is firm, you will not triumph long.
Not yet. Should his foes cease to fear
His life Robin Hood will sell dear.

MARIAN

Attempt not to part us, ye obdurate throng;
My arm may be weak, but in love I am strong;
His hours in the dungeon I'll cheer,
Or, torn from his arms, perish here.

LOCKSLEY

Such loving devotion outweighs ev'ry wrong;
Their threats are but weak,
when her love is so strong.
When one thus to love him is here,
His life Robin Hood will sell dear.

SOMPNOUR & SHERIFF

The outlaw who caused us to fear
Has ended his wicked career.

Chor

Tear them asunder, drag him along, &c.

END OF THE SECOND ACT

Act III

Scene 1: The Castle garden

Alice and Allan discovered in converse.

[7] Entr'acte

ALLAN

If Robin had little car'd for Marian, he would not have
ventured to Nottingham town.

ALICE

And Marian, through love for Robin, has fled from her
father.

ALLAN

Love troubles the lord, and worries the clown—it
torments even me.

[8] DUET—Allan & Alice

ALLAN

Greatest plague on earth is Love

ALICE

He's a tiger, not a dove;

ALLAN

Mischief he is always doing,

ALICE

Plotting, planning, hatching, brewing,
If the world from Love were free,

Both

Oh, how happy all would be!

ALICE

Yet if Love had flown away,
Should we do without him, pray?

Both

Ah, well-a-day!
Brought he joy, or brought he pain,
We would call him back again.

ALLAN

Love's the lord of all misrule;

ALICE

Love can make the sage a fool;

ALLAN

Love rejoices in our trouble;

ALICE

Love delights our cares to double;

Both

Oh how happy, Oh how wise;
Those must be who love despise.
Yet if Love, &c.
Brought he joy, &c.

Enter Sheriff.

SHERIFF

King Richard has returned from Palestine.

ALLAN

At last!

ALICE

Heav'n bless him!

SHERIFF

And, from good Prince John, all power is taken. Without
a warrant from the king, we cannot punish this daring
outlaw; therefore, you shall go, at once, and get the
order.

ALLAN

!?!—oh, dear, no!

ALICE

Let him only think of such a thing.

SHERIFF

What, speak to me in this style!

ALLAN

Nay, I doubt if you can find a true Saxon who'll betray
Robin Hood for his weight in gold.

SHERIFF

Beware, or in a dungeon—

ALICE

Great sir, your bolts are not so fast; that has your
daughter shown, who has lately flown from her cage.
You think her safely confined in her room—but, she has
fled.

[Allan & Alice exit.]

[9] SCENA—Sheriff

SHERIFF

My child has fled?
The solace of my waning years is gone?
And I am left alone?
Would I were dead!
Great was her love for me, I thought;
The traitor comes, her love is naught.
She has left me to mourn,
She will never return;
The old man sighs for his darling child;
From eyes that are not used to weep,
Tear-drops creep;
The heart is heavy, the brain grows wild.
Her father's love she remembers not;
All is forgot;
The wiles of a stranger her soul have beguil'd.

A brow more open, a more honest mien,
Than this bold outlaw's ne'er were seen;
Straight was his look, and frank his smile.
Who would believe,
A father's searching eye the traitor could deceive?
But he shall not be spared,
By the law that he dared,
Robber-like, to defy,
By the law he shall die.

The hope that I cherish'd is gone,
But my heart is not chill'd by despair,
The pleasure of vengeance is waking there.
For vengeance I live alone!
I hold him fast—ere a day be past,
For my measureless wrongs he shall surely atone.

Enter Sompnour.

SOMPNOUR

Great sir, if I may be so bold, the promised boon I—

SHERIFF

Hold! there's something yet. This man may serve my turn.

SOMPNOUR

A contribution levied upon the county.

SHERIFF

You shall have it, if you'll fulfil one more office. Just hasten to the king, and bring a warrant for the outlaw's death.

SOMPNOUR

Gladly!—I shall have retribution at last.

[10] DUET—Sompnour & Sheriff

SHERIFF

To King Richard at once you must go.

SOMPNOUR

I know—I know.

SHERIFF

This signet to him you must show.

SOMPNOUR

Just so—just so.

SHERIFF

From him your reward you will ask.

SOMPNOUR

A pleasant task—a pleasant task.

SHERIFF

A warrant from him you will bring,

SOMPNOUR

Which will cause the robber to swing.

SHERIFF

Those eyes, that with a serpent's glance,
Upon my Marian fell,
Will soon be clos'd in death—'tis well.
That tongue that could her soul entrance,
Will lose its potent spell.

SOMPNOUR

Brave Robin, 'tis your turn to dance;
Hung like our convent-bell,
You'll dance on nothing, I can tell.
The strongest pitcher may, perchance,
Be broken in the well.

SHERIFF

Return with utmost haste,

SOMPNOUR

Not a moment will I waste.

SHERIFF

At the foot of the gallows-tree,

SOMPNOUR

I see—I see.

SHERIFF

You will find the outlaw and me.

SOMPNOUR

And a lovely sight it will be;
I shall rub my hands with glee.

SHERIFF

Ample vengeance, do I take;
Stubborn hearts with fear I shake.
Tremble, daring rebels all,
To-morrow the blow on your chieftain will fall.

SOMPNOUR

Lots of money I shall take;
Ah! methinks I hear it shake.
Some must rise, and some must fall;
Who laughs at the end, laughs the loudest of all.
[Exeunt Sompnour and Sheriff.]

Scene 2: The Greenwood at noon

Deer asleep under trees.

[11] FOUR PART SONG—Citizens

Now the sun has mounted high,
Monarch of a cloudless sky;
Now the world desires repose,
While the fire of noontide glows.
Hush'd is ev'ry warbling bird;
Through the leaves no sound is heard,
Save the murm'ring of the bee,
Who lulls the flow'rs with drowsy minstrelsy.
When the fields are athirst in the noontide heat;
When the grass is soft, and repose is sweet,
The greenwood is a pleasant retreat.

LITTLE JOHN

Robin not yet return'd? I feel uneasy. But hold! there's something stirrin'g. Ha! whom have we here?

Enter Marian, in boy's clothes.

A stranger! Sir, you've missed your road, but we will gladly show the way, if you will pay for the service.

MARIAN

Suppose I need no aid.

LITTLE JOHN

Why, then, you must pay for our forbearance. We want your purse; so give it up.

Outlaws

Ay, give it up.

LITTLE JOHN

Or things may be unpleasant.

[They surround her.]

MARIAN

Hold, hold! a friend of Robin Hood you see.

Outlaws

No! no!

MARIAN

He went to Nottingham.

LITTLE JOHN

True.

MARIAN

At the fair he was detected by Hugo the sompnoor.

LITTLE JOHN

Curse upon him!

MARIAN

A prison'r now in the castle he lies, and when to-morrow dawns—

All. Go on—

MARIAN

He dies. You grieve—but I—with him, I lose all. I was his destined wife.

(takes off hat, hair falls over shoulders)

All

A woman!

MARIAN

Ay, but one who, to save her love, put on the courage of a man. Let us now, without delay, go to the hateful castle; linger there till dawn, and, by some well-known ditty let him know that there's a hope of safety. This will ye do?

LITTLE JOHN

We will! we will!

Outlaws

We will! we will! Fair maid, you shall be our chieftain.

LITTLE JOHN

To death or victory, we follow thee.

[Exeunt.]

[12] SONG—Marian & Greenwood men

Sons of the greenwood come!
Haste from your leafy home.
Hearts that are not dead and cold,
Friendship's call will move;
Hands that trusty swords can hold,
Wield them now for him we love.
Ev'ry heart with ardour swelling,
Haste you from your leafy dwelling;
Hasten, hasten, at my call,
Forest children, one and all.

Chor

Yes, we quit our leafy dwelling,
Ev'ry heart with ardour swelling;
Haste, obedient to thy call,
Bound together, one and all.

MARIAN

Sons of the greenwood come,
Haste from your leafy home;
Haste, another hour's delay
May the life we value cost:
Soon will dawn the fatal day,
And all is lost.

Chor

Ev'ry heart, &c.

Scene 3: Prison cell

Robin enters from cell.

[13] SCENA—Robin, Marian & chorus

Vain was the proud ambition of a sanguine hour,
That taught me to believe I might relieve my country
Groaning 'neath a tyrant's pow'r.
Vain the delusion under which I could suppose
Requited love was solace for the bitterest woes:
A robber's shame—
And not a patriot's glory is my doom.
The thought that Marian suffers for my sake,
Ten thousand-fold doth make the anguish,
The anguish of my disappointment
In this living tomb.
Life to me is no longer dear;
Calmly I meet my fate—
Strange to hope, and strange to fear,
The death-bringing dawn I wait.
Of its terrors is death bereft.
From my gallant friends I am torn;

My lov'd one weeps forlorn;
Nought—nought is left.
[Chorus sing verse of "The gay greenwood" behind the scenes.

Oh welcome thou old familiar strain,
Thou art not sung in vain.

MARIAN (*behind scenes*)
True love, true love in my heart.

ROBIN
No delusion is that voice;
'Tis Marian's—
Desponding heart, rejoice.
My merry men will gather round
When they hear my bugle sound;
They will strike off my fetters,
My weapon they'll restore,
And Robin Hood will be their chief once more.
Courage fires me, hopes awake;
I long to take part in the strife
Where all that is dearest is at stake,
And lost but with life.
With my falchion in my hand,
Ev'ry foeman I'll withstand;
Ev'ry danger I'll defy,
Prepar'd to live—prepar'd to die.

Scene 4: The Courtyard of the Castle

Extensive view of the country.

Enter Alice and Allan, Villagers, &c.

ALICE
All, then, is lost.

ALLAN
I did my best. That knave can glide like a serpent. He's safe on his road.

ALICE
You dare to tell me this!

ALLAN
I have not told the worst yet. That accurs'd fiend brings in his train a troop so strong, resistance would be hopeless.

Enter Sheriff, &c. with Robin Hood, bound, from Castle.

[14] FINALE

Alice & Allan with Chor
Hark to that doleful bell;
'Tis freedom's knell.
Alas! for Robin Hood,
The brave, the gen'rous, the good.
His hapless doom we all deplore;
Our tears we give him we can do no more.

SHERIFF
Bold rebel, your crimes are rewarded at last;
The laws you have outrag'd, enchain'd hold you fast;
The laws, in your madness, you dar'd to defy;
You now are their victim, ignobly you die.

Chor
Alas for Robin Hood,
The brave, the generous, the good.

ROBIN
Proud Norman, my courage is true to the last,
Of nought I regret when I think of the past.

SHERIFF
Cease this shameless boasting and confess
Your sins to this most holy father.

ROBIN
Yes—but first I ask to have my right hand free—
The only boon I crave.

SHERIFF
So let it be. *[Robin's hand is unpinioned.*

ROBIN
Ha! Robin Hood his jailers laughs to scorn,
(taking his horn) Now he can once more wind his horn.
[Sounds his horn.

Marian, Little John, and Outlaws, enter over the parapet.

Outlaws
At the sound we appear,
To release thee we're near.
Safe from jailer and from gibbet now,
You freely may roam
'Neath the merry green bough.

Allan, Alice & Girls
What wond'rous sight do we behold?
The sons of the forest indeed must be bold.

MARIAN
Robin, you are sav'd, oh happy day;
My hopes are fulfill'd and my fears past away.

ROBIN
Marian, treasure of my heart, oh say,
Devotion like this, can my life e'er repay?

SHERIFF
Justice grossly thus is set aside;
My vengeance is baffled, the laws are defied;
And thou, my lost, my disobedient child!
Over thy corse I less should mourn
Than now at thy return;
Join'd with a band of outlaws wild,
Disgrace, disgrace,
Oh, traitress to thy race!

TRIO—Marian, Robin Hood, and Sheriff

MARIAN
By all the love that you have shewn me,
By all the ties thro' which you own me,
I adjure you.
Pardon me the faith I bear to him
In life, or death,
Whose love for me, oh! father,
Dearest! Dearest! once you blest.

SHERIFF
In vain you kneel, in vain beseech me.

ROBIN

Let fall on me thy vengeance,
Rather than on thy child, relentless father;
Think not that I, though rescued, will be free
While she, whose fault is loving me,
For her devotion suffers, 'neath a parent's wrath.

SHERIFF

In vain you plead, in vain beseech me;
Forget the outcast, who could teach thee
Disobedience to thy parent's will,

MARIAN

Ah—my father, pardon.
I adjure you—

ROBIN

Let vengeance fall—on me alone.
At that dread menace, I release thee from thy troth.

MARIAN

Those words of terror
Dart like lightning thro' my breast.

*Enter Sompnour, followed by Soldiers over drawbridge,
who at once overpower the Outlaws.*

[15] SHERIFF

At last, at last.

Allan, Little John & Chor

The moment of deliv'rance is past.

SOMPNOUR

I came as fast as any pair of legs could carry;
Believe me, I'd no wish to tarry.

SHERIFF

The warrant for this outlaw's death you bring?

SOMPNOUR

Sign'd in due order by the king.
See, too, I bring with me an ample force—
Now will the law most surely take its course.

Chor

The moment of deliv'rance is past.

SOMPNOUR

He made me dance: I now shall see him swing.

SHERIFF (reads)

"The acts of violence committed by the bold outlaw,
commonly called Robin Hood, have reached our ear;
his constant defiance of the law merits the severest
punishment, and he would be utterly unworthy of
pardon were not his deeds to be ascribed in some
measure to the misgovernment of our brother John and
his nefarious agents. As the country is in want of
defenders against threatening foes, we hereby offer to
Robin Hood and all his comrades, on condition that
they employ their well-tried valour in the country's
service, a free pardon."

ROBIN

Gladly I'll fight for my country and King.
At last they're united—their cause is the same.
Gladly I'll fight, for the lion-hearted King.

Chor

We'll die, to a man, for the lion-hearted king.

SHERIFF

I cannot scorn him whom my king befriends.
Brave Robin I accept thee as my son.

ROBIN

Oh joy!

MARIAN

Oh rapture!

SOMPNOUR

Perils that threaten'd like shadows are past,
And all except me are made happy at last.
May mischief alight on that cursed green wood,
And all that belongs to the vile Robin Hood!

ALICE

Perils that threaten'd like shadows are past,

Allan, Little John & Chor

And happiness visits the lovers at last;
But ne'er be forgotten the merry greenwood,
By Marian the Maiden, and bold Robin Hood.

MARIAN

True love, &c.

FINIS