

**ROBIN HOOD: A COMIC
OPERA IN THREE ACTS.
[CHICAGO-1890]**

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Robin Hood: A Comic Opera in Three Acts. [Chicago-1890] by Reginald DeKoven & Harry B. Smith

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REGINALD DEKOVEN & HARRY B. SMITH

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OPERA IN THREE ACTS.
[CHICAGO-1890]**

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ROBIN HOOD,

A

COMIC OPERA

IN

THREE ACTS.

MUSIC BY

REGINALD DeKOVEN,

LIBRETTO BY

HARRY B. SMITH.

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CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

ROBERT.....Earl of Huntington, afterward Robin Hood.
SIR TRISTRAM TESTY.....Sheriff of Nottingham.
LITTLE JOHN, }
PRIAR TUCK, }
ALLAN-A-DALE, }Outlaws.
WILL SCARLET, }
GUY OF GISBORNE. }

MARIAN.....Daughter of Lord Fitzwater, afterward called Maid Marian.
DAME DURDEN..... Keeper of an Inn on the Border of Sherwood Forest.
ANNABEL.....Her Daughter.
MARK 'O' THE MILL.....A Villager.

Outlaws, King's Foresters, Villagers, Sheriff's Henchmen, Village
Musicians, Milkmaids, Shepherds, etc., etc.

ROBIN HOOD.

ACT I.

SCENE. *The old town of Nottingham. Early morning on the day of the May Day fair. Villagers enter preparing for the fair.*

Villagers. 'Tis the morning of the fair,
'Tis a day of pastime rare;
Hail the gladsome day,
The happy time of May.
Springtime cometh over hill and vale.
May Day bright
Brings delight.
Happy time, we sing to thee all hail.
Birds so bright carol on ev'ry side;
Seem to sing
To the spring,
Welcoming with joy the sweet springtide.

Girls. Come, village belles, with fairings bright their hair adorning,
For it is meet we look our best on May Day morning.

All. Brightly the May-pole gleams in the sun,
Soon the merry morris dance will be begun.
(A pedlar enters with his pack.)

Girls. See, here's a pedlar; he is bringing pretty trifles for the fair;
This is a chance to buy some ribbons brave and bonny for our hair.
(Outlaws' horns are heard in the distance.)

All. List to the gay hunter's horn
Sound through the forest at morn.

Little John. *(Little John, Allan-a-Dale and Will Scarlet enter.)*
In Sherwood forest, the merriest of lives
Is our life so fair and free.

Scarlet. We roam and rove
In Sherwood's grove
Beneath the greenwood tree.

Allan. Through all the glades
And sylvan shades
Our homes are found.
We hunt the deer.
Afar and near
Our hunting horns resound.
Tan-ta-ra!

The three. Cheerily, merrily, roaming e'er,
Living like kings in the forest fair;
Never are we weary, ever we are gay,
Free are we as birds the livelong summer day.

All. Cheerily, merrily, etc.

(Annabel and Dame Durden enter and are welcomed by the villagers. Annabel greeting Allan-a-Dale.)

Annabel. Surely 'tis an acquisition
To this goodly companie;
Outlaws of such high position
Gladly at the fair we see.

All. Come and join our dance!

(A May-pole is made ready for dancing.)

MORRIS DANCE.

All. Fal-la, Fal-la,
Trip a morris dance hilarious.
Lighly, brightly,
Trip in measures multifarious.
Dance so bappily, so gaily, madly,
Dance your prettiest, your lightest and best;
No court minuet is danced half so gladly,
Dance your liveliest and don't stop to rest.
Fal-la, Fal-la.

Little J. Bring in the bales and boxes, comrades. We will sell to these
good folk all the goods we have confiscated.
(Goods are brought in by the outlaws.)

Villagers. Hurrah!

Allan-a-Dale. Here is our jolly Friar Tuck. He shall serve as auctioneer.
(Friar Tuck and Mark-o'-the-Mill enter.)

Friar Tuck. Yes. Let the sale begin.

AUCTIONEER'S SONG.

I.

Friar T. As an honest auctioneer,
I'm prepared to sell you here
Some goods in an assortment that is various.

All. Various.

Friar T. Here's a late lamented deer
That was once the king's, I fear,
Whose killing was an action quite precarious.

All. 'Carious.

Friar T. I am offering for sale
Casks of brown, October ale,
Brewed to make humanity hilarious.

All. 'Larious.

Friar T. Here's a suit of homespun brave
Fit for honest man or knave;
Here's a stock in fact that's multifarious.

All. 'Furious.

Friar T. Come, make your offers and your proffers.
Open hearts and open coffers.
Here some prizes may be drawn.
Going, going, going, gone!
Who will bid? what 'squire or dame?
With your figures pray come on!
I bid. I bid. I bid. The same.
Going, going, going, gone!

II.

Friar T. Now I have no time to name
All the bargains you may claim.
In fact, they may be found in multiplicity.

All. 'Plicity.

Friar T. I have goods for youth and maid;
With the single folk I trade,
As well as happy slaves of domesticity.

All. 'Ticity.

Friar T. Merchandise of useful kind
In this wondrous stock you'll find,
Trifles, too, conducive to felicity.

All. 'Licity.

Friar T. Quickly you will have to speak
If these bargains you would seek;
Active you must be as electricity.

All. 'Tricity.

Friar T. Come make your offers and your proffers, etc.

Friar T. Faith, I have just come from an auction not far from here, and who d'ye think was there?

All. Who then?

Friar T. The Sheriff of Nottingham.

All. The Sheriff?

Friar T. Ay; he was disguised, but I knew him. He bought a suit of clothes of me; the same suit of homespun that we stole from the messenger. Now the Sheriff has the stolen suit and we have a fair price.

(Annabel and a chorus of milkmaids enter.)

MILKMAIDS' CHORUS.

Milkmaids.

When chanticleer crowing
Says night is a'going,
And larks their nests are scorning—O,
In rain or fair weather,
We trip o'er the heather
So early in the morning—O.
Yes, when dawn's first blush we see
Come we milkmaids o'er the lea,
Singing tra-la-la.
Plowboys haste o'er dell and hill,
Whistling with a right good-will,
Piping their tra-la-la.

(Annabel comes forward.)

Annabel.

With a lissome figure and a laughing face
An ideal milkmaid's a thing of grace.
A creature whose laughing, dimpled face
Is of lilies and roses the trysting place.
The painters depict her a fairy thing;
The poets her praises delight to sing.
She dresses in satins and finest silks,
She sings sweet songs as she sits and milks.
She insists upon wearing a Gainsborough hat,
Her ankles are something to wonder at.
Her hands are dainty and oh, so white;
Her curls are perfect, her eyes are bright.
She's the manner and mien of my lady fine,
While even her cows are idyllic kine.
Such milkmaids do poets and painters find,
And it's proper to add we are just that kind.

Milkmaids.

We're exceedingly glad
We have nothing to add
In the way of contradiction;
For it's easy to see

That such milkmaids as we
Are not milkmaids of fact, but of fiction.

Allan. But the kind of milkmaids that you describe
Do not belong to the real tribe.
The real milkmaid in a homespun gown
Has very few smiles but full many a frown;
Her hands are heavy and red and rough,
And she rarely sings, for her voice is gruff.
She is middle-aged, she is plain at that,
And her figure is something to cavil at.
Her life is a merry round, 'tis said,
Of rising, working and going to bed.
Her joy is getting her work all done
And going to rest at the set of sun.
Of all her life, 'tis the saddest tale
When a cow kicks over a brimming pail.
Her hands are rough, and her gown homespun,
And she only sings when her work is done.

Milkmaid. We're exceedingly sure
We could never endure
Any life so fraught with friction;
And 'tis easy to see
That it's nicer to be
A milkmaid of fanciful fiction.

Dame D. (*To Annabel.*) Thou pert mix! Get thee within and mind thy
dairy pans. (*To Allan.*) Young man, begone, unless thou hast a
mind to buy butter or cheeses from a lone widow and her daughter.
(*Allan kisses Annabel.*) Eh? What was that?

Allan. 'Twas nothing, gentle Dame.

Dame D. Truly a loud nothing. This smacks of untruth.

Allan (*sympathetically*). Is it true that you are a widow?

Dame D. (*Aside.*) Can he mean to propose. (*Sighs.*) Alas! I know not for
surety. My man has been at the Crusades for the past twelve years.
I have sent him each year a suit of homespun and a letter, but to the
last I sent I have received no answer. I fear that outlaws waylaid
the messenger and stole the suit.

Allan. Perhaps your good man may return this very day. Many bow-
men from the Crusades will attend the fair to take part in the shooting
match.

(*Horn sounds without.*)

Allan. Yes, there is the signal for their coming.

Dame D. (*Looking off.*) But who is the gallant leading them? Surely
he is not a forester.