

Auth. Doing

The Play of **R**obin and Marion

Mediaeval Folk Comedy Opera
by the Trouvère Adam de la Halle

Rdur me gret ueritair de
 hiamete la robe au deris qui
 ca blanche vernillee come rose
 barde sus les meitans des cros
 tous ces muses fremit en uairou
 hanc languir le dieu cum mal
 la laus isandete come fleur de lys
 hontue sui dame de ualour uinca
 ome rose cum u p' uous sus es gret ualour

Robine in a nulle ro
 vint na robins ma ce
 mandesi mar a
 robins machet couron
 e a automolere ce
 loie et uou quon ne lame
 roie alourna robins nu m
 nie robins ma robins
 ma demancee si mara

o mar e

Reconstructed and Harmonized by Jean Beck
 Professor of Romanics and of Musicology
 University of Pennsylvania and Curtis Institute of Music
 English Translation by John Murray Gibbon
 C. C. Birchard & Company - Boston - New York

The Play of Robin and Marion

(Le Jeu de Robin et Marion)

Mediaeval Folk Comedy Opera

in One Act

Written and Composed for the Court of Robert,
Count of Artois, in the Thirteenth Century

by the *Trouvere*

ADAM DE LA HALLE

Reconstructed and harmonized in the manner of the period

by

Jean Beck

Professor of Romanics and of Musicology,
University of Pennsylvania and Curtis Institute of Music

The text is given here in the original old French
with an English translation

by

J. MURRAY GIBBON

(The Songs being in modern French)



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INTRODUCTION

By Jean Beck

When I was approached by Mr. John Murray Gibbon concerning the production of Adam de la Halle's musical comedy "Le Jeu de Robin et Marion" for the second Canadian Folksong Festival at Quebec, I gladly seized the opportunity to help revive that charming ancestor of the modern Opera. In preparing this work several questions of method imposed themselves: should the original be reproduced exactly as it stands in the manuscripts of the thirteenth century without any indication referring to accompaniment, orchestration and interpretation, or should the original melodies be harmonized to conform to our modern practice?

The latter method had been tried at least twice by the French musicians, J. B. Weckerlin and Julien Tiersot, with the result that these thirteenth century songs lost all their original flavor and sounded like so many nineteenth century ditties. To avoid this anachronism, I decided to preserve the original music and to treat the accompaniment as much as possible according to the medieval custom.

The principal characteristics of thirteenth century compositions are: Musical individuality and contrary motion; each voice sings its role freely, in rhythm and in harmony, subject to one single condition, namely, that there should be a consonance, that is either a unison, octave, fourth or fifth on the first or strong beat of each measure. All the remaining notes were at liberty to form any conceivable dissonance from the half step to the ninth.

I remembered that the charming initial song "Robin m'aime, Robin m'a" existed also in my collection of medieval musical manuscripts in the form of a three part composition. The design on the title page of the present publication reproduces one of these manuscripts; the column to the right gives the original melody of the song "Robin m'aime" in measured notation of the time. It is written in the C clef on a five line staff. The column to the left is the accompanying voice or treble which sings in a much more vivid rhythm an entirely different text. The staff at the very bottom of the page indicates the harmonic and rhythmic base called "tenor" because it holds together the whole structure. The key word *portare* serves to identify the melodic structure of this short twenty note motif which is repeated four times. It is not certain whether this "tenor" was sung on a single vowel, whether it was hummed or whether it was played on a musical instrument in the lower register. Though there is no name mentioned—composers of the Middle Ages did not sign their works, with very few exceptions—it seems to me probable that this three part composition represents the polyphonic rendering or harmonization of the original Robin and Marion song by Adam de la Halle himself. There are close connections between the technique of this Rondeau and that of the score of Motets undoubtedly ascribed to him in reliable manuscripts.

On the strength of this evidence I felt justified in taking this authentic thirteenth century harmonization as a model for my restoration. Those of our readers and hearers who are not familiar with the musical esthetics of the Middle Ages will quite naturally rebel at the apparent embroglio of voices which, as in classical counterpoint or fugal style, are chasing each other from the very outset until they all finally unite on the forelast note "to be sure they all finish together." It is therefore more important to observe and to follow the sometimes uncanny racing of the voices than to try merely to enjoy consonant harmonies. Their beauty resides in the skilful linking and bridging over of the several motifs and the seemingly barbarous dissonances will be overshadowed by the *perpetuum mobile* of the score. In truth, to me it is less difficult to find deep enjoyment in the musical art of the Middle Ages than it is to grasp and appreciate a good deal of twentieth century noise. Both are equally justified in their time, in their purpose and in their esthetics and, whenever we wish to appreciate an artistic creation that is not built on the principles to which we are accustomed, we must be open-minded and make the necessary benevolent effort to understand them in their historical light, without which works of art that are distant in time or in space impress the layman at first acquaintance as barbarous.

I composed a complete orchestral score, choosing instruments and sonorities akin to those of the thirteenth century; I treated them individually as if they took part in the dramatic action, just as the musicians of the time used to do. This intricate mechanism unfortunately does not readily appear from the piano score here published, though the trained musicians will have no difficulty in finding them even here.

Musicians at large, professionals as well as amateurs, are not commonly aware of the true nature of music as a science and as an art during the early Middle Ages. One cannot learn from popular histories of music that we possess several thousand songs of the Troubadours and Trouvères and thousands of polyphonic two, three and four part compositions known as *Organa*, *Motets* and *Rondeaux* and that these compositions are technically as correct, as learned and artistically as beautiful as the works of any of the younger masters, from Palestrina to our own days.

As to the wealth of musical instruments at the disposal of medieval players, one will be surprised to learn that the thirteenth century made use of a much greater variety than we can find in any up-to-date modern orchestra. For example, in one single manuscript of the end of the thirteenth century there are illustrated some four score musicians playing an amazing variety of stringed instruments with or without bow, a dozen wind instruments in wood, horn or metal and an assortment of percussion instruments which would put to shame the most pretentious modern jazz band.

The list of these thirteenth century musical instruments which I have compiled goes well beyond the hundred mark. I need therefore not have any scruples about writing my orchestral score for flutes, oboes, horn, bassoon, ophicleide, battery and strings; they are all authenticated in the above mentioned illustrations.

The musical notation of the thirteenth century gives the bare melodic outline sometimes with, but more often without, indication of the time value of the notes; all the rest must be supplemented. In order to lighten the task of modern readers I have given everywhere the tempo, in metronome quotations; I have also supplied suitable indications of interpretation, piano, forte, crescendo, rallentando, etc.

As to the French text, I have revised the several existing editions. Since ours is not intended to be a so-called critical edition for philologists only, it seemed useless to encumber the text with the dialectal forms and spellings of the Artesian manuscripts; they are of great interest to scholars, but of no value whatsoever to amateurs; on the contrary, they distract and disturb the friendly reader. When he sees: *ara, acata, boine, cans* or *canchon* he cannot reasonably be expected to guess that these words stand for *aura, acheta, bonne, champs* and *chanson*. Guided by this common-sense rule, I have adopted a more familiar spelling, without destroying the archaic flavor of Old French. The very artistic and delicate English translation of Mr. Gibbon will be helpful to the amateur in following the sense of the lines and in identifying the numerous obsolete words which none but the student of Old French can be expected to know.

Adam de la Halle must have been an outstanding figure in the musical world of his day. With a Mozart-like grace, he treats some primitive motifs, perhaps refrains borrowed from folklore; he makes variations, imitations and rhythmic permutations according to the rules of art and welds his delightfully clever and sometimes sarcastic verse into the same mould.

His date of birth is not recorded, but we know from allusions contained in his writings that about the year 1275 he went to Paris to finish studies that had been interrupted by a premature marriage with "Marie"; a group of local benefactors helped him to carry out his plan. Of his further whereabouts little is known except that he accompanied the Count Robert of Artois in the capacity of court poet and musician to Italy in 1282 and that he died there about the year 1288.

His literary and musical legacy is imposing: four dramatic compositions, a substantial collection of standard *Chansons* and of poetic debates (*Jeux partis*) and one score of highly artistic polyphonic works, *Motets* and *Rondeaux*, all of which command our admiration and deserve to be revived.

TRANSLATOR'S FOREWORD

Celebrated for its tapestry, its architecture and its casualties in many wars, Arras is also known in the world of music as the birthplace of the *trouvère* Adam de la Halle. The charm of individual melodies ascribed to this thirteenth century composer has been recognized in many musical anthologies, and frequent reference is made by historians of the drama to *Le Jeu de Robin et Marion* as the first known comic opera. But the work itself has been left on the shelves except for the production with modernized text and accompaniments at Arras in 1896 in celebration of this notable old master. Since that day much progress has been made in the transcription and understanding of mediaeval harmony, and when the organizers of the Canadian Folksong Festival at Quebec decided to produce it once more, they had recourse to Jean Beck, internationally known as an authority on such music, asking him to reconstruct and reharmonize the opera in the manner of the period. The practical production was made possible through the co-operation of Wilfred Pelletier, assistant conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York.

The musician attuned only to the mentality of modern music ('Modern' comprising the music of the last four hundred years) may think this harmonization somewhat naive and at times discordant and even clumsy, yet it has a primitive charm and at times a surprising richness, particularly when interpreted by instruments corresponding to those of the thirteenth century. In the three known manuscripts of this opera only the melodies are given, but there are other manuscripts of Adam de la Halle in which some of these melodies are harmonized, and it is from such other manuscripts that the reconstruction has been made. A piano score from an orchestration made for wood and string instruments is of course only a translation in which some of the colour and atmosphere of the original has to be sacrificed.

The leading scholars of mediaeval music and literature agree that in this opera Adam de la Halle incorporated snatches of the folksong and folkdance music of his time, stringing this together in an amusing dramatization of the popular *pastourelle* theme. The connection between folksong and the compositions of the troubadours and *trouvères* was not often so close, and on that account *Le Jeu de Robin et Marion* is all the more interesting. Variants of this *pastourelle* theme are found in the English nursery rhyme 'Where are you going to, my pretty maid' and in such folksongs as 'Blow away the morning dew'.

“And when they came to the garden gate,
So nimble she popped in,
And said “There is a fool without,
And here’s a maid within.”

As I translated Adam de la Halle’s verses, I could not help being reminded of the Drury Lane pantomimes of my youth, and when in some trepidation I submitted my version to the learned professor, telling him that this accounted for some of the phrases, I was re-assured when he laughed and said they were in the proper vein.

In order to balance the spoken parts with the music, and also to avoid lengthy footnotes or appendices describing rustic games no longer played, two hundred lines of the original text have been omitted. The original actors were probably acrobats as well as singers and in one of the singing games Robin probably stood on his head. The thirteenth century humour was coarser than that of today, and certain verses have therefore been euphemised or omitted. This however provides a good excuse for those who like that sort of thing to study the original text.

As it stands in these pages, this folk comedy opera provides an entertaining and instructive picture of mediaeval rustic life, interspersed with delightful melodies, some of which have survived to our own day as folk-songs in France. Let those who criticise the music write something themselves which will last only half as long!

J. MURRAY GIBBON



Two players of the "Vièle," and "Cítola." The former is played with a bow, has three strings tuned in fourths. The "Cítola" is the ancestor of the guitarre.



At the right: a shepherd playing the flajolet and, opposite, a young man playing a sort of Ocarina.



Three types of bag pipes: the "Musette" and the "Cornemuse" with the "Gros bourdons" (Drones).



The position of the fingers indicates that these horns had perforations permitting to play more than the fundamental tones.



A Flûte duett. This miniature shows peremptorily that the transversal Flute was in use in the thirteenth century.



Two players of the "Organistrum" also called "Symphonia" or "Chifoine" in French. This was one of the most popular and of the oldest string instruments. The strings rest on a wheel which is turned with the right hand, and the friction of which sets the strings in vibration. The left hand pushes the movable pegs against the strings to lengthen or shorten the vibrating portion of them. This instrument is still very popular in central France.



A "Vielleux," apparently a professional, with his four stringed "Vièle." The bridge on these instruments had to be at least two inches high to permit touching the strings individually.



A nobleman plays the Flajolet, while his lady companion is singing and playing a sort of percussion instrument of the family of Castagnettes.

Personages of the Play

ROBIN a Peasant

A KNIGHT (with Falcon and Horse, the latter represented by a hobby-horse, or two actors in a horse's skin)

| | | |
|-----------------|----------------|---------------------|
| BAUDON | Robin's Cousin | } Peasant Neighbors |
| GAUTIER | " " | |
| HUART | " " | |

MARION a Shepherdess
(with Toy Sheep running on wheels)

PERONNELLE Marion's friend

TWO BAGPIPE PLAYERS

SCENE I. A Road

SCENE II. A Street of Houses

The scene opens on a road through a meadow bordering a wood, and shows a hedge and some houses which are supposed to be at a distance, but in accordance with the naive mediæval practice are placed at one side of the stage. Later on the scene changes from the meadow to the houses, and all Robin has to do is to run in a circle to that side of the stage, and the audience imagines the rest.

THE PLAY OF ROBIN AND MARION

Translated by
J. MURRAY GIBBON

ADAM de la HALLE
Harmonized by Jean Beck

PRELUDE

PIANO

♩ = 72

f *p* *f*

3

3

3

p

f

♩ = 96

f

ff

♩ = 92

3

First system of a piano score. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music features chords and melodic lines in both hands.

Second system of a piano score. It starts with a tempo marking of $\text{♩} = 80$. The music includes a triplet in the treble staff and the instruction *dolce*. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Third system of a piano score. It features two first endings, labeled 1. and 2., in the treble staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Fourth system of a piano score. It starts with a tempo marking of $\text{♩} = 108$. The music includes a triplet in the treble staff and dynamic markings *f* and *p*. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Fifth system of a piano score. It starts with a tempo marking of $\text{♩} = 60$ and the instruction *Lento*. The music includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

♩=84. Original harmonization of the thirteenth century.

First system of musical notation. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The piece begins with a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) in the bass staff. After a few measures, the dynamic changes to *mf* (mezzo-forte). A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' above it in the treble staff.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature remains one sharp. There are dynamic markings of *mf* and *f* (forte). Triplet markings with the number '3' are present in both the treble and bass staves.

Third system of musical notation. It begins with the tempo marking 'Largo' and a tempo of ♩=72. The dynamic marking is *f*. The system shows a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, featuring a variety of rhythmic patterns and chordal textures.

Fourth system of musical notation. It continues the piece with a grand staff. The key signature is one sharp. The system includes various rhythmic figures and chordal structures, with some notes marked with accents.

Fifth system of musical notation, the final system on the page. It concludes with a grand staff. The key signature is one sharp. The system features a variety of rhythmic patterns and chordal textures, ending with a dynamic marking of *ff* in the bass staff.

SCENE I

No 1. ROBIN LOVES ME
(MARION AND KNIGHT)

Cantabile (♩=84)

MARION sings while making her flower "chapelet."

Ro - bin m'ai - me, Ro - bin m'a; Ro - bin
Rob - in loves me, Rob - in mine; Rob - in

m'a de - man - dé - e, Il m'au - ra. Ro - bin
would have me wed him, He'll be mine. Rob - in

Più mosso

m'a - che - ta co - tel - le D'é - car - la - te Bon - ne et
bought me with his mon - ey, Scar - let kir - tle, Fine and

bel - le Sous - que - nille et cein - tu - rele A
bon - ny Gown and gir - dle, gay as an - y,

a tempo

leur i - va. Ro - bin m'ai - me, Ro - bin m'a;
fa la la la. Rob - in loves me, Rob - in mine!

a tempo

Ro - bin m'a de - man - dé - e, Il m'au - ra.
Rob - in would have me wed him, He'll be mine.

№ 2. AS I CAME A-RIDING
(KNIGHT)

$\text{♩} = 96$

mf *p*

KNIGHT sings

Au bord de la rou-te, Ren-trant du tour-noi, Je trou-vai Ma-rot-te, Quel char-mant mi-nois!
As I came a-rid-ing, All the tour-ney done, There I found Ma-rot-te, Love-ly and a-lone.

No. 3. AH, ROBIN, IF YOU LOVE ME (MARION)

MARION sings, without noticing the presence of the KNIGHT.

stringendo

ff

The KNIGHT steps close to MARION and greets her ceremoniously.

LI CHEVALIERS
Bergiere, Dieus vous doinst bon jour!

MARIONS
Dieus vous gart, sire.

LI CHEVALIERS
Par amour,
Douce pucelle, or me contez
Pour quoi ceste chanson chantez
Si volentiers et si souvent:
"Hé! Robin, se tu m'aimes,
Par amour, viens à moi!"

MARIONS
Biaus sire, il i a bien pour quoi:
Car j'aim Robinet, et il moi,
Et bien m'a moustré qu'il m'a chere
Donné m'a ceste panetiere,
Ceste houlette et cest coutel.

LI CHEVALIERS
Di moi, vëis tu nul oisel
Voler par desure ces champs?

MARIONS
Sire, oie, je ne sais pas quans.
Encore i a en ces buissons
Et cardonnereus et pinchons
Qui mout chantent joliment.

KNIGHT
God give you, shepherdess, good day!

MARION
God save you, noble sir.

KNIGHT
I pray,
My sweet young maiden, come now tell
For whom you sing this song so well
So gladly and so often too! —
(sings in imitation of MARION.)
"Ah! Robin, as you love me
Take me away with you!"

MARION
Fair nobleman, good cause for this
For Robin loves me, I am his.
Full well he's shown he holds me dear;
He gave to me this satchel here,
This little crook, this knife also.

KNIGHT
Tell me have you seen, high or low,
A bird fly o'er these fields today?

MARION
Sir noble, more than I could say,
And in these thickets there are still
Both goldfinches and larks as well
Who sing and sing, they are so glad.

LI CHEVALIERS

Si m'ait Dieus, belle au cors gent,
Ce n'est pas çou que je demant.
Mais vëis tu par ci devant,
Vers ceste riviere, nulle ane?

MARIONS

C'est une beste qui recane.
J'en vi ier trois seur ce chemin,
Tous chargés aler au molin.
Est ce çou que vous demandés?

LI CHEVALIERS

Or sui je mont bien assenés!
Di moi vëis tu nul hairon?

MARIONS

Herens, sire? Par ma foi, non;
Je n'en vi nés un puis quaresme,
Que j'en vi mengier chies dame Emme,
Me taien, cui sont ces brebis.

LI CHEVALIERS

Par foi, or sui je esbaubis,
N'ainc mais je ne fui si gabés.

MARIONS

Sire, foi que vous me devés,
Quelle beste est ce sur vo main?

LI CHEVALIERS

C'est uns faucons.

MARIONS

Menjue il pain?

LI CHEVALIERS

Non, mais bonne char.

MARIONS

Celle beste?
Eswar, elle a de cuir la teste!
Et ou alés vous?

LI CHEVALIERS

En riviere.

MARIONS

Robins n'est pas de tel maniere,
En lui a trop plus de deduit.
A no ville esmuet tout la bruit,
Quant il joue de sa musette.

LI CHEVALIERS

Or dites, douce bergerette,
Ameriés vous un chevalier?

MARIONS

Biaus sire, traïés vous arrier.
Je ne sai que chevalier sont.
Deseur tous les hommes dou mont
Je n'amerioie que Robin.
Il vient au soir et au matin,
A moi, toudis et par usage,
Et m'apporte de son frommage.
Encore en ai je en mon sain,
Et une grant piece de pain
Que il m'apporta a prangiere.

KNIGHT

God save us, my so dainty maid!
That's not the kind of bird I harry.
Have you not any game or quarry
Towards this river seen or heard?

MARION

The ass to carry is a bird!
Three yesterday along this road
Went to the mill each with a load—
Was't birds or burros that you sought?

KNIGHT

I see that I have learnt a lot!
Tell me have you no heron seen?

MARION

Herrings, sir noble? Not a fin,
No, not since Lent upon the plate,
Save those we at Dame Emma's ate,
My grandmama who owns these sheep.

KNIGHT

My faith, I feel distinctly cheap
I never was so mocked till now.

MARION

My lord, upon your solemn vow,
What beast is on your hand displayed?

KNIGHT

A falcon 'tis.

MARION

Will it eat bread?

KNIGHT

No, but good viands.

MARION

What! this brute?
It has a leather head no doubt.
Where are you going?

KNIGHT

Off to row.

MARION

Robin is nothing like so slow.
I find him much more full of fun
He sets the village on the run
So loud his bagpipes does he play.

KNIGHT

Sweet shepherdess, come tell me pray,
Could you not love a noble Knight?

MARION

Fair sire, step back and out of sight!
I do not care with Knights to go.
Of all the men alive I know
I shall love Robin, him alone.
He comes at evening and at dawn
To me each day, for so he pleases
And brings me portions of his cheeses
I have a piece still in my blouse,
And loaf as big as any house
Which he has brought for me to feed on.

LI CHEVALIERS

Or me dites, douce bergiere:
Vaurriés vous venir avec moi
Jouer sur ce bel palefroie
Selonc ce bosket en ce val?

MARIONS

Aimi! sire, ostés vo cheval;
A peu que il ne m'ait blecie.
Li Robin ne regiete mie
Quant je vais après sa charrue.

LI CHEVALIERS

Bergiere, devenés ma drue,
Et faites ce que je vous pri.

MARIONS

Sire, traies ensus de mi;
Ci estre point ne vous affiert.
A peu vos chevaus ne me fiert.
Comment vous apelle on?

LI CHEVALIERS

Aubert.

KNIGHT

Come tell me this, sweet shepherd maiden
Would you not come with me away
And on this pretty palfrey play
Along this thicket in this vale?

MARION

Help! Sire, restrain your steed, nor fail
To see that it does me no hurt,
My Robin does not drive his cart
Against me when I walk behind.

KNIGHT

O Shepherdess, become my friend
And do what I would beg of you.

MARION

Sire Knight, remove yourself, now do!
It is not right you should remain
If through your horse I suffer pain,
By what name are you known?

KNIGHT

Aubert.

№ 4. ALL IN VAIN
(MARION)

♩ = 92 *MARION sings*

Vous per-dez vos pei - nes sire Au-bert;
All in vain, your court - ing, Lord Au-bert;

Je n'ai - me - rai au - tre que — Ro - bert.
For my Rob - in on - ly do — I care!

gliss.

LI CHEVALIERS

Non, bergiere?

MARIONS

Non, par ma foi.

LI CHEVALIERS

Crideriés empirier de moi,
 Qui si loing getés ma proiere?
 Chevaliers suis et vous bergiere

MARIONS

Ja pour çou ne vous amerai

KNIGHT

No, Shepherdess?

MARION

Not on my life!

KNIGHT

Are you too proud to be my wife,
 Who so disdain the suit I press?
 I am a Knight, my Shepherdess!

MARION

Yet to your love I'll nothing grant.

N^o5. SHEPHERDESS AM I

(MARION)

♩ = 76 MARION *sings*

Ber - ge - ron - ne - te sui, mais j'ai Bel a -
 Shep - herd - ess am I yet en - chant Lov - er

mi char - mant et gai.
 gay and e - le - gant.

rall.

LI CHEVALIERS

Bergiere, Dieus vous en doinst joie,
 Puis qu'ensi est, j'irai ma voie.
 Hui mais ne vous sonnerai mot.

KNIGHT

God give you maiden, happiness!
 Since it is so, I'll onward press
 Upon my way, and silent go.

SCENE II

№6. TRAIRIRE

(MARION, KNIGHT AND ROBIN)

The KNIGHT withdraws from the stage, singing

♩ = 76

ri - re de - lu - riau, de - lu - riau, de - lu - rel - le, Trai -

rall.
ri - re de - lu - riau, de - lu - riau de - lu - rot. *Fine*

suivez *Fine*

En pass-ant par le bois re - ve - nant du tour -
This morn - ing I was pass - ing a wood that bor - ders

ritard. *Dal segno*
noi, Je vis u - ne ber - gè - re Plus bel - le ne - vit - roi. Et trai -
here, I met a shep - herd mai - den Kings nev - er saw - more - fair. And trai -

ritard. *Dal segno*

No 7. (a) AH! ROBIN (MARION)
(b) AH! MARION (ROBIN)

p

MARION Hé Ro-bech-on, Leu-re leu-re va, Viens près de moi
 *) ROBIN Hé Mar-i-on, Leu-re leu-re va, Je viens à toi
 MARION Ah Rob-in boy, tra la la la la, Come near to me
 *) ROBIN Oh Ma-ri-on, tra la la la la, I come to you,

p *pp*

mf

Leu-re leu-re va, Al-lons jou-er, Du leu-re leu-re va Du
 Leu-re leu-re va, Al-lons jou-er, Du leu-re leu-re va Du
 tra la la la la, So come and play, tra la la la la la tra
 tra la la la la, So come and play, tra la la la la la tra

mf

rit. *Dal segno* *Fine*

leu-re leu-re va.
 leu-re leu-re va.
 la la la, - tra la.
 là la la, - tra la.

rit. *ppp* *sfz* *3*

Echo

Dal segno *Fine*

1. 2.

*) ROBIN singing off stage.

MARIONS

Robin!

ROBINS

Marote!

MARIONS

D'où viens tu?

ROBINS

Par le sain Dieu, j'ai des vestu,
Pour ce qu'il fait froid, mon jupel,
J'ai pris ma cote de burel,
Et si t'aport des pumes. Tien.

MARIONS

Robin, je te connuc trop bien
Au chanter, si com tu venoies.
Et tu ne me reconnoissoies.

ROBINS

Si fis, au chant et as brebis.

MARIONS

Robin, tu ne sais, dous amis,
Et si ne le tien mie a mal;
Ici fu uns hons a cheval,
Qui avoit chaussé une moufle,
Et portoit aussi c'un escoufle
Sour son poing, et trop me pria
D'amer; mais peu i conquesta,
Car je ne te ferai nul tort.

ROBINS

Marote, tu m'aroes mort.
Mais se j'i fusse a tans venus,
Ne je, ne Gautiers li Testus,
Ne Baudons, mes cousins germain,
Diavle i eussent mis les mains.
Ja n'en fust partis sans bataille.

MARIONS

Robin, dous amis, ne te caille,
Mais or faisons feste de nous.

ROBINS

Serai je drois ou a genous?

MARIONS

Mais vien ça seïr delés moi,
Si mangerons.

ROBINS

Et je Potroi.
Je serai ci lés ton costé.
Mais je ne t'ai riens aporté,
Si ai fait certes grant outrage.

MARIONS

Ne t'en caut, Robin, encore ai je
Du froumage ci en mon sain,
Et une grant piece de pain,
Et des pumes que m'aportas.

MARION

Robin!

ROBIN

Marotte!

MARION

Whence come you?

ROBIN

By heavens above! aside I threw —
So cold it was — my petticoat —
My Sunday jacket on I put
And bring you apples — take ahold!

MARION

Robin, I know you as of old
Hearing your song when you came near
And you, you did not know me, dear.

ROBIN

Of course — your song — the sheep you tend.

MARION

Robin, you don't know, sweet my friend
But do not take it ill, I pray.
A man a-riding came this way
Who wore a mitten for a glove
With something like a kite above
Upon his wrist, and did me press
To be his love, but missed his guess.
I'd never see your trust betrayed.

ROBIN

Marotte, else you'd find me dead.
If I had been there when he came,
With Gauthier — Bull Head his nickname
And Baudon, my first cousin, say!
There would have been the deuce to pay!
We'd not have run without a fight.

MARION

Robin, sweet friend, don't get a fright
Right now we'll picnic all alone.

ROBIN

Shall I stand up or kneel me down?

MARION

No, come and sit along of me
And we shall feed.
(MARION makes ROBIN sit down with her
on the mound.)

ROBIN

I quite agree
I shall sit here right at your side
But I have nothing to provide —
That is indeed outrageous bad.

MARION

Don't worry, Robin, or feel mad
I've still some cheese inside my blouse
And loaf on which we can carouse
And then the apples that you brought.
(MARION takes from her blouse the pro-
visions and puts them on the grass.)

ROBINS
Dieus! Com cis froumages est cras!
Ma suer, menjue.

MARIONS
Et tu aussi.
Quant tu veus boire, si le di:
Vés ci fontaine en un pochon.

ROBINS
Dieus! qui ore eüst du bacon
Te taien, bien venist a point.

MARIONS
Robinet, nous n'en aurons point,
Car trop haut pent a ses chevrons.
Faisons de ce que nous avons,
C'est assés pour la matinée.

ROBIN
Lord! but this cheese does touch the spot!
Taste it my sister.

MARION
You as well,
And when you want to drink, just tell,
I have some water in this flagon.

ROBIN
Lord! some of your grandmother's bacon
Would be the stuff for us to try.

MARION
We can't get that—it hangs too high
Upon the rafters there to reach,
We'll have to take what we can fetch,
There's quite enough for lunch today.

№ 8. YOU SHALL HARKEN
(ROBIN)

♩ = 84 **ROBIN sings**

Vous l'en-ten-drez di - re, Bel - le, Vous l'en-ten - drez di - re.
You shall hark-en pret - ty la - dy, You shall hark - en la - dy.

rall.

MARIONS
Di, Robin, veus tu plus mangier?

ROBINS
Naie voir.

MARIONS
Dont metrai je arrier
Ce pain, ce froumage en mon sain,
Dusc'a ja que nous aurons fain.

ROBINS
Ains le met en ta panetiere.

MARIONS
Et vés le ci, Robin, quel chiere?
Proie et commande, je ferai.

ROBINS
Marote, et je t'esprouverai
Se tu m'ies loiaus amiette,
Car tu m'as trouvé amiet.

MARION
Say, Robin, have another snack.

ROBIN
Sure no!
(She puts the remnants back, some in her satchel.)

MARION
Well then I shall put back
This bread and cheese beneath my blouse
Till we're to hungry to refuse.

ROBIN
Nay, rather put them in your satchel.

MARION
You see they're in. What sort of revel?
Pray and command—I'll do my best.
(Both get up and ROBIN takes MARION in his arms.)

ROBIN
Marotte, I'll put you to the test
If you're a faithful friend to me
For you have found me true to thee.

№9. SHEPHERDESS SLENDER

(ROBIN)

Amoroso ♩ = 72

p

ROBIN sings

Ber - ge - ron - net - te, Dou - ce bais - se - let - te.
 Shep - herd - ess slen - der, Dam - sel sweet and ten - der,

ben legato

1. Don - nez - le moi vo - tre cha - pe - let. let.
 Come, — give me, pray, your own chap - let — gay. gay.

mf

№10. ROBIN WOULDST HAVE ME THIS SURRENDER?

(MARION)

Più mosso

MARION sings

1. Ro - bin, veu - tu que
 2. Se - rai - je heu - reu - se,
 1. Rob - in, wouldst have me
 2. Will you — love me

pp

sempre legato

je le — met - te Sur ta — tête en a - mou - ret - te?
 que je le met - te Sur ta — tête en a - mou - ret - te?
 this sur - ren - der Crown - ing you to make you — fon - der?
 in this ar - ray? — Will you — love me in this — ar - ray?

No. 11. YES YOU WILL BE MY DEAR ENCHANTER

(ROBIN)

ROBIN sings
dolce

Oui, tu se-ras mon a-mi - et - te } L'au - mo - niè - re
Et tu au-ras ma cein-tu - ret - te }
Yes you will be my dear en - chant-er, } Fin - ger - ring and
You'll have my sash a leath-er - won-der, }

dolce

Tempo primo

l'an - ne - let. Ber - ge - ron - net - te Dou - ce bais - se - let - te
clasp dis - play. Shep - herd - ess slen - der, Dam - sel sweet and ten - der,

MARION sings

Don - nez - le moi vo - tre cha - pe - let. Bien - vo - lon - tiers, mon doux
Come - give me, pray, your own chap - let - gay. Right - will - ing - ly, my sweet -

a - gne - let. *molto rallentando e decrescendo*
heart, you - may.

MARIONS

Robin, fai nous un peu de festel
ROBINS

Veus-tu des bras u de la teste?
Je te di que je sai tout faire.
Ne l'as tu point oï retraire?

MARION

Robin let us a measure tread.
ROBIN

With moving arms or moving head?
Say, listen I can do them all -
Did you not ever hear them tell?

N°12. EXPLOITS (MARION AND ROBIN)

♩ = 80

ff

fz

MARION sings

1. Ro - bin, par l'âme à ton pè - re, Sais - tu re - mu - er du
 2. Ro - bin, par l'âme à ton pè - re, Fais - nous donc le tour du
 3. Ro - bin, par l'âme à ton pè - re, Fais - nous donc le tour de
 4. Ro - bin, par l'âme à ton pè - re, Sais - tu fai - re le - tou -
 5. Ro - bin, par l'âme à ton pè - re, Sais - tu dan - ser au cer

1. Rob - in, by your fa - ther swear - ing, Can you shim - my all a -
 2. Rob - in, by your fa - ther swear - ing, Make a jig - gle with your
 3. Rob - in, by your fa - ther swear - ing, Take the arms and swing a -
 4. Rob - in, by your fa - ther swear - ing, Know you how to turn a
 5. Rob - in, by your fa - ther swear - ing, Can you dance the spar - row

legato

ROBIN sings

pied? Cer - tes, par l'âme à ma mè - re, Re - gar - de - comme il - me
 chef? Ma - rot, par l'âme à ma mè - re, J'en vien - drai fort bien à
 bras! Ma - rot, par l'âme à ma mè - re, Tout au - tant que tu vou -
 ret? Mais, oui, par l'âme à ma mè - re, Vous plait - il, ce beau va -
 ceau? Mais, oui, par l'âme à ma mè - re, Mais j'ai bien moins de che -
 round? Sure - ly, by my moth - er swear - ing, Good as an - y can be
 head. Ma - rot, by my moth - er swear - ing, Fine the fin - ish with my
 round. Ma - rot, by my moth - er swear - ing, Just the way that you pro -
 wheel? Sure - ly, by my moth - er swear - ing, Where's the boy with more ap -
 shake? Sure - ly, by my moth - er swear - ing, Tho' a bush - y head I

Più mosso

siet. De - - vant et der - riè - - re, bel - le,
 chef. Fait on bon - ne chè - re, bel - le,
 dras. Est - ce la ma - niè - re, bel - le,
 let? De - - vant et der - riè - re, bel - le,
 veux De - vant que der - riè - re, bel - le,
 found. For - ward come, and back - ward, dam - sel,
 head. Do you like the man - ner, dam - sel,
 pound. Do you like the man - ner, dam - sel,
 peal? For - ward come, and back - ward, dam - sel,
 lack. For - ward come, and back - ward, dam - sel,

Stanzas 1-2-3-4

5th stanzas

De - vant et der - riè - re.
 Fait - on bon - ne chè - re.
 Est - ce la ma - niè - re?
 De - vant et der - riè - re.
 De - vant que der - (omit) _____ rie - re.
 For - ward come, and back - ward.
 Do you like the man - ner.
 Do you like the man - ner.
 For - ward come, and back - ward.
 For - ward come, and (omit) _____ back - ward.

ROBINS

Aten, je vais pour le tabour
Et pour la muse au gros bourdon,
Et si amenrai ci Baudon,
Se trouver le puis, et Gautier.
Aussi m'auront il bien mestier
Se li chevaliers revenoit.

MARIONS

Robin, revien a grant exploit,
Et se tu trueves Peronnelle,
Ma compaignesse, si l'apelle,
La compaignie en vaudra mieus.
Elle est derriere ces courtieus,
Si c'on va au molin Rogier.
Or te haste.

ROBINS

Lais m'escourcier.
Je ne ferai fors courre.

MARIONS

Or va.

ROBIN

Wait till I fetch the drum, you tease,
And bagpipes with resounding drone,
And I will bring with me Boudon,
If I can find him, and Gautier,
Besides the part that they can play
In case the Knight should come again.

MARION

Robin, rush back with might and main
And if you meet with Peronnelle,
My girl friend, bring her here as well,
The more the merrier our lot.
You'll find her in the garden plot.
Beside the road to Roger's Mill.
Quick now.

ROBIN

Just as fast as you will,
But let me tuck my smock.

MARION

Begone!
(ROBIN runs off in the direction of the
farm.)

SCENE III

ROBIN; GAUTIER; BAUDON

ROBINS

Gautier, Baudon, estes vous la?
Ouvrés moi tost l'uis, biau cousin.

GAUTIERS

Bien soies tu venus, Robin.
Qu'as tu, qui es si essouflés?

ROBINS

Que j'ai? Las! Je sui si lassés
Que je ne puis m'alaine avoir.

BAUDONS

Di s'on t'a batu?

ROBINS

Nenil voir.

GAUTIERS

Di tost s'on t'a fait nul despit?

ROBINS

Seigneur, escoutés un petit:
Je sui ci venus pour vous deus,
Car je ne sai queus menestreus
A cheval pria d'amer ore
Marotain, si me dout encore
Que il ne reviegne par la.

BAUDONS

S'il i vient, il le comperra!

GAUTIERS

Ce fera mon, par ceste teste!

ROBIN

Hi, are you there? Gautier, Boudon!
Good cousins, open quick the door.

GAUTIER

You're welcome, Robin, as before
Why is it you're so out of breath?

ROBIN

Because alas! I'm tired to death,
So much that all my breath is gone.

BAUDON

Did some one beat you?

ROBIN

Not a one.

GAUTIER

Say quick, did some one cause you grief?

ROBIN

Good sirs, my story will be brief:
I am come here to fetch you two
Because some minstrel no one knew,
A Knight, just now advances made
To Marion, and I'm afraid
That he will come again that way.

BAUDON

If he should come, for that he'll pay.

GAUTIER

That will he do, by this bull-head!

ROBINS

Vous avères trop bonne feste,
Biau seigneur, se vous i venés,
Car vous et Huars i serés,
Et Peronnelle. Son ce gent?
Et s'averés pain de fourment,
Bon froumage et clere fontaine.

BAUDONS

Hé! biaux cousins, car nous i maine!

ROBINS

Mais vous doi irés celle part,
Et je m'en irai pour Huart
Et Peronnelle.

BAUDONS

Va dont, va;
Et nous en irons par deça,
Vers la voie devers le Pierre;
S'aportera ma fourche fiere.

GAUTIERS

Et je mon gros baston d'espine,
Qui est chiés Bourguet, ma cousine.

ROBIN

You'll find a lovely banquet spread,
Good sirs, if you will but come there,
For you and Huart all to share —
And Peronnelle — good folks to meet,
And you will have some bread of wheat,
Good cheese and water crystal clear.

BAUDON

Oho! Good cousin, take us there!

ROBIN

Then you two go and make a start
And I will go and seek Huart
And Peronnelle.

(ROBIN goes toward the village. BAUDON
and GAUTIER pass behind the hedge to
the rear of the stage.)

BAUDON

Begone then, go!
And we'll depart along then so
Making our way towards La Pierre
And I will bring my big fork there.

GAUTIER

And I with thorny club will arm
That lies at Cousin Bourguet's farm.

SCENE IV

ROBIN AND PERONNELLE

ROBINS

He! Peronnelle! Peronnelle!

PERONNELLE

Robin, es tu ce? Quel nouvelle?

ROBINS

Tu ne sais? Marote te mande,
Et s'averons feste trop grande.

PERONNELLE

Et qui i sera?

ROBINS

Je et tu;
Et s'aurons Gautier le Testu,
Baudon et Huart et Marote.

PERONNELLE

Vestirai je ma belle cote?

ROBINS

Nenil, Perrette, nenil nient,
Car cis jupiaus trop bien t'avient.
Or te haste, je vais devant.

PERONNELLE

Va, je te sivrai maintenant,
Se j'avoie mes aigniaus tous.

ROBIN

Hi! Peronnelle! Hi! Peronnelle!

PERONNELLE

Robin, is't you? What news to tell.

ROBIN

Knowst not? Marotte bids you dine
And we will have a revel fine.

PERONNELLE

Who will be present?

ROBIN

Me and you,
And we'll have Bullhead Gautier too,
Boudon and Huart and Marotte.

PERONNELLE

Shall I put on my pretty coat?

ROBIN

No, no, Perrette, no not at all;
This petticoat suits me too well.
So hurry then, I'll lead the way.

PERONNELLE

Go, I will follow right away
When I have all my sheep in view.

SCENE V

MARION; KNIGHT; ROBIN

LI CHEVALIERS

Dites, bergiere, n'estes vous
Celle que je vi hui matin?

MARIONS

Pour Dieu, sire, alés vo chemin
Si ferés trop grant courtoisie.

LI CHEVALIERS

Certes, belle très douce amie,
Je ne le di mie pour mal,
Mais je vais querant ci aval
Un oisel a une sonnette.

MARIONS

Alés selonc celle haïette,
Je croi que vous l'i trouverés;
Tout maintenant i est volés.

LI CHEVALIERS

Est par amour?

MARIONS

Oïl, sans faille.

LI CHEVALIERS

Certes, de l'oiseil peu me caille,
S'une si belle amie avoie.

MARIONS

Pour Dieu, sire, alés vostre voie,
Car je sui en trop grant frisson!

LI CHEVALIERS

Pour qui?

MARIONS

Certes, pour Robechon.

LI CHEVALIERS

Pour lui?

MARIONS

Voire, s'il le savoit,
Jamais nul jour ne m'ameroit,
Ne je n'aim riens tant comme lui.

LI CHEVALIERS

Vous n'avés garde de nului,
Se vous volés a moi entendre.

MARIONS

Sire, vous nous ferés surprendre;
Alés vous ent, laissiés m'ester,
Car je n'ai a vous que parler.
Laissiés m'entendre a mes brebis.

LI CHEVALIERS

Voirement, sui je bien caitis,
Quant je met le mien sens autien!

MARIONS

Si en alés, si ferés bien;
Aussi voi je ci venir gent.
Pour Dieu, sire, or vous en alés!

KNIGHT

(The KNIGHT appears from the left.)
Say, shepherd maiden, are not you
The girl I met with this forenoon?

MARION

In God's name, Sir, if you go on
You will great courtesy extend.

KNIGHT

In truth, my fair and sweetest friend,
I say it not with evil mind
But I go over there to find
A bird that bears a little bell.

MARION

Go with this hedgerow parallel,
I think that you will find it nigh,
A minute since I saw it fly.

KNIGHT

Is't on your honour?

MARION

Surely so.

KNIGHT

In truth the bird I would forego
If I so fair a friend had won.

MARION

In God's name, nobleman, begone
For I am overcome by fear.

KNIGHT

For whom?

MARION

In truth for Robin dear.

KNIGHT

For him?

MARION

For sure! If he but knew,
To all our love he'd bid adieu,
And there is none I love so dear.

KNIGHT

There's no one whom you need to fear
If you will listen to my tune.

MARION

My lord, you'll have them on us soon
Go get you gone, leave me in peace
No time have I to hear your pleas.
Leave me my flock of sheep to tend.

KNIGHT

In truth unhappily I end
In any argument with you.

MARION

So get you gone, and rightly too.
Besides, some folk come into sight
For God's sake, noble, get you gone.

No 13a: THE FLAJOLET

by Colin Muset

Flute Solo

♩ = 66
FLUTE

8^a

pp

1. 2. *Fine*

Fine

No 13b. HARKEN TO ROBIN

(MARION)

♩ = 108
MARION sings

C'est Ro - bin que j'en - tends, Son fla - jo - let d'ar - gent,
Hark - en to Rob - in's note, Pip - ing his sil - ver flute,

Son fla - jo - let d'ar - gent.
Pip - ing his sil - ver flute.

Da capo
sin al Fine

Da capo

LI CHEVALIERS

Bergerette, a Dieu romanés,
Autre force ne vous ferai.
Ha! mauvais vilains, mar i fail!
Pour quoi tues tu mon faucon?
Qui te donroit un horion
Ne l'auroit il bien emploïét?

ROBINS

Hal sire, vous feriés pechiét.
Pæur ai que il ne m'escape.

LI CHEVALIERS

Tien de loier ceste souspape,
Quant tu le manies si gent.

ROBINS

Hareu! Dieu! Hareu! bonne gent.

LI CHEVALIERS

Fais tu noise? Tien ce tatin.

MARIONS

Sainte Marie! j'oi Robin!
Je croi que il soit entrepris.
Ançois perdroye mes brebis
Que je ne l'i alasse aidier!
Lasse! je voi le chevalier!
Je croi que pour mi l'ait batu.
Robin, dous amis, que fais tu?

ROBINS

Certes, douce amie, il m'a mort!

MARIONS

Par Dieu, sire, vous avés tort,
Qui ensi l'avés dechiré.

LI CHEVALIERS

Et comment a il attiré
Mon faucon? Esgardes, bergiere!

MARIONS

Il n'en sèt mie la maniere;
Pour Dieu, sire, or li pardonnés!

LI CHEVALIERS

Volentiers, s'avec moi venés.

MARIONS

Je non ferai.

LI CHEVALIERS

Si ferés voir,
N'autre amie ne vueil avoir,
Et vueil que cis chevaux vous porte.

MARIONS

Certes, dont me ferés vous force.
Robin, que ne me resqueus tu?

ROBINS

Ha las! or ai jou tout perdu!
A tart i venront mi cousin!
Je pert Marot, s'ai un tatin,
Et deschiré cote et sercot.

KNIGHT

Adieu, my shepherdess, and stay.
I shall from pressure now forbear.
Ah! wretched peasant! have a care!
(*The KNIGHT turning his back on MARION,
sees ROBIN trying to catch the falcon in
the hedge.*)

Why do my falcon so to death?
The man who beat you out of breath
Would in good service spend his time.

ROBIN

Ah! Sire, to do so were a crime—
I was afraid he would escape.

KNIGHT

To pay for that just take this slap
Since you did him so roughly choke.

ROBIN

Boohoo! Sweet Heaven! Boohoo, good folk!

KNIGHT

Wouldst howl? Then take this on your ear!

MARION

Saint Mary! Robin's voice I hear.
I think that he is set upon!
(*She runs in the direction of the hedge
to help ROBIN.*)
Rather I'd see my sheep all gone
Than fail to go my help to bear!
Alas! I see the cavalier!
I fear that he was struck for me.
Robin, dear friend, what aileth thee?

ROBIN

In truth, dear friend, he killed me quite!

MARION

By heaven, sir, you were not right
To rend him all in pieces so.

KNIGHT

What of the harm he did bestow
Upon my falcon? Maid, behold!

MARION

He never learnt such birds to hold.
'Fore Heaven, my lord! do pardon him.

KNIGHT

Right gladly if with me you come.

MARION

I shall not do it.

KNIGHT

Very well
I wish no other damozel,
And wish to bear you on this steed.

MARION

You'd do me violence, indeed.
O Robin, can't you give me aid?
(*The KNIGHT carries MARION forcibly off.
ROBIN sits wailing on the mound, with his
head in his hands.*)

ROBIN

Alas! for I am all betray'd
My cousins will arrive too late!
Marotte lost! a broken pate!
Surcoat and coat all torn and done!

SCENE VI

No. 14. ROBIN, WAKEN
(GAUTIER AND ROBIN)

Agitato $\text{♩} = 88$

GAUTIER sings

Hé! ré - veil - le toi, Ro - bin Car on em - mè - ne Ma -
Rob - in, wak - en and come on, They are steal - ing Ma - ri -

rot, Car on em - mè - ne Ma - rot! _____
on, They are steal - ing Ma - ri - on. _____

ROBINS

Baudon, Gautier, estes vous la?
J'ai tout perdu, Marot s'en va!

GAUTIERS

Et que ne l'alons nous rescourre?

ROBINS

Taisiés, il nous courroit ja sure,
S'il en i avoit quatre cens.
C'est uns chevaliers hors du sens.
Si a une si grant espée!
Ore me donna tel colée
Que je le sentirai grant tans.

ROBIN

Oh Baudon, Gautier, are you here?
All's lost, for Marot's nowhere near.

GAUTIER

Are we not to the rescue gone?

ROBIN

Be silent, he would run us down
Although we were four hundred strong.
He is a Knight with wits gone wrong
He carries a gigantic sword
And dealt me such a whack, my word!
That I shall feel it many a day.

GAUTIERS

Se j'i fusse venus a tans,
Ili eüst eü meslée.

ROBINS

Or esgardons leur destinée,
Par amour, si nous embuissons,
Tuit troi derriere ces buissons;
Car je vueil Marion secourre,
Se vous le m'aidiés a rescourre.
Li cuers m'est un peu revenus.

GAUTIER

If I had come in time this way
There would have been a frightful row.

ROBIN

Come let us see what happens now,
So please, let us an ambush take,
All three of us behind this brake;
For I would aid to Marion bear,
If you help me to rescue her.
My heart revives a little bit.
(All three hide behind the hedge.)

SCENE VII

MARION AND KNIGHT

(The KNIGHT and MARION appear on the right at rear, moving to the foreground center.)

MARIONS

Biaus sire, traiés vous ensus
De moi, si ferés grant savoir.

LI CHEVALIERS

Damoiselle, non ferai voir,
Ains vous en menrai avec moi,
Et si arés je sai bien quoi.
Ne soiés envers mi si fiere,
Prendés cest oisel de riviere,
Que j'ai pris, si en mangeras.

MARIONS

J'ai plus cher mon fromage cras
Et mon pain et mes bonnes pumes
Que vostre oisel a tout les plumes;
Ne de riens ne me poés plaire.

LI CHEVALIERS

Qu'est ce? Ne porrai je dont faire
Chose qui te viengne a talent?

MARIONS

Sire, sachiés certainement
Que nenil; riens ne vous i vaut.

LI CHEVALIERS

Bergerette, et Dieus vous consaut!
Certes, voirement sui je beste
Quant a ceste beste m'arestel
A Dieu, bergiere.

MARIONS

A Dieu, biaux sire.
Lassel or est Robins en grant ire,
Car bien me cuide avoir perdue!

MARION

Fair nobleman, were you to quit
My presence, you would show good sense.

KNIGHT

Damsel, I shall make no pretense,
But I shall make you with me go
And you'll get something that I know.
Do not such pride to me discover.
Accept this bird that on the river
I hunted, won't you eat it, please?

MARION

I'd rather have my juicy cheese,
On bread and my good apples dine
Than on your bird with feathers fine—
You can't please me in anything.

KNIGHT

What's that? There's nothing I can bring
Or do that can give you delight?

MARION

My lord, you'd better know outright
That not one thing can serve your pride.

KNIGHT

Maiden, may Heaven be your guide.
Indeed, I surely am a brute
When of this brute I make pursuit.
Farewell, my maid.
(The KNIGHT withdraws to the left leaving MARION alone.)

MARION

Farewell, fair Sir,
Ah! Robin must be full of ire
For sure he thinks me lost, no doubt.

SCENE VIII

ROBIN; MARION; GAUTIER; BAUDON; HUART; PERONNELLE

ROBINS

Hou! hou!

MARIONS

Dieus! C'est il qui la hue!
Robin, dous amis, comment vait?

ROBINS

Marote, je sui de bon hait,
Et garis, puis que je te voi.

MARIONS

Vien donques ça, acole moi.

ROBINS

Volentiers, suer, puis qu'il t'est bel.

MARIONS

Esgarde de cest soterel,
Qui me baise devant la gent.

GAUTIERS

Marot, nous sommes si parent;
Onques ne vous doutés de nous.

MARIONS

Je ne le di mie pour vous,
Mais il par est si soteriaus
Qu'il en feroit devant tous ciaux
De no ville autretant comme ore.

ROBINS

Bé! Qui s'en tenroit?

MARIONS

Et encore?
Esgardés comme est reveleus!

ROBINS

Dieus! com je seroie ja preus,
Se li chevaliers revenoit!

MARIONS

Voirement, Robin, que ce doit?
Que tu ne sés par quel engien
Je m'escapai.

ROBINS

Je le sai bien,
Nous veïmes tout ton couvi.
Demande Baudon, mon cousin,
Et Gautier, quant t'en vi partir,
S'il orent en mi que tenir.
Trois fois leur escapai tous deus.

GAUTIERS

Robin, tu es trop courageus;
Mais quant la chose est bien alée,
De legier doit estre oubliée;
Ne nus n'i doit apres entendre.

BAUDONS (OR ROBINS)

Il nous couvient Huart attendre
Et Peronnelle, qui venront.
Ho! vés les cil!

ROBIN

Hou! hou!

MARION

O Heavens! I hear his shout.
Robin, good friend, how are you now?

ROBIN

Marotte, in pleasant mood, I vow,
And quite restored at sight of thee.

MARION

Come here and give a kiss to me.

ROBIN

Most gladly, sister, since you wish.

MARION

Look at this silly little fish
Who kisses me for all to view.

GAUTIER

Marot, we are relations too;
You never need have fear of us.

MARION

It is not you that I discuss,
But he is such a stupid boor
That he would do it right before
The village, as he did it then.

ROBIN

Good! who could help himself.

MARION

Again!
Just look at this young blusterer!

ROBIN

Heavens! there is nothing I won't dare
If but the Knight would come again!

MARION

True Robin, but what good to gain,
For you could never even tell
How I escaped.

ROBIN

I know it well;
We saw the way you carried on —
Ask of my cousin here, Baudon,
And Gautier, when I saw you run,
If they could hardly hold me down —
Thrice I escaped from out their hold.

GAUTIER

Yes, Robin, you are very bold.
But since the matter's all behind
It should slip lightly out of mind,
We need not give it afterthought.

BAUDON (OR ROBIN)

Huart and Peronnelle — we ought
To wait for them, they're on the way.
Oh! there they are!
(HUART and PERONNELLE appear from
the village.)

GAUTIERS

Voirement sont.
Di, Huart, as tu ta chevrette?

HUARS

Oïl.

MARIONS

Bien vieignes tu, Perrette!

PERONNELLE

Marote, Dieus te beneïe!

MARIONS

Tu as esté trop souhaidie.
Orest il bien tans de canter:

GAUTIER

Yes, it is they!
Have you, Huart, the bagpipe yet?

HAURT

Yes.

MARION

Welcome to you, dear Perrette!

PERONNELLE

Marotte, may God bless you dear!

MARION

You're eagerly expected here
This is the very hour to sing.

№15. IN THIS COMPANY SO JOLLY
(MARION)

♩ = 116

Piano introduction in G major, 3/4 time. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, and the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The piece begins with a forte (ff) dynamic.

MARION sings

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first part of the song. The vocal line is in G major, 3/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 3/4 time. The vocal line begins with a forte (f) dynamic.

A - vec tel - le com - pag -
In this com - pa - ny so

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second part of the song. The vocal line is in G major, 3/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 3/4 time. The vocal line begins with a forte (f) dynamic.

ni - e Doit on bien joi - e me - ner.
jol - ly We should mer - ry mo - ments bring.

(Lines 440 to 618 of the original are omitted.)

BAUDONS

Sés ti de quoi je vueil parler,
Robin? Se tu aimes autant
Marotain com tu fais semblant,
Saches je le te loueroie
A prendre, se Gautiers l'otroie.

GAUTIERS

Il m'est bel.

ROBINS

Et je le vueil bien.

BAUDONS

Pren la donc!

ROBINS

Ça, est ce tout mien?

BAUDONS

Oïl, nus ne t'en fera tort.

MARIONS

Hé! Robin, que tu m'estrains fort!
Ne sés tu faire bellement?

BAUDONS

C'est grant merveille qu'il ne prend
De ces deus gens Perrette envie.

PERONNELLE

Cui? moi? Je n'en sai nul en vie
Qui jamais eüst de mi cure.

BAUDONS

Si aurait voir, par aventure,
Se tu l'osoies assaier.

PERONNELLE

A cui?

BAUDONS

A moi ou a Gautier.

HUARS

Mais a moi, très douce Perrette.

GAUTIERS

Voire, sire, pour vo musette?
Tu n'as el monde plus vaillant;
Mais j'ai au mains ronci traiant,
Bon harnas, et herce, et charue,
Et si sui sires de no rue;
S'ai housse et sercot tout d'un drap;
Et s'a ma mere un bon hanap,
Qui m'escherra s'elle moroit,
Et une rente c'on li doit
De grain sur un molin a vent,
Et une vache qui nous rent
Le jour assés lait et fromage.
N'a il en mi bon mariage,
Dites, Perrette?

BAUDON

Know you of what I wish to speak?
Young Robin, if you so much love
Marotte, as you seem to prove,
In truth I would this council give
To take her if Gautier gives leave.

GAUTIER

That suits me.

ROBIN

I would like it well.

BAUDON

Then take her.

ROBIN

Can I have it all?

BAUDON

Yes, there is nothing to prevent.

MARION

Oh Robin, you're too vehement
Can't your embraces be less rude?

BAUDON

'Tis strange that Peronnelle stood
Not envying these lucky two.

PERONNELLE

Who? Me? There's none I ever knew
Who ever had a thought for me.

BAUDON

Yet as it happens there might be,
If you would but a trial dare.

PERONNELLE

With whom?

BAUDON

With me or Gautier there.

HUART

Rather with me, most sweet Perrette.

GAUTIER

True, sir, that as for your Musette
No man can blow with greater force.
But I, I have a working horse,
Cart, harness, harrow — all are good
I am the big man on our road.
I've horsecloth and a one-piece coat,
And mother a good bowl has got
Which I'll inherit when she's dead;
Also an income which is paid
From out a windmill all in grain.
Besides a cow of fertile strain
Which yields us ample milk and cheese
Marriage with me would surely please.
Tell me, Perrette?

PERONNELLE

Oil, Gautier,
 Mais je n'oseroie acointier
 Nului, pour mon frere Guiot,
 Car vous et il estes doi sot;
 S'en porroit tost venir bataille.

GAUTIERS

Se tu ne me veus, ne m'en chaille.
 Entendons a ces autres noces.

HUARS

Di moi, qu'as tu ci en ces bosses?

PERONNELLE

Il i a pain, sel et cresson.
 Et tu, as tu riens, Marion?

MARIONS

Naie voir; demande Robin,
 Fors du fromage d'ui matin,
 Et du pain qui nous demoura,
 Et des pumes qu'il m'aporta.
 Vés en ci, se vous en volés.

GAUTIERS

Et qui veut deus jambons salés?

HUARS

U sont il?

GAUTIERS

Vés les ci tous près.

PERONNELLE

Et je ai deus fromages frès.

HUARS

Di, de quoi sont il?

PERONNELLE

De brebis.

ROBINS

Seigneur, et j'ai des pois rostis

HUARS

Cuides tu par tant estre quites?

ROBINS

Naie. Encore ai je pumes cuites.
 Marion, en veus tu avoir?

MARIONS

Naient plus?

ROBINS

Si ai.

MARIONS

Di me dont voir
 Que ce est que tu m'as gardé.

PERONNELLE

Of course, Gautier;
 But I don't dare keep company
 With you while brother Guyot's round,
 For you and he are fools renown'd
 And we should see the feathers fly.

GAUTIER

If you don't want me, what care I?
 Let's ring these other wedding bells.

HUART

Tell me, what's under there that swells?

PERONNELLE

Bread, cress with salt to put upon;
 And have you nothing, Marion?

MARION

Nothing indeed, ask Robin please,
 Unless some of this morning's cheese
 And bread, still untouched as you see,
 And apples which he brought to me.
 They're here, if you think they would suit.

GAUTIER

Who'd like two salted hams to boot?

HUART

Where are they?

GAUTIER

See them over there.

PERONNELLE

I have two cheeses fresh and fair.

HUART

What are they made from?

PERONNELLE

Milk of ewes.

ROBIN

My roasted peas add, if you choose.

HUART

Think you so little does for you?

ROBIN

Why no! I have cooked apples too.
 Willst have some, Marion? They're for you.

MARION

No more?

ROBIN

Why yes!

MARION

Come tell me true
 What is it that you keep aside?

Nº16. I HAVE STILL A LOVELY PIE
(ROBIN)

ROBIN sings

- 1. J'ai en -
- 2. Voy - es
- 1. I have
- 2. Cap - on

core un gros pâ - té Qui n'est pas à re - fu - ser Que nous man - ge - rons, Ma -
 ce jo - li cha - pon Qui a gros et gras cre - pon Que nous man - ge - rons, Ma -
 still a love - ly pie Rich as no one can de - ny We shall dine there - on Ma -
 add I to the rest With a fat and jui - cy breast We shall dine there - on Ma -

rot - te, Bec à bec, et moi et vous. At - ten - dez, dou - ce Ma - rot - te, Je vien -
 rot - te, Bec à bec, et moi et vous. At - ten - dez, dou - ce Ma - rot - te, I will
 rot - te, Lip to lip, both me and you. Wait for me, my sweet Ma - rot - te,
 rot - te, Lip to lip, both me and you. Wait for me, my sweet Ma - rot - te,

drai par - ler à vous.
 come to speak to you. pesante

ROBINS
 Marote, veus tu plus dè mi?
 MARIONS
 Oie, en nom Dieu,
 ROBINS
 Et je te di:

(After the 1st stanza ROBIN speaks:)
 ROBIN
 Marotte, seek you more as well?
 MARION
 Yes, 'fore heav'n.
 ROBIN
 This too I tell.
 (ROBIN sings the 2nd stanza.)

MARIONS

Robin, revien dont tost a nous.

ROBINS

Ma douce amie, volentiers;
Et vous, mangiés endementiers
Que j'irai, si ferés que sage.

MARIONS

Robin, nous ferions outrage.
Saches que je te vueil attendre.

ROBINS

Non feras, mais fai ci estendre
Ton jupel en lieu de touaille,
Et si metés sus vo vitaille,
Car je revenrai maintenant

MARIONS

Met ten tupel, Perrette avant,
Aussi est il plus blans du mien.

PERONNELLE

Certes, Marot, je le vueil bien
Puis que vo volentés i est;
Tenés, veés le ci tout prest,
Estendés l'ou vous le volés.

HUARS

Or ça, biau seigneur, aportés,
S'il vous plaist, vo viande ça.

PERONNELLE

Esgar, Marote, je voi la,
Ce me semble, Robin venant.

MARIONS

C'est mon; et si vient tout balant.
Que te semble? Est il bons chaitis?

PERONNELLE

Certes, Marot, il est faitis,
Et de faire a ton gré se paine.

MARIONS

Esgar les corneurs qu'il amaine.

HUARS

Ou sont il?

GAUTIERS

Vois tu ces vallès,
Qui tiennent ces deus grans cornès?

HUARS

Par le sain Dieu, je les voi bien

ROBINS

Marote, je sui venus. Tien.
Or di, m'aimes tu de bon cuer?

MARIONS

Oie, voir.

ROBINS

Trés grant merci, suer,
De ce que tu ne t'en escuses.

MARIONS

Hél que sont ce la?

MARION

O Robin come back quickly, dol.

ROBIN

My sweetest friend, with all my heart.
Moreover, although I depart
You'll be advised to eat along.

MARION

That, Robin, would do you a wrong.
Know that I mean for you to wait.

ROBIN

Don't wait, but here accommodate
To tablecloth your petticoat,
And these your viands on it put,
For I shall come back right away.

MARION

Your skirt, Perrette, shall serve today,
For it is whiter far than mine.

PERONNELLE

Why sure, Marot, I'll fall in line,
Since it is that which you demand
Take it, I have it right at hand
So stretch it out where you desire.

HUART

So then, good masters, please come nigher
And bring your victuals where you be.

PERONNELLE

O look, Marotte, there I see,
I fancy, Robin hither bound.

MARION

'Tis true, and skipping all around.
Does he not seem a jolly boy?

PERONNELLE

Indeed, Marot, a perfect joy,
And to delight you takes some thought.

MARION

Look at the pipers he has brought.

HUART

Where are they?
(ROBIN appears to the right with two
players.)

GAUTIER

See these varlets there
Who those two bagpipers hold in air.

HUART

I see them. Holy Heaven, I know.

ROBIN

Marotte, here I am — hello!
But say, is yours true hearted love?

MARION

Yes, sure!

ROBIN

Most grateful I shall prove,
My sister, for your constancy.

MARION

Hey! what are these there?

ROBINS

Ce sont muses
Que je pris a celle villette.
Tien esgar, con belle chosette.

MARIONS

Robin, par amour, sié toi ça.
Et cil compaignon seront la.

ROBINS

Volentiers, douce amie chiere.

MARIONS

Or faisons trestuit belle chiere.
Tien ce morsel, biaux amis dous.
Hel! Gautier, a quoi pensés vous?

GAUTIERS

Certes, je pensoie a Robin,
Car se nous ne fuissions cousin,
Je t'eüsse amée sans faille,
Car tu es de trop bonne taille.
Baudon, esgar quel cors ci a!

ROBINS

Gautier, ostés vo main de la.
Et n'est ce mie vostre amie.

GAUTIERS

En es tu ja en jalousie?

ROBINS

Oie voir.

MARIONS

Robin, ne te doute.

ROBINS

Encore voi je qu'il te boute!

MARIONS

Gautier, par amour, tenés cois,
Je n'ai cure de vos gabois.
Mais entendons a nostre feste.

GAUTIERS

Je sai trop bien chanter de geste;
Me volés vous oïn chanter?

ROBINS

Oïl.

GAUTIERS

Fai mi dont escouter:

ROBIN

Bagpipes they,
That in this village I have found.
Don't they look lovely all around?

MARION

Do Robin kindly take your seat
Where these our friends will come and eat.

ROBIN

Most willingly, sweet friend so dear.

MARION

Now let us all enjoy good cheer.
Accept this piece, my good sweet friend.
Hello! Gautier! what's on your mind?

GAUTIER

Indeed my thoughts to Robin lean,
And if he were not closely kin,
I would have loved thee without fail,
For you're so fair in all detail —
Baudon, see what a pretty waist!

ROBIN

Gautier, remove the hand there placed,
For she is not your lady dear.

GAUTIER

Are you to jealousy so near?

ROBIN

Yes, surely.

MARION

Robin, don't see green.

ROBIN

Again I see him on you lean.

MARION

I beg you, Gautier, stop your play,
I care not for your pleasantry.
Let us attend now to our feast.

GAUTIER

Full well I sing *chansons de geste*,
Would you not like to hear me sing?
(GAUTIER gets up, dramatically, to sing his
epic.)

ROBIN

Yes.

GAUTIER

To me then attention bring.

N^o 17. AUDIGIER, RAIMBERGE SAID

(GAUTIER)

Gautier sings

"Au-di-gier," dit Raim-ber-ge: "Bou-se je dis!"
"Au-di-gier" Raim-ber-ge said: "I tell you, boo!"

ROBINS

Ho! Gautier, je n'en vueil plus. Fi!
Dites, serés vous tous jours tés?
Vous chantés c'uns ors menestrés.

GAUTIERS

En male eure gabe cis sos,
Qui me va blasmant mes biaux mos.
N'est ce mie bonne chansons.

ROBINS

Nenil.

PERONNELLE

Par amour, faisons
La treske, et Robins la menra,
S'il veut, et Huars musera,
Et cil doi autre corneront.

MARIONS

Or ostonz tost ces choses dont.
Par amour, Robin, or la maine.

ROBINS

Hé! Dieus! que tu me fais de paine!

MARIONS

Or fai, dous amis, je t'acole.

ROBINS

Et tu verras passer d'escole,
Pour ce que tu m'as acolé;
Mais nous aurons ancois balé
Entre nous deus, qui bien balons.

MARIONS

Soit, puis qu'il te plaist, or alons
Et si tien ta main au costé.
Dieus! Robin, que c'est bien balé!

ROBIN

Oh Gautier, that's enough for me
Say, will you always be the same?
Yours like a min'strel's song is lame.

GAUTIER

This varlet's jokes are out of place,
Who damns my words so full of grace.
Don't you think mine a good chanson?

ROBIN

Faith no!

PERONNELLE

Come pray, let's start upon
The treche, and Robin if he may
Will lead; Huart the pipes will play
These other two the horn will blow.

MARION

These things then elsewhere we'll bestow
Pray, Robin, a beginning make.

ROBIN

Ah heaven! what pains you make me take.

MARION

Go on, sweet friend, and here's a kiss.

ROBIN

You'll see me school them in a thrice
Since you have given me this caress
But ere the rest come into place
We two will dance who are expert.

MARION

Right, since you wish it, let us start
And hold your hand there on your hip
Heavens, Robin!—we know how to skip!
(ROBIN and MARION dance.)

Original DANSE of the thirteenth century.

ROBIN and MARION dance the solo-movements, all the others join in the Refrain, after each Solo.

REFRAIN, to be repeated after each movement by the whole cast.

OBOE

HARP

First movement: Solo-dance by ROBIN

Second movement: Solo-dance by MARION

Third movement: ROBIN and MARION

ROBINS

Est ce bien balé, Marotelle?

MARIONS

Certes, tous li cuers me sautelle,
Que je te voi si bien baler.

ROBINS

Or vueil je la treske mener.

MARIONS

Voire, pour Dieu, mes amis dous.

ROBINS

Or sus, biau seigneur, levés vous,
Si vous tenés, j'irai devant.
Marote, preste mi ton gant,
S'irai de plus grant volenté.

ROBIN

Was that good dancing, Marotelle?

MARION

Indeed my whole heart jumped as well
To see you dance so brisk and fresh.

ROBIN

Now I should like to lead the treche.

MARION

For sure, fore heaven! my own sweet friend.

ROBIN

Come my good masters, take your stand
And take a hold, in front I'll go
And lend to me your glove, Marot,
In better spirit I'll proceed.

TRESKE

REFRAIN, to be repeated after each movement by the whole cast.

OBOE

HARP

First movement: ROBIN and MARION.

Refrain

Second movement: HUART and PERONNELLE.

Refrain

Third movement: ROBIN, by himself.

Refrain

MARIONS

Dieus! Robin, que c'est bien alé!
Tu dois de tous avoir le los.

MARION

Heavens, Robin, 'Twas well done indeed.
You most of all deserve the praise.
(ROBIN holds MARION'S glove in the left hand
and leads the chain formed by MARION, GAU-
TIER, PERRETTE and BAUDON. HUART stays
with the musicians. They all dance around,
singing as they disappear to the village a-
round the hedge in the center.)

№ 18. FOLLOW, FOLLOW
(MARION)

$\text{♩} = 96$

p

MARION sings

Ve- nez a- vec moi, ve- nez Au bo-
Fol- low, fol- low, come with me Down the

mf

Tutti

ca- ge, au bo- ca- ge, Au bo- ca- ge dans le bois.
love- lane, Down the love- lane, Down the love- lane in the woods.

La Ripresa.

After singing this number as it appears above, it may, if desirable, be repeated twice: first as *Hocketus*, the melody cut into syllables sung alternately, as follows:

MARION

a- vec Ve- nez bo- dans les bois.
fol- low, with me the in the woods.

ROBIN

Ve- nez moi Au dans les bois.
Fol- low, come Down in the woods.

PERONNELLE

Au bo- au bo- ca- les bois.
Down the down the love- the woods.

GAUTIER

ca- ge, ca- ge, ge, les bois.
love- lane, love- lane, lane, the woods.

Immediately after, it is sung as a quartette:

MARION

Ve - nez — a - vec — moi, — Ve - nez, — ve-nez, — Ve - nez, — ve -
 Fol - low, — fol - low, — come — with — me, — Fol-low, — Come fol - low,

ROBIN

Ve - nez a - vec moi, Ve - nez, Au bo - ca - ge,
 Fol-low, fol-low, come with me, Down the love - lane,

PERONNELLE

Ve - nez — a - vec — moi, Ve - nez, ve - nez, ve-nez — Au bo - ca - ge,
 Fol - low, — fol - low, — fol-low, fol - low, come with me, Down the love - lane,

GAUTIER

Ve - nez a - vec moi, Ve - nez, ve-nez, Au — bo - ca - ge, —
 Fol-low, fol-low, come with me, fol-low, Down — the love - lane,

nez, — ve - nez, — ve - nez, — ve - nez, ve - nez dans les bois.
 come, — come, come, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low in the woods.

au bo - ca - ge, ve - nez au bo - ca - ge, ve - nez dans les bois.
 down the — love - lane, fol - low, come and fol - low, fol - low in the woods.

au bo - ca - ge, au bo - ca - ge — dans les bois.
 down the love - lane, down the love - lane — in the woods.

au — bo - ca - ge, ve nez au bo - ca - ge — dans les bois.
 down — the lane, fol-low me, down the love - lane — in the woods.

FINALE $\text{♩} = 72$

arpeggiando
P ritard e diminuendo

