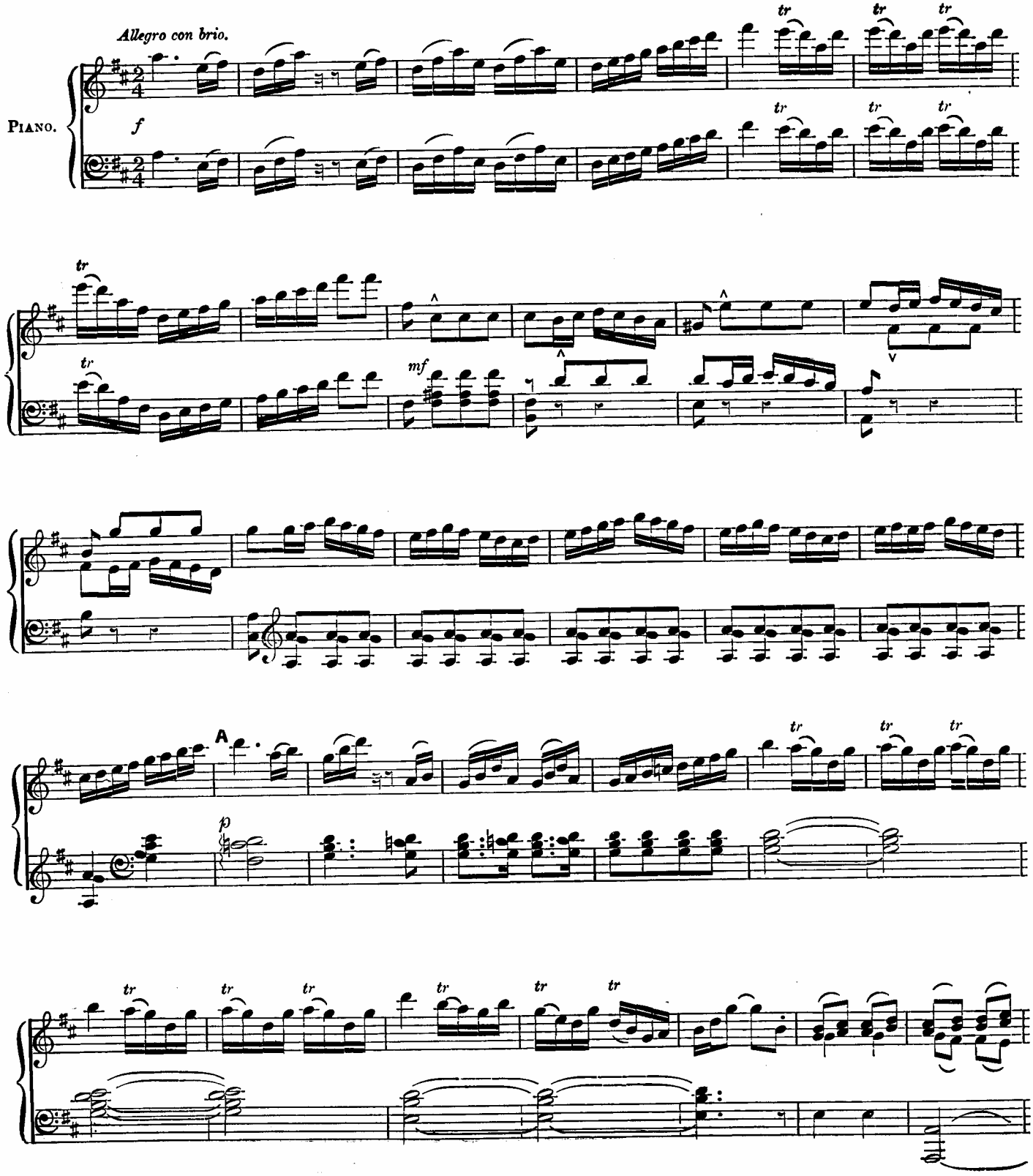
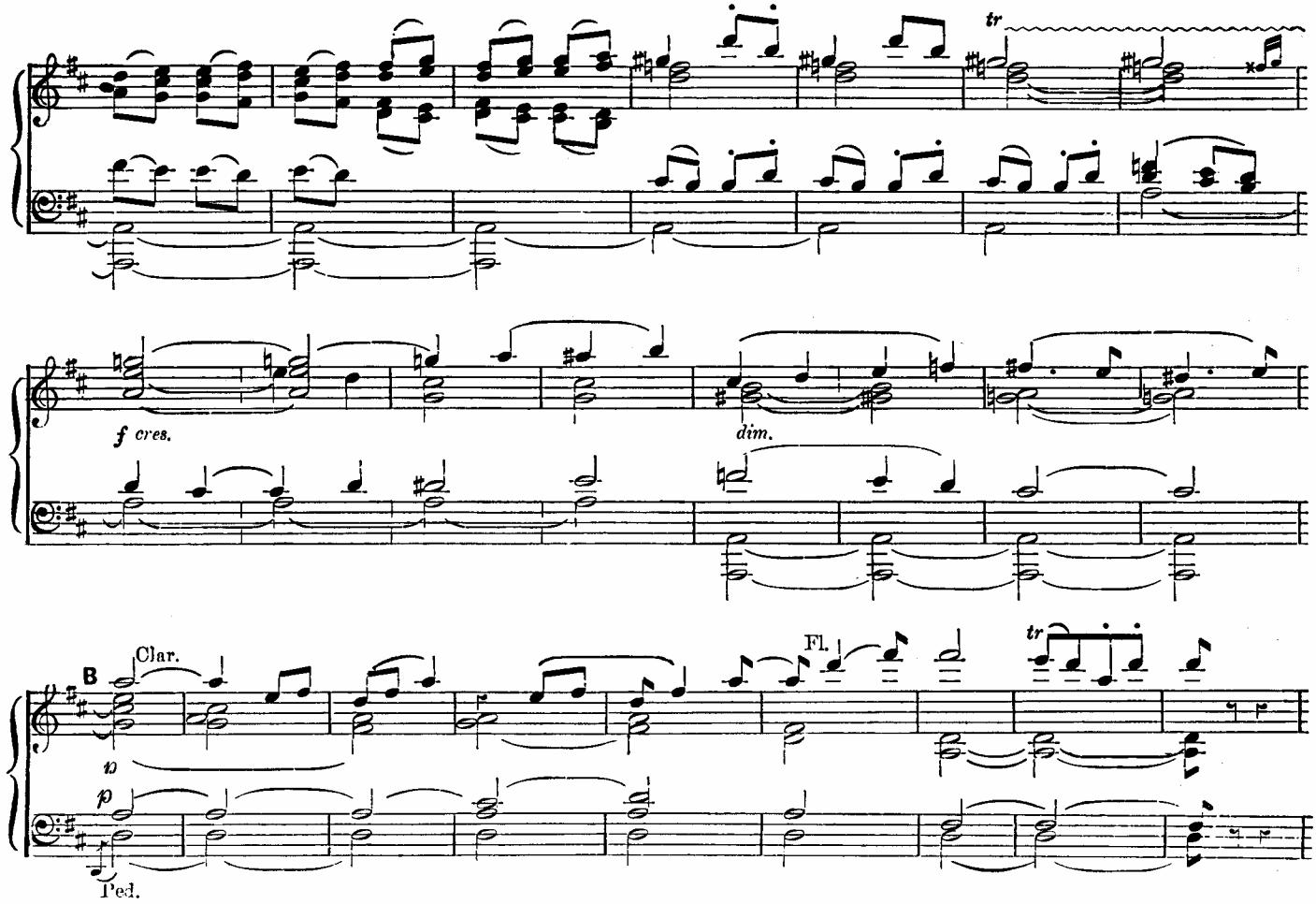
ACT II.

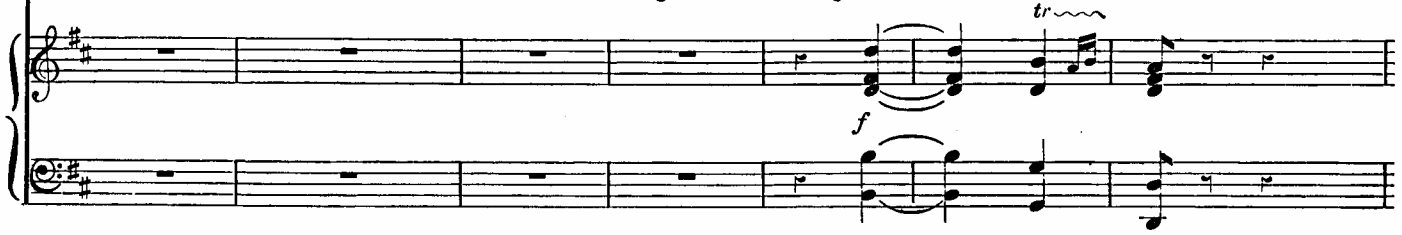
SCENE I.



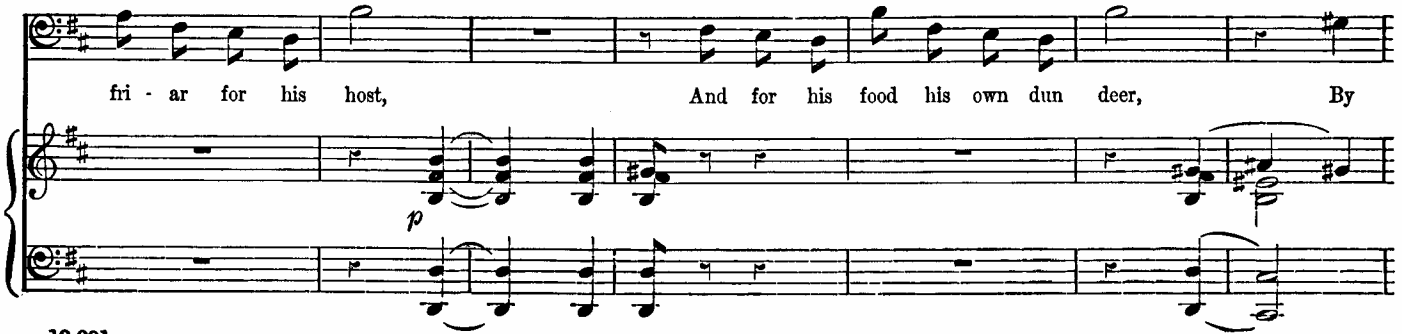


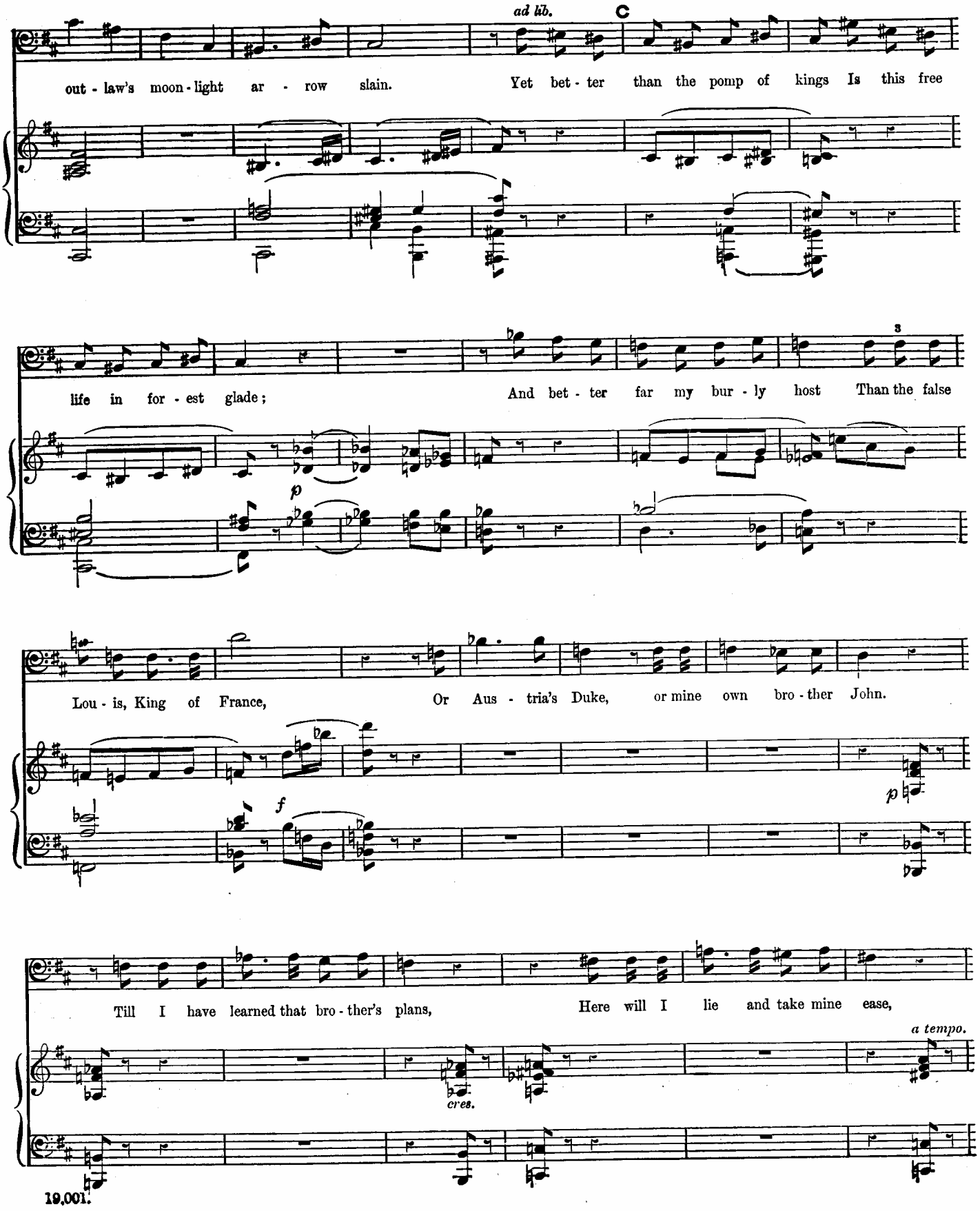
KING RICHARD.

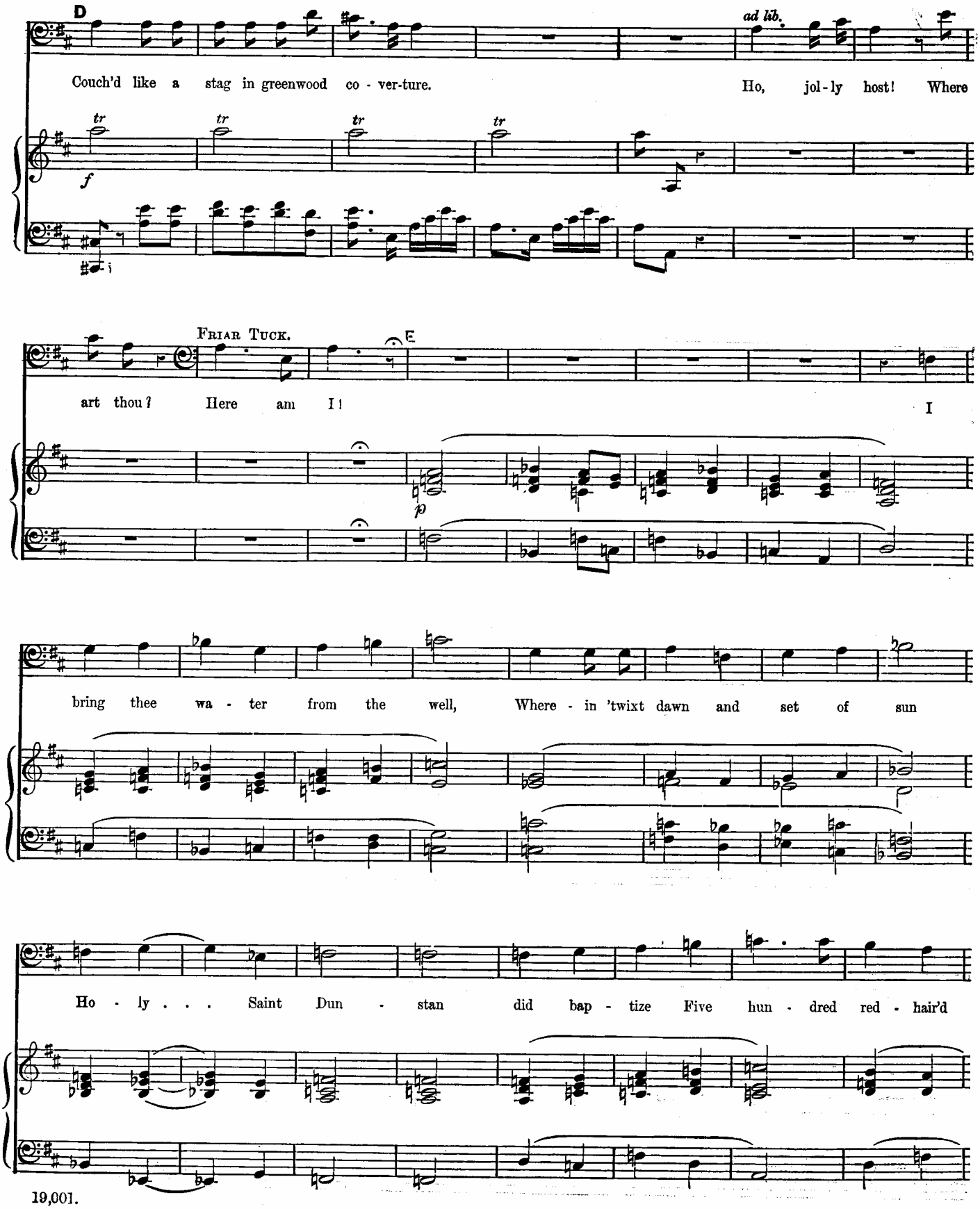
Strange lodg - ing this for Eng - land's King, . . . A thiev - ish

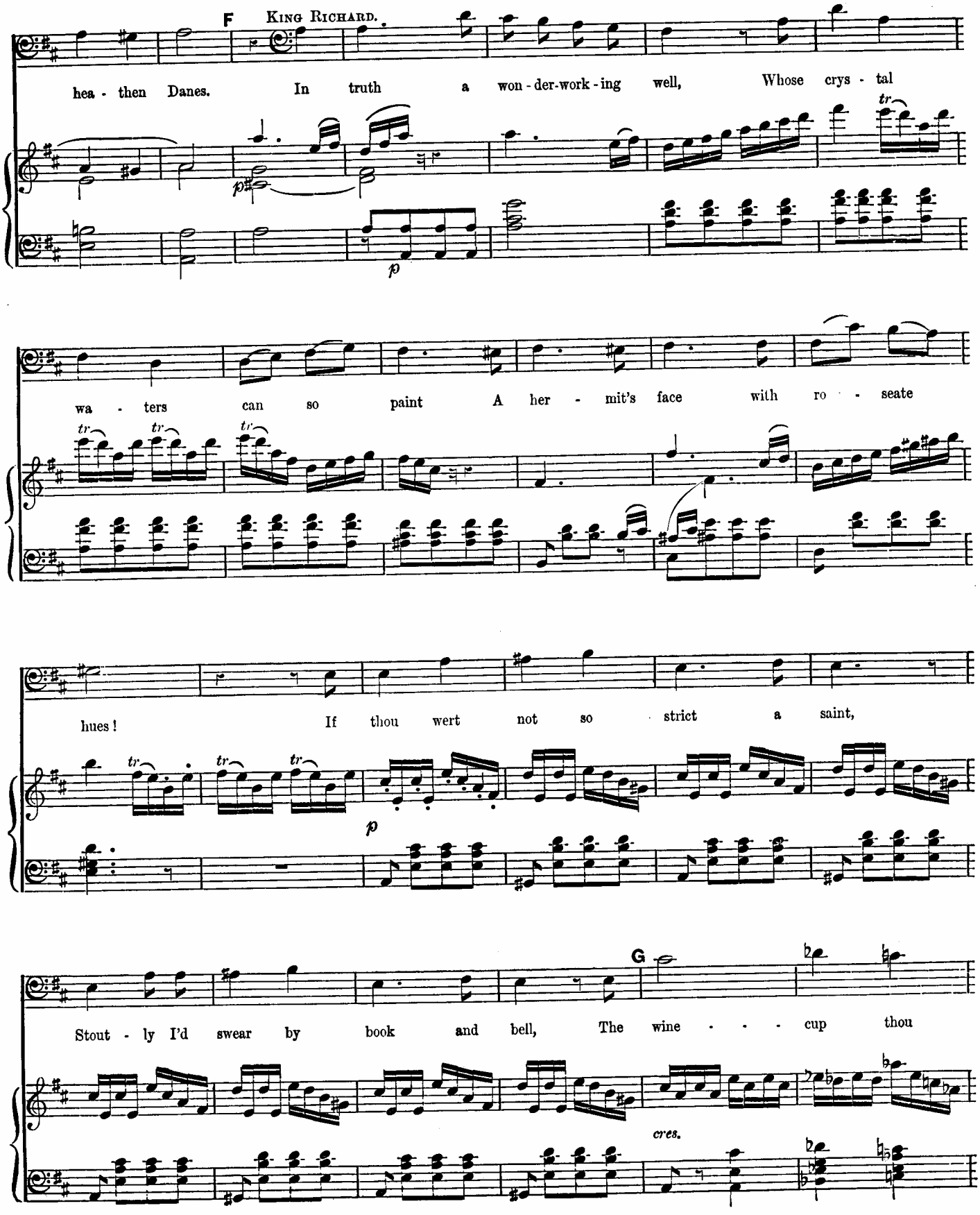


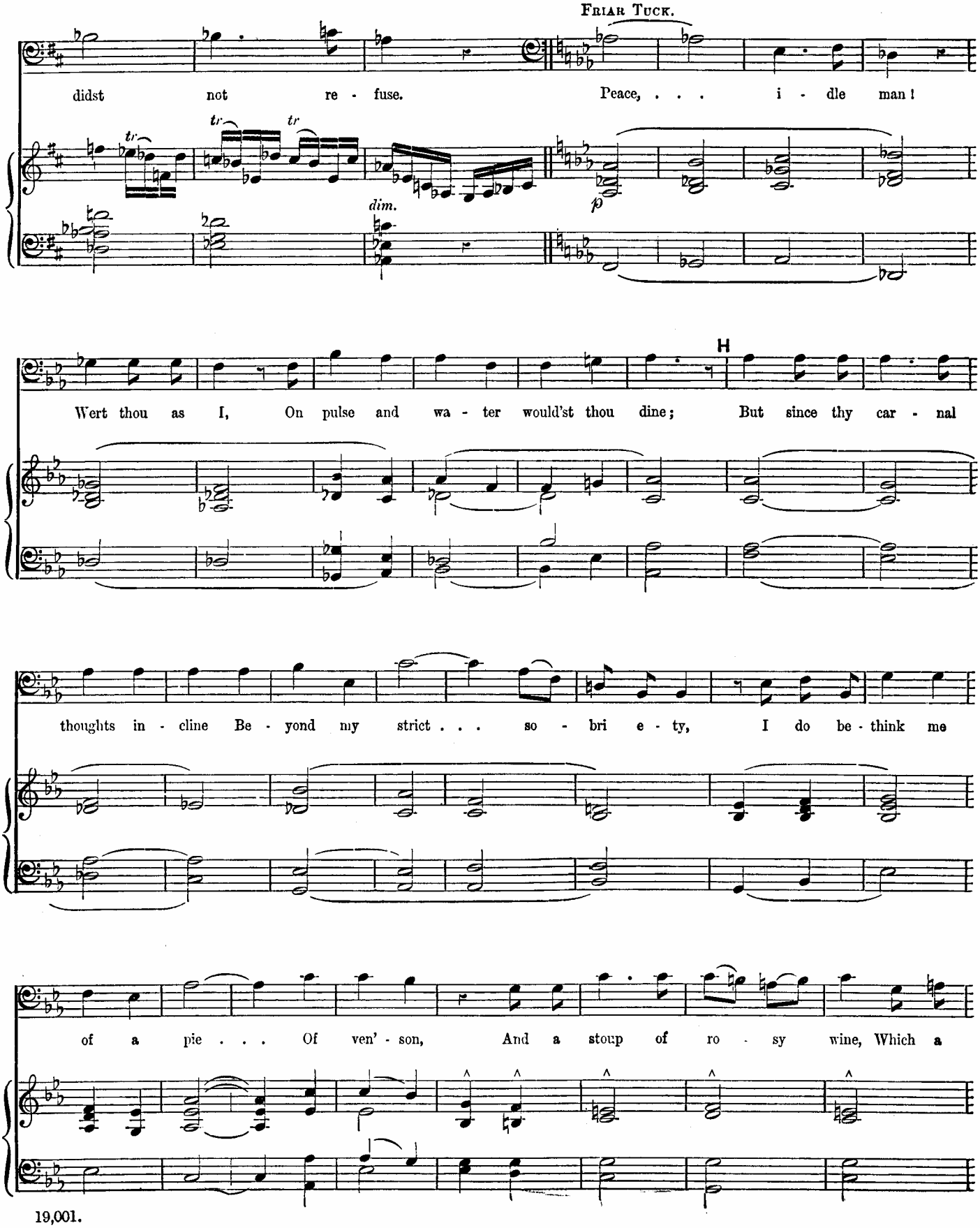
fri - ar for his host, And for his food his own dun deer, By

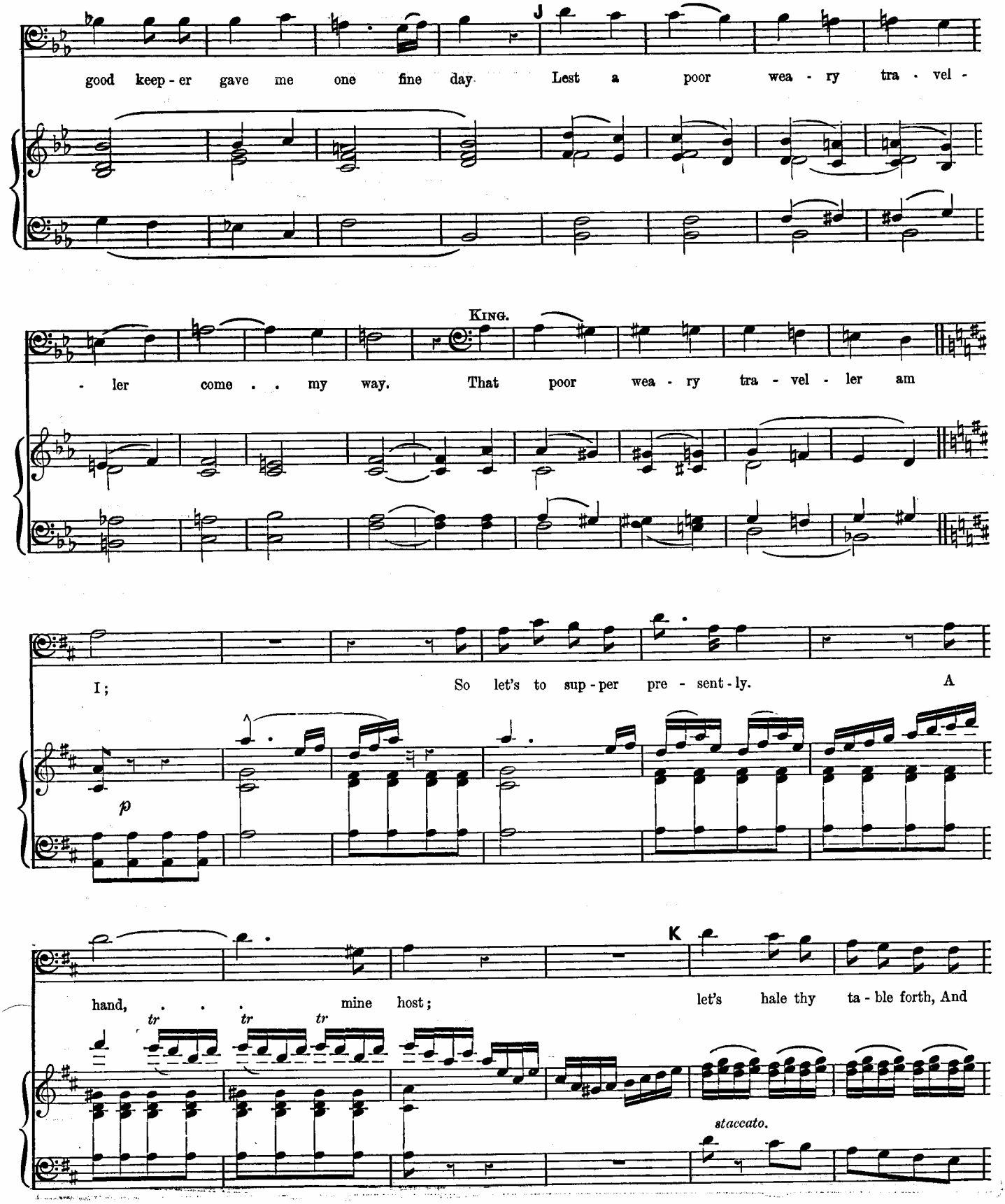


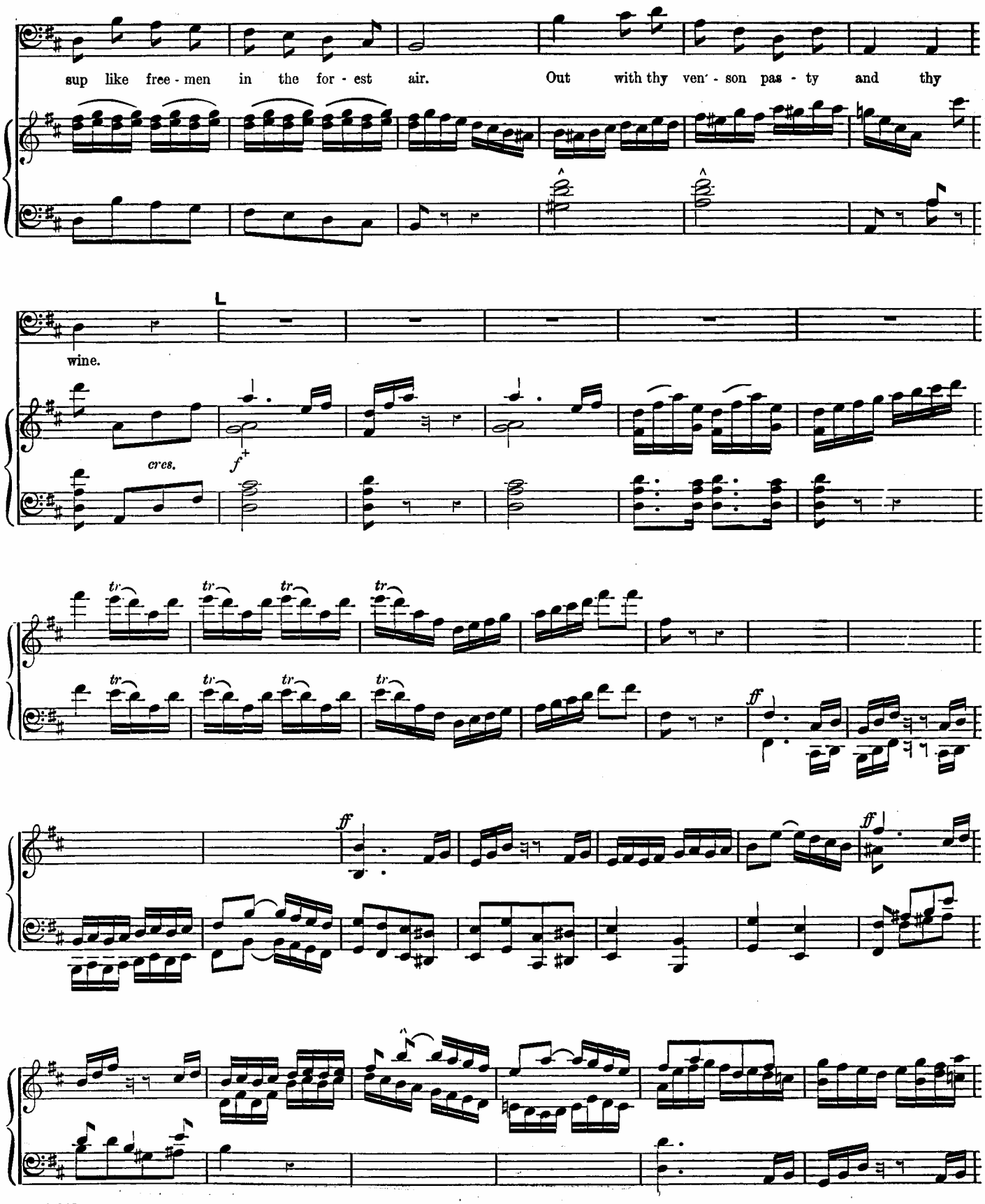

ad lib.
C
out - law's moon - light ar - row slain.
Yet bet - ter than the pomp of kings Is this free
life in for - est glade;
And bet - ter far my bur - ly host Than the false
p
Lou - is, King of France,
Or Aus - tria's Duke, or mine own bro - ther John.
f
p
Till I have learned that bro - ther's plans,
Here will I lie and take mine ease,
cres.
a tempo.
19.001.

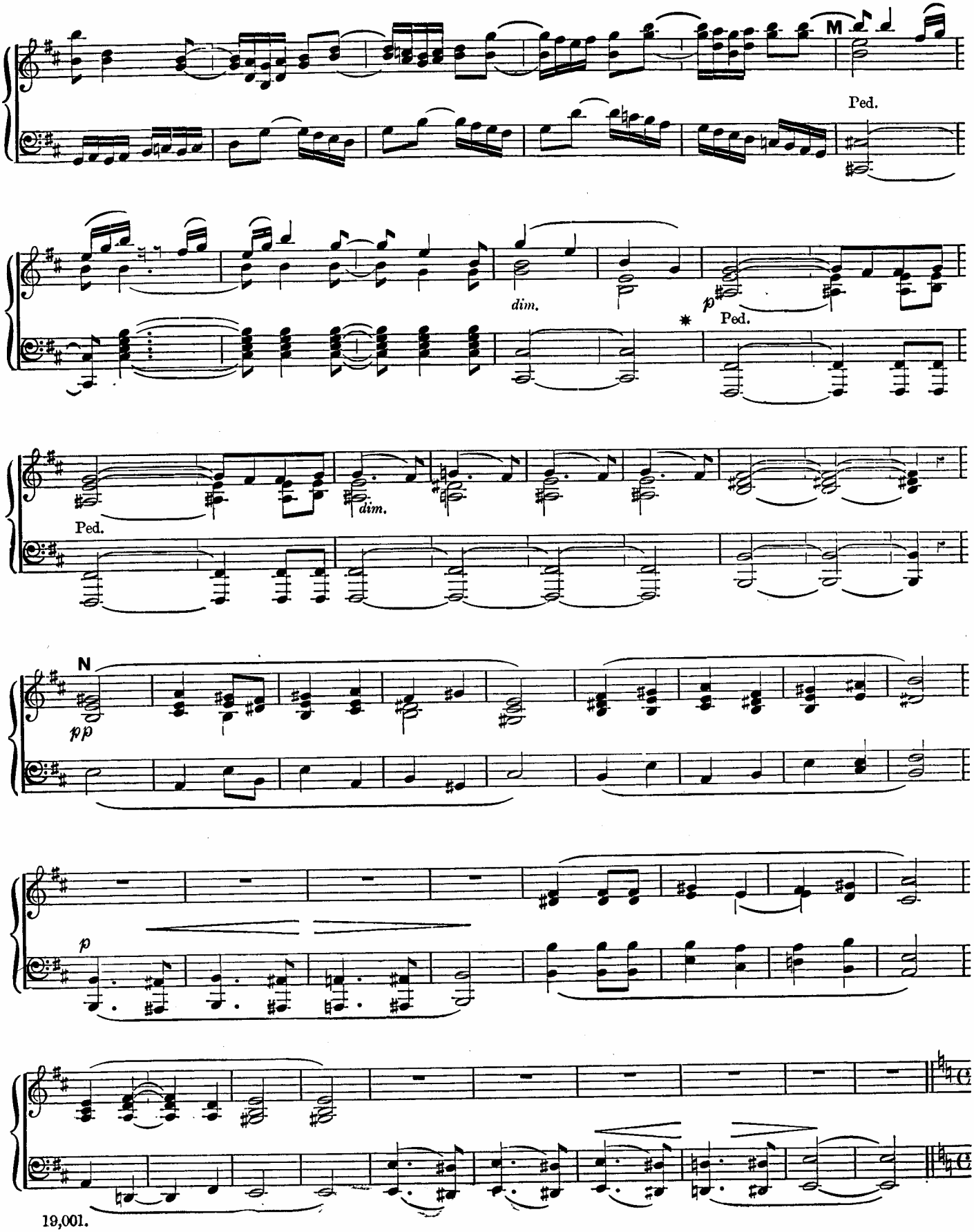

D
ad lib.
Couch'd like a stag in greenwood co - ver-ture.
Ho, jol-ly host! Where
tr
f
FRIAR TUCK.
E
art thou? Here am I!
I
p
bring thee wa - ter from the well, Where - in 'twixt dawn and set of sun
Ho - ly . . . Saint Dun - stan did bap - tize Five hun - dred red - hair'd

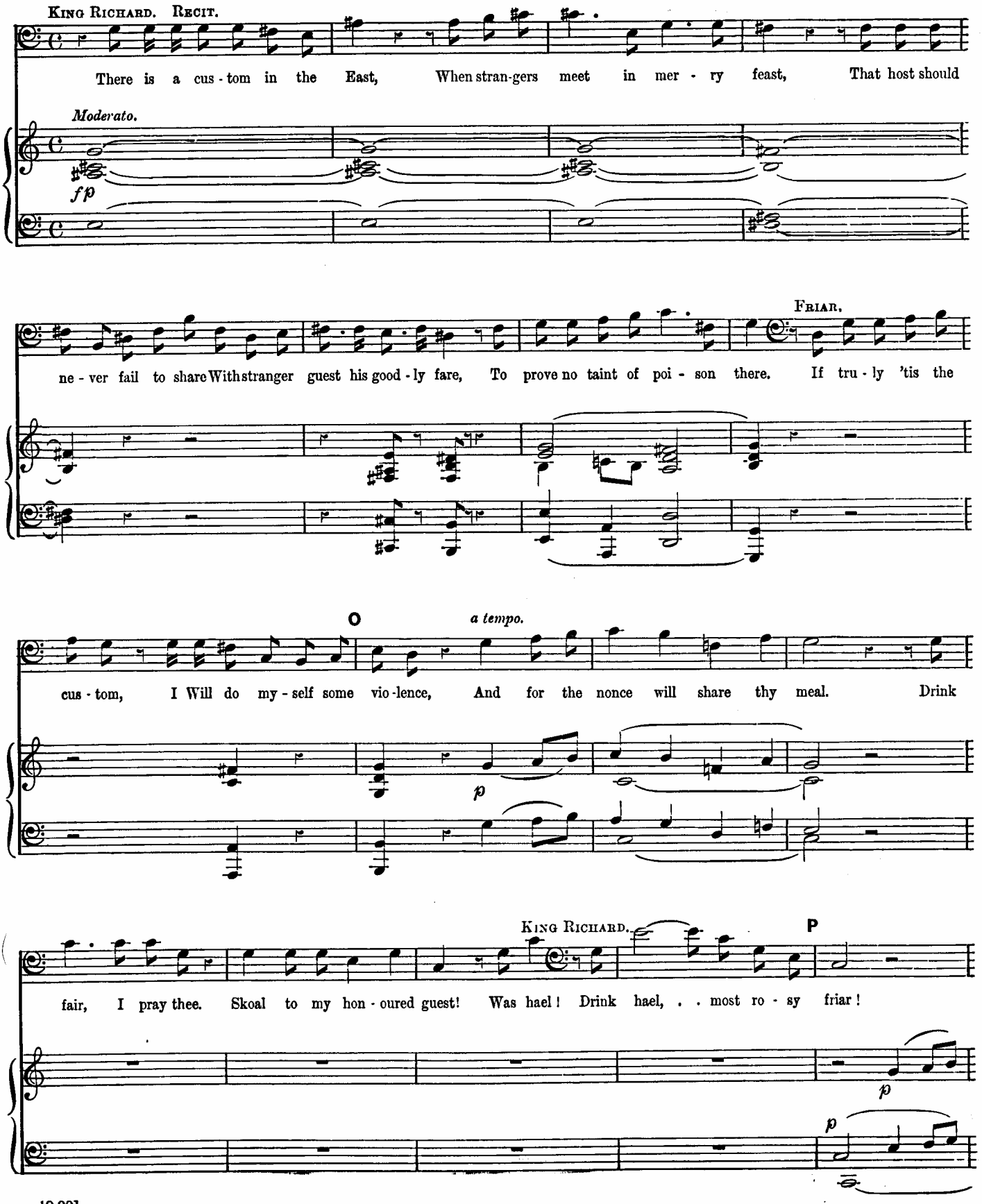

F
KING RICHARD.
hea - then Danes. In truth a won - der-work - ing well, Whose crys - tal
wa - ters can so paint A her - mit's face with ro - seate
hues! If thou wert not so strict a saint,
G
Stout - ly I'd swear by book and bell, The wine - - - cup thou
cres.

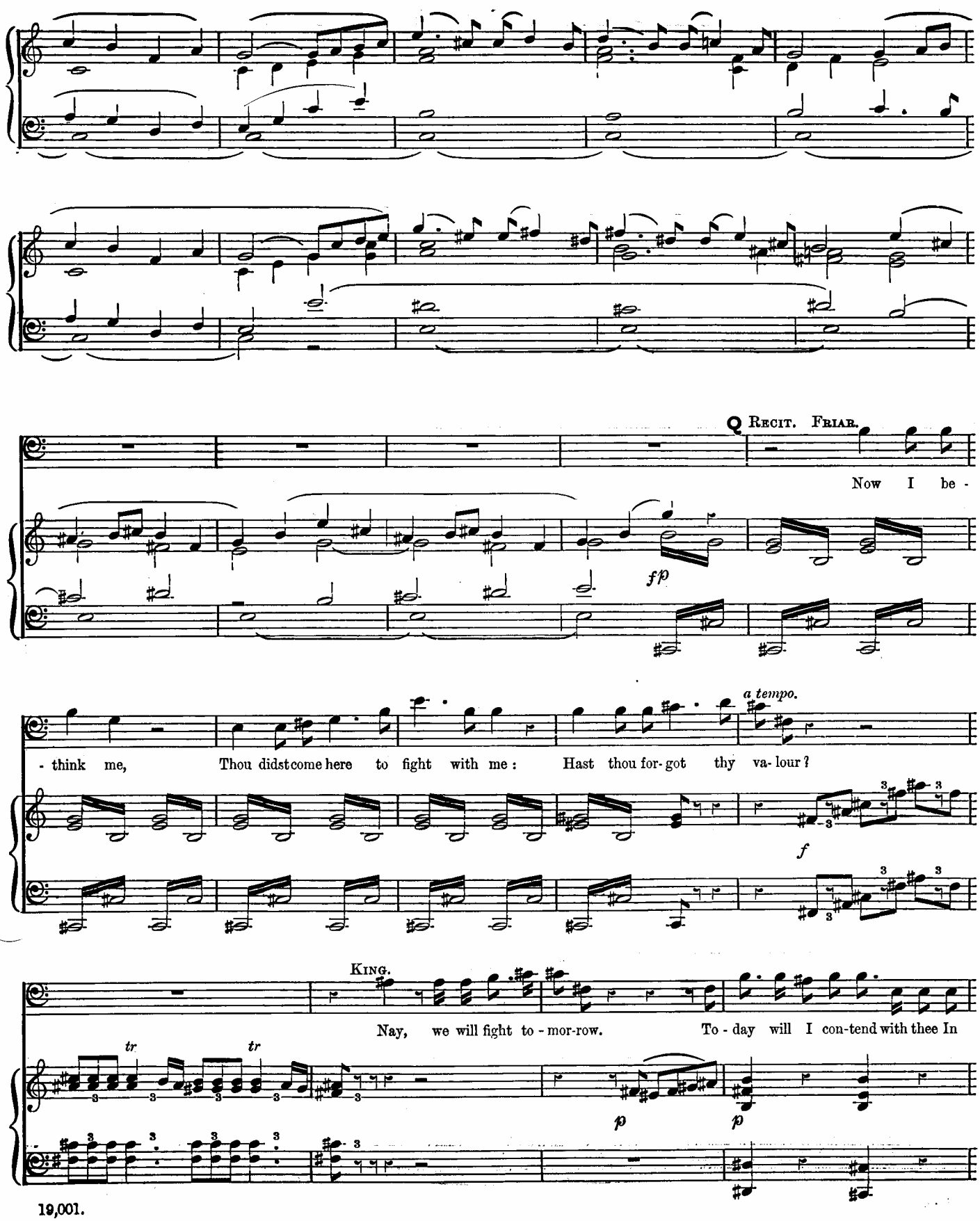

FRIAR TUCK.
didst not re - fuse. Peace, . . . i - dle man!
tr
tr
tr
dim.
p
H
Wert thou as I, On pulse and wa - ter would'st thou dine; But since thy car - nal
thoughts in - cline Be - yond my strict . . . so - bri e - ty, I do be - think me
of a pie . . . Of ven' - son, And a stoup of ro - sy wine, Which a

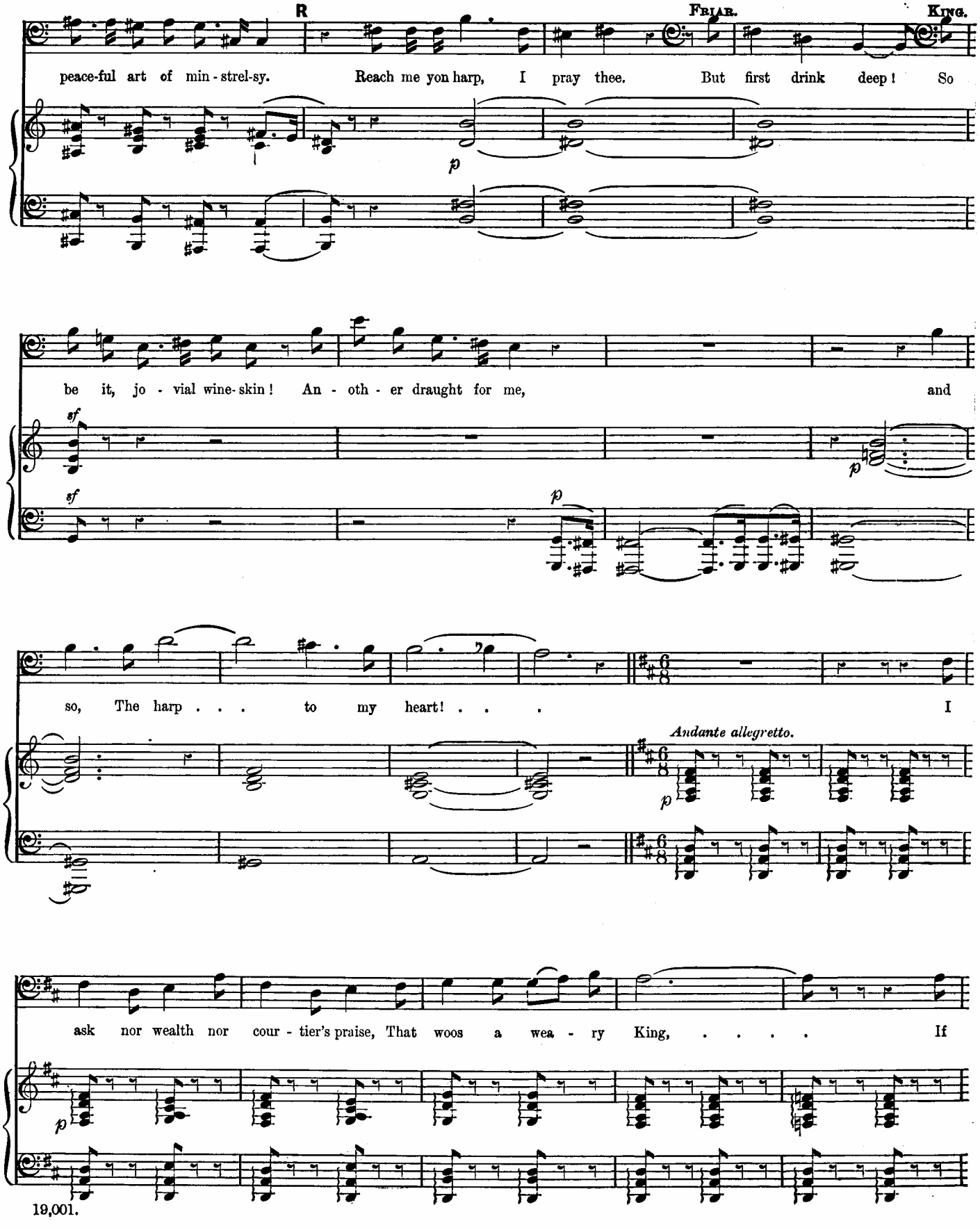

J
good keep - er gave me one fine day. Lest a poor wea - ry tra - vel -
KING.
- ler come . . my way. That poor wea - ry tra - vel - ler am
I; So let's to sup - per pre - sent - ly. A
p
K
hand, . . . mine host; let's hale thy ta - ble forth, And
tr
tr
tr
staccato.

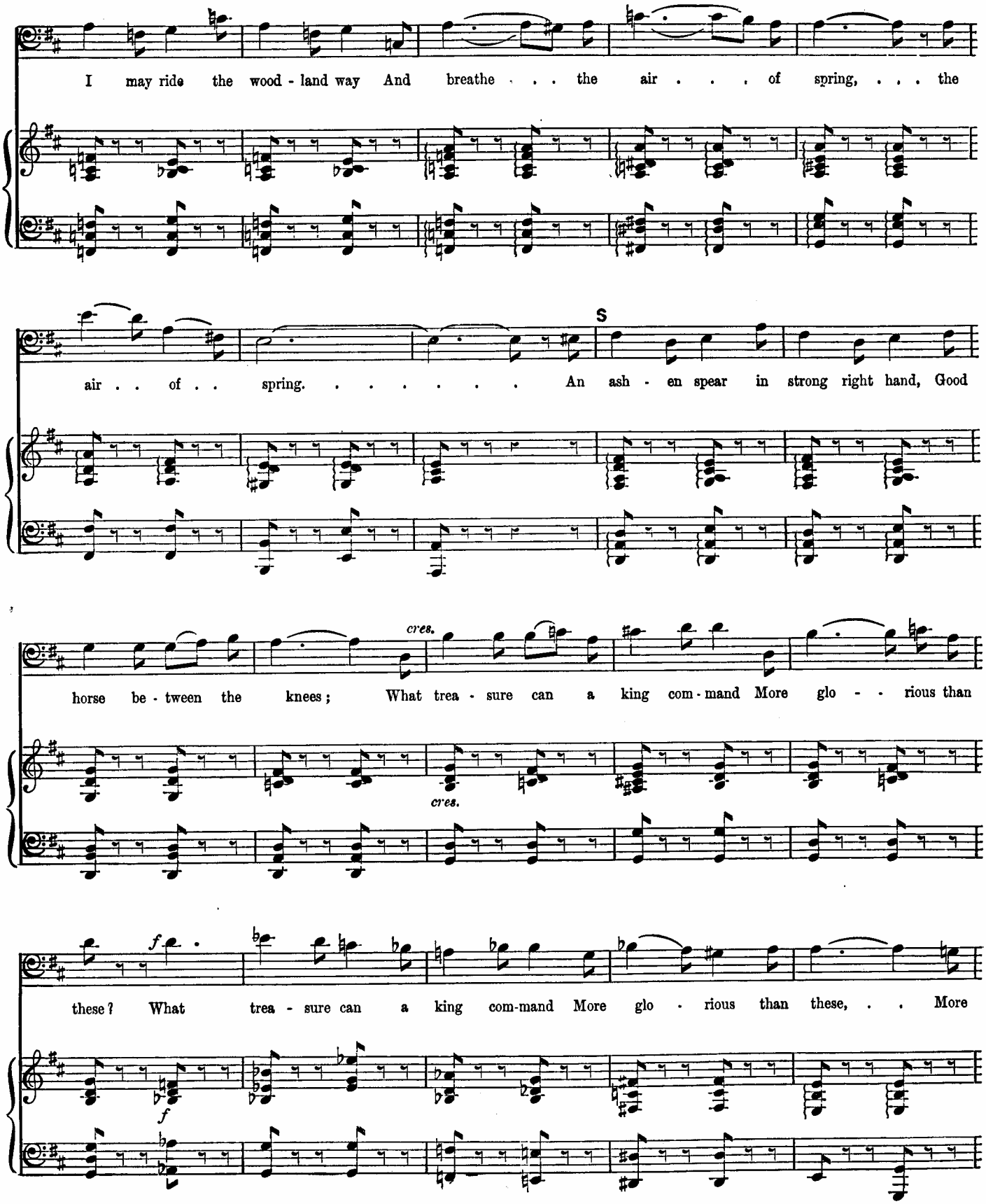

sup like free - men in the for - est air. Out with thy ven' - son pas - ty and thy
wine.
cres.
f+
tr
ff
ff
ff

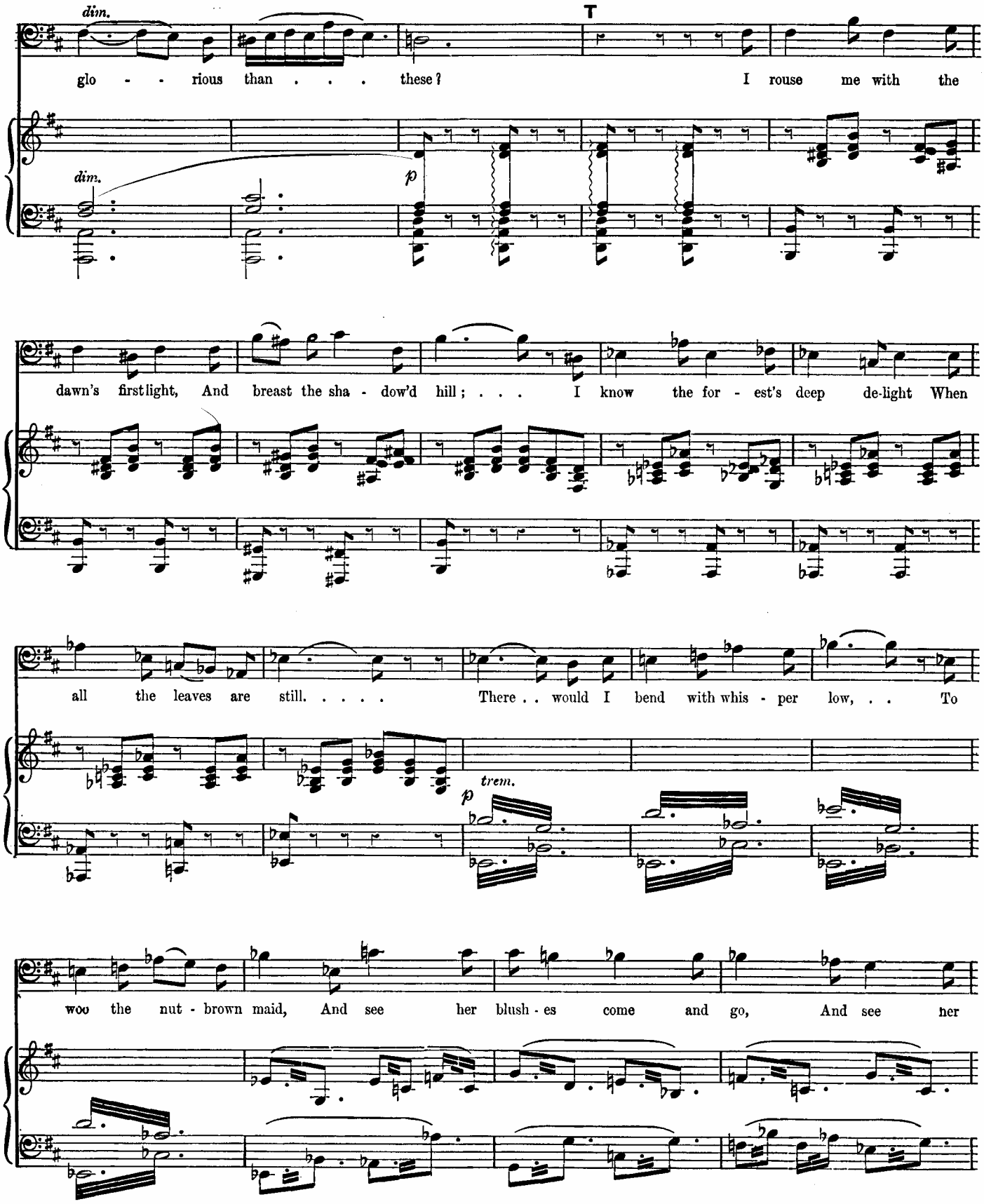

M
Ped.
dim.
p
Ped.
*
Ped.
dim.
N
pp
p

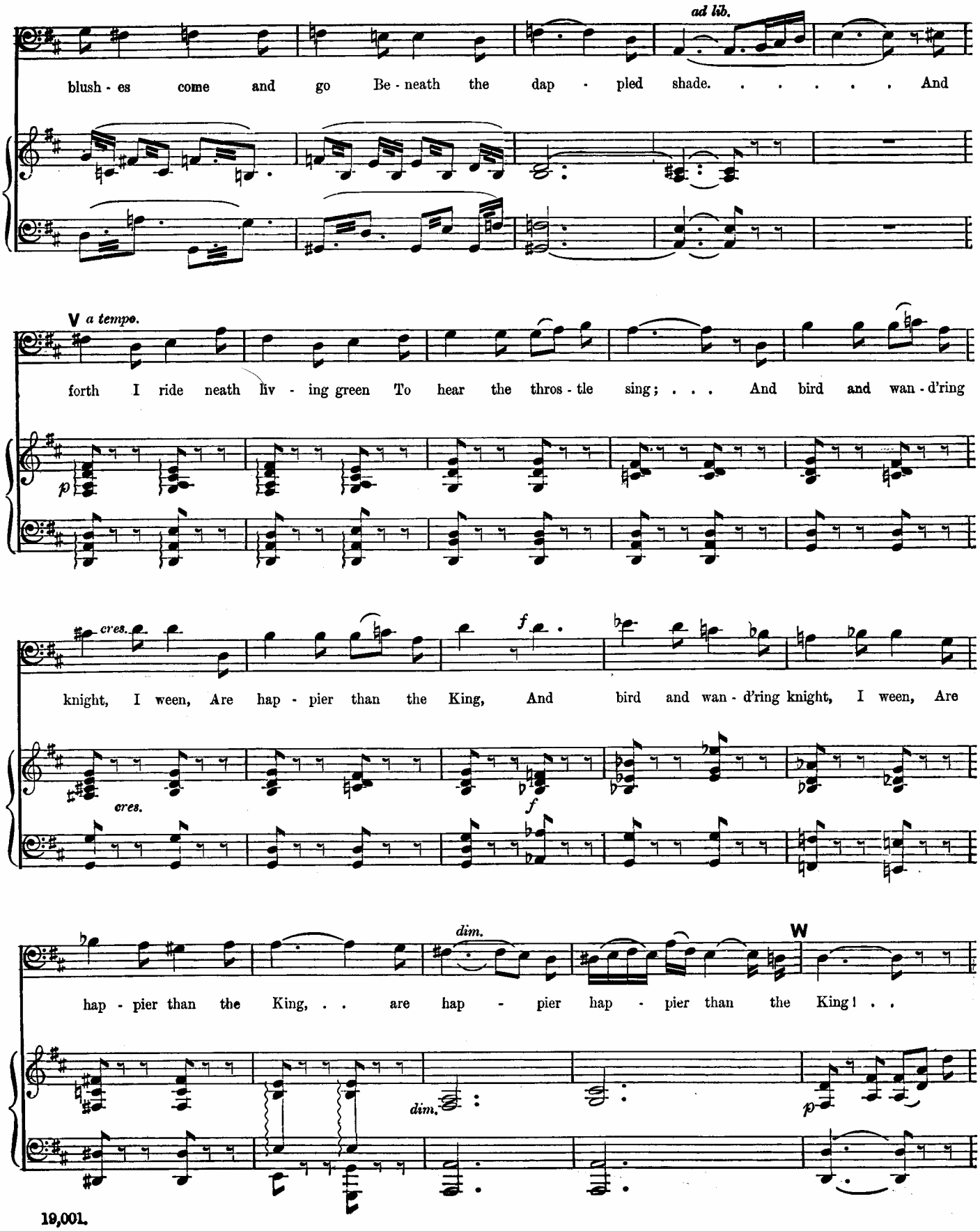

KING RICHARD. RECIT.
There is a cus - tom in the East, When stran-gers meet in mer - ry feast, That host should
Moderato.
fp
FRIAR.
ne - ver fail to share With stranger guest his good - ly fare, To prove no taint of poi - son there. If tru - ly 'tis the
O
a tempo.
cus - tom, I Will do my - self some vio - lence, And for the nonce will share thy meal. Drink
p
KING RICHARD.
P
fair, I pray thee. Skoal to my hon - oured guest! Was hael! Drink hael, . . most ro - sy friar!
p
p

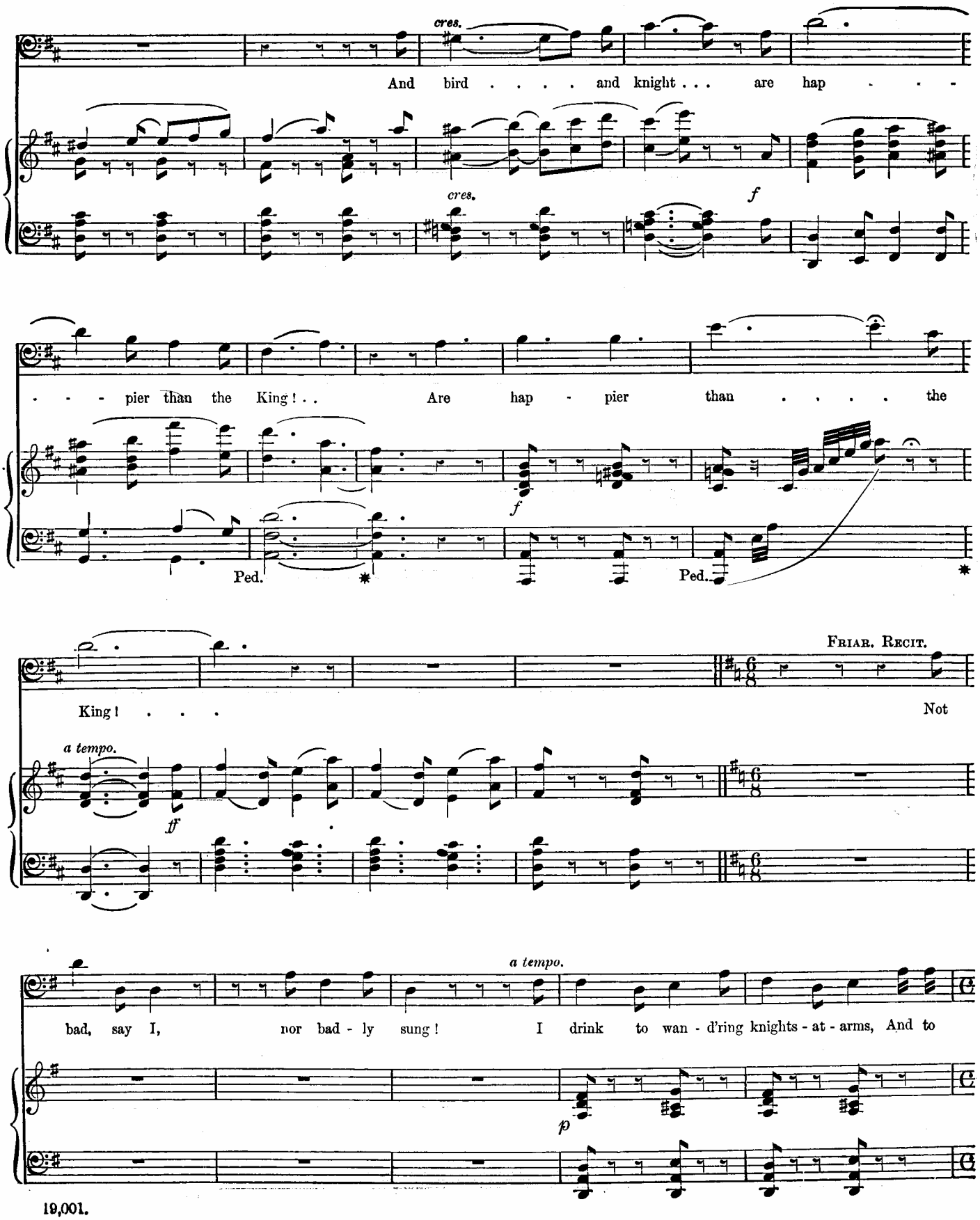

Q Recit. Friar.
Now I be -
fp
a tempo.
- think me, Thou didst come here to fight with me: Hast thou for- got thy va- lour?
f
King.
Nay, we will fight to - mor-row. To - day will I con-tend with thee In
tr
tr
p
p

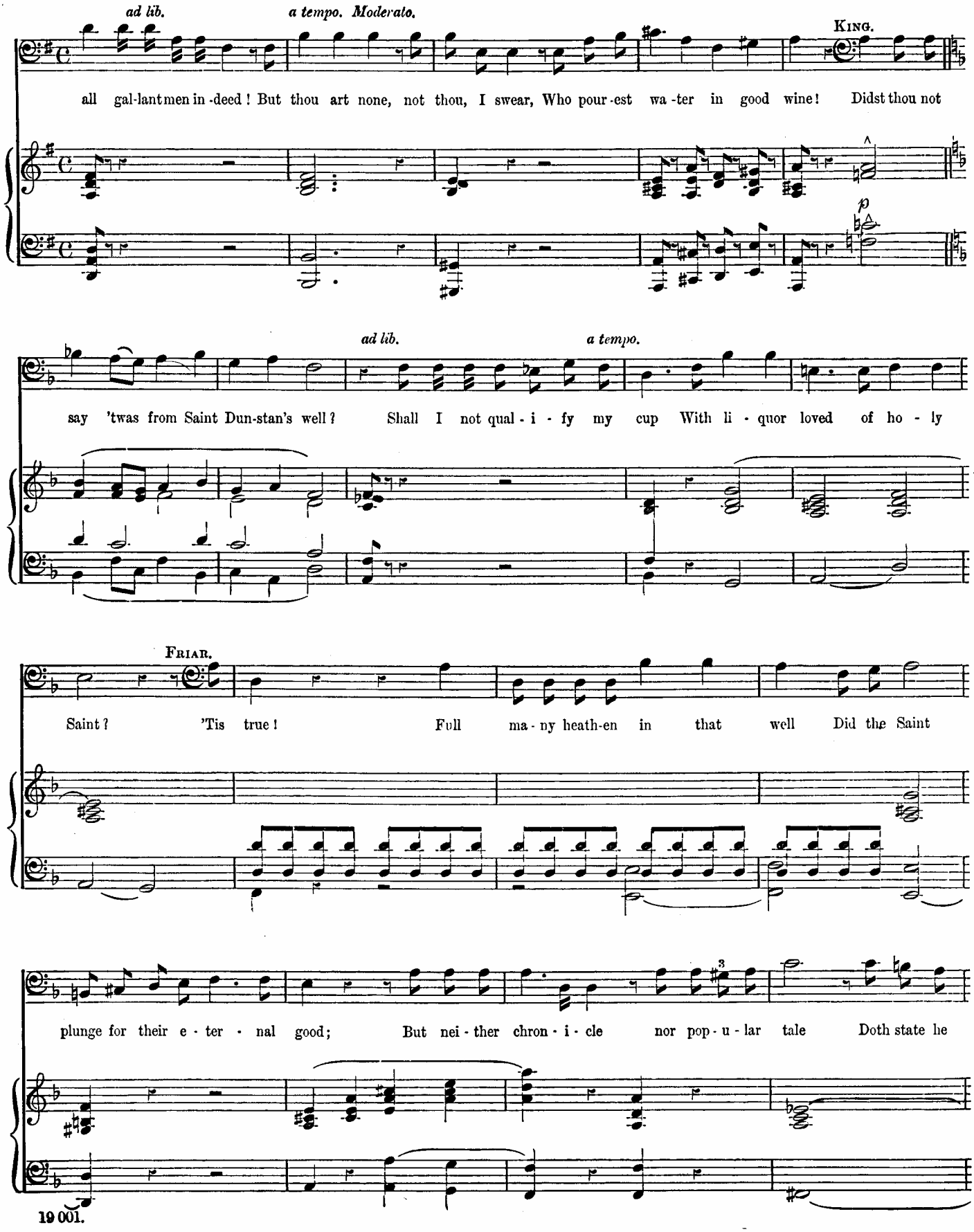

R
Friar.
King.
peace-ful art of min-strel-sy. Reach me yon harp, I pray thee. But first drink deep! So
be it, jo-vial wine-skin! An-oth-er draught for me, and
so, The harp . . . to my heart! . . . I
Andante allegretto.
ask nor wealth nor cour-tier's praise, That woos a wea-ry King, ... If

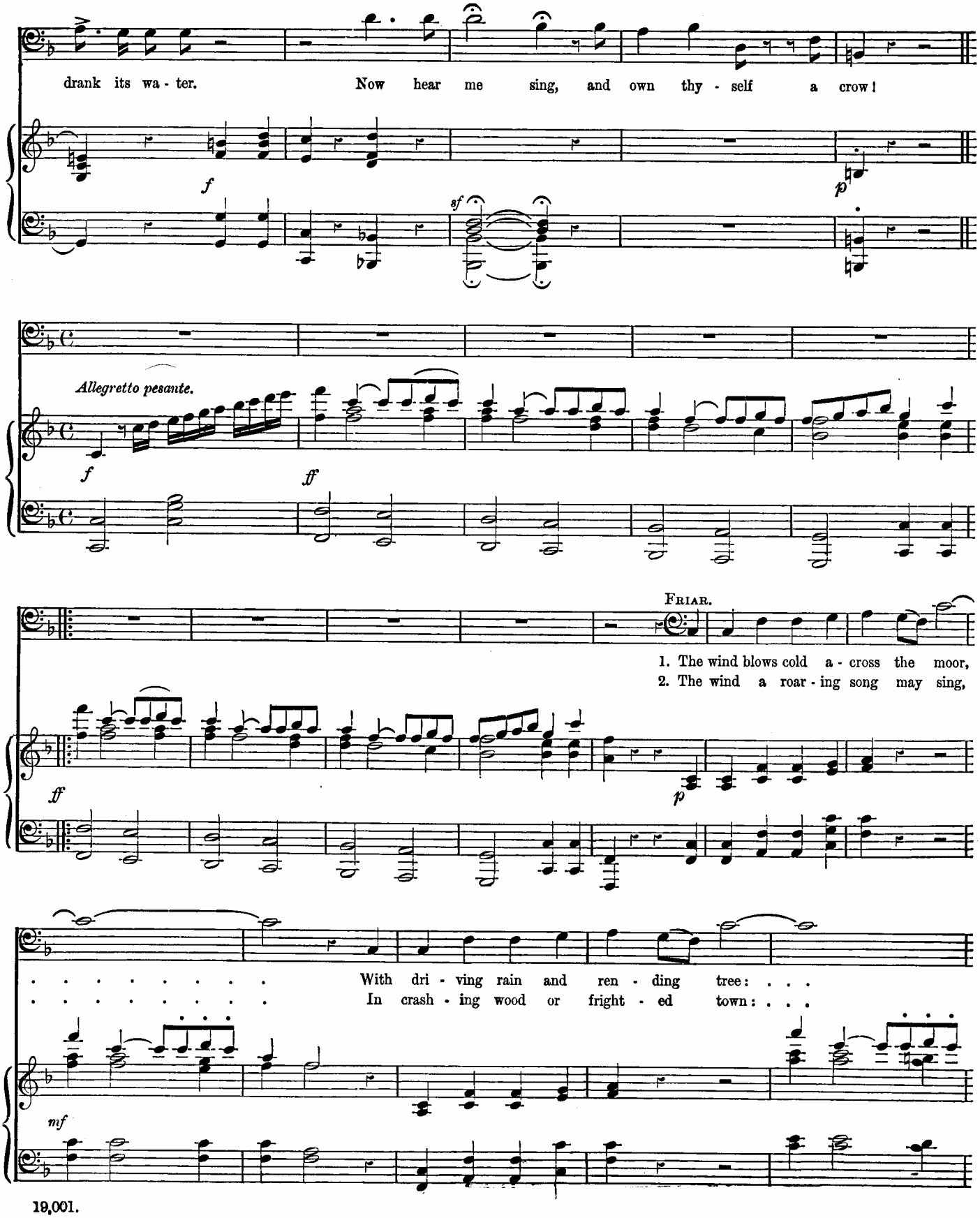

I may ride the wood - land way And breathe . . . the air . . . of spring, . . . the
air . . of . . spring. . . . . An ash - en spear in strong right hand, Good
S
horse be - tween the knees; What trea - sure can a king com - mand More glo - - rious than
cres.
cres.
these? What trea - sure can a king com-mand More glo - rious than these, . . More
f
f

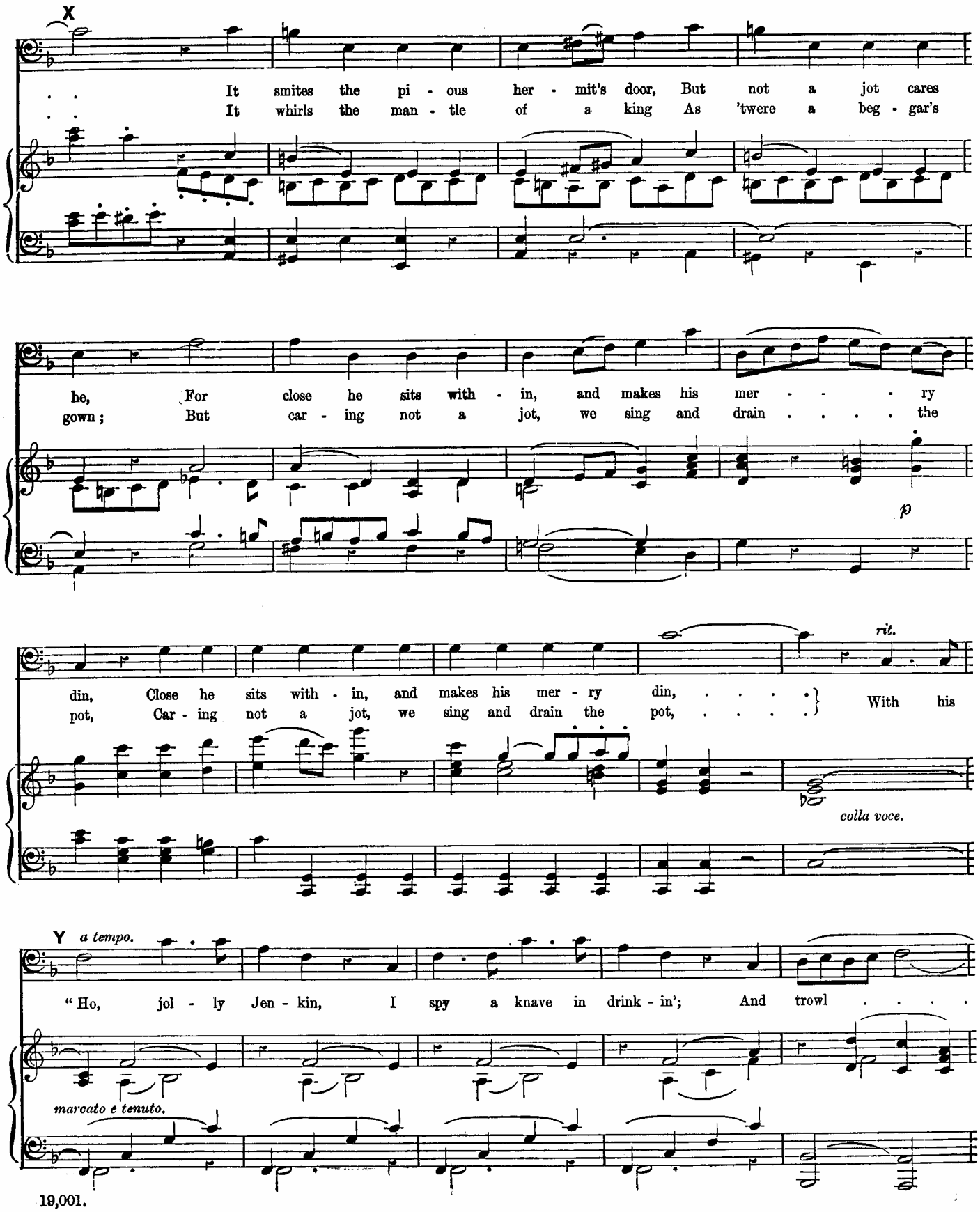

dim.
T
glo - - rious than . . . these? I rouse me with the
dim.
p
dawn's first light, And breast the sha - dow'd hill; . . . I know the for - est's deep de-light When
all the leaves are still. . . . . There . . would I bend with whis - per low, . . To
trem.
p
woo the nut - brown maid, And see her blush - es come and go, And see her

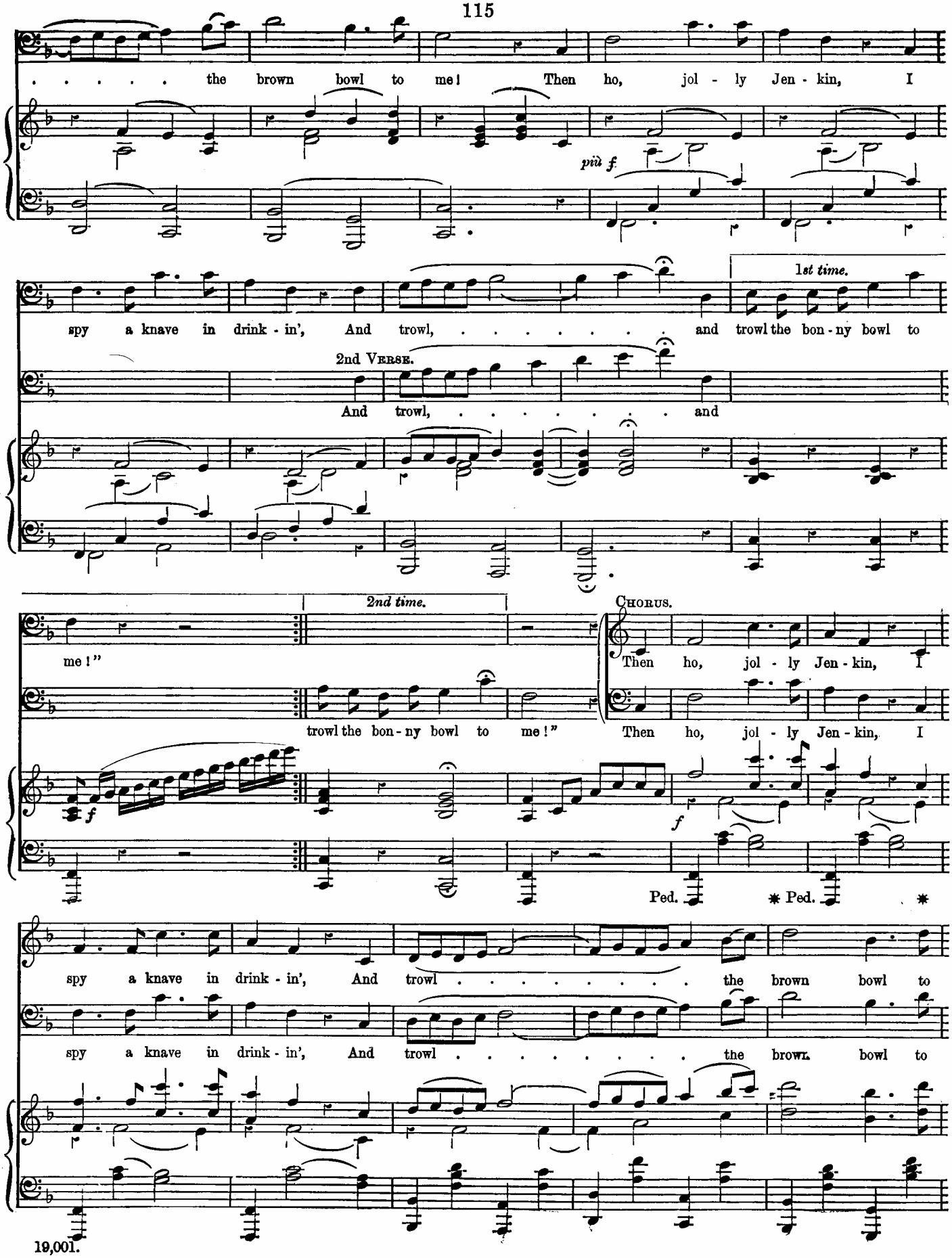

ad lib.
blush - es come and go Be - neath the dap - pled shade. . . . . And
V a tempo.
forth I ride neath liv - ing green To hear the thros - tle sing; . . . And bird and wan - d'ring
cres.
knight, I ween, Are hap - pier than the King, And bird and wan - d'ring knight, I ween, Are
dim.
W
hap - pier than the King, . . are hap - pier hap - pier than the King! . .
dim.

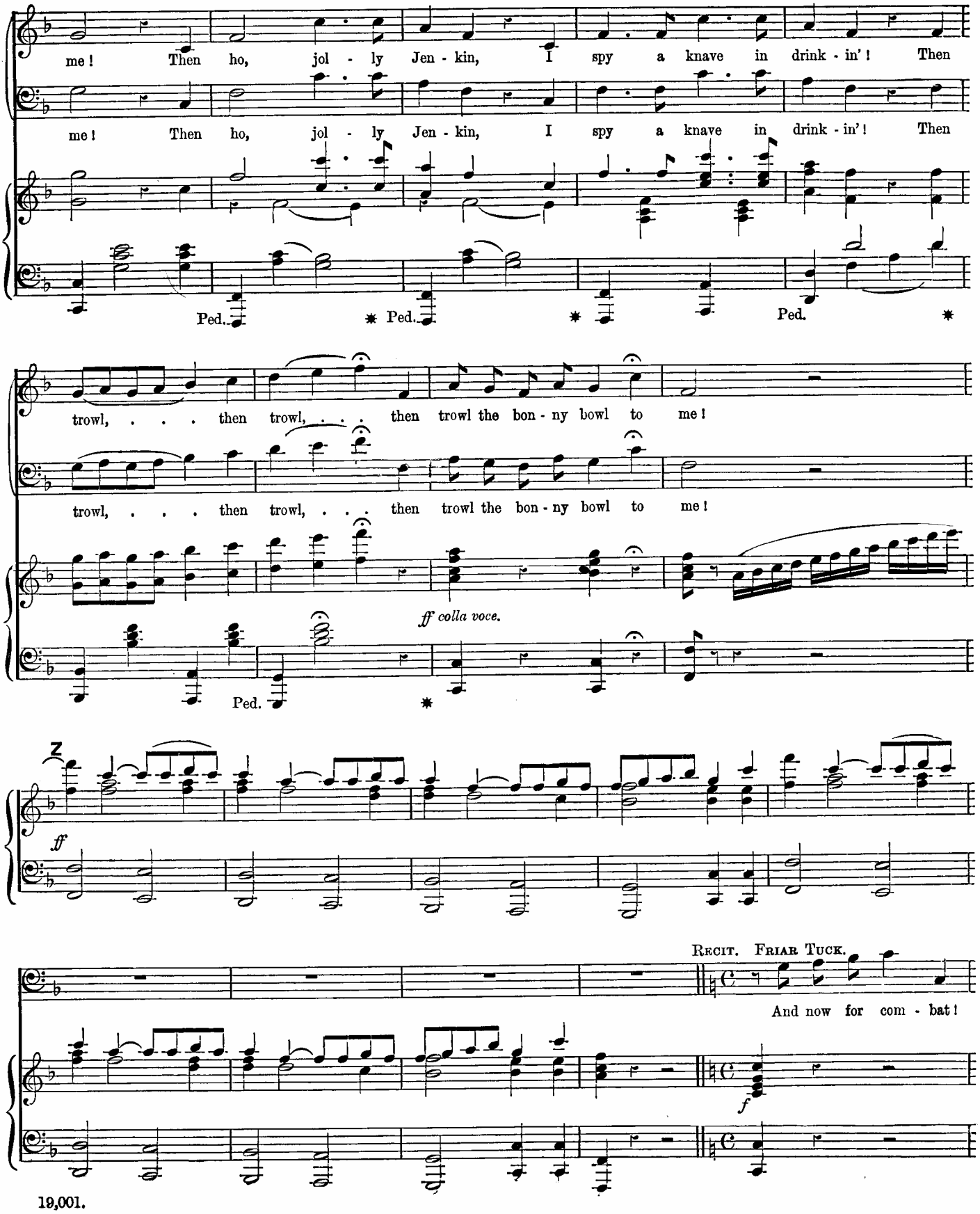

cres.
And bird . . . . and knight . . . are hap - - -
cres.
f
- - - pier than the King! . . Are hap - pier than . . . . the
f
Ped.
Ped.
FRIAR. RECIT.
King! . . . Not
a tempo.
ff
a tempo.
bad, say I, nor bad - ly sung! I drink to wan - d'ring knights - at - arms, And to
p

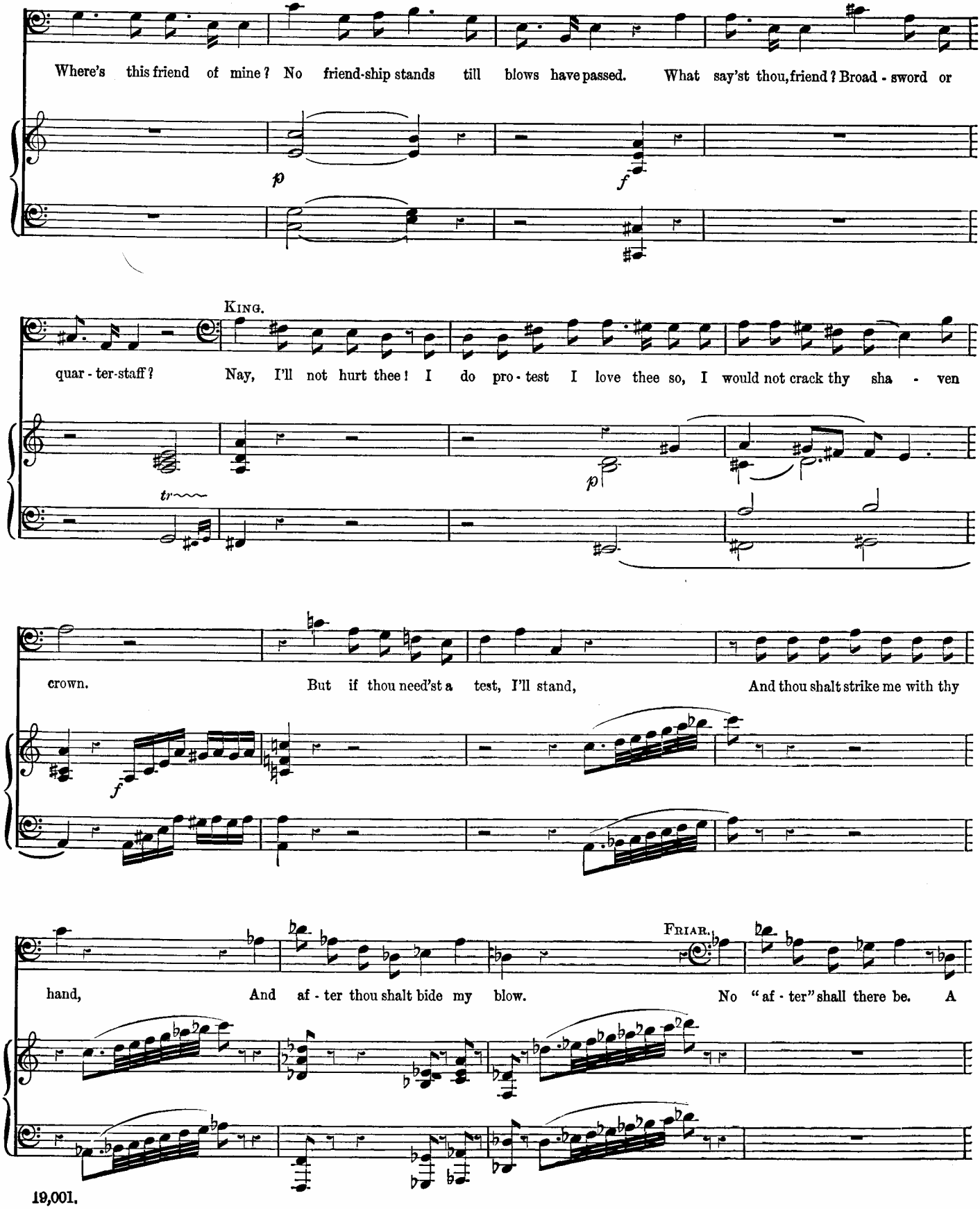

ad lib.
a tempo. Moderato.
KING.
all gal-lant men in-deed! But thou art none, not thou, I swear, Who pour-est wa-ter in good wine! Didst thou not
p
ad lib.
a tempo.
say 'twas from Saint Dun-stan's well? Shall I not qual-i-fy my cup With li-quor loved of ho-ly
FRIAR.
Saint? 'Tis true! Full ma-ny heath-en in that well Did the Saint
plunge for their e-ter-nal good; But nei-ther chron-i-cle nor pop-u-lar tale Doth state he

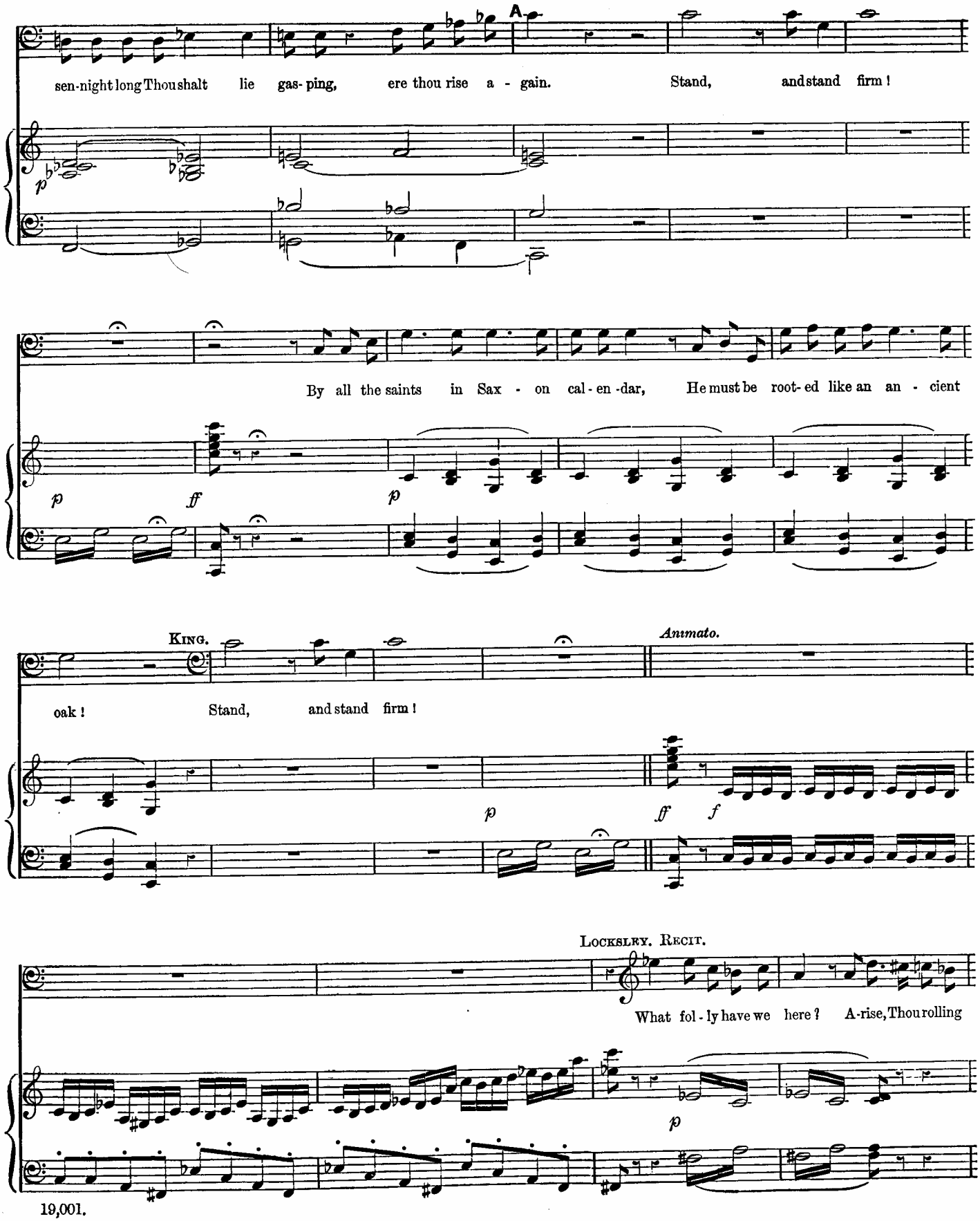

drank its wa - ter. Now hear me sing, and own thy - self a crow!
f
sf
p
Allegretto pesante.
f
ff
FRIAR.
1. The wind blows cold a - cross the moor,
2. The wind a roar - ing song may sing,
ff
p
. . . . . With dri - ving rain and ren - ding tree: . . .
. . . . . In crash - ing wood or fright - ed town: . . .
mf

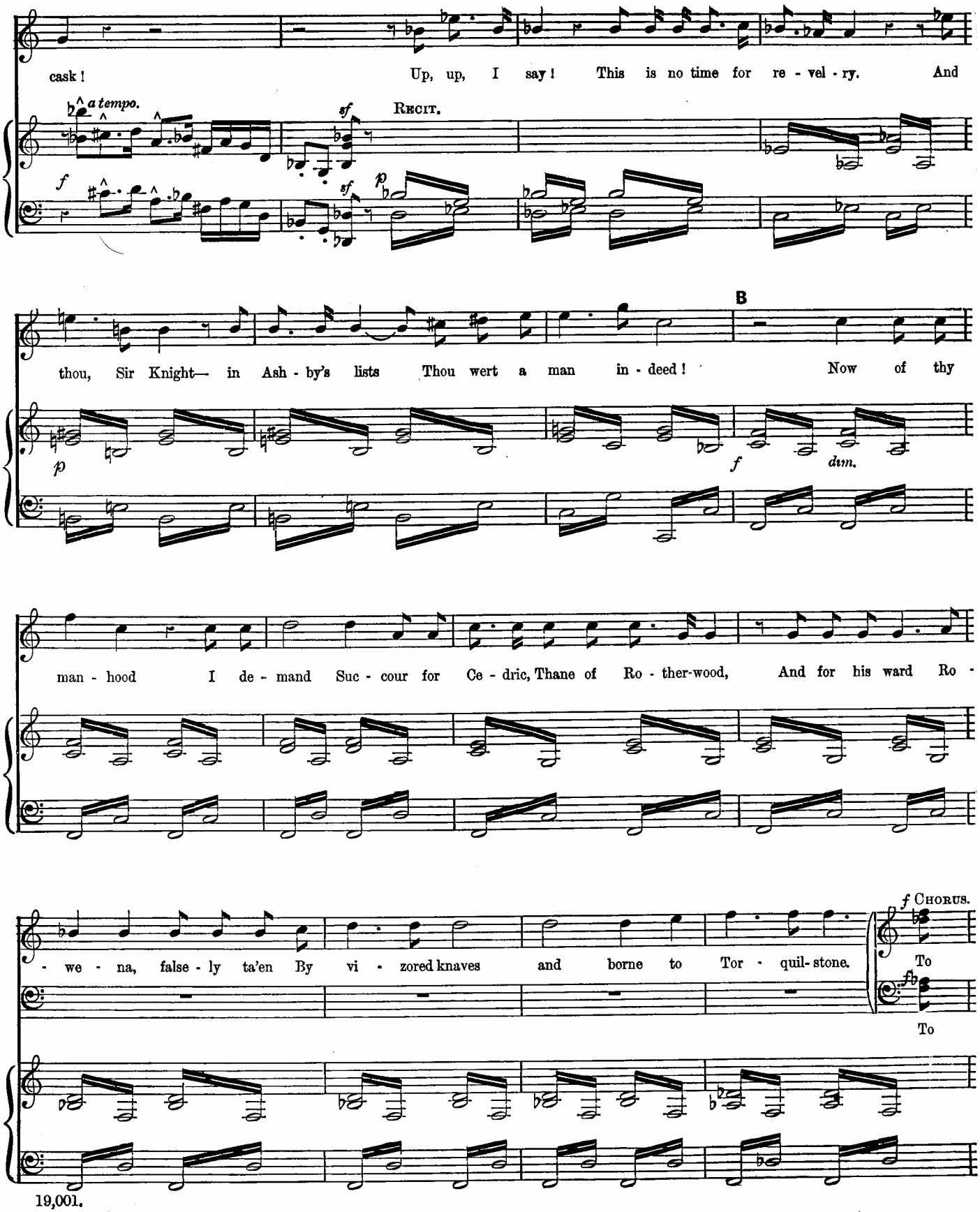

X
It smites the pi - ous her - mit's door, But not a jot cares
It whirls the man - tle of a king As 'twere a beg - gar's
he, For close he sits with - in, and makes his mer - - - ry
gown; But car - ing not a jot, we sing and drain . . . . the
p
din, Close he sits with - in, and makes his mer - ry din, ...
pot, Car - ing not a jot, we sing and drain the pot, ...
rit.
With his
colla voce.
Y a tempo.
"Ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I spy a knave in drink - in'; And trowl . . . .
marcato e tenuto.

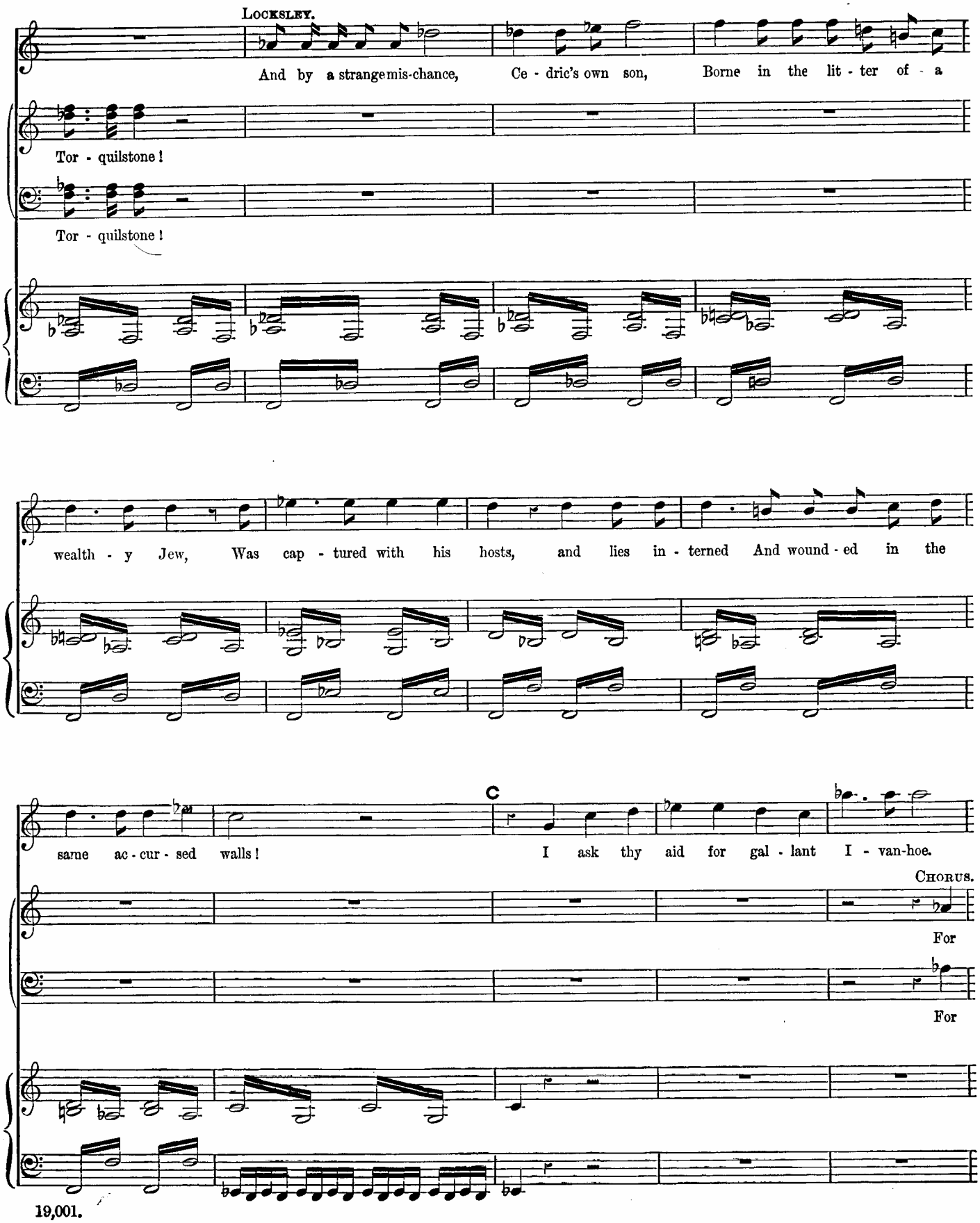

. . . . . the brown bowl to me! Then ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I
più f.
spy a knave in drink - in', And trowl, ... and trowl the bon - ny bowl to
1st time.
2nd Verse.
And trowl, ... and
2nd time.
me!"
trowl the bon - ny bowl to me!"
Chorus.
Then ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I
Then ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I
f
f
Ped. * Ped. *
spy a knave in drink - in', And trowl . . . . . the brown bowl to
spy a knave in drink - in', And trowl . . . . . the brown bowl to

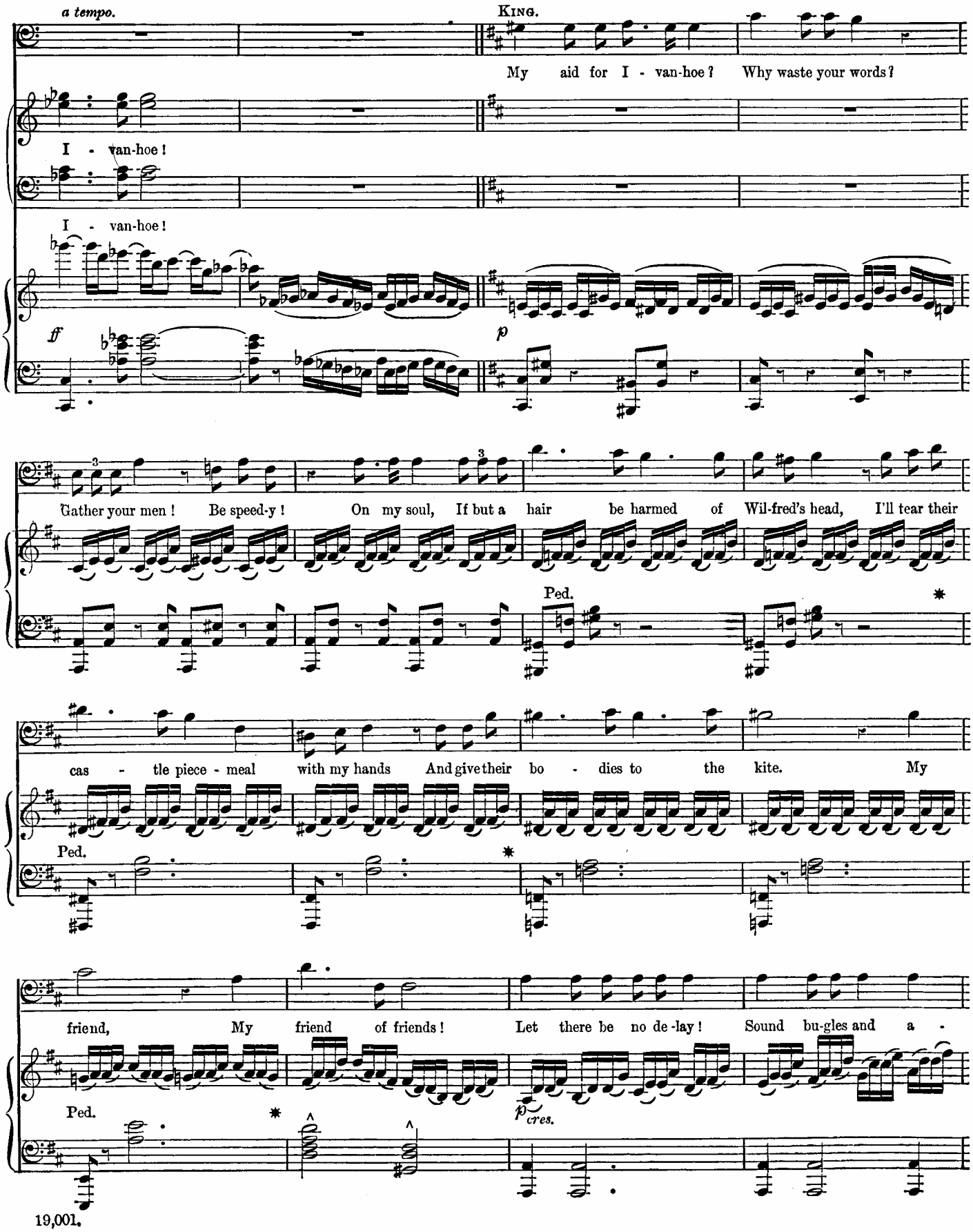

me! Then ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I spy a knave in drink - in'! Then
me! Then ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I spy a knave in drink - in'! Then
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
trowl, . . . then trowl, . . . then trowl the bon - ny bowl to me!
trowl, . . . then trowl, . . . then trowl the bon - ny bowl to me!
ff colla voce.
Ped. *
2
ff
Recit. Friar Tuck.
And now for com - bat!
f

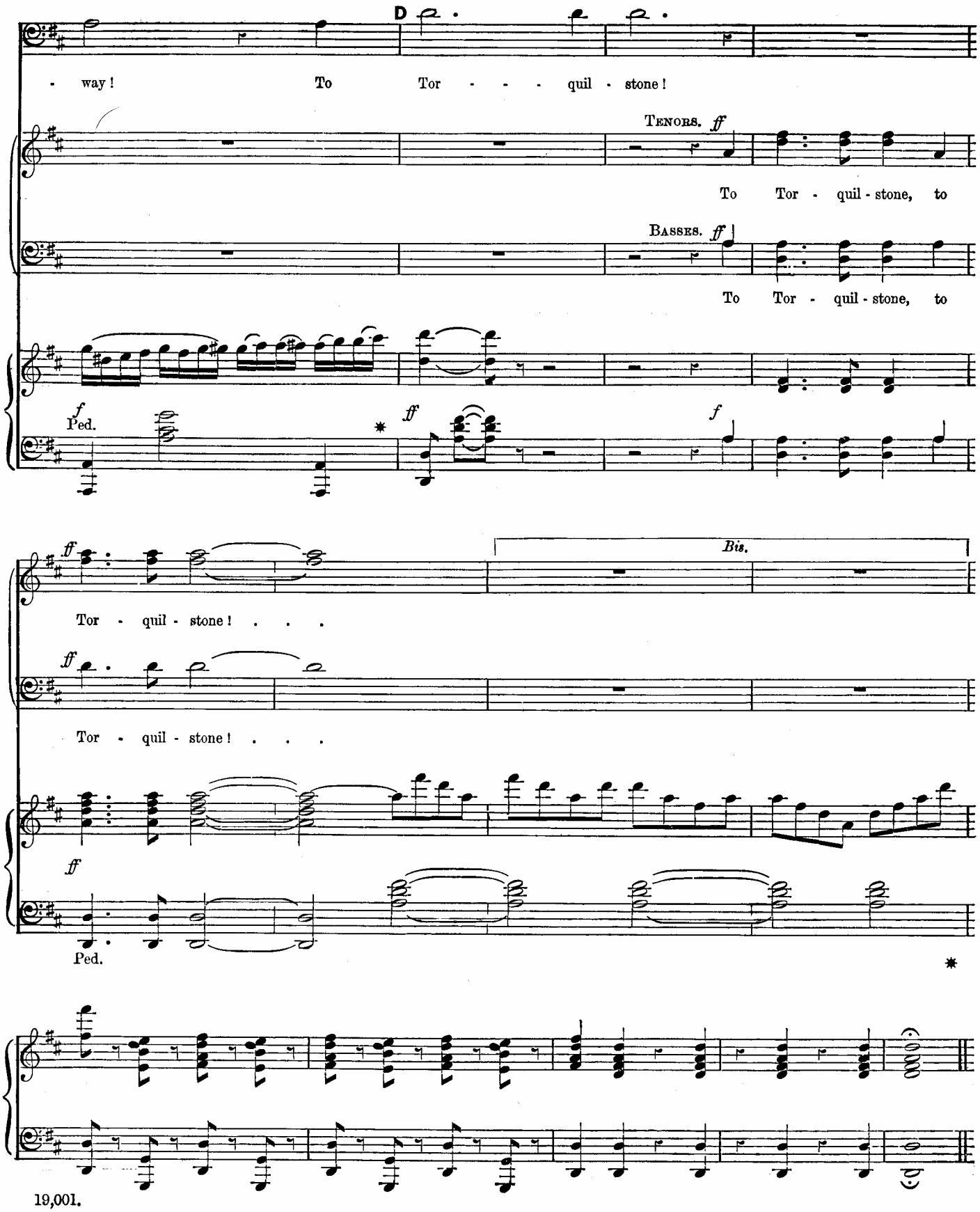

Where's this friend of mine? No friend-ship stands till blows have passed. What say'st thou, friend? Broad - sword or
p
f
KING.
quar - ter-staff? Nay, I'll not hurt thee! I do pro - test I love thee so, I would not crack thy sha - ven
tr
p
crown. But if thou need'st a test, I'll stand, And thou shalt strike me with thy
f
FRIAR.
hand, And af - ter thou shalt bide my blow. No "af - ter" shall there be. A


A
sen-night long Thou shalt lie gas-ping, ere thou rise a-gain. Stand, and stand firm!
p
By all the saints in Sax-on cal-en-dar, He must be root-ed like an an-cient
p ff p
King.
oak! Stand, and stand firm!
Animato.
p ff f
Locksley. Recit.
What fol-ly have we here? A-rise, Thou rolling
p


cask ! Up, up, I say ! This is no time for re - vel - ry. And
a tempo.
sf
RECIT.
f
sf
p
thou, Sir Knight— in Ash - by's lists Thou wert a man in - deed ! Now of thy
B
p
f
dim.
man - hood I de - mand Suc - cour for Ce - dric, Thane of Ro - ther-wood, And for his ward Ro -
f CHORUS.
- we - na, false - ly ta'en By vi - zored knaves and borne to Tor - quil- stone.
To
To


LOCKSLEY.
And by a strange mis-chance, Ce - dric's own son, Borne in the lit - ter of - a
Tor - quilstone!
Tor - quilstone!
wealth - y Jew, Was cap - tured with his hosts, and lies in - terned And wound - ed in the
C
same ac - cur - sed walls! I ask thy aid for gal - lant I - van-hoe.
CHORUS.
For
For


a tempo.
KING.
My aid for I - van-hoe? Why waste your words?
I - van-hoe!
I - van-hoe!
ff
p
Gather your men! Be speed-y! On my soul, If but a hair be harmed of Wil-fred's head, I'll tear their
Ped.
cas - tle piece - meal with my hands And give their bo - dies to the kite. My
Ped.
friend, My friend of friends! Let there be no de-lay! Sound bu-gles and a -
Ped.
p cres.


D
- way ! To Tor - - - quil - stone !
Tenors. ff
To Tor - quil - stone, to
Basses. ff
To Tor - quil - stone, to
f
Ped.
ff
f
ff
Tor - quil - stone ! . . .
Bis.
ff
Tor - quil - stone ! . . .
ff
Ped.