

ROBIN HOOD

and the

FREE PEOPLE OF THE FOREST

Music, Lyrics and Text by Tobin James Mueller



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PROLOGUE: "TWO SEPARATE PEOPLES"

Scene 1

(This scene may begin while the audience is arriving, building slowly, as in the beginning of the day.) The stage is set as a marketplace in a small township, England, circa 1200 AD. Cast members are engaged in business that makes sense to them: Saxons are busy selling and serving; Normans are busy buying and being served. Characters, such as Tom Fletcher and Gil Smith, apply their trades (fletching arrows and tending the blacksmith shop). Perhaps others sell bread, baskets, linen, firewood, fruit and vegetables. The Saxon women tend to stick together. Lord Gisbourne should make a noteworthy arrival, attendants in tow, as should the Sheriff, with his stool boy and special guards. Soldiers are a constant, though noninvasive, presence. The actors do not acknowledge the presence of the Narrator; they merely go about their lively business. The Narrator speaks to the audience, yet moves among the actors, choosing various poses among the characters to illustrate her words.

Narrator: Hear ye! Hear ye, all good people. I tell a story of a time long past; yet it is also a story of a time not yet come. I tell a story of a hope, a dream begun. It is the story of the birth of freedom.

Hear me, my friends. Before us appear two separate peoples. To you they may look the same. But, I assure you, to them the difference is very plain:

w/ Normans: One people are rulers of the land

w/ Saxons: and the other are their servants.

w/ Normans: One people make the laws

w/ Saxons: and the other obey them.

Narr. alone: The rulers called themselves "Normans". Their ancestors had come from across the whitecapped waters, from a part of France named Normandy. But unlike their ancestors, they used more than swords to conquer... They used a weapon far more "civilized."

Saxon kid: The Sheriff is coming! He's raised the taxes again!

Narrator: It was called

w/ Saxons: "taxes."

Narr. alone: Half of what the servants produced was taken away each year in taxes: Half their grain, half their livestock, half the labor of their hands. Normans owned the ground on which they walked and the soil in which they toiled. Because of this, the servants could not choose which crops to plant or when to harvest. Nor could they butcher the livestock they fed and tended; nor serve the meat at their own tables. Neither could they grind the grain they grew; or forge the iron they smelt; or use the buildings they built...without first asking. For everything they did, they needed permission. These people were called..."Saxons".

(Music begins.)

And for 100 years, they were the dispossessed of England.

(Sing: "Too Many Years".)

TOO MANY YEARS

Saxon Villagers:

Too many years we serve the Normans.
 Too many years they steal us blind.
 Too many years we bow before them.
 Too many years we live despised.
 Too many years they've beat and brutalized;
 No end in sight.
 In their eyes we're less than cattle fenced up in their fields.
 How can we escaped the princely power that they wield?
 Beaten down too long.

Long ago at the field of Hastings
 Their Norman king came sword in hand,
 Slaughtering independent Saxons,
 Making us slaves in our own land.
 How can we fight their brand of tyranny?
 Who'll make a stand?
 All day long we work the fields that once belonged to us,
 Then we grind the grain to flour that we cannot touch.
 Beaten down too long.

Sheriff:

Look at you all,
 Spoiled and dull;
 No fight, all fraud.

Just get to work,
 Earn me some perks;
 I'm getting board.

You realize I hold all your lives in my noble hands?

Village Women:

Morning to night we work the linen,
 Sewing up lace and pretty hems.
 But only Norman ladies wear them;
 We can't afford these precious gems,
 Unless we scheme to spend our married life
 With Norman men.
 All day long we cook and clean with kids strapped to our backs;
 No life of our own, repeating empty, endless acts.
 Beaten down too long.

Sheriff:

Why do you curse,
 Moan and complain?
 Why waste your breath?

I keep you fed,
 Sheltered and safe.
 Give me some rest!

Taxes I take!
 But look what it makes!
 Give me some respect.

Male Villagers:

The sweat of your brow won't pay the taxman.
 You can't pay the rent with calloused hands.
 No matter how hard you work to get on,
 Your earnings end up with them instead.
 And if you complain, resist or carry on
 They strike you dead.
 All day long we do their bidding, "Come do this, do that!"
 If you even hesitate, they sneer and knock you flat.
 Beaten down too long.

Dianah (& a growing group of Villager Men):

Too long,
 Too long

All: We have been giving in.

Village Women:

Resigned and spent,
 We lend consent.

Dianah (& a growing group of Villagers):

Too long,
 Too long

All: Treated like less than men.

Village Women:

Disowned and poor,
 Too insecure.

Dianah (& a growing group of Villagers):

Too long,
 Too long

All: Playing into their hands.

Village Women:

With laws severe,
 We kneel in fear.

Dianah (& a growing group of Villagers):

Too long,
 Too long

All: It's time for our final stand!
 Stand!
 Stand!
 Stand!

Village Women:

It's time to rise
 With opened eyes.

(As the song has progressed, each member of Saxon society has been able to voice complaints and vent anger. As this is being done, the Sheriff has moved among the crowd, treating all Saxons with disdain and contempt. With the assistance of the Sheriff's soldiers, Gisbourne has chosen a new slave among several unwilling candidates [in the background]. At this point in the song, a young woman and small boy [perhaps Much, the Miller's Son] who were among the candidates not chosen, are bruisingly returned to center stage, released back to the community. They fall at Dianah's feet...and she is the first to extend a hand of charity to ward them. Only after the Sheriff's men leave do the others follow her example.)

Saxon Villagers:

Too many years we serve the Normans.
 Too many years they steal us blind.
 Too many years we bow before them.
 Too many years we live despised.
 Too many years they've beat and brutalized;
 No end in sight.

Dianah & Men:

Too many years we serve the Normans.
 Too many years they steal us blind.
 Too many years we bow before them.
 Too many years we live despised.
 Too many years.
 Too many years.
 Too many years...

Altos:

Too many years.
 Too many years.
 Too many years.
 Too many years.

Sopranos:

Too many years.
 Too many years.
 Too many years.
 Too many years.

(The Saxons exit, unable to put their words into action, ashamed of their own lack of courage. The scene dissolves as the marketplace gives way to Scene Two.)

"BEYOND REACH": DIANAH DEPARTS

Scene 2

The words of the Narrator are acted out around her in robust pantomime. Exclamations of protest and restraint, spoken among the actors, may even be loud enough to be heard by the audience.

Dianah begins the action, leaving the marketplace, unsettled by what she has experienced there. She walks by the Sheriff and his entourage (this is when the line "caught the eye of the Sheriff" is spoken). The Sheriff points her out to Gisbourne as she passes. They follow as she enters an area of the stage temporarily designated as her house. Upon entering, she ignores her Mother and Father, going about business of her own. The Sheriff knocks at the door, reminding Charles of his overdue taxes. Within earshot of Gisbourne, the Sheriff poses the idea of exchanging Dianah for Charles' back taxes. Dianah also hears and protests, first, to her helpless Mother. Once the deal is sealed and the Sheriff leaves, Dianah continues to protest to her despicable Father. He waves her off, refusing to listen to her objections. Quietly, in the background, her Mother prepares her cloak. In secret, the Mother gives her blessing to Dianah, watching as her daughter recedes into uncertainty...and freedom.

Narrator: Of all the Saxons in this poor English village, only one was bold enough to speak out against the Norman Sheriff. Her name was Dianah, daughter of Charles, last of the Saxon yeoman still in possession of his own land. Both the land and the daughter had caught the eye of the Sheriff, who was ever in search of any Saxon property he could somehow claim for his own. The Sheriff raised the tax on the land, until Charles could no longer pay. To the outspoken girl, the Sheriff conspired to wed his newly widowed uncle, Lord Gisbourne, in exchange for lifting Charles' debt and eventually gaining the deed to his property.

Charles welcomed the exchange. If he could but marry his daughter to a Norman, perhaps he could become part of the Norman world he so envied.

Knowing too well the weight of an unhappy life, Dianah's mother urged her daughter to flee, to pursue her dreams as she, herself, had not. So they parted. The older woman's hopes went with her, lending warmth and strength, as if they were the spirits of all women riding on her shoulders like a mantle. (*Music begins.*) With them, Dianah plunged head long into the only place her dreams could truly begin: The forest of Sherwood, the primal green where few men dared to tread, the dense and tangled wood where light and shadow dance as one. This was the wild and noble home of Robin Hood.

(*Sing: "Here Freedom Shines".*)

Director's Note: In the premiere production of Robin Hood and the Free People of the Forest, the Women's Chorus acts like a Greek Chorus, in that they are often present, creating background tableaux that add meaning to each scene (and harmonies to the singing). They represent the aspirations of the people, the spirit of peace and freedom and community support. In this transition, they form a forest-like backdrop as Dianah enters the greenwood for the first time, perhaps even placing the cloak on her shoulders. Their singing is like the wind, echoing Dianah's hopes and dreams. She does not notice them, but their presence helps assure her and give her strength. Their choreography is balanced and stylized. In other scenes, they go about the business of making things, cleaning things, and helping one another...the business that keeps the community together, often at the fringes of the stage area, but usually in plain view. They are a constant reminder of the importance of "women's work" and a woman's sensibilities as they relate to the action at center stage.

The Mother does not leave the stage, but watches her child from afar. Her positioning behind the Women's Chorus illustrates her separation from her daughter. She may come downstage for her duet. She recedes to the side at song's end, speaking for her daughter as a Second Narrator [listed as "Mother"]. The Women's Chorus return to the forestry backdrop poses, perhaps giving a place for Will Scarlet to hide among the foliage, at song's end.

HERE FREEDOM SHINES

(Can You Hear It Now?)

Dianah:

Can you hear it now?
It is all around you...
There is freedom in the air.

Shot out from a bow,
Guarded hope has taken wing,
Flaming from a hero fair.

Drowned out on city streets, hidden in lies,
Chains from my past tug; but here freedom shines!

Dianah:

From where does it come?
Is it deep inside my heart?
Where does freedom get its start?

How can it survive
When oppression haunts the land?
How does hope retain its spark?

Here in the greenwood, where hate has no binds,
Shielded by Robin Hood, here freedom shines!

Dianah:

Or am I running away from my terrible fate?
I won't marry the Sheriff's cruel uncle!
A pawn I've been made of my father's fool pride and greed.
How can I sacrifice honor and my dignity?
How can I bow to their greed?
I must be free!

Dianah:

Can you hear it now?
It is pouring from my soul!
It is life, unchained and stark!

Like an arrow cold,
Shot out from an ashen bow,
I have come to find my mark!

Here in the greenwood, where hate has no binds,
Shielded by Robin Hood, here freedom shines!

Here in the greenwood, where hate has no binds,
Shielded by Robin Hood, here freedom shines!

Women's Chorus:

Freedom! Freedom!
Freedom! Freedom!
Freedom! Freedom!
Run away to freedom now.
Freedom! Freedom!
Freedom! Freedom!
Freedom! Freedom!
Run away to freedom.

Here in the greenwood, where hate has no binds,
Shielded by Robin Hood, here freedom shines!

Mother:

Oh. Run. Run. Run, my sweet child.
Run. Run from this life, here.
Hold to the courage and pride that
I could never find, my child.
Please don't ever loose your freedom.
Oh, my sweet child.
Run! Run, child, run!
Carry my dreams and my hopes.
Run, child, run!
Carry my hopes!

Women's Chorus:

Freedom! Freedom!
Freedom! Freedom!
Freedom! Freedom!
Run away to freedom now.
Freedom! Freedom!
Freedom! Freedom!
Freedom! Freedom!
Run away to freedom.

Here in the greenwood, where hate has no binds,
Shielded by Robin Hood, here freedom shines!

add Mother:

Here in the greenwood, where hate has no binds,
Shielded by Robin Hood, here freedom shines!

"I AM DIANAH OF SHERWOOD FOREST": WILL & DIANAH MEET

Scene 3

- Narrator: Without a path to guide her, Dianah travelled deeper into the forest. By losing herself in the depths of Sherwood, she would be saved by the outlaw she so wanted to join; ...by first getting lost, she would then be found.
- Will: Yield! Move no further! *(Will sneaks up behind Dianah, putting a knife to her throat.)* As guardian of the greenwood, I demand: Who are you and what brings you here?
- Dianah: I come to join Robin Hood. I seek refuge among the free people of the forest.
- Will: The greenwood grants no one refuge. If it's safety you seek *(Will loosens his grip)*, scale the walls of the nearest nunnery. *(He draws his sword in his other hand.)* Here lies survival, not sanctuary. Turn back before you are swallowed by the very shadows you seek.
- Dianah: It is shadow that I leave. I cannot turn back. I have chosen freedom, and that free choice now drives me onward.
- Will: *(He begins to circle around in front of her, still hold his knife and sword in ready.)* Freedom is rarely a matter of choice, fair child. Most often, it is simply a product of chance. *(He now faces her.)* By what chance does a beautiful maiden find herself lost in the most dangerous forest of all England?
- Dianah: *(Dianah gasps, seeing his face for the first time. She knows at once this is not Robin, but bates the former nobleman in order to catch him off guard.)* Are you... are you he? Are you...Robin Hood? Oh, my liege! *(She kneels.)*
- Will: If I were this "Robin Hood," what business would you have with me?
- Dianah: I have a dream to share, good master; a dream that will change the world. And Robin Hood is the only man who can bring the dream to life.
- Will: Dreamers dream with their eyes closed, good lady. But an outlaw must keep his eyes open. I think you have the wrong man.
- Dianah: Robin Hood is fair, unlike the treacherous Sheriff. He is generous and devout, unlike the scheming abbot. He truly dreams, unlike Norman lords, who merely snooze. Robin Hood is the hand of retribution for the Saxons...*(she knocks Will's legs out from under him, knocking his sword away and stealing his knife)*...and he would never allow a peasant to kneel before him on the damp ground. *(She holds the knife to Will's throat.)*
- Will: Careful, m'lady. The blade is sharp.
- Dianah: Sharper than your wit, be sure of that! You certainly are the wrong man. I can see you are the one called "Scarlet," the only Norman in all England honest enough to declare himself an outlaw.
- Will: A life of thievery and murder does pass the time, m'lady.
- Dianah: Robin Hood you are not; but you will take me to him.
- Will: I am at your service, it seems. May I ask, who is it that so heartily has gotten the best of me?
- Narrator: The first born of Wakefield, daughter of the landed yeoman, Charles.

Mother: Child of all my hopes, born from all my longings and mistakes.

Dianah: I am the future...a future of my own making. I am Dianah of Sherwood Forest.

Narrator: Having little choice in the matter, Will Scarlett led Dianah to the outlaws' camp. *(Music cue.)*
There, she found a way of life that was new...and hard...lived by men who had suffered more cruelty than she had expected and felt more loss than she had ever imagined. She filled them with an idea that would change their little band forever.

(Sing: "Out of the Forest".)

Will Scarlet leads Dianah off as Robin's band enters from all directions (perhaps even from the audience). The Merrie Men come in small groups, returning with game and stories to tell, with hunger and thirst. The Women's Chorus become their wives and family, setting a table with goblets and pitchers and bread and fruit, welcoming them, tending to their sudden needs.

Will Scarlet and Dianah re-enter after the song has begun, just before Robin Hood himself begins to sing...

As Robin sings his first solo, some of the main Merrie Men (including Little John and Much) pantomime what he is singing about... Perhaps they wonder from the drinking table in front of Robin as he invites them to travel "our our turf". Then "treats them to a party" by sharing his drink or waving for the interloper's cup to be filled. In the course of this exchange, Much either picks the interloper's pockets or is given the man's purse after it is forcibly taken from him. Much runs down stage to peek at the purse's contents, finds a coin and tests it by biting on it, then runs off, satisfied. Robin continues the scene till he has the man kneeling at his feet ("just been blest").

OUT OF THE FOREST

Merrie Men:

We're Freemen, all,
Beyond the law,
We heed the call of Robin Hood. Robin Hood!

Before us all
The mighty fall,
The weak stand tall with Robin Hood. Robin...

We decide who comes and goes here, deep inside the forest.
We choose who will live and die here, deep inside the forest.
We take ev'rything we need here, deep inside the forest.
Each of us is his own king here, deep inside the forest. Forest!

Robin Hood:

If you want to travel on our turf just be my guest.
We can treat you to a party, leave you quite impressed.
We can guarantee that you'll be dining
with the best.
We'll put on a show that shames and outshines
all the rest.
Think you can refuse? Put us
to the test.
Think you're being used? There'll be
no arrest.
Then you'll foot the bill, we know in us you
will invest.
But you won't complain; you'll think that you have
just been blest.

Merrie Men:

We can rumble, we can tumble
with the best.
We can hustle, we can rustle
all the rest.
Don't refuse us, you'll just put us
to the test.
We don't worry, we know there'll be
no arrest.
When it's over, we know that you
will invest.
We will make you think that you have
just been blest.

All:

We're Freeman, all,
Beyond the law,
We heed the call of Robin Hood. Robin Hood!

Before us all
The mighty fall,
The weak stand tall with Robin Hood. Robin...

Merrie Men:

We can rumble, we can tumble with the best.
We can hustle, we can rustle all the rest.

Merrie Men - baritones:

We don't worry, we know there'll be no arrest.
When it's over, we know that you will invest.

Robin Hood:

Follow me.
Follow me... (Ad lib.)

Merrie Men Tenors:

We don't worry, there'll be no arrest.
When it's over - that you will invest.

Bass Voices: We know when it's over you'll discover that you will invest.

(Carried away by the emotion of the moment, Dianah rushes to the front of the gathering, sharing her vision of revolution, of freedom for all people, freedom so palpable, she can taste it in the wind... The Merrie Men respond with uncertainty, then enthusiasm.)

Dianah:

Wait! Can't you hear it now, see it now?
It can begin: We can make all men free,
not just you and me. We can be-
gin. In the
countryside, cities wide. It can be-
gin. Make our
contribution a revolution to be

Free! Free! Free! Free!
We can stand for all men to be

Free!
Free!
Free! Robin Hood. To be
Free!
Free!
Free! Robin Hood. Robin...

Come out of the forest, now!

Merrie Men:

Come out of the forest, we can start a revolution.
Come out of the forest, we can start a revolution.
Come out of the forest, we can start a revolution.
Come out of the forest, we can start a revolution.

Free! Free! Free! Free!
We can stand for all men to be

We're Freeman, all,
Beyond the law,
We heed the call of Robin Hood. Robin Hood!
Before us all
The mighty fall,
The weak stand tall with Robin Hood. Robin...

Come out of the forest, yeah.
Come out of the forest, yeah.
Come out of the forest, yeah.
Come out of the forest, now!

(The band erupts with joy and energy. Dianah is welcomed into the band. Robin leads the way, as he always does, by congratulating her on her powerful rhetoric. Will Scarlet is especially proud of his new find.

But not all the Merrie Men are convinced. Little John believes that revolutionary zeal will only bring the Sheriff down on their heads...or worse...Prince John, who would bring the Royal Army to snuff them out. And won't revolution mean treason to King Richard's throne? And as the tallest Merrie Man stands off from the excitement, he is joined by his faithful and constant companion, Much, the orphan he now guides and protects.)

"JUSTICE OR DEATH": THE BAND DECIDES ON REVOLUTION

Scene 4

- Robin: By Christ's wounds, I feel like a new man! Your words have power, m'lady.
- Dianah: Robin, the power is yours, not mine. You are the hand of justice for the poor. You are the hero of songs that turn pain into poetry.
- Robin: Ha-ha! Well put! Where did you find this forest muse, Will? How have we survived without her?
- Will: Whether we can survive with her is the more pressing question. She has the reflexes of an outlaw, to be sure (*rubs neck*), but her ambition may prove... dangerous.
- Dianah: "Dangerous"? It will be our glory! Once word has spread that Sherwood's become the center of a Saxon revolt, people everywhere will flock to our side.
- Little John: We don't need "people everywhere." Crowds are what cities are for.
- Robin: Think of it, Little John. As forest thieves, we're merely a handful of hornets the Sheriff brushes away without thought. But if we could expand our adventure, inspire the people to rise up and defend themselves, the combined sting would be more than the Sheriff could bear.
- Little John: And bring the King's own army down around our ears. We own the forest now. We lead a free life here. Why change?
- Robin: Life is made of change and chance!
- Gil: The Sheriff would never risk bringing in Lionheart's men. They'd discover his greed and the game would be up.
- Will: Were the King ever here to take notice.
- Dianah: You're right, Little John. You do lead a free life here. All of you! But what of others who don't have your courage? What about the rest of England? Will you keep freedom to yourselves?
- Little John: I did not become an outlaw by choice. And I did not join Robin so that one day I would find myself bearing arms against the Crown.
- (The Merrie Men listen to Little John's further arguments in mime as his fiancée tells another side of the story to the audience.)*
- LJ's Fiancée: John Little did not choose to be an outlaw, that is true, but when the rent was due and the baron paid only a single day's wage for a fortnight's labor, John Little's fists were the ones that crushed the stingy fellow's skull in. Gentle though he is with me, John does not always know his own strength. With a price on his head, he fled south, to where no man would know him or the shabby baron he slew. I believe he's happier working the long bow instead of the plow. But for me, there is no place to fly. Our wedding would have been this Spring...
- Tom: If Robin is for it, I'm with him! He saved my life when the Sheriff's men caught me downing a birch to patch my roof. About to hack off one of my legs, they were. Said it was a fitting punishment, that it would let me know what it felt like to be one of the King's trees.
- Robin: You fletch the best arrows in all England. I was happy I had a quiver full that day.

Tom: Made quick work of those soldiers! Showed them what it felt like to be one Robin Hood's target stumps!

(The Merrie Men laugh, making fun of the Sheriff's men in mime, while Mrs. Fletcher tells her side of the story.)

Tom's Wife: If he hadn't've been caught chopping down the birch tree, he would've been found poaching deer in the King's Forest sooner or later. How else is he supposed to feed his family? Tom's father was a poacher, as was his father. It's in the blood. Tom comes by on the new moon now with spoils from his thievery...more money than he ever made fletching arrows. I never know which visit will be his last. The Sheriff can't be dodged for ever.

Leo: Tom's right. Robin saved me from loosin' my ear. The Sheriff had it in his hand, ready to slice it off like a crust of bread. You were there, Little John. Remember? The Sheriff was bellerin' away, somethin' like: "A merchant who hears only half a bargain deserves only one ear." And right in the middle you come in swingin' your staff, scattering soldiers like scared pigeons. Remember that?...

(The Merrie Men laugh and carries on as Leo recounts the battle, while his daughter explains parts of the story he has left out.)

Leo's Daughter: Father was caught selling sugar and spices to Saxons at a lower price than he charged the Normans. Robin helped father escape. But soldiers came later and dragged Mother away. The other children and I hid beneath the empty flour sacks while the Sheriff's men helped themselves to everything not nailed down. We were left with nothing. Father was the finest merchant in Nottinghamshire. And Mother...we're still not sure if she's even alive.

Gil: Whatever will sting him the hardest, I say we do it! I still have my score to settle with the Sheriff. Accused me of shooting the King's deer, then cut off three fingers so I'd never pull back another bow string. But the hook on this glove will serve me well enough to send a shaft straight to his heart the next time we meet.

Tom: If he's got a heart.

(Gil shows his hook and glove to the Merrie Men as they plan what they'll do to the Sheriff when they catch him, while Gil's wife explains about his life before he was outlawed.)

Gil's Wife: A smithy he was. And though the hours were long and the smells coated him so strong he could never wash them off, his work was his life. The iron he poured ran through his veins and made him strong. Turning the rock of the earth into something you could use, that's what made him happy. Now all he talks is revenge. The air in Sherwood may be cleaner, but life isn't nearly so sweet.

Gil: If this thing you want, this "revolution," will mean death to the Sheriff, then it can't come too soon!

Merrie Men: *Ad lib.* "Aye!" "I'm with Gil." "Count me in, Robin."

Gil: What about you, Nathan. You with us?

Merrie Men: *Ad lib.*

Nathan: *(He is silent, uncertain.)*

Nathan's Wife: Nathan is not a man who often speaks his mind.

Tom: Do we count you in?

Leo: What say you, Nathan?

- Nathan: We give away more in one week than the Sheriff of Nottingham makes in a year. (*Merrie Men hoot at this, ad libbing "You got that right."*) That, and his own actions, shame him daily. We needn't do more. I listen to Little John's words.
- Gil: But Nathan, they lashed you in front of your good wife!
- Leo: Beat you till your skin was blackened from the heat of it.
- Tom: And for what? Because you fed acorns to your prize pig, acorns you happened to have gathered from the "King's Forest."
- Nathan: It was against the law. I shouldn't have done it.
- Merrie Men: *Ad lib.* "Against whose law?" "Come on, Nathan."
- Leo: But they killed her, Nathan.
- Merrie Men: They killed your pig!
- (*As the Merrie Men try to convince Nathan to take revenge against the Sheriff, his wife speaks for him, for herself, and for their child on the way.*)
- Nathan's Wife: He didn't want to run. I made him. "Go to Sherwood," I said. "I bet Robin Hood needs a good tanner." I would've joined Robin's band, too, if I had not a child on the way. What kind of world is this to be born into? Nathan treated his pig better than the Sheriff treats us.
- Merrie Men: *Ad lib.* "Come on, Nathan." "Are you with us?" "Let's put down the Sheriff for good!"
- Nathan: All this talk of blood-letting...it's what the Normans do to us.
- Will: Oh, don't call us hypocrites, not when we're just getting on a roll!
- Nathan: We won't be any better than they...
- Dianah: Not until we stop them!
- Gil: We stand on the side of Almighty God!
- Nathan: I don't know... Maybe you're right...
- Merrie Men: *Ad lib cheers. Everyone welcomes Nathan into the fold.*
- Much: (*Busting through the crowd*) What about me? Don't I have a say here?
- Merrie Men: *Ad lib.* "Alright, Much." "Let the orphan speak." "Go ahead, boy."
- Much: (*to MM*) Little John is the strongest man in all England, *t(o audience)* probably in the whole world.
- Merrie Men: *Ad lib.* "Sure he is." "Aye!" "You're right, there, boy."
- Much: (*to LJ*) And you would never let anyone hurt me, would you...not even the Sheriff.
- Merrie Men: *Ad lib.* "He sure wouldn't" "Not one bit." "Not even the Sheriff!"
- Much: (*Announcing to everyone*) Little John is my champion...the best fighter alive. (*Pleading to Little John alone*) But who champions all the other Saxon children? Who will fight for them when their parents are killed, when their homes are burned?

(As Much describes his story in mime to the Merrie Men, he is spoken for by the Narrator, Dianah's Mother, and Marion.)

- Narrator: As Much the miller's son recounted the murder of his parents, each man realized why they had to accept Dianah's challenge and do whatever they could to spread the freedom of Sherwood Forest to all of England.
- Mother: He spoke of his father and how he had milled flour from their own grain, without permission. He spoke of his mother, how she had gathered kindling for their cooking fire from the King's Forest, to bake the flour into bread. Finally, he told them of the soldiers breaking down the door to their home, cutting off both his father's hands, tying his mother to the oven grate, and spreading the coals about the house, trapping his parents within. The whole while, the Sheriff had forced the boy to watch, to be a witness of what disobedience means to Saxons. And as the boy recounted the tale, the flames rose higher in his watery eyes.
- Marion *(as one of the Women's Chorus, not yet known to the audience as the character "Marion")*:
Then he spoke of a gentle Norman lady named Marion who found him cold upon the road and took him in, fed and clothed him, and brought him to Sherwood, to unite him with Little John...the small one and the giant...so that neither would be lonely anymore.
- Little John: *(Speaking to Much more than Robin)* I am with you, Robin. By the love of this boy, I am with you.
- Robin: Then it is decided. We will cling together, man to man. As we pledge our lives to Freedom, so do we swear before a Greater Law: Justice or death.
- Merrie Men: Justice or death.
- Narrator: It comforted the men to think that although they were outside the laws of kings, they were within the Laws of God; that while they could no longer be citizens of England, they could one day hope to be citizens of Paradise.
- Mother: And if by some slim chance they could win this war with the Sheriff, what they could gain would outweigh what they might lose. Dianah gave them purpose; to fight for a future worthy of a free people, to find a better way to live. *(Music cue.)* After all, if youth cannot believe they can change the world, what's the use of growing up?
- (Sing: "Let Freedom In".)*

LET FREEDOM IN

(We Can Change the World)

Dianah: *(to Robin)*

We can change the world;
change it now.

Throw away the chains;
free us all.

Build a better land,
dressed in joy,
dressed in forest green.

(to Little John & Much)

We can be their strength,
be their flame.
Rescue them from hell,
from their shame.
Show them how to live
free of fear,
free of tyranny.

(to everyone, especially herself)

We can change the world;
change it now.
Throw away the chains;
free us all.
Shine her light 'cross the land!
We can change the world;
change it now.
Throw away the chains;
free us all.
Shine her light 'cross the land!

We can change the world
far and wide.
Tear down all the walls where
tyrants hide.
Roll away the stones;
gather ev'ryone to our side.

Can you hear it ring! Ring! Ring!

Can you hear it ring!

Can you hear it ring!
Hear the call!
Hear the call:
"Let freedom in!"

We can change the world;
change it now.
Throw away the chains;
free us all.
Shine her light 'cross the land!
We can change the world;
change it now.
Throw away the chains;
free us all.
Shine her light 'cross the land!
Let freedom in!

Robin:

We can change our lives,
bring them peace, let them rise.
Give them back their hope, their
will to strive.

add Merrie Men:

We can show them how to begin,
that they can win...

Let freedom in!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom shine her light
'cross the land!
...Let freedom in!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom shine her light
'cross the land!

Merrie Men:

Freedom. Freedom.

Freedom. Freedom.

Gather ev'ryone to our side.

Robin:

Can you see a world
without walls, opened wide?
Ev'ryone at peace
side by side.

add Merrie Men:

We can show them how to begin,
that they can win...
Let freedom in!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom shine her light
'cross the land!
...Let freedom in!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom shine her light
'cross the land!
Let freedom in!

Women's Chorus:

Let freedom in!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom shine her light
'cross the land!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom shine her light
'cross the land!

Freedom.

Freedom.

We can show them to begin,
that they can win...

Let freedom in!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom shine her light
'cross the land!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom shine her light
'cross the land!
Let freedom in!

"OUR NEW ADVENTURE!": Plotting Against the Sheriff

Scene 5

A messenger enters, running directly to Robin. Robin motions for Will Scarlet so that he can confer with him about what is written on the parchment.

Narrator: Word arrived from Lady Marion that the Sheriff was leaving the city with a small posse. It seemed Lord Gisbourne, the Sheriff's despicable uncle, had lost track of his lovely bride-to-be and was making quite a fuss. She was rumored to have last been seen entering...Sherwood Forest.

Robin: This is perfect! Gisbourne's little "bride hunt" will bring the Sheriff right to us!

(Music cue.)

Director's Note: The music is symbolic of the sound of approaching troops. The Merrie Men ad lib. excitement at the prospect of battle, stop to listen as the music begins, then prepare themselves for their first skirmish. Robin's first order upon hearing the clarinet: "Ready yourselves in ambush!"

Narrator: Acting as both bait and snare, Dianah took her place among the outlaws.

Mother: Although what she was about to do would label her a thief and a traitor, she knew her...

Mother and Narrator: ...revolution was about to begin.

As Robin's band hides in ambush, the Sheriff's men enter, like a pack of buffoons, finally getting in formation. The Sheriff enters through the ranks, sniffing as he comes, trying to smell his way to Robin's encampment. Cunning, hatred, pomposity, and good breeding are all apparent in his demeanor. He is hot on Robin's trail and certain of his own inevitable victory. The stool boy hurries around, placing the stool down for the Sheriff to perch from, getting a better view of his surroundings. Gisbourne finally enters, bringing up the rear, struggling as he pulls an overweight priest along (Friar Tuck). Tuck is bound but not hurt. Gisbourne has brought him in order to recite the wedding vows in his expectant marriage to Dianah. The entire scene is humorous, absurd, and, ultimately, quite serious due to the conflicts that drive it.

(Sing: "Hail to the Sheriff".)

HAIL TO THE SHERIFF

Sheriff:

How I love to hear, "Hail to the Sheriff," "Hail to the Sheriff," in the wood.
Soon each man will cheer, "Hail to the Sheriff," "Hail to the Sheriff," in the wood.

Soldiers:

Once we capture and bring all the outlaws, string all the outlaws by the neck.

Sheriff:

To the Sheriff!

Soldiers:

Once we master and round up the outlaws, ground up the outlaws on our trek.

Sheriff:

To the Sheriff!

Sheriff:

Then I'll hear it ring, "Hail to the Sheriff," "Hail to the Sheriff," through the wood.
Once each Saxon sings, "Hail to the Sheriff," "Hail to the Sheriff," through the wood.

Soldiers:

Those that give up we'll rope into duty, dope into duty with the troops.

Sheriff:

To the Sheriff!

Soldiers:

Those that fight back we'll carve into pieces, fry them in greases for our soup.

Sheriff:

To the Sheriff?

(Robin' and his men are itching for battle. They sneak out of hiding, positioning themselves to strike, unnoticed by the Sheriff and his soldiers.)

Soldiers:

Don't ask why,
why,
we fight for him.
We might die,
die,
only to fight for him...

Merrie Men:

Let's just have at them.
We can better them;
they fight for him.
They are evil men.
Kill them where they stand;
only to fight for him...

(The Merrie Men surround and round up the Soldiers, but neither the Sheriff nor Gisbourne notice. The Soldiers are paralyzed with fear and are unable to cry out. Still confident of victory, the Sheriff sings on...)

Sheriff:

Moments like this, on the
Threshold of bliss,
Give me a thrill.

With loyalty strong,
What could go wrong?
Bring on the kill!

Lord Gisbourne:

Cool your blood-thirst.
My wedding comes first!
Show me some respect!

(Gisbourne knocks off the Sheriff's hat in disgust. It is retrieved by an unseen Merrie Man, passed from outlaw to outlaw, and finally given to Much. Much impersonates the Sheriff, to the glee of all.)

Much, the Miller's Son: *(behind the Sheriff's back)*

I love to hear, "Hail to the Sheriff," "Hail to the Sheriff," in the wood.
Soon each man will jeer, "Hail to the Sheriff," "Hail to the Sheriff," in the wood.

Merrie Men: *(impersonating the Soldiers)*

Once we capture and bring all the outlaws, string all the outlaws by the neck.

Much:

To the Sheriff!

Merrie Men:

Once we master and round up the outlaws, ground up the outlaws on our trek.

Much:

To the Sheriff!

Merrie Men, Much and Soldiers:

How we'd all love to rail our dear Sheriff, nail our dear Sheriff to the wood.

With his back turned, we'd flail our dear Sheriff, mail our dear Sheriff what he deserves!

All: To the Sheriff!

"MORE BLESSED TO GIVE": The Hospitality of a Free People

Scene 6

(As the Sheriff hails himself on last time, Robin gives him back his hat, bowing. Giving the outlaw a double take, he looks around himself for the first time, suddenly realizing his predicament. But he is still the Sheriff, and he quickly composes himself and attempts to seize the upper hand...)

Sheriff: I arrest you in the name of the King and God!

Merrie Men: Oooo!

Robin: "King and God". Pretty impressive. Too bad you have no soldiers to back you up.

Sheriff: On pain of death, surrender in the name of the King Richard the Lionheart!

Robin: Why not add Prince John to your list, the scoundrel that backs your sorry band of mercenaries...

Will: ...and takes the lion's share of those taxes you collect.

Sheriff: In the name of the King...

Robin: *(Suddenly angry)* Since when do you speak for the King? If Richard would but return, he would put your whole nasty gang out on the street...*(and just as suddenly playful)* and then you'd be no better off than us Saxons.

Merrie Men: *(Hoots and hollers, cheering on Robin's verbal jousts.)*

Sheriff: Saxon dogs, the lot of you! Guards, seize them!

Soldiers: *(No response. They do not wish to go against the outlaws.)*

Sheriff: Seize them! Seize them! I command it! Why, you're all cowards and sinners!

Merrie Men: *(Growing laughter.)*

Robin: Cowards compared to the King and sinners before God. Yes, I suppose that is true enough. But not in the way you mean, dear Sheriff. *(Suddenly angry)* It is your law that sins, not ours. It is your hand that murders; we seek only to defend...*(and, again, playful)* and have a little fun while doing it.

Merrie Men: *ad lib.* "Hear, hear!" "You tell him, Rob."

Sheriff: Hold your tongue, parasite!

- Gisbourne: Oh, stop ranting, nephew. What about me! We have a more important matter to attend. *(To Robin)* You stand in the way of a holy union, a profitable and soon to be fruitful marriage... ordained by me.
- Will: Let it not be said you were the barren baron.
- Gisbourne: I demand this blasphemy to end and the ceremony to begin. Where's my bride?
- Robin: *(ad lib to stall for an idea to shield Dianah "Well, now, m' lord. I think...")*
- Dianah: I am here.
- Merrie Men: *(Laughter subsides. A hush gathers.)*
- Gisbourne: Stand at my side, at once!
- Dianah: No! You may call this disobedience a sin; but is it not a greater sin to masquerade obedience in the name of love, or greed in the name of duty?
- Will: *("Hmm, good question," he seems to ask himself.)* I say we let our tame friar decide. *(Drags Tuck to center stage.)* If he has the stomach for it, let him wed this cantankerous couple and we shall all celebrate. *(Cheers/laughs.)* If not, let the bride run them all through! Either way, we party! *(Cheers/laughs.)* What say you, good friar?
- Tuck: *(Sweating the decision)* I have often been wrong in choosing, and the Church has taught me well to admit it. Yet I have not yet learned to not be wrong in the first place. *(Laughs.)* I am, indeed, a "tame" friar, *(gains confidence)* tamed by the word of the Lord, but that doesn't mean I can't show my teeth! I became a friar because I love giving penance to sinners. *(begins ranting, gloriously)* But I know of no sin great enough that it would deserve marriage to a wheezing old flee-bitten pot scum like him. Let's pound them!
- Merrie Men: *(Cheers. Charge toward Soldiers, Sheriff and Gisbourne.)*
- Robin: Wait! We do not kill the travelers we rob unnecessarily. We welcome them to dine with us. We show them how hospitable a truly Free People can be!
- Tom: Then we search their saddle bags and take half of what we find.
- Gil: *(Showing his hook and glove)* For half is what the Saxons pay in tax at every turn.
- Tuck: It is more blessed to give than to receive.
- Leo: The price we charge for food is too high, but what better table can be found in this neck of the woods?
- Will: And what better sport.
- Much: What better tales to tell your children?
- (Music cue.)*

The table is moved up center and a feast is prepared. Everyone is jovial, except the Sheriff. Even Gisbourne is won over to the festivities before the song is done. The Soldiers join in the choreography. And Much, at the beginning of the last chorus, throws coins stolen from the Sheriff's purse into the audience, getting everyone involved.

Narrator: The merrie band of outlaws treated their guests to a magnificent feast, served on the finest dishes...

Sheriff: I recognize these plates! These are my dishes! When did you steal my dishes?!

Narrator: And after they had feasted, the good friar entertained the gathering with a special benediction, as the merrie men took as payment half of everything the Sheriff had.

LAY YOUR BURDENS DOWN

Friar Tuck:

Sometimes in this world,
There are troubles you cannot master.
When you loose control,
Lay your burdens down... at my feet.

Sometimes in this world,
Worries build up faster and faster.
You may loose control.
Lay your burdens down.

Tuck and Merrie Men:

Come on and lay your heavy burdens down.
Give up your life to save your soul.
Come on and open up your pocket book.
Just let me free you from your gold.

(Merrie Men begin the process of taking everything the Sheriff owns, beginning with his clothes. Much ends up with the purse; the rest of his belongings are divided up among the dancing band and soldiers.)

All:

Ha-lay-loo-ee. Ha-lay-loo-eye.
Ha-lay-loo-ee. Hallelujah!
Ha-lay-loo-ee. Ha-lay-loo-eye.
Ha-lay-loo-ee. Hallelujah!

Friar Tuck:

Sometimes in this life,
You can't bare the weight on your shoulders.
Time to struggle free.
Lay your burdens down... at my feet.

Sometimes in this life,
You start feeling older and older.
Set your spirit free!
Lay your burdens down.

All:

Come on and lay your heavy burdens down.
Give up your life to save your soul.
Come on and open up your pocket book.
Just let me free you from your gold.

Ha-lay-loo-ee. *Ow!* Ha-lay-loo-eye. *Hoouh!*
Ha-lay-loo-ee. Hallelujah!
Ha-lay-loo-ee. *Ow!* Ha-lay-loo-eye. *Hoouh!*
Ha-lay-loo-ee. Hallelujah!

Dianah:

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

(Much throws the Sheriffs coins into the audience.)

Ha-lay-loo-ee. *Ow!* Ha-lay-loo-eye. *Hoouh!*
 Ha-lay-loo-ee. Hallelujah!
 Ha-lay-loo-ee. *Ow!* Ha-lay-loo-eye. *Hoouh!*
 Ha-lay-loo-ee. Hallelujah!

Come on and lay your heavy burdens down.
 Give up your life to save your soul.
 Come on and open up your pocket book.
 Just let me free you from your gold.
 Just let me free you from your gold.
 Just let me free you from your gold.

Ha-lay-loo-ee. *Ow!* Ha-lay-loo-eye. *Hoouh!*
 Ha-lay-loo-ee. Hallelujah!
 Ha-lay-loo-ee. *Ow!* Ha-lay-loo-eye. *Hoouh!*
 Ha-lay-loo-ee. Hallelujah!

Ha-lay-loo-ee. *Ow!* Ha-lay-loo-eye. *Hoouh!*
 Ha-lay-loo-ee. Hallelujah!
 Ha-lay-loo-ee. *Ow!* Ha-lay-loo-eye. *Hoouh!*
 Ha-lay-loo-ee. Hallelujah!

Sing hallelujah. Sing hallelujah. Yeah!
 Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
 C'mon, sing it with me. Sing hallelujah! Yeah!
 Ho! Ho!

Come on and lay 'em at my feet.
 Come on, it's time to save your soul.
 Come on and open up that purse of yours.
 Just let me set you free.
 Just let me set you free, yeah.
 Just let me set you free!

(Start the Audience clapping.)

Dianah:
 Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Sing hallelujah. Sing hallelujah. Yeah!
 Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
 C'mon, sing it with me. Sing hallelujah!
 Hallelujah!

"AMNESTY": Striking a Bargain with the Sheriff

Scene 7

Much: *(Much runs around the front of Gisbourne and picks his pocket, then looks inside his purse only to find it empty.)* Hey, there's nothing in this one.

Little John: Then how's he gonna pay for our new friar's song?

Dianah: He could always pay in blood.

Gil: *(To Gisbourne)* That's what you'd ask of a Saxon.

Leo: Cut off his ear!

Tom: Flog him, like he did Nathan.

Tuck: First, let me administer a proper penance. *(He takes up a staff.)* Fear of the Lord must be impressed upon his scurvy soul.

Gisbourne: Stop! I'll give you everything! Just don't hurt me!

Robin: Hold on, lads. It seems our Norman Lord is in the mood to bargain.

Gisbourne: Anything! My gold! My horses! Take them all! Just don't hurt me!

Robin: We don't need the wealth of an old fool...

Merrie Men: We don't?

Robin: We have wealth enough, already. What we want is greater... Relinquish your hold on this maiden. Set her free, and we will do the same for you.

Gisbourne & Merrie Men: No gold?

Robin: Only freedom...for Dianah.

Dianah: *(To Gisbourne)* My freedom is not his to grant. *(To Robin)* Robin, think what he is offering us!

Robin: Your freedom is his to take away...under Norman law. And I am asking him to return it to you.

Gisbourne: *(Cutting in between Dianah and Robin before Robin changes his mind)* Done! It's a deal.

(Ad libs: Gisbourne is ecstatic; Merrie Men are disappointed. "Aw, come on, Robin. Can't we at least knock him around a bit?" Robin ignores them, looking instead to the Sheriff.)

Robin: And what about you? What do you have to offer us?

Sheriff: In return for what?

Robin: *(Draw sword.)* In return for your life. Every man here has reason enough to want you dead. What can you offer that will persuade them to spare you? Be quick about it.

Will: You have till the count of all the fingers left on Gil Smith's right hand. Gil?

Gil: One. Two. *(Note: Gil only has two fingers on that hand.)*

Will: Time's up. Have at him, boys!

Sheriff: *(Deliberately and intense, directed into Robin's face.)* Amnesty.

(Merrie Men are dumbstruck. "What?" "Amnesty?" "Huh?")

Robin: Swear it.

Sheriff: By the King...I swear it. I grant you amnesty. You and your "men." I give you all your precious freedom.

Robin: *(Amused)* You dare to swear by the King? The same King you've been stealing from all these years? *(Suddenly angry)* Swear by the Blessed Virgin. Swear!

Sheriff: I swear by the Holy Mother, our Blessed Virgin.

Robin: *(Withdrawing his sword)* Then live...and let live. *(To his men)* Let him go. We are all now free to go. He has made his promise. *(Robin' is suddenly different, distant, melancholy.)*

Merrie Men: *(ad lib: "Let him go?" "Just like that?" "What, you believe him?" "You can't be serious!" "Now, wait a minute, Robin.")*

Robin: He swore by the Blessed Virgin; no man would break such an oath.

Robin walks passed his men, not hearing them. He gathers his meager belongings, preparing to leave. The greenwood had always been his fortress, his sanctuary. Suddenly he feels constrained, as if the forest were now a prison. The Narrator speaks over the action.

Narrator: Grateful for his good fortune, Robin began preparations to go into Nottingham and pray at the abbey. He had been there many times before, but always in disguise. Never as a freeman. Now he could kneel before the Holy Mother, unhurried and unafraid.

- Tuck: But, you don't need to go to an abbey to pray, my son. You already dwell in the forest, the Lord's most gracious cathedral.
- Robin: The Abbey is where the image of Our Lady rests. That is where I go to pray.
- Tuck: What is an abbey but four walls that a bunch of mumbling old men use to hide behind, shutting out real religion as they shut in the wealth they horde. *(Tuck becomes more animated)*. Was this the example they were shown? We should not erect walls; we should tear them down. *(Even more animated!)* We should not hide; we should sing out! Stay with us and we will sing our thanksgiving together!
- (With ever-growing enthusiasm, Tuck leads the Merrie Men in an a capella chorus of "Ha-lay-loo-ee, Ha-lay-loo-eye!" Robin smiles at their joy, shoulders a travel bag, and slips away.)*
- Dianah: *(To Will Scarlett, who does not join in the singing.)* Will, you've always guarded against Robin's foolishness. Stop him!
- Will: You misunderstand me, m'lady. Foolishness is at the very heart of manhood. I would never counsel against it.
- Dianah: Then at least go with him?
- Little John: *(Incredulously)* He does not wish it, m'lady.
- Dianah: Does not wish it? He's going to get himself killed!
- Little John: If he is to be a freeman, he must be granted his wishes.
- Will: *(Sarcastically)* And the Sheriff did "swear" to his safety.
- Dianah: What good is the oath of a Norman? How can any of you believe it?
- Little John: If the oath is true, it speaks to our greatest hope.
- Dianah: Hope of what?
- Little John: Of peace, m'lady. Of an end to running.
- Will: *(Will explains what none of the other men have the ability to verbalize...)* What outlaws do above all else is run. "Run, before the soldiers arrive!" "Run, before the Sheriff sees you!" Maybe this will mean an end to the running. We must at least let Robin give it a chance.
- Dianah: If Robin were to die, we'll never stop running! We'll never own our own lands; our own lives! We must protect him!
- Will: "Protect him." I've known too much "protection." I'm sick of it. Do you have any idea why I joined Robin's band? ...a young Norman lord, protected from poverty, protected from prejudice, protected from everything but his own self-indulgence. I "owned" land, I "owned" my life, and a hundred other lives, too. But owning things didn't make me free, it tied me to them. My freedom is flight...for the recklessness of it. That's why I came here, to cast off my title, let it all go. I don't run because I have to. I do what I want. But it's different for the others. And if they finally have the chance to stop running, then let them be. Robin never told me what to do. I won't try to tell him.
- Dianah: You don't care about Robin. You don't care about anything. You've never stopped running because you've nothing worth stopping for. But the rest of us have found something we don't want to lose. *(Turn to the rest of the Merrie Men.)* I'm not about to fall for Norman lies. With every step he takes, the danger to Robin grows. He should not go alone. *(She exits.)*

Narrator: And so she followed Robin beyond the safety of Sherwood, hoping to keep her cherished rebellion alive.

Merrie Men exit, most clustered about Tuck, still light-hearted. Will and Little John and Much are pensive, thoughtful. The Women's Chorus transform the scene into the Abbey, becoming Sisters of Mercy and other attendants. The table becomes an altar. Tablecloth, candles and, perhaps, a cross, are placed. Several ragged poor come to the Abbeys back door to receive food. Marion is there, helping. Dianah follows Robin, not wanting to be seen by him, miming what the Narrator and Mother narrate.

"TRINITY": In the Abbey

Scene 8

Mother: She watched Robin boldly enter the abbey, but decided to stay outside, hidden among the shadows... No one would know he was there, not yet anyway. If she could keep the Sheriff's men out long enough, she could buy Robin enough time to escape...if it came to that.

Marion enters the sanctuary area, after tending to the poor outside.

Narrator: What she didn't know was that Robin often came to the abbey at this very hour. It was when Marion worked as a Sister of Charity, distributing food to the poor, food that Robin's band provided. What none of them knew was that Marion had been followed as well, by one of the Sheriff's spies; and that even as she and Robin celebrated their new found freedom together, the Sheriff's noose was tightening about them.

Marion: Robin! Where is your disguise?

Robin: Marion! The Sheriff has granted amnesty...

Marion: It is dangerous for you here. The abbey walls have ears; and the Abbot is very close to Prince John and the Sheriff.

Robin: He swore by the Blessed Mother; She will protect me.

Marion: You have always outwitted the Sheriff, but this is too careless.

Robin: "Outwitted the Sheriff." Is it so clever to be a thief?

Marion: You are not a thief. You are all these people have. Return to Sherwood and keep you safe. Too many depend on you.

Robin: These people are hungry for more than food, m'lady. They're tired of waiting for good King Richard to return to England to put things right. And what good is my being safe if I am not free to leave Sherwood?

Marion: *(Hurried and exasperated)* I must go and help the others or someone may become suspicious. ...I'll be back. *(She hurries back to where the poor are lined up and the Women's Chorus is giving them food, cloth and comfort; but she is worried at Robin's words and change of attitude, and her thoughts stay with him.)*

SWEET LIBERTY

(Robin sings at the altar, in prayer. Marion sings looking back toward Robin from outside the sanctuary.)

Robin:

See her great light
Parting the night:
My only queen -
Sweet Liberty.

Through dark's red glare,
Sure of her deeds,
A face so fair -
Sweet Liberty.

Marion and Robin:

Why do men go to die,
Risk health, risk home, risk life,
Willingly sacrifice -
Just to be free...

Robin:

Remember them
When peace we find;
Resing their songs of
Sweet Liberty.

Marion and Robin:

Children alone are we,
Searching for dignity,
Wanting so to be free -
Dreaming our dreams.

Robin:

Will it be found,
A life of our own?
Dreaming our dreams of
Sweet Liberty.

"HIS MEMORY WILL CHANGE THE WAY WE LIVE": The Death of Much Scene 9

Soldiers burst into the abbey and surround Robin, who has no weapon on him with which to resist; he lets himself be bound, and is filled with anger and indignation. Marion is horrified, as are the others. Marion runs to speak with the Soldiers and is seen by Dianah. Robin is taken away. Marion is in shock. Some of the left-over Soldiers lead her in the opposite direction.

Narrator: The soldiers had been let in through the Abbot's private entrance...unseen by the watchful eyes at the front gate.

Mother: All Dianah saw was Lady Marion, leaving the abbey with the Sheriff's men. A moment later, Robin appeared, under guard and in chains. Had Marion betrayed Robin to her fellow Normans? To Dianah, such a betrayal made perfect sense.

Dianah hurries back toward camp as one side of the stage now represents the edge of the greenwood. The other side represents the prison, where Robin will be brought and locked up. Dianah begins her description of what happened as the Narrator speaks. Everyone mimes their reaction until the dialogue resumes.

- Narrator: But her story made no sense to the forest outlaws. Marion was the one who provided them things they would never be able to purchase themselves in the open street markets of Nottingham. She gave away a constant stream of wealth to the poor and needy. And she passed on vital information only she could gather...all at great risk. She may have been a Norman, but her love for Robin and her devotion to the band was the heart of Sherwood. She would never betray them.
- Little John: You last saw Marion under the "escort" of the Sheriff's soldiers? That does not bode well. Perhaps she needs our aid.
- Dianah: What about Robin? He was the one in chains...
- Little John: ...and taken to the Sheriff's dungeon, no doubt. What can we do against walls of stone? But Marion can send word to the King.
- Nathan: She's his cousin!
- Dianah: She's a traitor! We have to free Robin! Tear down the walls if we have to. Raise an army!
- Will: The people will offer their prayers; not their lives. It's much safer that way.
- Dianah: Safe lives or free lives; the people have to choose!
- Little John: Will is right. If we want to rescue Robin, we do it ourselves. And not by storming the castle. We have to outwit them...
- Nathan: I've no more stomach for fighting. Our best hope is the King. I'm going to Marion and make sure she can get word to him.
- Little John: Will you take the boy with you? I'm afraid (the coming days may bring too many dangers.)
- Much: *(Shrugging off Little John's hand...)* And miss a good fight? Heck, no! Besides, I'm the only one that can wiggle through the prison bars. You're gonna need me, I just know it!
- Merrie Men: *(Laugh and ad lib, saying "good luck" to Nathan as he exits and "you're a courageous boy" to Much for his speech. Then they set about implementing their rescue plan.)*
- Narrator: Much was disguised as a page, and after slipping through a narrow window, had access to nearly every passageway in the castle. *(As Much winds his way through a mimed maze of dungeon walkways, the Stool Boy enters from the opposite side, not looking where he is going. The two boys eventual collide, begin to fight with each other, and eventually fall into talking, becoming partners in espionage.)* But it was pure chance that saved him from getting hopelessly lost. While dashing from doorway to doorway, he knocked into the Sheriff's young Stool Boy, an orphan like himself, and a secret fan of Robin Hood. As boys are want to do, they began to talk, and then to brag, and what should have been no one's business became the subject of proud boasts. That's how the Stool Boy blurted out the exact location of Robin's cell and Much let on that the whole Sherwood gang was outside, waiting to rescue him. With the Stool Boy's help, the outlaws made their way to the dungeon. But here their luck ran out.

Guards enter, ready to relieve those already there. They are confused when they confront Dianah instead of fellow guards. The following exchanges occur as an overlapping series of ad libs.

- Dianah: *(Gasp!)*

- Guard: (To Dianah) Who are you? What you doin' here?
- Dianah: (Dianah snatches the guard's keys.)
- Stool Boy: (Afraid of getting caught helping the enemy, yells to the guards) Robin Hood's escaping! Do something!
- Dianah: (Guard slices Dianah's shoulder, she screams, turns, and throws the keys to Will.) Will, the keys! (After Little John and others engage the soldiers, Tom comforts Dianah, helping her upstage and away, wrapping cloth as a bandage around her wound.)
- Much: (To the Stool Boy) Quiet, you stool pigeon! (The two boys begin fighting.)
- Guard: (Calling off stage) Guard! Help!
- Little John: (Grabbing the soldier who sliced Dianah, L.J. hits him.) Knifing a lady like that! (Hit) It's enough to (Hit) get me (Hit) really angry! (Hit) (Hit)
- (Reinforcements arrive and a battle ensues.)
- Tuck: (After clobbering a soldier) Nothing like a good wallop to refresh the spirit! (Guard staggers and falls.)
- Will: (After getting Robin free, goes to Dianah) Dianah, can you stand? (To everyone) Follow me. I know another way out...This way! (The Sheriff & Guards suddenly block his path. Narrator says line, if included.) No, that way!
- [Narrator: But there was no way out. All the gateways had been blocked.] (Note: Use this line only if necessary for proper timing with the staging.)
- Just as the Merrie Men seem to have successfully escaped, the Sheriff's Soldiers appear, blocking their way.*
- Sheriff: Hold where you stand! (Suddenly amused) And I thought I would have to chase about that nasty forest, plucking you up one by one. Yes, this is much more...tidy. ...Kill them all.
- The Sheriff presents his sword for the Sergeant to take. The Sergeant moves to kill Little John first, but Much yells a warning, runs and jumps into the Sergeant's arms.*
- Much: Little John! Look out!
- Dianah: (To the Sheriff) If we are to die, then we will take you with us! (She grabs a guards lance and charges the Sheriff.)
- Little John: Watch out, Dianah! No!
- The Sheriff turns just in time to deflect Dianah into the soldier holding Much. Dianah accidentally stabs the boy. Much gasps in agony and falls back into Little John's arms. Much is dead.*
- Little John: Child! (He shakes the boy, trying to awaken him) Child! (To himself) He's been killed! (To the world) He's been killed! Cha-ah-ah-ah-ild!
- Marion: (Enters from upstage with Nathan behind her, fear and confusion on her face) Wait! Wait! Put down your arms! I have word from the King! (She holds a scroll for all to see, hoping she has saved the day.) Richard's returned. He's... (She sees Much and stops, stunned. The Sheriff snatches the scroll she carries and reads it pensively, planning his escape.) Much. My little Much. What has happened?

Tom: He's...dead, m'lady.

Marion: No! No! Why couldn't you have waited! *(Music cue.) (Quieter)* ...Just a few more moments... *(crying to herself)* Why couldn't you have waited?

In the confusion, the Sheriff chooses a few Soldiers and escapes, realizing the King Richard will not be far behind.

(Sing "One Less Child".)

During the first verse of "One Less Child", everyone is still stunned. Little John has laid the boy on the floor, Marion and others have knelt by him, or stood over to see. Others stand where they are, uncertain and sad. During the Mother's solo in the middle of the song, Much is raised up and placed on the table/altar, as the Merrie Men gather around.

One Less Child

NARRATOR:

One more life gone.
One more wrong.
One more lesson learned,
too hard won.

One more mem'ry,
One less boy.
One more soul set free,
one less joy.

One more sorrow,
One more woe.
One less healing smile,
One less child.

One more life gone.
One more wrong.
One more lesson learned,
too hard won.

One more mem'ry,
One less boy.
One more soul set free,
one less joy.

One more sorrow,
One more woe.
One less healing smile,
One less child.

MOTHER:

One more mem'ry,
One less boy.
One more soul set free...
oh.

One more sorrow,
One more woe.
One less healing smile,
One less child.

One day, this will happen no more...
When life grows all men will see and adore.
I hope one day, when we grow beyond war,
One child will remain to restore.

One more mem'ry,
One less boy.
One more soul set free...
oh.

One more sorrow,
One more woe.
One less healing smile,
One less child.

ROBIN:

One less life to love.
One less heart to know.
One less spark. One less smile.
One less child.

One less life to love.
One less heart to know.
One less spark. One less smile.
One less child

The royal entourage enters, preparing the way for the King. Everyone is aware of the death. Richard enters to speak at the boys funeral, but turns the mournful occasion to his advantage, eventually enlisting the Merrie Men to join him on his return to the Crusade...

Narrator: Nottingham castle was a somber place upon the King's arrival. The death of a youth had cast a shadow over the royal entrance.

Richard: The death of every English subject is a tragedy to the King. That this death occurred in battle, honors the memory of the...peasant boy. But the meaning of his death, indeed, of every death, is not in how he died; rather, it is in how his memory will change the way we live... Which brings me to the man called "Robin Hood." Had my cousin, Marion, not interceded on your behalf, I might've simply had all your head and been done with it. She, however, has convinced me of your loyalty. A trustworthy man is a king's most prized possession, especially if he is good with a sword. But a king cannot let the breaking of the law go unpunished. So, to you, Robin Hood, and to your men, I bestow both an honor and a punishment: Upon my return to the Great Expedition, I shall be accompanied by Captain Robin Hood and his collection of former outlaws. Together we shall breach the walls of Jerusalem and set free the Holy City! (*Cheers from most present.*) That is...all but one. To the only Norman among you, the careless renegade Will Scarlett, I return his proper title...Sir William of Castleford. (*More cheers.*) And along with the administration of his estate, I place an additional burden; one that he may find to be the greatest punishment of all: I name you the new Sheriff of Nottingham. (*Roars of laughter.*) I trust your great distaste for power shall make you a perfect governor. (*More laughter.*) Now, I am impatient to return to battle... Let us prepare to make history! (*More cheers. Nathan Tanner mopes. Dianah is angered and hurt and her arm still pains. Marion is fatalistically understanding. Most Merrie Men are eager and filled with patriotism; some tease Will, others congratulate themselves. They exit with the King, leaving the women alone.*)

Narrator: So the men left to fight with King Richard the Lionheart, to join his crusade and expand the possession of European lands into Spain and the Middle East. A moment ago, they had been running from the law as common thieves; now, their new challenge filled them with the patriotism of a higher calling.

Mother: But did it honor the small orphan who had just died in their midst? Did it give his memory meaning, as the King had suggested?

"EDEN IS ALL AROUND US": In the Courtyard

Scene 10

Narrator: The women left behind faced challenges of their own. Norman and Saxon ladies found themselves working side by side, sharing tasks, sharing grief, and sharing losses that affected them all, regardless of race or title.

The Women's Chorus work at chores as Marion goes to check on Dianah's wound, as if this scene has been visited many times in the last months. Perhaps one of the women has just lost a loved one in the war and is comforted. Another may be exhausted in a task, or confused by a new task to which she is unaccustomed. The scene has changed to Marion's courtyard.

Marion: Your wounds have healed well.

Dianah: Does that please you?

Marion: Of course it does. I hold you no ill will.

- Dianah: No, you wouldn't.
- Marion: How could anyone find pleasure in another's wounds? There is too much suffering in this life.
- Dianah: There will always be suffering because people will always protect their own.
- Narrator: As the women went about the daily tasks that held England together, the Crusaders tried in vain to breach the walls of Jerusalem, repelled by Muslims defending what was now their own. Unable to recapture the city, the armies set upon the countryside. And in their wake, they left a scar that would remain on the land for centuries to come.
- Marion: You think you've failed.
- Dianah: I thought we were going to start a revolution. Change the world. I thought Robin was the man; that he could make it happen. What use is he to Richard, a Norman king, in a war that serves only kings? What does it have to do with England? With Saxon poor? With what we started?
- Narrator: As they spoke, whole cities were plundered, whole populations were killed; yet, a great wealth was hauled back to England and placed in royal vaults.
- Marion: You and Richard are not so different. You both want only to trade places with those who have what you want. Make the last first, the first last. Why not equal? Real revolution will come when we begin seeing each other in a new light, when we change the way people think, the way people fight.
- Mother: Real revolution will come when we change the way we rear our children.
- Dianah: One kind of revolution leads to another. None of it can begin without bloodshed.
- Marion: Blood cannot wash us clean. Scars may make us wiser, but only if we learn from them how to heal.
- Dianah: This scar is a badge of freedom.
- Marion: Or a burden of hatred.
- Dianah: You, a Norman lady. What would you know of burdens?
- Marion: Dianah, King Richard has given his pardon. You are no longer an outlaw. The day for violence has passed.
- Dianah: Has the land been returned to its rightful Saxon owners? Are we free to own the labor of our hands? I put my trust in no king. The sword, the arrow, power in the right hands. That is what I trust. That is what Robin used to trust.
- Marion: He also trusts me, and I am none of those things. Robin loves life and fights against everything that holds it down. He believes that all of life belongs to all people, the joys as well as the labors. He is loyal to everyone who shares that love. But his loyalty and enthusiasm sometimes blinds him.
- Dianah: So he blindly marches off to the bottom of the world and all you can do is make excuses for him? He's left us. They've all left us, fighting to recapture some mythical "Jerusalem," just when we were ready to rise up and make a real Promised Land right here. I feel like Eve, kept out of Eden because of some accidental sin, trapped on the wrong side of the Garden wall.

(Music cue.)

Marion: I don't believe God ever kept Eve out of Eden. She was merely unable to see it, unable to recognize it even when it was all around her. She wandered away, never knowing what was so near. But Eden is right here, inside each of us. The "Holy Land" isn't a place. It's something people make for themselves.

What you longed for happened. You made it happen, you and Robin...and Much...and all the others. Will is Sheriff. Everyone's been pardoned. The people have been given a Great Dream; now you must let everyone enter that dream. Make room for Normans as well as Saxons. There are no walls in Eden. Give up the sword; it's time to wage peace.

(Sing: "In The Great Dream".)

Marion sings to a reluctant yet receptive Dianah. The Women's Chorus dance a courtly step, using hand motions that convey the deeper meaning of the lyrics. By the song's end, Marion's peaceful vision has won the day; Dianah is purged of her anger and guilt; and a bridge has been built between Norman and Saxon women.

IN THE GREAT DREAM

Women's Chorus:

You and I and you and I and you and I
In the Great Dream.

You and I and you and I and you and I
In the Great Dream.

Marion:

Let's wage peace
In the Great Dream.
Hate must cease
In the Great Dream.

Each must be,
In the Great Dream,
Equal and free
In the Great Dream.

There will be room for you;
There will be room for me.
If we want, we can make it happen...
It's in our reach.
No more killing;
Show them, instead, how life should be lived.
Once we're in the Great Dream
All are meant to be free! Free!

Let's wage peace
In the Great Dream.
Hate must cease
In the Great Dream.

You and I and you and I and you and I
In the Great Dream.

You and I and you and I and you and I
In the Great Dream.

You and I and you and I and you and I
In the Great Dream.

You and I and you and I and you and I
In the Great Dream.

Let's wage peace
In the Great Dream.
Hate must cease
In the Great Dream.

Each must be,
In the Great Dream,
Equal and free
In the Great Dream.

Each must be,
In the Great Dream,
Equal and free
In the Great Dream.

Marion:

All of the hurt and fear
Building from year to year;
Will the grief be passed on and on,
Will it never end?
Break the cycle...
Don't add to the pain with more of the same.
Once we're in the Great Dream
All are meant to be free! Free!

Marion and Dianah:

Let's wage peace
In the Great Dream.
Hate must cease
In the Great Dream.

Let's wage peace
In the Great Dream.
Hate must cease
In the Great Dream.

Each must be,
In the Great Dream,
Equal and free
In the Great Dream.

Each must be,
In the Great Dream,
Equal and free
In the Great Dream.

You and I and you and I and you and I
In the Great Dream.
You and I and you and I and you and I
In the Great Dream.

Marion and Dianah:

You and I, now it will start, here, with us.
You and I, here with us, it can begin.
You and I. Let it start.
You and I; of one heart.

(Except for the Narrator and the Mother, everyone turns to exit, joined in peace and inner strength.)

"THIS TIME, LET THE SAXONS CHOOSE": The Final Confrontation

Scene 11

Before most of the women leave the stage, they are greeted by weary and broken men, loved ones, returning from the Crusades. Will Scarlet is among them, cloaked, and presents himself to the mercy of Marion and Dianah, then gives them all the news he has heard. He and Dianah seem to pair up. All this happens under the narration.

Narrator: The bonds between Dianah and Marion grew stronger with each passing year; even as those that bound England seemed to wither. The Crusades brought many sorrows and few victories, until they finally came to an end with King Richard's death. Prince John ascended to the throne and immediately reinstated the old Sheriff at Nottingham Castle. Will Scarlett was stripped of his title, this time against his own choosing, and barely escaped with his life. The England to which Robin returned was very ill, indeed.

Friar Tuck finds Will Scarlet and Marion and brings them news of Robin's imminent return.

Mother: Robin was not well, either. Fever sapped his strength and hard-won scars ached in the cold English climate. In need of rest, he was ill-prepared for the demands that awaited him.

Narrator: At the first rumor of his return, scores of hungry and embittered peasants flooded the forest, expecting their hero to finish the rebellion that, now, had become even more necessary. Will Scarlett was already there, preparing new recruits. And Friar Tuck was busy hardening bodies as he strengthened souls.

Robin enters from the opposite side, held up by Little John, with a few of the others straggling behind.

Mother: By the time Robin arrived, over 300 men filled the greenwood. Yet, no one seemed to notice, save Marion and Little John, how ill he really was.

The Sheriff's Soldiers gather, fall into formation, and present arms as the Narrator speaks. Several people move to conceal Robin, worry what will happen next.

Narrator: Nor was there time to recover, for on the very next day an even larger army appeared at the forest's edge: 500 soldiers, led by Robin's greatest nemesis, the old Sheriff of Nottingham.

Sheriff: I bare a letter from King John the First, demanding the immediate surrender of the outlaw "Robin Hood" and all his compatriots.

Robin: *(Yelling from a concealed spot)* On what charge?

Sheriff: The charge of...treason!

Robin: But we have committed no crime.

Sheriff: Are you kidding? You're planning a bloody revolution!

Robin: These are simple men who only wish to defend themselves. All they want is to be full citizens of England, with all the rights a citizen should possess. *(As Robin speaks, between each sentence, Friar Tuck motions groups to position themselves strategically around the stage.)*

Sheriff: Like I said, your planning a bloody revolution!

Robin: It will be bloody only if you choose it.

Sheriff: You don't want bloodshed? Then come out of that wretched forest and surrender.

Robin: If we lay down our arms, you will slaughter us like cattle. If you try to take us, we will merely slaughter each other. Why don't you order your army to help rebuild England, instead of tear her apart?

Sheriff: Yes, well, I'm sure the King would be interested in the specifics of your platform. I could arrange an audience...

Robin: Why ask the King? Ask your men! What would they rather do? Most of them were once farmers and craftsmen...

Sheriff: Ask my men? Are you mad?

Robin: My men have always chosen for themselves.

Sheriff: Ha! You are mad. I would pit your "freedom" against my power any day!

Robin: Then let it be so! *(Robin jumps out of concealment and confronts the Sheriff. He struggles not to faint and wipes the sweat from his forehead. His mouth is dry and his eyes are slow in focusing. Marion must be constrained by Friar Tuck to not expose herself, as well.)*

Marion: Robin! No! You aren't well.

Little John: Get back! Robin, don't!

Will gets up to follow Robin, but Dianah holds him back, counseling for patience and peace. The Sheriff is completely flustered, but regains a façade of composure. The soldiers take a step back, then watch, warily.

Robin: I'm sick of war. Sick of men being led into battles that should never have happened in the first place. No more innocent blood. Just my "freedom" against your "power." A battle of champions. *(Robin is panting and sweaty from fever. He waves the tip of his sword in the Sheriff's face, unsteady, challenging the Sheriff.)*

Sheriff: *(The Sheriff is not baited by the taunt.)* A duel? Between you and I? Nonsense! *(To soldiers)* Who will champion my cause against this villain? *(No answer.)* Who will fight for the King! *(No answer.)* Well, you don't expect me to fight him, do you?

Sergeant: That is what you did imply, sir.

Sheriff: Then give me that sword, you fool! *(Angered, the Sheriff lashes out toward the Sergeant and grabs his sword, suddenly swinging it at Robin, who is unprepared. His first blow knocks Robin over. He swings at Robin several more times as Robin blocks the blows and rolls free. All the while the Sheriff is screaming insane ad libs, getting closer to a final blow. Just as he raises his sword dramatically for the death hit, yelling, "I'll kill you, you Saxon pig!", the Stool Boy rushes forward and butts the Sheriff away, confronting the Sheriff himself.)*

Stool Boy: No! *(Runs toward Sheriff.)* I won't let you kill him! *(The Stool Boy butts Sheriff away from Robin and picks up Robin's sword.)* I'll fight you myself before I let him die!

Angered beyond reason, the Sheriff growls and charges. The Stool Boy holds his ground, dueling the Sheriff clumsily but effectively. The crowd ad libs as the battle goes to and fro. Finally, the Stool Boy flips away the Sheriff's sword. Driven to his knees, the Sheriff now stands defenseless before this favorite whipping boy.

Stool Boy: Without your sword, you're nothing, you sorry little man! Now, go get your stool and set it at my feet. I want you to know what it feels like to lug that stupid thing around... before I finish you off! *(Everyone roars as the Sheriff does as the Boy commands.)* Just stand still...it won't hurt as much that way. *(The Boy says this in the Sheriff's accent, as if this was what the Sheriff always said before a lashing.)*

Dianah: *(Just as the Boy prepares to chop the Sheriff in half, Dianah races toward them and stays his hand.)* Stop! There's been enough killing! *(She bends down and takes the Sheriff's official medallion from around his neck.)* No one will follow him any longer. He's already finished. *(She holds the medallion aloft.)* Let this medallion stand for justice, from this day forward. Will, come and claim what is rightfully yours.

Will: No, Dianah. You were right all along. Let the people choose. It's time they owned their own lives.

Stool Boy: *(Runs up and grabs the medallion.)* Freedom!

Saxons: Freedom!

Everyone cheers and laughs and celebrates. Gisbourne, who was cowering in the background, now teeters over and bops the Sheriff on the head with the parchment. Friar Tuck comforts the Sheriff and begins the process of conversion. Little John lifts the Stool Boy to his shoulders and presents him to the crowd. Will and Dianah embrace. Marion tends to Robin. Everyone is happy. All this happens as the narrators finish the story and the cast gets in position for the finale.

Narrator: Nottingham became the center of a new idea, fashioned by a wise Norman lord named William and a determined Saxon woman named Dianah. From their efforts came the Great Charter of Civil Law, the "Magna Carta." ...And once these freedoms were loosed upon the world, like an arrow, they could never be taken back.

Mother: Would it have happened without her? If you see a way to a better world, will you take it? Our story began with a young girl who saw a better way, an unsung hero who will never be mentioned in any book or any legend, but whose courage ...

Both: ...changed history forever.

Tuck: History. Hmpf! No one appreciates it until it's gone!

(Sing: "Can We Change the World?" See next page.)

(Bows.)

CAN WE CHANGE THE WORLD?

("Let Freedom In" reprise)

DIANA H:

Can we change the world?
I don't know.
What I did before,
unravelling so.
How can I be sure
someone will want to
share my dream?

*Will Scarlet sings to Dianah; Robin & Marion
sing to each other:*

WILL, ROBIN, MARION:

We can change *our* lives,
that's enough, all we need.
Open other's eyes
with our deeds.

add MERRIE MEN:

We can show them how to begin,
that they can win...

add MOTHER & NARRATOR:

We can change our lives;
change them now.
Throw away the chains;
hear the call.
Shine her light 'cross the land!

We can change our lives;
change them now.
Throw away the chains;
hear the call.
Shine her light 'cross the land!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom shine her light
'cross the land! ...
Let freedom in!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom shine her light
'cross the land!

CHORUS:

Let freedom in!

Let freedom in!
Let freedom shine her light
'cross the land!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom in!
Let freedom shine her light
'cross the land!

Can you see a world
free at last?
Equal and allied,
sure and fast.
Remake every flaw
from the past.
Could we make it last?

Freedom. Freedom.

Freedom. Freedom.

Remake
the past;
Can we make it last?
Freedom.

Can you hear it ring! Ring! Ring!

W, R, M with LITTLE JOHN:

Can you see a world
without walls, opened wide?
Ev'ryone at peace
side by side.

Freedom.

Can you hear it ring!
Can you hear it ring!
Hear the call!
Hear the call:
"Let freedom in!"

add MERRIE MEN:

We can show them how to begin,
that they can win...
Let freedom in!

We can show them to begin,
that they can win...
Let freedom in!

We can change our lives;
change them now.
Throw away the chains;
hear the call.
Shine her light 'cross the land!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom shine her light
'cross the land! ...
Let freedom in!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom in!
Let freedom shine her light
'cross the land!

We can change our lives;
change them now.
Throw away the chains;
hear the call.
Shine her light 'cross the land!
LET FREEDOM IN!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom shine her light
'cross the land!
LET FREEDOM IN!

Let freedom in!

Let freedom in!
Let freedom shine her light
'cross the land!
LET FREEDOM IN!

