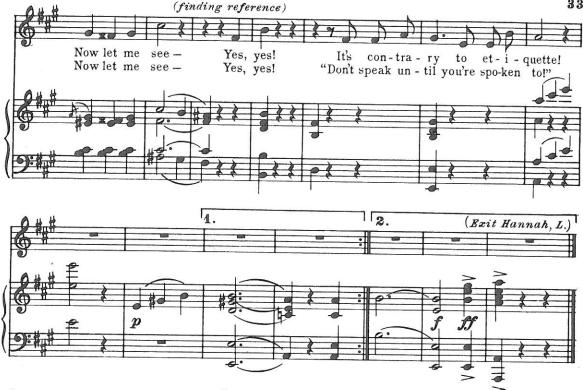
No. 3. If somebody there chanced to be Song











Poor aunt! Little did the good soul think, when she breathed the hallowed name Rose: of Robin, that he would do even as another. But he resembleth all the youths in this village, in that he is unduly bashful in my presence, and lo, it is hard to bring him to the point. But soft, he is here! (As she starts to leave L, Robin enters R. and calls her.)

Robin: Mistress Rose!

Rose: (surprised) Master Robin!

Robin: I wished to say that. . . it is fine.

Rose: It is passing fine.

Robin: But we do want rain.

Rose-Aye, sorely! (a pause) Is that all?

Robin: (sighing) That is all.

Rose: Good day, Master Robin!

Robin: Good day, Mistress Rose! (Both going-both stop and speak together.)

(Rose: (I crave pardon, I. . .

Robin: I beg pardon, I. . .

Rose: You were about to say?

Robin:

I would fain consult you-

Rose: Truly?

Robin: It is about a friend.

Rose: In truth I have a friend myself.

Robin: Indeed? I mean, of course -

Rose: And I would fain consult you-

Robin: (anxiously) About him?

Rose: (prudishly) About her.

Robin: (relieved) Let us consult one another.

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