

rit. (Exit Rose, R.)

— what she ought to do!

rit.

— what he ought to do!

a tempo

rit.

Robin: Poor child! I sometimes think if she wasn't quite so particular I might venture—but no, no— even then I should be unworthy of her! (He goes L. and sits on the bench. Enter Old Adam, R.)

Adam: My kind master is sad! Dear Sir Ruthven^{*} Murgatroyd—

Robin: Hush! As you love me, breathe not that hated name. Twenty years ago, in horror at the prospect of inheriting that hideous title, and with it the ban that compels all who succeed to the baronetcy to commit at least one deadly crime per day for life, I fled my home, and concealed myself in this innocent village under the name of Robin Oakapple. My younger brother, Despard, believing me to be dead, succeeded to the title and its attendant curse. For twenty years I have been dead and buried. Don't dig me up now.

Adam: Dear master, it shall be as you wish, for have I not sworn to obey you for ever in all things? Yet, as we are here alone, and as I belong to that particular description of good old man to whom the truth is a refreshing novelty, let me call you by your own right title once more! (Robin assents.) Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd! Baronet! Of Ruddigore! Whew! It's like eight hours at the seaside!

Robin: My poor old friend! Would there were more like you!

Adam: Would there were indeed! But I bring you glad tidings. Your foster-brother, Richard, has returned from sea— his ship, the *Tom-Tit*, rides yonder at anchor, and he himself is even now in this very village!

Robin: My beloved foster-brother? No, no— it cannot be!

Adam: It is even so— and see, he comes this way!

(Exeunt together, R.)

*Pronounced "Rivven"