

No.4. Alas! I waver to and fro

Trio

Phoebe, Leonard, and Meryll

Allegretto un poco agitato $\text{♩} = 66$

Phoebe

A - las! I wa - ver to and fro - Dark

f *p*

dan - ger hangs up-on the deed! Dark dan - ger hangs up-on the deed!

Leonard

Dark dan - ger hangs up-on the deed!

Meryll

Dark dan - ger hangs up-on the deed!

Red.

(A) Leonard

The scheme is rash and well - may fail; But ours are not the

p

*

hearts_ that quail, The hands that shrink, the cheeks that pale In hours —

cresc.

No, ours are not the hearts that

of need! No, ours are not the hearts that

No, ours are not the hearts that

cresc.

*

quail, The hands — that shrink, the cheeks — that pale, The

quail, The hands that shrink, the cheeks that pale, The

quail, The hands that shrink, the cheeks that

cresc.

hands_ that shrink, _ the cheeks that pale In hours_ of need!

hands that shrink, _ the cheeks that pale In hours_ of need!

pale, _ that pale, _ the cheeks that pale In hours_ of need!

f *p* *p*

(Meryll goes up C., looking off L. and R. anxiously.
He returns.)

Meryll

The

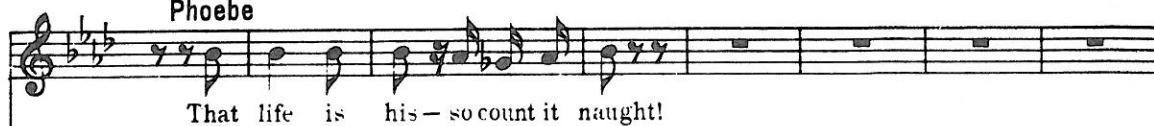
C

air I breathe to him I owe: My life is his - I count it naught!

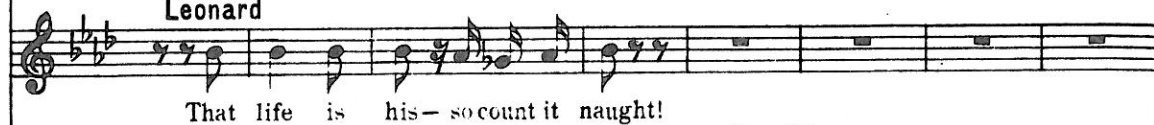
dim.

Red * *Red* * *Red*

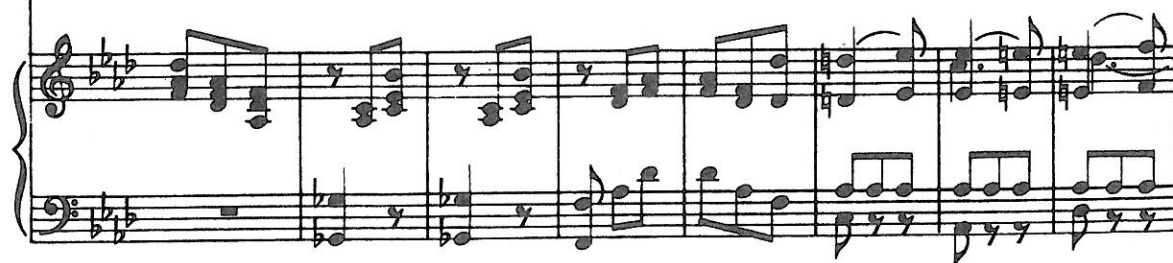
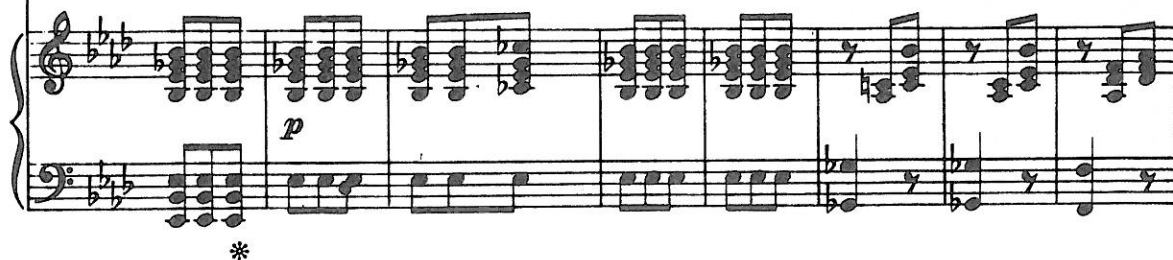
Phoebe



Leonard



Meryll



① Phoebe and Leonard

And shall we reck - on risks we run - To save
thy thought!

①

the life of such - an one? Un - wor - thy
Meryll
Un - wor - thy

thought! - Un - wor - thy thought! -

thought! - Un - wor - thy thought! -

(E) Phoebe *p*
We may suc-ceed— who can fore-tell? May heav'n help our

Leonard *p*
We may suc-ceed— who can fore-tell? May heav'n help our

Meryll *p*
We may suc-ceed— who can fore-tell? May heav'n help our

(E)

hope— May heav'n help our hope,—

hope— May heav'n help our hope,—

hope— May heav'n help our hope,—

8

fare - - - well!

fare - - - well!

fare - - - well!

Red

Red

May heav'n
May heav'n
May heav'n help our hope,

dim.
Red.

help our hope - fare - well!
help our hope - fare - well!
help our hope - fare - well!

p
*

(Leonard embraces Meryll and Phoebe, and then runs off, L.U.E. Phoebe, weeping, goes up-stage to watch him go.)

(Enter Sergeant Meryll, R. U. E.)

Phoebe: (L. C.) Father! Has no reprieve arrived for the poor gentleman?

Sgt. Meryll: *(coming down to her)* No, my lass; but there's one hope yet. Thy brother Leonard, who, as a reward for his valour in saving his standard and cutting his way through fifty foes who would have hanged him, has been appointed a Yeoman of the Guard, will arrive today; and as he comes straight from Windsor, where the Court is, it may be—it *may* be—that he will bring the expected reprieve with him.

Phoebe: Oh, that he may!

Meryll: Amen to that! For the Colonel twice saved my life, and I'd give the rest of my life to save his! And wilt thou not be glad to welcome thy brave brother, with the fame of whose exploits all England is a-ringing?

Phoebe: Aye, truly, if he brings the reprieve.

Meryll: And not otherwise?

Phoebe: Well, he's a brave fellow indeed, and I love brave men.

Meryll: All brave men?

Phoebe: Most of them, I verily believe! But I hope Leonard will not be too strict with me—they say he is a very dragon of virtue and circumspection! Now, my dear old father is kindness itself, and—

Meryll: And leaves thee pretty well to thine own ways, eh? Well, I've no fears for thee; thou hast a feather-brain, but thou'rt a good lass.

Phoebe: Yes, that's all very well, but if Leonard is going to tell me that I may not do this and I may not do that, and I must not talk to this one, or walk with that one, but go through the world with my lips pursed up and my eyes cast down, like a poor nun who has renounced mankind—why, as I have *not* renounced mankind, and don't mean to renounce mankind, I won't have it—there!

Meryll: Nay, he'll not check thee more than is good for thee, Phoebe! He's a brave fellow, and bravest among brave fellows, and yet it seems but yesterday that he robbed the Lieutenant's orchard.

(Enter Leonard Meryll, R. U. E. He comes down between them.)

Leonard: Father!

Meryll: Leonard! My brave boy! I'm right glad to see thee, and so is Phoebe!

Phoebe: Aye—hast thou brought Colonel Fairfax's reprieve?

Leonard: Nay, I have here a dispatch for the Lieutenant, but no reprieve for the Colonel!

Phoebe: Poor gentleman! Poor gentleman!

Leonard: Aye, I would I had brought better news. I'd give my right hand—nay, my body—my life, to save his!

Meryll: Dost thou speak in earnest, my lad?

Leonard: Aye, father—I'm no braggart. Did he not save thy life? And am I not his foster-brother?

Meryll: Then hearken to me. Thou hast come to join the Yeomen of the Guard!

Leonard: Well?

Meryll: None hast seen thee but ourselves?

Leonard: And a sentry, who took but scant notice of me.

Meryll: Now to prove thy words. Give me the dispatch, and get thee hence at once! Here is money, and I'll send thee more. Lie hidden for a space, and let no one know. I'll convey a suit of Yeoman's uniform to the Colonel's cell—he shall shave off his beard, so that none shall know him, and I'll own him as my son, the brave Leonard Meryll, who saved his flag and cut his way through fifty foes who thirsted for his life. He will be welcomed without question by my brother-Yeomen, I'll warrant that. Now, how to get access to the Colonel's cell? *(to Phoebe)* The key is with thy sour-faced admirer, Wilfred Shadbolt.

Phoebe: *(demurely)* I think—I say, I *think*—I can get anything I want from Wilfred. I think—mind I say, I *think*—you may leave that to me.

Meryll: Then get thee hence at once, lad—and bless thee for this sacrifice.

Phoebe: And take my blessing, too, dear, dear Leonard!

Leonard: And thine, eh? Humph! Thy love is newborn; wrap it up carefully, lest it take cold and die.