

中央电视台电视教育节目用书

ENGLISH ON SUNDAY

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下期继续刊登《罗宾汉》的后三集

中央电视台《星期日英语》每周星期日下午14:00向全国播送。

PART I

This part of the magazine contains the scripts to some of our English on Sunday programmes, including drama serials, documentaries, feature films and also excerpts from Forum, our monthly interview show.

The scripts are annotated, but instead of giving literal translations of difficult phrases or sentences, only a general explanation of the concepts underlying them will be rendered, so that viewers can work out for themselves the actual meaning of the words concerned. The scripts are followed by questions to test how well you have understood the content of the programmes; answers to these will be provided in each subsequent issue.

ROBIN HOOD

Episode One

SIR CEDRIC: This is my confessor, Father Ambrose. I've told him of the child. He knows a home where it can be placed.

HUNTINGDON: Thank you, Father; I'm indebted to you.¹

SIR CEDRIC: You are still determined to go to France?

HUNTINGDON: Now you are here, Sir Cedric, I need delay my departure no longer. This Hood that you know, Father, My son will be safe there?

FATHER AMBROSE: He will, my lord.

HUNTINGDON: There are some that covet his lands and title. They would kill him to get them. They must not find him.

AMBROSE: They will not find him, sire.²

SIR CEDRIC: It's the home of a humble forester. He lives deep in Sherwood.

HUNTINGDON: You will teach the boy to read and write, father? Something of history, something of Latin, those things a young man of his station should know?

AMBROSE: I will.

HUNTINGDON: Thank you. And as for you, Sir Cedric, my old friend, there is one more request I would ask of you . . . that when he is grown, when you think the time is right, will you take him and present him to his king—as my heir, the Earl of Huntingdon?

* * *

(Many years later, in the forest)

ROBIN: It's the best bow you've ever made . . . the strength of it, the feel . . . I doubt there's a better bow in all England.

HOOD: The best bow for the best bowman.

ROBIN: I agree. Here, take it. It's yours.

HOOD: No, it's not mine. There was a time when I might have split that wand.³ But never three times in succession. The bow is yours, Robin, you've earned it. You have the skill to use it well. May God give you the grace to use it wisely.⁴

ROBIN: What skill I have I learned from you.

HOOD: I've taught you all I know.

ROBIN: You've taught me everything, father.

HOOD: Go on. Give the bow its baptism.⁵

ROBIN: Tonight we'll have a feast.

(Inside the cottage)

HOOD: Father!

AMBROSE: You saw the soldiers ride by this morning?

HOOD: Yes, I saw them.

AMBROSE: More for the Holy Land.⁶ Soon the King will follow. Robin must see him before he leaves for the Crusade.⁷

HOOD: Then you will tell him tonight?

AMBROSE: It is my intention, John.

HOOD: It must be, but I fear for the lad.

AMBROSE: God will protect him.

(In the forest, after having shot a deer Robin meets two Norman soldiers and a prisoner)

1ST NORMAN SOLDIER: Caught with the blood on his hands . . . You know the penalty for killing the king's deer.

ROBIN: I should know My father is the king's forester. That gives him the right to kill the king's deer, and punish trespassers.

2ND NORMAN: This one tells a different tale. No starving wife and hungry brat for him. His father is the king's forester.

ROBIN: That's right. You are sharp for a Norman. Now be on your way like sensible fellows.

2ND NORMAN: You Saxon swine I'll . . . !

1ST NORMAN: Oh, No! Don't blunt good steel on him.⁸ Tie a rope round his neck. Let him run with this other dog.

2ND NORMAN: We'll tie the deer to his back. And let him carry the proof of his thieving with it.

ROBIN: Stay on your horse! And don't move—either of you — or you are dead.

1ST NORMAN: Kill me and you'll die. Before you get another arrow in that bow he'll cut you in two.

ROBIN: I could have put it through your eye . . . now release your prisoner! . . . Quickly . . . set him free! Over here, behind me!

1ST NORMAN: Now what are you going to do?

ROBIN: I came here to kill a deer. I didn't expect to bag a brace of Normans!⁹

(Hood appears)

HOOD: Robin! What is this?

1ST NORMAN: Who are you?

HOOD: I am Master Hood, the king's forester.

1ST NORMAN: Is he your son?

HOOD: He is. Robin, put down that bow. . . . Who are you, and what brings you here?

1ST NORMAN: We serve Sir Guy of Gisborne. That man is our prisoner.

HOOD: What is his crime?

1ST NORMAN: He stole berries from a bush. . . . Sir Guy's property. Before he could be hanged he escaped. We caught him. Now your son very unwisely has set him free.

HOOD: He is their prisoner, Robin; he must go with them.

ROBIN: No, father!

HOOD: Come, take him.

ROBIN: For picking berries off a bush?

HOOD: Now go.

1ST NORMAN: Before we go, master forester. . . . a word of advice. I would teach your son to show respect for his betters.¹⁰ If you don't, his life will be a short one.

(To Robin)

HOOD: I'm sorry, there was no other way.

ROBIN: I wonder how many berries he picked?

HOOD: Let's see to the deer¹¹. . . .

ROBIN: Father. . . .

HOOD: It was for your own good, Robin. You can't afford to get into trouble.

ROBIN: What do you mean?

HOOD: Come on.

(Inside the cottage)

AMBROSE: It must be a great shock to you Robin.

ROBIN: To be told I'm not who I thought I was —not Robin Hood the forester's son —is shock enough. . . . but the Earl of Huntingdon. . . . a noble lord. . . .

AMBROSE: You never suspected—never felt that you might not be Master Hood's son?

ROBIN: No, I thought it strange I should be taught to read and write, and learn Latin; but I decided I had just been fortunate in my father¹² —and my confessor.

AMBROSE: You must go to the King in London and claim your inheritance.

ROBIN: Oh, Father!

AMBROSE: Only he can give you what is yours by right. There is no time to lose. The King leaves England for the Crusade. It was your father's wish that Sir Cedric Usher should present you to the king, but he's been dead these eight years.

ROBIN: I'm afraid the King may not believe me.

AMBROSE: I think he will. . . . This is the ring your father wore. On it is the crest of your family.¹³ Show it to the King with this sealed letter. Sir Cedric gave it to me before he died. . . . The rest is up to you. May God go with you.

*

*

*

(In Nottingham Castle)

JOHN: . . . It's a pleasure to see you again, my lord. . . . but then, my visits to Nottingham always pleasure me.

NOTTINGHAM: Your Highness¹⁴ must return to London so soon?

JOHN: I'm afraid I must . . . the King embarks on the Crusade . . . the appointment of someone to rule in his absence becomes daily more pressing.

NOTTINGHAM: Your Highness will be appointed Regent,¹⁵ surely?

JOHN: I am the King's brother. For that reason, if no other...

NOTTINGHAM: You are too modest, sire. To be given the office of Regent would be no more than just reward for your many achievements.

JOHN: I will admit I'm expecting Richard —His Grace —to call on me. When I am Regent, I will need the support of all my friends, Nottingham.

NOTTINGHAM: But of course.

JOHN: You will not find me lacking in gratitude.

* * *

(Robin is on his way to London. He rides over moorland)

ROBIN: Ho, there, friend. I'm bound for London. I'm not sure.

LEPER: Unclean!¹⁶ Unclean!

ROBIN: May Jesus comfort you.

(Later on, along a country lane)

SIR KENNETH: Damnation! A broken shaft? *(To the manservant)* Don't stand there gaping, get it mended! Come on, do something about it.

ROBIN: Good morning. What's happened?

NESTON: A broken shaft on the litter.¹⁷

ROBIN: Do you want some help?

SIR KENNETH: I'd be grateful if you could. They look as if they need help. I'll hold your horse.

ROBIN: Could you get me a length of sapling¹⁸ and some rope? You won't go any further with it like this. It wouldn't be safe.

SIR KENNETH: Damnation!

ROBIN: You'll find a new shaft down the way there, or in the town . . . I'm afraid the young lady will have to ride somewhere else.

SIR KENNETH: Sorry, my dear, you'll have to ride in the baggage cart with your chaperone.¹⁹

ROBIN: May I help you?

MARION: Thank you.

SIR KENNETH: Well, lad, you seem to have quite a way with you. I'm glad to see our Saxon blood hasn't all turned to water.²⁰ You are a Saxon, aren't you?

ROBIN: Every drop of my blood. *(Having fixed the shaft)* Right, that's it.

SIR KENNETH: Thank you. I'm most grateful. Sir Kenneth Neston's my name. I wish you well.

ROBIN: I'm happy to have been of service.

SIR KENNETH: Right, forward.

MARION: Thank you again, sir.

ROBIN: I'm glad I was able to help.

(An old woman approaches as the litter is carried away.)

CRONE: She is a great beauty.

ROBIN: I didn't hear you come up, mother!

CRONE: I could have come with a clap of thunder and you wouldn't have heard. She had you bewitched.

ROBIN: She is indeed beautiful.

CRONE: Her charms will fade one day as mine did Oh yes, I was beautiful once, young sir. But she, too, will look in the glass one day and see her beauty die.

ROBIN: It will bloom for many a summer yet, I hope.

CRONE: You do not fear old age or death?

ROBIN: Fear death? I seldom think of it.

CRONE: You need not fear it. You will never die . . . save by a woman's hand.²¹

ROBIN: What?

CRONE: Save by a woman's hand, you will never die!

ROBIN: Wait! Wait!

(Inside the inn)

NESTON: Oh, come on, my dear, am I not to see you smile again?

MARION: I am to marry a man I may hate!

NESTON: How d'you know you hate him? You haven't seen him yet.

MARION: It's cruel and unfair.

NESTON: I suppose you think Sir Guy is too old and decrepit, do you? Of course he isn't.

MARION: He is a man steeped in blood and cruelty.

NESTON: He is a man steeped in power and wealth. And therefore, he has enemies, who attack him with lies and slander.

MARION: They are not all lies. What about the prisoners we saw with their eyes put out. Their punishment was ordered by Sir Guy of Gisborne.

NESTON: These men were wrongdoers. If they were punished with undue severity, well, it is better than being too soft.

MARION: You must want me to marry him very much — to be so false to yourself.²² You hate cruelty and oppression.

NESTON: Sir Guy is a man of the world. He is no callow youth You should be proud to marry such a man and bear his children.

MARION: Well, I am not proud!

ROBIN: Forgive me. You survived the journey.

MARION: Yes

ROBIN: Sir Kenneth.

NESTON: Oh, come, lad, join me in a stoup of ale Landlord! More ale! More ale! . . . Off to London, are you?

ROBIN: Ah, Yes.

NESTON: Seek your fortune, eh?

ROBIN: Yes, in a way.

NESTON: Sit down, lad.

(Marion goes upstairs.)

ROBIN: She is very beautiful.

NESTON: (laughing) Lad.

(Some soldiers appear.)

SERGEANT: Search upstairs.

NESTON: Now, what the devil? Hey, you soldier.

SERGEANT: Are you addressing me?

NESTON: Yes, my niece is upstairs.

SERGEANT: Well?

NESTON: Well, if your monkey puts as much as a finger on her, you'll answer to me for it.

SERGEANT: That soldier's on duty. Who are you?

NESTON: Sir Kenneth Neston is my name. And I'm a Saxon gentleman. And England has come to a pretty pass if one can't sit and drink ale with his friends, without being pestered by the likes of him.²³

SERGEANT: What's your business? . . . Where are you going?

NESTON: I'm going to the castle of Sir Guy of Gisborne.

SERGEANT: Sir Guy of Gisborne?

NESTON: My niece, is shortly to become Lady Gisborne. So watch your step, or Sir Guy will hear of it.

SERGEANT: I'm sorry you've been troubled, sir.

NESTON: That's better. Thank you, landlord.

ROBIN: Sir Guy of Gisborne? Your niece is to marry him?

NESTON: The marriage awaits the King's approval.²⁴

ROBIN: You would give your own flesh and blood to a man with Gisborne's reputation?

NESTON: The times demand it.

ROBIN: The times demand it?

NESTON: You see, we are a conquered race, lad. The Normans rule us from their castles. We are many, they are few. Marry them to our daughters, and in three generations, we'll have drowned them in a sea of honest, Saxon blood.

ROBIN: And that is your plan to save England?

NESTON: It's too deep for you, eh?

ROBIN: And your niece has to be the first one.

NESTON: She has that honour.

ROBIN: Guy of Gisborne. He hangs men for picking berries off his bushes.

* * *

(Inside Gisborne's Castle)

GISBORNE: You find it amusing, do you? Well I don't. Remember, Nottingham, I'm the one who has been asked to marry her.

ABBOT: She may be a vision of loveliness, Guy.

GISBORNE: Yes, I can see her now. She'll be a frump; ice-cold and dog-faced like all Saxon women.

NOTTINGHAM: You're not thinking of disappointing her, Guy?

GISBORNE: Rejecting her? (laughing) I might. I'll wait until I've seen her.

ABBOT: Think of all the rewards that come with her.

GISBORNE: A strip of land! For that I have got to suffer a Saxon slut as a wife.

NOTTINGHAM: A strip of land that constitutes twenty thousand acres. We have already discussed the desirability of your acquiring them.

GISBORNE: She inherits on her uncle's death, and not before!

ABBOT: He is an old man . . . he drinks like a fish and eats like a horse.²⁵

GISBORNE: What are you blithering about?

ABBOT: . . . Either²⁶ may kill him at any moment.

NOTTINGHAM: You're still with us²⁷ . . . Guy, I thought we had agreed this marriage would take place?

GISBORNE: I've had time to reflect. I'm not so sure now that it's worth it.

NOTTINGHAM: Not worth it, Guy? The Abbot holds the estates of Huntingdon . . .

GISBORNE: Yes, yes I know.

NOTTINGHAM: Well, perhaps I should remind us all. The Abbot holds the estates of Huntingdon. They join my lands on their northern border. Sir Kenneth Neston's land forms a barrier between yours and ours. If you were to inherit that land, the barrier would be removed. I'm sure you can see the benefits that would accrue, to all three of us.

ABBOT: He's right, you know, Guy.

GISBORNE: I make no decision until I have seen her.

(Inside the inn, upstairs)

LANDLORD: Here we are, sir . . . just dump him on the bed. That's it, he'll be alright Thank you, sir *(To Marion)* He rather overdid it²⁸, miss.

MARION: Thank you for helping him up.

ROBIN: He certainly likes ale

MARION: Yes, he does . . . a little too often, I'm afraid.

ROBIN: Can I help you?

MARION: Thank you.

ROBIN: He told me you're on your way to be married He told me who to and the reason for it.

MARION: I'm sure he talked a great deal too much.

ROBIN: You're not in favour of his plan to defeat the Normans!

MARION: *He* thinks the plan is a good one.

ROBIN: But you don't, do you?

MARION: What I think is not important.

ROBIN: But I think it is. I know he's your uncle but does that give him the right to

MARION: You don't know what he is to me He's looked after me since I was three years old. I had no one in the world then. He could have ignored me, but he didn't. Since then, he has looked after me, given me everything I could have wished for. And if there is something I can do for him in return, I will do it.

ROBIN: Even marry a man you hate?

MARION: I have not yet met Sir Guy of Gisborne.

ROBIN: I'm sorry, it is none of my business. Good night.

(The next morning)

ROBIN: They've gone?

LANDLORD: They left about an hour ago, sir.

ROBIN: I see.

LANDLORD: Have you finished? You enjoyed your breakfast, sir?

ROBIN: Yes it was . . . very good.

LANDLORD: The roasted hedgehog in nuts²⁹ was my wife's own recipe

(On their way, Sir Kenneth and his group are attacked by some robbers.)

ROBBER CHIEF: Enough, enough! Lay down your arms or she dies!

SIR KENNETH: Do as he says!

ROBBER CHIEF: Search the litter! The jewels are there.

(Robin comes to rescue.)

SIR KENNETH: Marion, Marion, my darling. Thank God you're safe.

ROBIN: Sir Kenneth.

SIR KENNETH: You again.

MARION: I feel faint.

SIR KENNETH: Water. Put her in the litter. Here.

ROBIN: There, you feel better?

MARION: A little. We owe you our lives.

ROBIN: I was fortunate to be so near.

SIR KENNETH: You use the bow well.

ROBIN: It's a good bow, Sir Kenneth, and I was well taught.

(Gisborne appears.)

GISBORNE: You gave a good account of yourselves.³⁰ I've been chasing this pack for sometime. Who are you?

SIR KENNETH: Sir Kenneth Neston.

GISBORNE: Sir Kenneth! *(Laughing)* I am Guy of Gisborne. I bid you welcome.

SIR KENNETH: Sir Guy My niece, the Lady Marion.

GISBORNE: My lady. Would I had got here sooner, there would have been more dead in your honour.³¹

SIR KENNETH: This young man saved our lives.

GISBORNE: We are indebted to you. And now, Neston, it will be my pleasure to conduct you to my castle.

SIR KENNETH: Thank you again. If you don't find your fortune in London. I'll be glad to have you in my service.

(Gisborne takes out some money.)

GISBORNE: There's for your pains.³²

ROBIN: No, thank you I would keep it to pay some fellow to guard your berry bushes.³³

* * *

(Inside Richard's Chamber)

RICHARD: You think it is time I did *what*?

JOHN: Made it known I will be Regent in your absence in the Holy Land.

RICHARD: Make *you* Regent? You're even more brain-sick than I thought.

JOHN: But you must make me Regent. I'm your brother; I'm your only brother.

RICHARD: Do you think I would let *you* rule England?

JOHN: It's my right.

RICHARD: You have no rights . . . not since your adventures in Ireland.

JOHN: Oh, damn Ireland! Must I always be reminded of that accursed country?

RICHARD: You were beaten by a mob of boys and old women.

JOHN: I was unfortunate . . . I *was* ! It rained all the time . . . the bogs were impassable.

RICHARD: You marched your men *into* them! You were tricked and trounced by a common rabble! If that were all, I might call you fool and forget it. But it isn't all! You stole from the war chest!

JOHN: That was wrongly reported!

RICHARD: No, John. You took money given to you to provide for your men to buy your own pleasures. You weren't only a failure, you were a damned crooked, dishonest failure!

JOHN: I made mistakes, I admit it I was led astray I was only nineteen!

RICHARD: Nineteen? When I led the army at Aquitaine I was only fifteen! And I won a great victory!

JOHN: You *were* fortunate.

RICHARD: Fortunate?

JOHN: I'm sorry, I didn't mean that! Of course you won a great victory, by your skill and courage, the whole world knows it. Anyway one doesn't have to be a great general in order to be a Regent. . . . I must be Regent! I must! You have always looked down on me, as if I were dirt beneath your feet. But this time I will not be ignored! I will not be trodden on. I will be Regent — I will!

RICHARD: I think you had better go, John. . . . On your way out go to the well, and get someone to throw a bucket of water over you. It may help to bring you to your senses³⁴ such as they are.

JOHN: So you have spoken your mind on this, you will not change it?

RICHARD: No, I will not!

JOHN: Very well. . . . I shall speak to mother. . . . She'll make you change your mind; she always does!

RICHARD: Wait! . . . Now you are here, and I have only a few days left in England, let me warn you, John. I know you dream of power. You're a schemer and a dangerous one . . . not because you have any gift for scheming . . . but because you're a fool! Others twist and use³⁵ you. Don't let them. Take care who you talk to, and don't dabble in plots. For once on the road to treason there is only one end, the axe³⁷ . . . Being my brother will not save your neck. Ah, Longchamp. I was about to summon you.

LONGCHAMP: Sire?

RICHARD: It has come to my notice there are many who protest against the taxes I have levied, to pay for arms for the Crusade?

LONGCHAMP: Some object, sire, a few, but they will pay.

RICHARD: It is not enough! Do they not realise the money is for Christ to pay for arms for the Crusade? Do they think I go to the Holy Land for my own selfish interests?

LONGCHAMP: If so, I will see they are disillusioned, sire. . . . A young Saxon wishes to see you. He claims to be the earl of Huntingdon.

RICHARD: Another one! Throw him into the river.

LONGCHAMP : I think you should see him, sire.

RICHARD: Longchamp, how many false claimants have I seen for the estates of Huntingdon?

LONGCHAMP: This one is very persistent. . . . He climbed a wall to get in and thrashed a guard who tried to stop him.

RICHARD: He thrashed a guard?

LONGCHAMP: He boxed his ears and manhandled him into a horsetrough.

RICHARD: Oh, did he, by God!

LONGCHAMP: He brings this letter in support of his claim. He also wears a ring, with the Huntingdon crest, which he refuses to take off his finger.

RICHARD: Sir Cedric Usher Yes I remember him. He served my father well.

LONGCHAMP: He died eight years ago, sire. The seal is his.

RICHARD: It could have been stolen. The writing faked.

LONGCHAMP: That is possible, of course. But there is something about this young man.

(Richard opens the letter.)

RICHARD: Mm. He thrashed a guard, eh? Alright, bring him in There is one certain proof of identity in the case of Huntingdon's heir that cannot be faked.

LONGCHAMP: Kneel to your king, boy.

RICHARD: On your feet! Let's have a look at you!

ROBIN: I have this ring, sire.

RICHARD: Never mind the ring. Take off your tunic! . . . Take off your tunic!

LONGCHAMP: Do as His Grace says.

RICHARD: Now turn round . . . quickly. I'll not stab you in the back! If you're an impostor³⁸ the hangman will deal with you quickly enough Now take off shirt. Yes, yes, come along Beneath his left shoulder blade is a birthmark of a certain size . . . Longchamp, what do you see?

LONGCHAMP: No bigger than a silver penny. It is there, sire!

ROBIN: Sire, I came here in honour bound,³⁹ not to be laughed at

RICHARD: Ah, he has a temper, has our young earl of Huntingdon Welcome my lord. You are indeed the long-lost heir of your noble father Your King welcomes you!

* * *

(In the countryside)

MARION: They are beautiful.

GISBORNE: Yes.

(In Gisborne's Castle)

GISBORNE: I must apologise for the wine.

SIR KENNETH: It's alright, I suppose, for them who like it. Just doesn't compare with ale in my opinion, that's all.

GISBORNE: Yes, so you have said. I will lose no time in procuring a few barrels, especially for you.

SIR KENNETH: That's very kind of you. Thank you very much, but you really should try it yourself. I mean, it might be a good idea if your lot, I mean your people, if they got to like it. Another reason for bringing us closer together, you see.

GISBORNE: Your desire to achieve rapport between Norman and Saxon has my full approval, Sir Kenneth.

SIR KENNETH: Well, I think it's got to be. And it's better done peacefully. Better ale be spilled than blood.⁴⁰ Well, that's perhaps not the best way of putting it, you know what I mean.

GISBORNE: Oh yes. Yes, I do.

SIR KENNETH: Well, I think perhaps I'd better retire . . . Sir Guy . . . my dear. There are times when it's better an old man be in his bed.

GISBORNE: The servant will conduct you to your chamber.

SIR KENNETH: Thank you very much, Sir Guy . . .

MARION: Uncle . . .

SIR KENNETH: Oh, my dear.

GISBORNE: Sleep well . . . I am glad it is tomorrow I see the King.

MARION: You will see him tomorrow?

GISBORNE: To ask his approval of our marriage. Then you will be my lady . . . my wife . . . Your beauty ravishes my senses. It is like a drug. I count the minutes until you are mine.

(On the ordnance field)

ROBIN: Sire.

RICHARD: Enough! Well done, Huntingdon! Teaching you to fight with the sword will be no hard task.

ROBIN: You are winded,⁴¹ sire.

RICHARD: Don't let my praise go to your head, lad. A king is never winded.

ROBIN: I meant no disrespect, sire . . .

RICHARD: Huntingdon, you fight and speak your mind like a man.⁴² Come, we'll drink a cup of wine together.

(Inside Richard's chamber)

RICHARD: Thank you, Blondin. I have heard you in better voice . . .

BLONDIN: The air of Angletterre is raw to my throat, your grace.

RICHARD: I have composed a hymn to celebrate my departure for the Holy Land. You will sing it for me tonight.

BLONDIN: It will be an honour as always to sing a composition of your majesty.

RICHARD: And you will take honey for your throat. It will help you do justice to my song . . . there will be no need then for excuses. Huntingdon, I wish to please you . . .

ROBIN: Please me, sire?

RICHARD: I leave soon with an army for the Holy Land, there to fight for the Cross. You will come with me, as my squire.

ROBIN: If that is your wish, sire.