

Meg (*backing away left*): Why, I do believe it be Tim. (*Aloud*). Tim, be that 'ee? Where be 'ee?

Tim: Over here, by this old tree stump.

Meg (*crossing to him*): Whatever be 'ee doing there?

Tim: I be waiting for my sweetheart, but I reckon as how her ain't be coming. I'd best be on my way home (*Trys to stand and falls down again*).

Meg (*pulling him up and supporting him*): Now, brother Tim, has 'ee been drinking again?

Tim: Well, I did happen to call in at the 'Cat and Fiddle' but I only had one or two.

Meg: One or two gallons I'd say by the looks of 'ee. Come on, I'll steady 'ee as we go home.

Tim: Aye 'ee lead the way, for the road home has gone clean out of my head.

Meg: Tim Bobbin, do 'ee mean to stand there and tell I as 'ee don't know the way home?

Tim: No—and that's for sure.

Meg: Then what be us going to do, for I be lost myself? Us can't stay here all night. I be mortal scared of these woods after sunset.

Tim: Ah, this be a right problem and no mistake. (*Scratching his head*). What can us do? Now let I think a minute—ah, I have it!

Meg: What, Tim?

Tim: We'll off home and ask Ma. Her's bound to know the way for her be older than we.

Meg: Now that's a grand idea, brother Tim—come on then. (*Leads him to right and exits*).

Tim (*following her and then checking and addressing audience with a wink*). You see I ain't as daft as some folks say.

Music Cue 14—(Song).

I AIN'T AS DAFT AS SOME FOLKS SAY
(TIM BOBBIN)



I ain't as daft as some folks say.
I'm sort of clever in my simple way.

I went for a new job, one fine sunny morn.
The farmer said 'Tim, lad, now you sow the corn,'
'Do you think I be daft' to the farmer, I said.
'How can I sow the corn when I ain't got no thread?'
I ain't as daft as some folks say.
I'm sort of clever in my simple way.

'Go out to the pigs now,' said old Farmer Bill.
'Take out that there bucket and give 'em their swill.'
But I swilled and I swilled till I can't swill no more
And I reckons they'm dirtier than they was afore.
I ain't as daft as some folks say.
I'm sort of clever in my simple way.

One morning, the farmer's wife to I she said,
'Go dig up some taters from out of the bed.'
So I digged and I digged until I was quite hot,
But two big piles of feathers was all that I got.
I ain't as daft as some folks say.
I'm sort of clever in my simple way.

One day the old farmer to I he did say,
'Now, Tim boy, I wants 'ee to get in the hay.'
So, I tells the old farmer I'se pleased to obey
And I takes off my boots and I lies there all day.
I ain't as daft as some folks say.
I'm sort of simple in my clever way.

Music Cue 15—(Gypsy Theme until Cue 16).

NELL HATFIELD *enters down left*.

Nell (*aside*): So far my plan has succeeded beyond my wildest dreams. Maria Marten has fallen victim of Corder, and a child—the offspring of her shame—has been born. But Corder already wearies of his plaything. Last night, he came to our tents to purchase a deadly poison known only to those of our tribe. I hear that the child is ill and I believe that I know what his plan of action will be. I promised to procure the poison and arranged to meet him here. Oh, I'll watch him like a lynx, for the stars tell me that the hour of retribution is at hand.

Music Cue 16—(Villain Theme).