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Robin: Dame Hannah! This is—this is not what I expected.

Hannah: Well, sir, and what would you with me? Oh, you have begun bravely—bravely indeed! Unappalled by the calm dignity of blameless womanhood, your minion has torn me from my spotless home, and dragged me, blindfold and shrieking, through hedges, over stiles, and across a very difficult country, and left me, helpless and trembling, at your mercy! Yet not helpless, coward sir, for approach one step—nay, but the twentieth part of one poor inch—and this poniard shall teach ye what it is to lay unholy hands on old Stephen Trusty's daughter!

Robin: Madam, I am extremely sorry for this. It is not at all what I intended., Circumstances of a delicate nature compelled me to request your presence in this confounded castle for a brief period—but anything more correct—more deeply respectful than my intentions toward you, it would be impossible for anyone—however particular—to desire.

Hannah: Am I a toy—a bauble—a pretty plaything—to grace your roistering banquets and amuse your ribald friends? Am I a gew-gaw to while away an idle hour withal, and then be cast aside like some old glove, when the whim quits you? Harkeye, sir, do you take me for a gaw of this description?

Robin: Certainly not—nothing of the kind—anything more profoundly respectable---