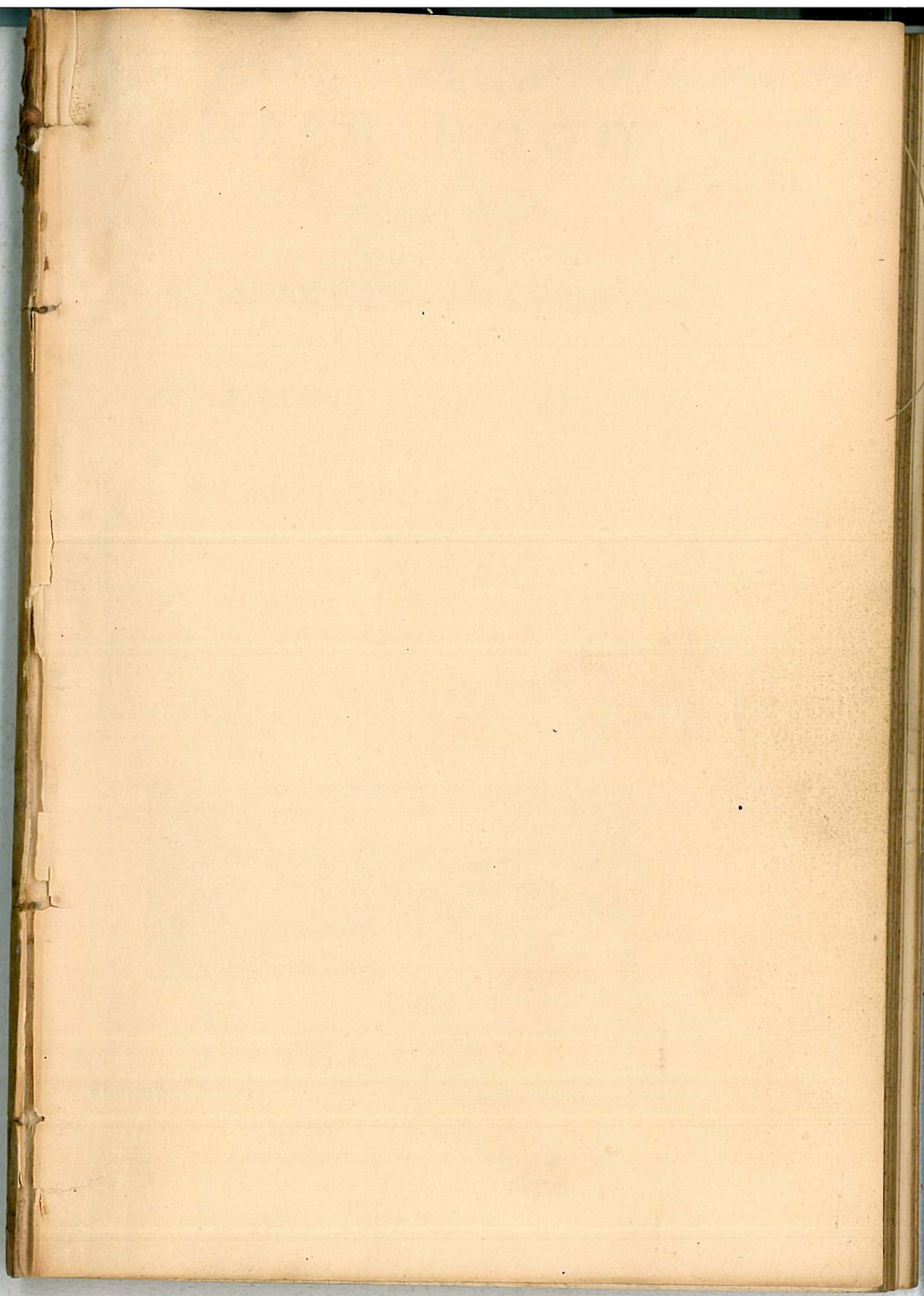


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Read. Busy
ROBIN HOOD'S
GARLAND.

Notem

BEING A
COMPLETE HISTORY
OF ALL THE
NOTABLE AND MERRY EXPLOITS
PERFORMED
BY HIM AND HIS MEN,
ON
DIVERS OCCASIONS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A PREFACE,

GIVING A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF HIS BIRTH,
LIFE, &c.



*Adorned with Twenty-seven Neat and Curious CUT
proper to the Subject of each SONG.*

NOTTINGHAM:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY C. BURBAGE,
MDCXCIV.

PRICE FOUR-PENCE.

P R E F A C E.

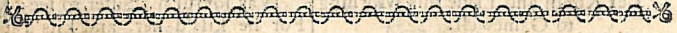
TO THE

R E A D E R.

THERE is scarce any Story so little known, for one very popular as that of ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN. — Numbers there are who look upon all that is said of them as fabulous, and believe them (like the Heroës and Gods of Homer and Ovid) to have existed no where but in the fertile Brain of an inventing Poet. Nor is this the Opinion of an unthinking People: I have often heard it asserted by Men of good Sense; but they are grossly mistaken it is very certain: For King Richard the First, transported with Zeal, blindly sacrificed every Thing to it, and ruined himself, and almost his whole Nation, to carry on a War against the Infidels of the Holy Land, where he went in Person. The intestine Troubles of England were very great at that Time; and even John the King's Brother, caballed to dethrone him, and take Possession of his Kingdom. This was an Opportunity, which the Outlaws and Banditti would by no Means neglect, and England was every where infested with Thieves and Robbers. But amongst those none made so considerable a Figure as Robin Hood; who, as Historians assure us, chiefly resided in Yorkshire; but who, if we may give any Credit to most of our Old Songs, was very conversant in the County of Nottingham. Besides Little John, he had an hundred Bowmen in his Retinue, but none but the Rich stood in Awe of him: So far from spoiling the Poor, he did them all the good that lay in his Power. — Of the Rich, he seldom abused those he robbed; and never offered to stop or rifle any Woman. It is not very positively known who he was; but the general Opinion of the Historians is, that he was a Nobleman; by Birth noble, and created an Earl for some considerable Service done his Country in War. But having riotously spent his Estate, he took that way of Living, rather chusing to venture his Life for every Thing he got, than to live in a dependent State, and be beholden to any Body for his Bread. Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Chief Jusiciary of England, endeavouring all he could to suppress those Robbers and Outlaws, set a very considerable Price upon the Head of Robin Hood, and several Stratagems were used to apprehend him; but all their Attempts proved fruitless. Force he repelled by Force, and Art by Cunning; till at length falling ill, he went (in order to be better taken Care of) to Berkleys, a Nunnery in Yorkshire, where he desired to be let Blood; but the Reward set upon his Head being very considerable, it proved a great Temptation to some who knew him, by whom he was betrayed; and instead of bleeding as he desired, he was blooded to Death about the latter End of 1195.



ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND, &c.



1. *The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of ROBIN HOOD, with CLORINDA, Queen of Titbury Feast.*

Supposed to be related by a Fidler, who played at their Wedding.



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w him, by whom he
sired, he was blooded

KIND Gentlemen, will you be
silent awhile?
Ay, and then you shall hear anon
A very good Ballad of bold Robin
Hood,
And of his Man brave Little
John.
In Locksley Town, in merry Not-
tinghamshire,
In merry sweet Locksley Town,
There bold Robin Hood was born
and bred,
Bold Robin of famous Renown.
The Father of Robin a Forester was
And he shot with a lusty strong
Bow,
Two North Country Miles and an
Inch at a shoot,

As the Pinder of Wakefield does
know;
For he brought Adam Bell, and
Clim of the Clogh,
And William a Clowdel see,
To shoot with our Forester for 40
Marks,
And the Forester beat them all
three.
His Mother was Neice, to the Co-
ventry Knight,
Which Warwickshire Men call
Sir Guy,
For he slew the Blue Boar that
hangs up at the Gate;
Or my host at the Bull tells a Lie,
Her Brother was Gamewell, of
Great Gamewell Hall,
A noble

<p>A noble housekeeper was he, Ay, as ever broke Bread in sweet Nottinghamshire, And a 'Squire of famous Degree. The Mother of Robin said to her Husband, My Honey, my Love, and my Dear, Let Robin and I ride this Morning to Gamewell. To taste of my Brother's good Cheer, And he said, I grant thee thy Boon gentle Joan; Take one of my Horses, I pray, The Sun is arising, and therefore make haste, For To-morrow is Christmas- Day. Then Robin Hood's Grey Gelding was brought, And saddled and bridled was he, God wot a blue Bonnet, his new Suit of Cloaths, And a Cloak that did reach his Knee. She got on her Holiday Kirtle and Gown, They were all of a Lincoln Green; The Cloth was home-spun, but for Colour and Make, It might have befecmed a Queen. And then Robin got on his Basket and hilt Swörd, And his Dagger on the other Side And said, my dear Mother, let's haste to be gone, We have forty long Miles to ride When Robin was mounted on his Gelding so grey, His Father, without any more Trouble, Set her up behind him, and bid her not fear, For his Gelding had oft carried double, And when she was settled, they rode to the Neighbours,</p>	<p>And drank and shook Hands with them all; And then Robin gallop'd, and ne- ver gave o'er, 'Till they lighted at Gamewell Hall. And now you may think the right worshipful 'Squire Was joyful his Sister to see; For he kis'd her, and kis'd her, and swore a great Oath, Thou art welcome kind Sister, to me. The Morrow when Mass had been said in the Chapel, Six Tables were covered in the Hall, And in comes the 'Squire, and makes a short Speech, It was, Gentlemen, you're wel- come all. But not a Man here shall taste my March Beer, 'Till a Christmas Carol he does sing; Then all clapp'd their Hands, and they shouted and sung, 'Fill the Hall and the Parlour did ring. Now Mustard and Brawn, Roast Beef and Plumb Pies, Were set upon every Table. And noble George Gamewell said eat, and be merry, And drink too, as long as you're able. When Dinner was ended, his Chap- lain said Grace; And be merry, my Friends, said the 'Squire; It rains and it blows; but call for more Ale, And lay some more Wood on the Fire. And now call ye Little John hither to me, For Little John is a fine Lad, And Gambols and Juggling, and so such Tricks, As</p>
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As shall make you both merry
 and glad.
 When Little John came, to Gam-
 bols they went,
 Both Gentlemen, Yeoman and
 Clown:
 And what do you think? Why, as
 true as I live,
 Bold Robin Hood put them all
 down.
 And now you may think the right
 worshipful 'Squire
 Was joyful this Sight for to see;
 For he said, Cousin Robin, thou
 go'lt no more Home,
 But tarry and dwell here with
 me.
 Thou shalt have my Land when I
 die, and 'till then
 Thou shalt be the Staff of my
 Age,
 Then grant me my Boon, dear Un-
 cle, said Robin,
 That Little John may be my Page
 And he said, kind Cousin, I grant
 thee thy Boon;
 With all my Heart, so let it be,
 Then come hither Little John said
 Robin Hood,
 Come hither my Page unto me:
 Go fetch me my Bow, my longest
 Bow.
 And broad Arrows one, two, or
 three;
 For when 'tis fair Weather, we'll
 into Sherwood,
 Some merry Pastime to see.
 When Robin Hood came into mer-
 ry Sherwood,
 He winded his Bugle so clear;
 And twice five and twenty good
 Yeomen and bold,
 Before Robin Hood did appear.
 Where are your 'Companions all,
 said Robin Hood!
 For still I want Forty & Three;
 Then said a bold Yeoman, Lo,
 yonder they stand,
 All under a green-Wood Tree.

As that Word was spoke, Clorinda
 came by,
 The Queen of the Shepherds was
 she;
 And her Gown was of Velvet as
 green as the Grass,
 And her Buskin did reach to her
 knee:
 Her Gait it was graceful, her Body
 was straight,
 And her Countenance it was free
 from Pride:
 A Bow in her hand, and a Quiver
 of Arrows,
 Hung dangling by her sweet Side,
 Her Eye Brows were black, ay, and
 so was her Hair,
 And her Skin was as smooth as
 Glass,
 Her Visage spoke Wisdom and Mo-
 desty too.
 Sets with Robin Hood, such a
 Laff?
 Says Robin Hood, fair Lady, whi-
 ther away?
 O whither, fair Lady, away?
 And she made him answer, To kill
 a fat Buck,
 For To-morrow is Titbury Day.
 Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, will
 you wander with me
 A little to yonder green Bower,
 There sit down to rest you, and you
 shall be sure
 Of a Brace, or a Leash, in an
 Hour.
 And as we were going towards the
 green Bower,
 Two hundred good Bucks we
 espy'd:
 She chose out the fattest that was
 in the Herd,
 And shot him thro' Side & Side,
 By the Faith of my Body, said bold
 Robin Hood.
 I never saw Woman like thee:
 And com'st thou from East, or
 com'st thou from West,
 Thou need'st not beg Venison of me

However, along to my Bower you
 shall go,
 And taste of a Forester's Meat;
 And when we came thither, we
 found as good Cheer,
 As any Man needs for to eat.
 For there was hot Ven'fon, and
 Warden Pies cold,
 Cream clouted, and Honey-comb
 plenty,
 And the Servitors, there were, be-
 side little John,
 Good Yoemen at least four and
 twenty,
 Clorinda said, tell me your name,
 gentle Sir,
 And he said, 'tis bold Robin
 Hood;
 'Squire Gamewell's my Uncle, but
 all my delight
 Is to dwell in the merry Sher-
 wood;
 For 'tis a fine Life, and 'tis void
 of all Strife,
 So 'tis, Sir, Clorinda reply'd.
 But oh, said bold Robin, how sweet
 would it be,
 If Clorinda would be my bride!
 She blush'd at the Motion; yet,
 after a Pause,
 Said, yes, Sir, and with all my
 Heart;
 Then let us fend for a Priest, said
 Robin Hood,
 And be married before we do part.
 But she said, it may not be so, gen-
 tle Sir,
 For I must be at Titbury Feast:
 And if Robin Hood will go thither
 with me,
 I'll make him the most welcome
 Guest.
 Said Robin Hood, reach me that
 Buck, Little John,
 For I'll go along with my dear,
 And bid my Yeomen kill six Brace
 of Bucks,
 And meet me To-morrow just
 here,

Befote he had ridden five Stafford-
 shire Miles,
 Eight Yoemen that were too
 bold,
 Bid bold Robin Hood stand, and
 deliver his Bucks,
 A truer Tale never was told.
 I will not, faith, said bold Robin,
 Come John,
 Stand by me, and we'll beat them
 all.
 Then both drew their Sworde, and
 so cut 'em and slash'd 'em,
 That Five of the Eight did fall.
 The Three that remain'd call'd to
 Robin for Quarter,
 And pitiful John begg'd their
 Lives.
 When John's Boon was granted,
 he gave them good Counsel.
 And so sent them home to their
 Wives.
 This Battle was fought near to Tit-
 bury Town,
 Where the Bag-pipes baited the
 Bull;
 I'm the King of the Fidler's, and I
 swear 'tis Truth;
 And I call him that doubts it a
 Gull;
 For I saw them fighting, and fid-
 dled the while;
 And Clorinda sung, 'Hey derry
 'down!
 'The Bumkins are beaten; put up
 thy Sworb Bob;
 And now let's dance into the
 Town.
 Before we came in it we heard a
 strange shouting,
 And all that were in it look'd
 madly!
 For some were a Bull-back, some
 dancing a Morice,
 And some singing Arthur a
 Bradley.
 And there we saw Thomas, our
 Justice's Clerk,
 And Mary to whom he was kind

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 that were too
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 nging Arthur a
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 Clerk,
 whom he was kind

For Tom rode before her, and Ma-
 ry call'd Madam,
 And kiss'd her full sweetly be-
 hind:
 And so may your worships. But
 we went to Dinner.
 With Thomas, and Mary, and
 Nan;
 They all drank a Health to Clorin-
 da, and told her,
 Bold Robin was a fine Man.
 When Dinner was ended, Sir Roger
 the Parson
 Of Dunbridge was sent for in
 Haste;
 He brought his Ma's Book, & bid
 them take Hands.
 And he join'd them in Marriage
 full fast.
 And then, as bold Robin Hood &
 his sweet Bride
 Went Hand in Hand unto the
 green Bower,
 The Birds sung with Pleasure in
 merry Sherwood,
 And it was a most joyful Hour.
 And when Robin came in Sight of
 the Bower,
 Where are my Yeomen? said he;
 And Little John answer'd, Lo, yon-
 der they stand,

All under a Green-Wood Tree.
 Then a Garland they brought her,
 by two and two,
 And placed it on the Bride's
 Head;
 The Music struck up, and we all
 fell a Dancing,
 'Till the Bride and the Bride-
 groom were a-bed,
 And what they did there must be
 Counsel to me,
 Because they lay long the next
 Day;
 And I made haste Home; but I get
 a good Piece
 Of the Bride Cake, and so came
 away.
 Now out, alas! I had forgotten to
 tell ye,
 That married they were with a
 Ring;
 And so will Nan Knight, or be bu-
 ry'd a Maiden;
 And now let us pray for the
 King,
 That he may get Children, and
 they may get more,
 To govern and do us some good,
 Ann then I'll make Ballads in Ro-
 bin Hood's Bower,
 And sing them in merry Sherwood.



2. ROBIN HOOD's Progress to NOTTINGHAM, in which he steers
FIFTEEN FORESTERS.

To the Tune of ROBIN HOOD, &c.



ROBIN Hood was a tall young
 Man,
 Derry, derry down,
 Full fifteen Winters old,
 And Robin Hood, was a proper
 young man,
 Of courage stout and bold.
 Heydown, derry, derry down.
 Robin Hood went unto fair Not-
 tingham,
 With the general for to dine.
 There was he aware of fifteen fo-
 resters,
 Drinking beer, ale, and wine.
 What News? what News? said bold
 Robin Hood,
 What News fain would'st thou
 know?
 Our King has provided a shooting
 match,
 And I am ready with my bow.
 We hold it in scorn, said the fifteen
 foresters,
 That ever a boy so young
 Should bear a bow before our king,
 That's not able to draw a string.
 I'll hold you 20 Marks, said bold
 Robin Hood,
 By the leave of our Lady,
 That I'll hit the Mark an hundred
 Rod,

And I'll cause a Hart to die.
 We'll hold you 20 Marks, then said
 the Foresters,
 By the leave of our Lady,
 Thou hit not the Mark an hundred
 Rod,
 Nor cause the Hart to die.
 Robin Hood he bent up a noble
 good bow,
 And a broad arrow he let fly;
 He hit the mark an hundred rood,
 And caused a Hart to die.
 Some say he broke ribs one or two,
 And some say he broke three;
 The arrow in the hart would not
 abide,
 But glanc'd in two or three.
 The hart did skip, and the hart did
 leap,
 And the hart lay on the ground;
 The wager is mine, said Robin
 Hood,
 If it were for a thousand pounds,
 The wager is none of thine, said the
 Foresters.
 Although thou be'st in haste;
 Take up thy bow, and get thee
 hence,
 Left we thy sides should baste.
 Robin Hood took up his noble good
 bow,

And

And his broad arrows all amain,
 And Robin being pleas'd, began to
 smile
 As he went over the plain.
 Then Robin he bent his noble good
 bow,
 And his broad arrows he let fly,
 Till fourteen of the fifteen foresters
 Upon the ground did lie.
 He that did the quarrel first begin,
 Went tripping over the lain;
 But R. Hood bent his noble good
 bow,
 And fetch'd him back again.
 You said I was no archer, said R.
 Hood,
 But say so now again.
 With that he sent another arrow
 after him
 Which split his head in twain.
 You have found me an archer, says
 bold Robin Hood,
 Which will make your wives to
 wring,

And wish that you never had said
 the word,
 That I could not have drawn one
 string.
 The people that did live in fair Not-
 tingham
 Came running out amain.
 Supposin' to have taken bold Robin
 Hood,
 With the foresters that were slain
 Some lost legs, and some lost arms,
 And some did lose their blood.
 But Robin he took up his noble
 good bow.
 And is gone to the merry green
 wood
 They carry'd these foresters to fair
 Nottingham.
 As many there did know,
 They digg'd them graves in their
 church yard,
 And they bury'd them all on a
 row.



3. *Shewing how the Jolly Pinder of Wakefield, fought with R. Hood, W. Scarlet, and Little John, on a long Summer's Day.*

To an excellent Northern Tune.



IN Wakefield there lives a jolly
 Pinder,
 In Wakefield all on the Green,
 In Wakefield all on the Green,
 There is neither knight nor squire

And the Pinder,
 Nor Baron so bold,
 Nor Baron so bold,
 Dare make a trespass on the town of
 Wakefield,
 But

And

But his pledge goes to the pinfold
 But his pledge goes to the pinfold
 All this he heard 3 witty young men
 'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and
 John;
 With that they espy'd the jolly
 pinder,
 As he sat under a thorn.
 Now turn again, now turn again,
 said the pinder,
 For a wring way you have gone;
 For you have forsaken the King's
 highway,
 And make a path over the corn.
 O that were a shame, said jolly
 Robin;
 We being three and thou but one,
 The pinder leap'd back then thirty
 good feet,
 'Twas thirty good foot and one.
 He lean'd his back fast to a thorn,
 And h's foot against a stone,
 And there he fought a long Sum-
 mer's day,
 And a Summer's day so long;
 Till that their swords in their broad
 bucklers,
 Were broken fast in their hands,
 Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said
 bold Robin Hood,
 And my merry men every one;
 For this is one of the best pinders,

That ever I try'd with a sword,
 And wilt thou now forsake thy pin-
 der's craft,
 And live in the green wood with
 me;
 At Michaelmas next my covenant
 comes out,
 When every man gathers his fee,
 Then I'll take my blue blade in my
 hand,
 And plod to the green wood with
 thee.
 Hast neither meat or drink, said R.
 Hood,
 For my merry men and me?
 I have both bread and beef, said the
 pinder,
 And good ale of the best;
 And that's good meat enough, said
 Robin Hood,
 For such unbidden guests.
 O wilt thou forsake thy pinders
 craft,
 And go to the g. wood with me?
 Thou shalt have a livery twice in
 the year,
 The r green and the other brown,
 If Michaelm. once was come & gone,
 And my master had paid me my
 fee,
 Then would I set as little by him,
 As my master doth by me.

4. *Shewing how Robin Hood went to an old Woman's House, and changed Clothes with her, to escape from the Bishop; and how he robbed him of all his Gold, and made him sing Mass.*



COME, gentlemen all and listen | With a hey down, down and a
 awhile, | down, And

And a story to you I'll unfold?
I'll tell you how R. Hood served the
Bishop

When he robbed him of his gold.
As it fell out on a sun shining day,
When Phœbus was in her prime
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good
In mirth would spend some time.
And as he walk'd the forest along,
Some pasture for to spy,
There was he aware of a proud Bi-
shop,

And all his company.
O what shall I do, said Robin Hood
then

If the Bishop he doth take me?
No mercy he'll shew unto me, I
know;

Therefore away I'll flee.
Then R. was stout, and turn'd him
about,

And a little house did he spy;
And to an old wife, to spare his life,
He aloud began to cry.

Why, who art thou, said the old
woman,

Come tell to me for good?
I am an Outlaw, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood.

And yonder's the Bishop and all his
men;

And if that I taken be,
Then day and night he'll work my
spite,

And hanged I shall be.
If thou be R. Hood, said the old
woman,

As thou dost seem to be,
I'll for thee provide thy person to
hide

From the Bishop and his company
For I remember one Saturday night
Thou brought'st me both shoes and
hose;

Therefore I'll provide thy person to
hide,
And keep thee from thy foes.

Then give me soon thy coat of grey,
And take thou my mantle of
green:

Thy spindle and twine unto me re-
sign,

And take thou my arrows so keen
And when that R. Hood was thus
array'd,

He went strait to his company,
With his spindle and twine he oft
looks behind

For the Bishop and his company.
O who is yonder, quoth Little John

That now comes over the lee?
An arrow at her I will let fly,

So like an old witch looks she:
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said
Robin Hood then,

And shoot not thy arrows so keen
I am Robin Hood, thy master good,
As quickly shall be seen.

The Bishop he came to the old wo-
man's house,

And called with a furious mood,
Come, let me see, and bring unto
me

That traitor Robin Hood.
The old woman he sat on a milk-
white steed.

Himself on a japple grey;
And for joy he had got Robin Hood

He went laughing all the way.
But as they were riding along,

The Bishop he chanc'd for to see
A hundred brave bowmen, stout
and bold,

Stand under the Green-wood Tree
O who is yonder the Bishop then
said,

That's ranging within yonder
wood?

Marry, says the old woman, I think
it is he,

A man called Robin Hood.
Why, who art thou, the Bishop he
said,

Which I have here with me.

Why

a sword,
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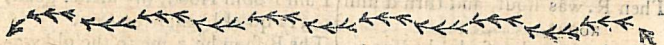
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And

Why I am a woman thou cuckoldly
 Bishop,
 Lift up my leg and fee.
 Then woe is me, the Bishop he
 said,
 That ever I saw this day :
 He turn'd him about, but R. Hood
 stout.
 Call'd to him and bid him stay.
 Then Robin took hold of the Bi-
 shop's horse,
 And tied him fast to a tree ;
 Then Little John snil'd his master
 upon,
 For joy of his company .
 R. Hood took his mantle from his
 back
 And spread it upon the ground,
 And out of the bishop's portmap-
 teau he
 Soon told five hundred pounds,
 Now let him go, said Robin Hood ;
 Said Little John that must not be
 For I vow and protest he shall sing
 us a mats
 Before that he goes from me .
 Then R. Hood took the Bishop by
 the hand
 And bound him fast to a tree,
 And made him sing a mats, god wot
 To him and his yeomandre .
 And then they brought him through
 the wood,
 And set him on his dapple-grey,
 And gave him the tail within his
 hand ;
 And bid him for Robin Hood
 pray .



5. ROBIN HOOD and the BUTCHER.

Shewing how he robbed the SHERIFF of NOTTINGHAM.

Tune of Robin Hood and the Beggar.



COME all you brave gallants,
 listen a while,
 With a hey down, down, and a
 down,
 That are this bower within ;
 For of bold Robin Hood, that ar-
 cher good,
 A song I intend to sing.
 Upon a time it chance I f,
 Bold Robin in the forest did 'spy

A jolly butcher, with a fine mare,
 With his flesh to market did hve,
 Good morrow, good fellow, said jol-
 ly Robin,
 What food hast thou, tell unto
 me ;
 Thy trade to me tell, and where
 thou dost dwell,
 For I like well thy company.
 The butcher he answerd jolly Robin
 No

No matter where I dwell ;
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham

I am going my flesh to sell.

What's the price of thy flesh ? said jolly Robin,

Come tell it unto me ;

And the price of thy mare, be she ever so dear,

For a butcher I fain would be

The price of my flesh, the butcher reply'd,

I soon will tell unto thee ;

With my bonny mare, they are not dear,

Four marks thou must give unto me.

Four marks I will give thee, said jolly Robin,

Four marks it shall be thy fee ;

The money come count, and let me mount,

For a butcher I fain would be.

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,

His butcher's trade to begin ;

With a good intent to the sheriff he went,

And there he took up his inn.

When other butchers did open their shops,

Bold Robin he then begun ;

But how for to sell he knew not well,

For a butcher he was but young,
When the other butchers no meat could sell,

Robin he got both gold and fee ;
For he sold more meat for one penny
Than others could do for three.

But when he sold his meat so fast,
No butcher by him could thrive ;

For he sold more meat for one penny
Than others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of Nottingham

To study as they did stand,

Saying, surely he was some prodigal,

That had sold his father's land :
The butchers stepp'd up to jolly R.

Acquainted with him to be ;

Come, brother, one said, we be all of one trade,

Come, will you go dine with me ?

Accurs'd be his heart, said jolly R.
That a butcher will deny ;

I will go with you, my brethren true,

As fast as I can hie.

But when they to the sheriff's house came,

To dinner they hied apace ;

And R. Hood he the man must be,
Before them all to say grace.

Pray God bless us all, said jolly R.
And our meat within this place ;

A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood,

And so I end my grace.

Come fill us more wine said jolly R.
Let's be merry while we stay ;

For wine and good cheer, be it ever so dear,

I vow I the reck'ning will pay.

Come, brothers, be merry, said jolly Robin,

Let's drink and ne'er give o'er,

For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,

If it costs me five pounds or more

This is a mad blade, the butchers then said,

Says the sheriff he's some prodigal,

That some land has sold for silver and gold,

And now he doth mean to spend all.

Hast thou any horn'd beasts said the sheriff,

Good fellow to sell to me ?

Yes, that I have, good master sheriff
I have hundreds two or three,

And a hundred acres of good free land,

If you please it for to see ;

And

<p>And I'll make you a good assurance of it, As ever my father did me. The sheriff he saddled his good pal- frey, And took three hundred pounds in gold; And away he went with R. Hood, His horned beasts to behold. Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride, To the forest of merry Sherwood; Then the sheriff did say, God blefs us this day From a man they call R. Hood. But when a little farther they came, Bold Robin he chanced to 'spy, An hundred herd of good fat deer Come tripping the sheriff full nigh. How like you my horned beasts, good master sheriff? They be fat and fair to see, I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone, For I like not thy company. Then Robin fet his horn to his mouth,</p>	<p>And blew out blasts two or three; Then quickly and anon, there came Little John, And all his company. What is your will, master, then said little John; I pray come tell unto me? I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham, This day to dine with thee. He is welcome to me then, said Lit- tle John, I hope he will honestly pay; I know he has gold, if it were but well told; Will serve us to drink a whole day Then Robin took his mantle from his back, And laid it upon the ground; And out of the sheriff's portman- teau he Soon told five hundred pounds. Then R. he brought him thro' the wood, And set him on his dapple grey; O have me commended to your wife at home, So Robin went laughing away.</p>
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6. ROBIN HOOD and the TANNER;

Or, ROBIN HOOD met with his Match.

Tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger.



IN Nottingham there lives a jolly
tanner, | With a hey down, down, & a down,
His name is Arthur a Bland;
There

There is never a 'quire in Notting-
hamshire,
Dare bid bold Arthur stand.
With a long pike staff upon his
shoulder,
So well he can clear his way ;
By two and by three he makes them
to flee,
For he hath no list to stay.
And as he went forth one summer's
morning,
Into the forest of merry Sherwood
To view the red deer, which run
here and there,
There met he bold Robin Hood.
And as soon as bold Robin did him
espie,
He thought he some sport would
make ;
Therefore out of hand he bid him to
stand,
And thus unto him he spake.
Why, who art thou, thou bold fel-
low,
That range'st so boldly here ?
In sooth, to be brief, thou look'st
like a thief,
That comes to steal our king's
deer.
For I am a keeper in this forest,
The king puts me in trust,
To look to his deer, that run here
and there ;
Therefore stop thee I must.
If thou be'st a keeper in this forest,
And hath such a great command.
Yet you must have more partakers
in store,
Before you make me to stand.
No, I have no partakers in store,
Or any that I do need,
But I have a staff of another oak
graft,
I know it will do the deed,
For thy sword and thy bow I care
not a straw,
Nor all thy arrows to boot ;
If thou get's a knock upon thy scap,
Thou can'st as well shoot as I.

Speak cleanly, good fellow, said
jolly Robin,
And give better terms unto me,
Else I'll correct thee for thy neglect,
And make thee more mannerly.
Marry gap with a wamion, quoth
Arthur a Bland,
Art thou such a goodly man ?
I care not a fig for your looking so
big,
Mend yourself where you can.
Then Robin Hood unbuckled his
belt,
And laid down his bow so long,
He took up a staff of another oak
graft,
That was both stiff and strong.
I yield to thy weapon, said jolly
Robin,
Since thou wilt not yield to mine
For I have a staff of another oak
graft,
Not half a foot longer than thine,
But let me measure, said jolly Robin,
Before we begin the fray ;
For I will not have mine to be longer
than thine,
For that will be counted foul play
I pass not for length, bold Arthur
reply'd,
My staff is of oak so free ;
Eight foot and a half, it will knock
down a calf,
And I hope it will knock down
thee.
Then Robin could no longer forbear
But gave him a very good knock,
But quickly and soon the blood it
run down,
Before it was ten o'clock.
Then Arthur soon recover'd him-
self,
And gave him a knock on the
crown,
That from every side of R. Hood's
head
The blood run trickling down.
Then R. Hood ranged like a wild
bear,

As

lasts two or three,
anon, there came
pany.
ill, master, then
John,
unto me ?
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ne then, said Lit-
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own, & a down,
ur a Bland ;
There

As soon as he saw his own blood,
Then Bland was in haste; he laid
on so fast

As if he had been cleaving of
wood.

And about, and about; and about
they went,

Like two wild bears in a chase.
Striving to aim each other to maim
Leg, arm, or any other place.

And knock for knock they lustily
dealt,

Which held for two hours and
more;

That all the wood rang at every
bang

They ply'd their work so sore.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said
Robin Hood,

And let our quarrel fall:
For here we thrash our bones all to
mass,

And get no coin at all.
And in the forest of merry Sher-
wood

Hereafter thou shalt be free.
God ha' mercy for nought; my free-
dom I bought,

I may thank my good staff, and
not thee.

What tradesmen art thou, said jolly
Robin

Good fellow I prithee me show?
And also tell me in what place you
dwell?

For both of these fain would I
know.

I am tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
In Nottingham long have I
wrought;

And if thou'lt come there, I vow and
swear,

I'll tan thy hide for nought.
God a mercy, good fellow, said jolly
Robin,

Since thou art so kind and free,
And if thou wilt tan my hide for
nought,

I'll do as much for thee.

And if thou wilt forsake thy tanner's
trade

To live in the green wood with
me,

My name is Robin Hood; I swear
by the wood,

To give both gold and fee.
If thou be R. Hood, bold Arthur
reply'd,

As I think well thou art,
Then here's my hand, my name's
Arthur-a-Blard,

We two will never part.
But tell me, O tell me, where is
Little John,

Of him I fain would hear;
For we are ally'd by the mother's
fid',

And he is my kinsman near.
Then R. Hood blew on his bugle
horn,

He blew so loud and shrill;
And quick and anon he saw Little
John,

Come tripping over the hill.
O what is the matter? then said
Little John,

Master I pray you will tell,
Why do you stand with your staff
in hand,

I fear all is not well.
O man I do stand, and he makes me
to stand,

The tanner that stands by my
side;

He is a bonny blade, and master of
his trade,

For he has soundly tann'd my
hide.

He is to be commended, then said
Little John,

If he such a feat can do,
If he be so stout, we will have a
bout,

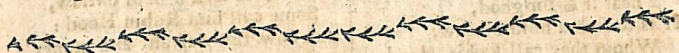
And he shall tan my hide too.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said
Robin Hood,

For, as I do understand,

He's

He's a ye man good, and of thy
own blood,
For his name is Arthur a Bland.
Then Little John th ew his staff
away,
As far as he could fling,
And ran out of hand to Arthur a
Bland,
And about his neck did cling.
With loving respect, there was no
neglect,
They were neither nice nor coy;
Each other did face with a lovely
grace;

And both did weep for joy.
Then Robin Hood took them both
by the hand,
And danced about the oak tree,
For three merry men, and three
merry men,
And three merry men we be.
And ever hereafter, as long as we
live,
We three will be all as one;
The wood it shall ring, and the
old wife sing
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and
John.



7. ROBIN HOOD and the Jolly TINKER.

Tune of, In summer time, &c.



IN summer time, when leaves
grow green,
Down, a down, a down,
And birds sing on every tree,
Hey down, a down, a down;
Robin Hood went to Nottingham;
Down, a down, a down,
As fast as he could dree,
Hey down, a down, a down.
And as he came to Nottingham,
A Tinker he did meet,
And seeing him a lusty blade,
He did him kindly greet;

Where dost thou dwell, quoth Ro-
bin Hood,
I pray thee now me tell;
Sad news I hear there is abroad,
I fear all is not well.
What is that news, the Tinker said,
Tell me without delay;
I am a tinker by my trade,
And do live at Banbury.
As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,
It is but as I hear,
Two tinkers were set in the stocks,
For drinking ale and beer.

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He's

If that be all, the Tinker said,
 As I may say to you,
 Your news is not worth a far,
 Since that they all be true.
 For drinking of good ale and beer,
 You will not lose your part;
 No, by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,
 I love it with all my heart.
 What news abroad, quoth Robin
 Hood,
 Tell me what thou dost hear;
 Being thou go'st from town to town
 Some news thou need'st not fear.
 All the news I have, the Tinker
 said,
 I hear it is for good,
 It is to seek a bold outlaw,
 Whom they call Robin Hood.
 I have a warrant from the king,
 To take him where I can;
 If you can tell me where he is,
 I will make you a man.
 The king would give an hundred
 pounds,
 That he could but him see;
 And if we can but now him get,
 It will serve thee and me.
 Let me see the warrant, said Robin
 Hood,
 I will see if it be right,
 And I will do the best I can,
 For to take him this night:
 That will I not, the Tinker said,
 None with it will I trust;
 And where he is, if you'll not tell,
 Take him by force I must.
 But Robin Hood, perceiving well
 How then the game would go,
 If you will go to Nottingham,
 We shall find him I know.
 A crab tree staff the Tinker had,
 Which was both good and strong,
 Robin he had a good strong blade;
 So they went both along.
 And when they came to Notting-
 ham,
 There they took up their inn;
 And they called for ale and wine,
 To drink it was no sin.

But ale and wine they drank so fast,
 That the Tinker he forgot
 What thing he was about to do,
 It so fell to his lot,
 That while the Tinker fell asleep,
 Robin made haste away,
 And left the Tinker in the lurch,
 For the great shot to pay.
 But when the Tinker did awake,
 And saw that he was gone,
 He called then for his host,
 And thus he made his moan:
 I had a warrant from the king,
 Which might have done me good;
 That is, to seek a bold outlaw,
 Some call him Robin Hood:
 But now the warrant and money's
 gone,
 No hing I have to pay;
 And he that promis'd to be my
 friend,
 Is gone and fled away.
 That friend you speak of, said the
 host,
 They call him Robin Hood;
 And when that he first met with
 you,
 He meant you little good.
 Had I but knowh it had been he,
 When that I had him here,
 The one of us should have tried
 our might,
 Which should have paid full dear
 In the mean time I will away,
 No longer here I'll bide,
 But I will go and seek him out,
 Whatever me betide.
 But one thing I would gladly know,
 What here I have to pay;
 Ten shillings just then said the host,
 I'll pay you without delay;
 Or else take here my working bag,
 And my good hammer too,
 And if I light but on the knave,
 I will then soon pay you.
 The only way, then said the host,
 And not to stand in fear,
 Is to seek him amongst the parks,
 Killing of the king's deer.

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 Tinker fell asleep,
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ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

The Tinker he then went with speed,
 And made then no delay,
 Till he had found brave bold Robin
 Hood,
 That they might have a fray.
 At last he spi'd him in a park,
 Hunting then of the deer ;
 What knave is that, quoth Robin
 Hood,
 That doth come me so near ?
 No knave, no knave, the Tinker
 said,
 And that you soon shall know,
 Whether of us has done any wrong,
 My crab-tree staff shall show
 Then Robin drew his gallant blade,
 Made then of trusty steel ;
 But the Tinker he laid on so fast,
 That he made Robin reel.
 Then Robin's anger did arise,
 He fought right manfully,
 Until he had made the Tinker
 Then almost fit to fly.
 With that they laid about again,
 And ply'd their weapons fast ;
 The Tinker thrash'd his bones so
 sore,
 That he made him yield at last.
 A boon, a boon, then Robin cried,
 If thou wilt grant it me :
 Before I do it, the Tinker said,
 I'll hang upon this tree.

But the Tinker lo, king about him,
 Robin his horn did blow,
 Then came unto him Little John,
 And Will Scarlet also. [John,
 What is the matter, quoth Little
 You sit on the highway side ?
 Here is a Tinker that stands by,
 That hath well paid my hide.
 That Tinker then, said Little John,
 Fain that blade would I see,
 And I will try what I can do,
 If he'll do as much for me.
 But Robin then he wish'd them both
 They would the quarrel cease,
 That henceforth we may be as one,
 And ever live in peace.
 And for the jovial Tinker's part,
 A hundred pounds I give
 In a year to maintain him on,
 As long as he doth live.
 In manhood he is a mettled man,
 And a metal man by trade ;
 I never thought that any man
 Should have made him so afraid.
 And if he will be one of us
 We will take all one fare,
 And whatsoever we do get,
 He shall have his full share.
 So the Tinker he was content,
 With them to go along,
 And with them a part to take,
 And so I end my song.



3. *ROBIN HOOD and ALLEN-A-DALE; or, The Manner of ROBIN HOOD's rescuing a young Lady from an old Knight, to whom she was going to be married, and restoring her to ALLEN-A-DALE, her former Lover.*

Tune of, Robin Hood in the green wood.



<p>COME listen to me, ye gallants so free, All you that love mirth for to hear, And I will tell you of a bold out- law, That lived in Nottinghamshire. That lived in Nottinghamshire. As Robin Hood in the forest stood, All under a green wood tree, There was he aware of a brave young man, As fine, as fine might be. The youngster was cloathed in scar- let red, In scarlet fine and gay; And he did suik it over the plain, And chaunted a roundelay. As Robin Hood next morning stood Amongst the leaves so gay, There did he spy the same young man, Come drooping along the way. The scarlet he wore the day before, It wa: clean cast away:</p>	<p>At every step he feich'd a figh, A lack and a well a day! Then stpped forth brave Little John, And Midge the miller's son, Which made the young man bend his bow, When as he see them come. Stand off, stand off, the young man said, What is your will with me? You must come before our master strait, Under yon green-wood trec. And when he came bold Robin be- fore, Robin ask'd him courteously: O hast thou any money to spare, For my merry men and me? I have no money, the young man said, But five shillings and a ring; And this I have kept it these seven long years, To have it at my wedding. Yesterday</p>
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Yesterday I should have married a
maid,

But she from me was ta'en,
And chosen to be an old Knight's
delight,

Whereby my poor heart is slain.
What is thy name? then said Robin
Hood,

Come tell me without any fail.
By faith of my body, then said the
young man,

My name it is Allen a Dale.
What wilt thou give me, said Ro-
bin Hood,

In ready gold and fee,
To help thee to thy true-love again
And deliver her up unto thee?

I have no money then quoth the
young man,

Nor ready gold or fee;
But I will swear upon the book,
Thy true servant to be.

How many miles is it to thy true
love?

Come tell me without any guile:
By faith of my body, then said the
young man,

It is but five little mile.
Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor linger,

Until he came to the church
Where Allen should keep his
wedding.

What dost thou here, the Bishop
then said,

I prithee now tell unto me?
I am a bold Harper, quoth Robin
Hood,

And the best in the North-coun-
try.

O welcome, O welcome, the Bishop
then said,

That music best pleaseth me:
You shall have no music, quoth Ro-
bin Hood,

Till the Bride and Bridegroom I
see.

With that came in a wealthy Knight

Which was both grave and old,
And as er him a finikin lais,
Did shine like the glittering gold,
This is not a fit match, quoth bold
Robin Hood,

That you do seem to make here;
For, since we are come unto the
church

The Bride shall chuse her own
dear.

Then Robin Hood put his horn to
his mouth,

And blew out blast two or three,
Then four and twen y bowmen
bold

Came leaping over the lee.
And when they came unto the
church-yard,

Marching all on a row,
The first man was Allen a Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

This is thy true love, Robin he said,
Young Allen, as I hear say,
And you shall be marry'd at the
same time,

Before we depart away.
That shall not be, the Bishop he
said,

For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in
the church,

As the law is of our land. [coat,
Robin Hood pull'd off the Bishop's
And put it upon Little John;

By the faith of my body, then Ro-
bin he said,

This cloth doth make thee a man,
When Little John went to the choir
The people began to laugh;

He asked them seven times in the
church,
Lest three times should not be
enough.

Who gives this maid? said Little
John:

Quoth Robin Hood, that do I;
He that doth take her from Allen-
a-Dale,

Full

B 3

Manner of
Knight, is
ALLEN-A-



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day!
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lei's son,
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m come.
e young man
with me?
re our master
ood tree.
old Robin be-
ourteously:
y to spare,
and me?
e young man
nd a ring;
it these seven
edding.
Yesterday

Full dearly shall her buy,
 And thus having ended this merry
 Wedding,
 The bride she look'd like a queen;

And so they return'd to the merry
 green wood,
 Amongst the leaves so green.



9. *ROBIN HOOD and the SHEPHERD: shewing how ROBIN HOOD, LITTLE JOHN, and the SHEPHERD fought a severe Combat.*

Tune of Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.



<p>ALL gentlemen and yeomen good, Down, a down, a down, I wish you to draw near; For a story of bold Robin Hood Unto you I will declare. Down, a down, a down. As Robin Hood walked the forest along, Some pastime for to spy, There was he aware of a jolly shep- herd, That on the ground did lie. Arise, arise, said jolly Robin, And now come let me see What's in thy bag and thy bottle I say, Come tell it unto me. What's that to thee, thou proud fellow, Tell me as I do stand? What hast thou to do with my bot- tle and bag?</p>	<p>Let me see thy command; My sword that h'ngeth by my side Is my command I know; Come let me taste of thy bottle, Or it may breed thee woe. The devil a drop, thou proud fellow, Of my bottle thou shalt see, Until thy valour here be tried, Whether thou fight or flee. What shall we fight for? said Ro- bin Hood; Come tell soon unto me: Here's twenty pounds in good red gold, Win it and take it thee. The Shepherd stood all in amaz, And knew not what to say; I have no money, thou proud fel- low, But bag and bottle I'll lay. I am content, thou shepherd swain, Fling them on the ground; But I will breed thee mickle pain</p>
---	--

To

To win my twenty pounds.
 Come draw thy sword, thou proud
 fellow,
 Thou standest too long to prate;
 This hook of mine shall let thee
 know
 A coward I do hate.
 So they fell to it full hard and sore,
 It was on a summer's day,
 From ten till four in the afternoon
 The shepherd held him in play.
 Robin's buckler proved his chief
 defence,
 And saved him many a bang;
 For every blow the Shepherd struck
 Made Robin's sword cry twang.
 Many a sturdy blow the Shepherd
 gave,
 And that bold Robin found,
 Till the blood ran trickling from
 his head,
 Then he fell to the ground.
 Arise, arise, thou proud fellow,
 And thou shalt have fair play,
 If thou wilt yield before thou go,
 That I have won the day.
 A boon, a boon, cry'd bold Robin,
 If that a man thou be,
 Then let me have my bugle horn,
 And blow out blasts three.
 Then said the Shepherd to bold
 Robin,
 To that I will agree,
 For if thou should'st blow till to-
 morrow morn
 I scorn one foot to flee.
 Then Robin he set his horn to his
 mouth,
 And he blew with might and
 main,
 Until he 'spied Little John
 Come tripping over the plain.
 Who is yonder, thou proud fellow,
 That comes down yonder hill?
 Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's
 man,
 Shall fight with thee thy fill.
 What is the matter, said Little John,
 Master, come tell unto me?

My case is bad, said Robin Hood,
 For the Shepherd hath conquer'd
 me.
 I'm glad of that, said Little John,
 Shepherd, turn thou unto me;
 For a bout with thee I mean to have
 Either come fight or flee.
 With all my heart, thou proud fel-
 low,
 For it shall never be said,
 That a shepherd's hook at thy sture
 dy look
 Will one jot be dismay'd.
 So they fell to it both hard and sore,
 Striving for victory.
 I will know, quoth John, ere we
 give o'er
 Whether thou wilt fight or flee.
 The Shepherd gave John a sturdie
 blow,
 With his hook under his chin:
 Beshrew thy heart, faith Little John,
 Thou basely dost begin.
 Nay, that is nothing, said the Shep-
 herd,
 Either yield to me the day,
 Or I will bang thy back and side
 Before thou goest thy way.
 What dost thou say, thou proud
 fellow,
 That thou canst conquer me?
 Nay thou shalt know, before thou go,
 I'll fight before I'll flee.
 Again the Shepherd laid on him,
 The Shepherd he begun;
 Hold thy hand, cry'd jolly Robin,
 I will yield the wager won.
 With all my heart, said Little John,
 To that I will agree;
 For he is the flower of shepherd
 swains,
 The like I ne'er did see.
 Thus have you heard of Robin
 Hood,
 Also of Little John;
 How a shepherd swain did conquer
 them:
 The like was never known.

10. The

B



10. *The famous Battle between ROBIN HOOD and the Curtal
FRIAR, near Fountain-Dale.*

To a Northern Tune.



<p>IN summer, when the leaves grow green, And flowers are fresh and gay, Robin Hood and his merry men Were all disposed to play : Then some would leap, and some would run, And some would use artillery ; Which of you can a good bow draw, A good archer to be ? Which of you can kill a buck ? Or who can kill a doe ? Or who can kill a hart of Greece Five hundred feet him fro' ? Will Scarlet he did kill a buck, And Midge he did kill a doe, And Little John kill'd a hart of Greece Five hundred feet him fro' . God's blessing on thy heart said Ro- bin Hood, That shot such a shot for me, I would ride my horse a hundred miles To find one would match thee. That caus'd Will Scarlet to laugh, He laugh'd full heartily ! There lives a Friar near Fountain Abbey</p>	<p>Will beat both him and thee. The curtal Friar in Fountain-Ab- bey Well can a strong-bow draw, He will beat you and your yeomen. Set them all on a row. Robin Hood took a solemn oath, It was by Mary five, That he would neither eat nor drink Till the Friar he did see. Robin Hood put on his harness good And on his head a cap of steel, Broad sword and buckler by his And they became him weel. [side, He took his bow into his hand, It was of a trusty tree, With a sheaf of arrows by his side, And to Fountain Dale went he. And coming to fair Fountain-Dale No further would he ride, There was he aware of a curtal Friar Walking by the water side. The Friar had on a harness good, And on his head a cap of steel, Broad sword and buckler by his side, And they became him weel. Robin</p>
---	--

Robin Hood lighted from off his
horse,

And tied him to a thorn;
Carry me over the water thou curtal
Friar,
Or else thy life 's forlorn.

The Friar took Robin Hood on his
back,

Deep water he did bestide,
And spoke neither good word nor
bad

Till he came on the other side.
Lightly stept Robin off the Friar's
back,

The Friar said to him again,
Carry me over the water, thou fine
fellow,

Or it shall breed thy pain.
Then Robin he took the Friar on
his back,

Deep water he did bestride,
And spoke neither good word nor
bad

Till he came on the other side.
Lightly leap'd the Friar off Robin
Hood's back,

Bold Robin said to him again,
Carry me over the water thou curtal
Friar,

Or it shall breed thy pain.
The Friar took Robin on his back
again,

And stept up to the knee,
And till he came to the middle
stream

Neither good nor bad spoke he:
And coming to the middle stream,
There he threw Robin in;

And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine
fellow,
Whether thou wilt sink or swim.

Robin Hood swam to a bush of
brom,

The Friar to the willow wand;
Bold Robin he got to the shore,
And took his own bow in his
hand,

One of the best arrows under his belt

To the Friar he let fly;
The curtal Friar with his steel
buckler

Did put his arrows by.
Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,
Shoot as thou hast begun,

If thou shoot here a summer's day
Thy arrow I will not shun,
Robin Hood shot so passing well,

Till his arrows all were gone;
They took their swords and steel
bucklers;

And fought with might and
main,
From ten o'clock that very day

Till four in the afternoon;
Then Robin Hood came on his
knees,

Of the Friar to beg a boon;
A boon, a boon, thou curtal Friar,
I beg it on my knee;

Give me leave to set my horn to my
mouth,
And to blow out blasts three:

That I will do said the curtal
Friar,

Of thy blasts I have no doubt;
I hope you'll blow so passing
well

Till both thy eyes drop out.
Robin Hood set his horn to his
mouth

And blew out blasts three:
Half a hundred yeomen, with their
bows bent,

Came ranging over the lee.
Whose men are these said the
Friar,

That come so hastily?
Those are mine, said Robin Hood,
Friar what's that to thee;

A boon, a boon, said the curtal
Friar,

The like I gave to thee;
Give me leave to set my fist to my
mouth,

And to whute out whites
three:

That

nd the Curial



m and thee.
n Fountain-Ah-

g-bow draw,
nd your yeomen,
w.

solemn oath,
fice,
neither eat nor

did see.
his harness good
a cap of steel,
buckler by his

him weel. [side,
to his hand,
tree,

rows by his side,
Dale went he.
Foun'tain-Dale

he ride,
re of a curtal

water side.
harness good,
a cap of steel,
ckler by his side,
e him weel.

Robin

That will I do, said Robin Hood,	man,
Or else I were to blame ;	Friar, I will not lie ;
Three whutes in a Friar's fist	If thou take not up thy dogs
Would make me glad and fain.	anon,
The Friar he fit his fit to his	I'll take them up, and thee.
mouth,	Little John had a bow in his
And whuted him whutes three,	hand,
Till half a hundred good bay	He shot with might and main,
dogs	Soon half a score of the Friar's
Came running over the lee.	dogs
Here is for every man a dog,	Lay dead upon the plain.
And I myself for thee.	Hold thy hand, good fellow, said
Nay, by my faith, said Robin	the curtal Friar,
Hood,	Thy master and I will agree,
Friar that may not be.	And we will have new orders
Two dogs at once to Robin did	taken
go,	With all the haste that may be.
The one behind the other before,	If thou wilt forsake fair Fountain
Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln	Dale,
green	And Fountain Abbey free,
From his back they tore :	Every Sunday, throughout the
And whether his men shot East	year,
or West,	A noble shall be thy fee ;
Or they shot North or South,	Every Sunday, throughout the
The curtal dogs, so taught they	year,
were,	Changed shall thy garment be,
They caught the arrows in their	If thou wilt go to fair Nottingham-
mouths.	ham,
Take up thy dogs, said Little	And there remain with me.
John,	The curtal Friar had kept Foun-
Friar, at my bidding thee.	tain Dale
Whose man art thou, said the	Seven long years and more ;
curtal Friar,	There was neither Knight, Lord,
Come here to prate at me ?	nor Earl,
I am Little John, Robin Hood's	Could make him yield before,



11. ROBIN HOOD newly revived; or his meeting and fighting
with his Cousin SCARLET.

To a New Tune.



COME listen awhile you gentle- And that in a little space.
men all, Now the stranger he made no
With a hey down, down, and a mickle ado,
down, But he bent a right good bow,
That are this bower within; And the best of all the herd he
For a story of gallant Robin Hood slew,
I propose now to begin. Full forty yards him fro'.
What time of day, quoth Robin Well shot, well shot, said Robin
Hood; Hood then,
Quoth Little Jehn, 'tis in the prime, That shot it was in time,
Why then we will to the green- And if thou wilt accept of the
wood gang, place,
For we have no victuals to dine. Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of
As Robin Hood walked the forest mine.
along, Go play the chiven, the stranger
It was in the midst of the day, then said,
There he was aware of a deft Make haste and quickly go,
young man, Or with my fist, be sure of this,
As ever walked on the way. I'll give thee buffets fove.
His doublet was of silk he said, Thou hadst not best buffet me
His stockings like scarlet shone; quoth Robin Hood,
And bravely he walked along For although I am forlorn,
the way, Yet I have those that will take
To Robin Hood then unknown. my part
A herd of deer was in the bend, If I do blow my horn.
All feeding before his face; Thou hadst not best wind thy
Now the best of you I'll have to horn, the stranger said,
my diaper, Be'st thou ever so much in haste,
For

For I can draw a good broad sword,	Some call bold Robin Hood.
And quickly cut the blast.	But art thou a cousin of Robin Hood then,
Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow;	The sooner we shall have done;
To shoot and that he would fain,	As I hope to be saved, the stranger then said,
The stranger bent a very good bow,	I am his own sister's son.
To shoot at bold Robin again.	But, Lord, what kissing and courting were there,
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,	When these two cousins did meet?
quoth Robin Hood,	And they went all the summer's day,
To shoot it would be in vain,	And Little John did not meet.
For if we shoot the one at the other,	But when they met with Little John,
The one of us must be slain :	He unto them did say,
But let us take our swords and our broad bucklers,	O Master ! pray where have you been,
And gang under yonder tree.	You have tarry'd so long away ?
As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger then said,	I met with a stranger, quoth Robin Hood,
One foot I will not flee.	Full fore he hath beaten me.
Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a blow,	Then I'll have a bout with him, quoth Little John,
Most scar'd him out of his wits ;	And try if he can beat me.
Thou never felt blow, the stranger he said,	O no ! O no ! quoth Robin Hood then,
That shall be better quit.	Little John it must not be so ;
The stranger then with a good broad sword,	For he is my own dear sister's son,
Hit Robin on the crown,	And cousins I have no more ;
That from every hair of bold Robin's head	But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,
The blood it run trickling down.	My chief man next to thee ;
God-a-mercy, good fellow, quoth Robin Hood then,	And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
And for this thou had done,	And Scarlet he shall be,
Tell me, good fellow, what thou art ?	And we'll be three of the boldest outlaws
Tell me where thou dost won ?	That live in the North country.
The stranger then answer'd bold Robin Hood,	If thou wilt hear more of bold Robin Hood,
I'll tell thee where I do dwell,	In the second part it will be.
In Mansfield town I was born and bred,	Then bold Robin Hood to the North he would go,
My name is young Gamewell ;	With valor and mickle might,
For killing of my father's steward,	With sword by his side, which oft had been try'd,
Am forc'd to this English wood,	To fight and recover his right.
And for to seek an uncle of mine	The

The first that he met was a bonny
 bold Scot,
 His servant he said he would be ;
 No quoth Robin Hood, it cannot
 be good,
 For thou wilt prove false unto me ;
 Thou hast not been true to fire :
 coz :
 Nay, marry, the Scot he said,
 As true as your heart, I'll never
 part,
 Good master be not afraid.
 Then Robin Hood turned his
 face to the East,
 Fight on my merry men stout,
 Our case is good, quoth brave
 Robin Hood,
 And we shall not be beaten out.

The battle grew hot on every
 side,
 The Scotch made great moan ;
 Quoth Jockey, good faith, they
 fight on each side,
 Wou'd I were with my wife Joan.
 The enemy compass'd brave Ro-
 bin about,
 'Tis long ere the battle ends ;
 There's neither will yield, nor
 give up the field,
 For both are supply'd with friends.
 This long it was made in Robin
 Hood's days ;
 Let's pray unto Jove above,
 To give us true peace, that mis-
 chif may cease,
 And war may give place unto love.



12. Renown'd ROBIN HOOD ; Or his famous Archery truly re-
 lated in the worthy Exploits he performed before Queen CATHE-
 RINE.

To a new Tune.



GOLD taken from the King's
 harbingers,
 Down, a down, a down,
 As seldom hath been teen,
 Down, a down, a down,
 And carried by bold Robin Hood
 For a present to the Queen,
 Down, a down, a down.

If that I live one year to an end,
 Thus did Queen Catherine say,
 Bold Robin Hood I'll be thy friend,
 And all thy yeomen gay.
 The Queen is to her chamber gone,
 As fast as she could wen ;
 She calls unto her lovely page,
 His name was Richard Parrington
 Come

<p>Come thou hither to me, thou lovely page, Come thou hither to me; For thou must post to Notting- ham, As fast as thou canst dree; And as thou go'st to Nottingham Search every English wood, Enquire of one good yeoman or another, That can tell of Robin Hood. Sometimes he went, sometimes he ran, As fast as he could wen, And when he came to Notting- ham, There he took up his inn. He call'd for a bottle of Rhenish wine, And drinks a health to the Queen. Wishing he might now speedily Find out jolly Robin. There sat a yeoman by his side, Who said, sweet page, tell me, What is thy business, and thy cause, So far in the North country? This is my business and my cause, Sir, I'll tell it for your good, To enquire of one good yeoman or another, To tell me of Robin Hood. I'll get my horse beimes in the morn, Be it by break of day, And I will shew thee bold Robin Hood, And all his yeomen gay, When that he came to Robin Hood's place He fell down on his knee; Queen Catherine she does greet you well, She greets you well by me, She bids you post to fair London court, Not fearing any thing; For there shall be a little sport, And she has sent you her ring.</p>	<p>Robin Hood took his mantle from his back, It was of Lincoln green, And sent it by this lovely page, For a present to the Queen. In summer time, when leaves grow green, 'Twas a seemly sight to see, How Robin Hood had dress him- self, And all his yeomandre. He clothed his men in Lincoln green, And himself in scarlet red; Black hats, white feathers, all alike, Now bold Robin Hood is rid. And when he came to London court, He fell down on his knee: Thou art welcome Locksley, said the Queen, And all thy yeomandre. Come hither Topus, said the King, Bow-bearer, after me; Come measure me out with the line How long our mark must be. What is the wager, said the Queen, For that I must know here; Three hundred tuns of Rhenish wine, Three hundred tuns of beer; Three hundred of the fattest harts That run on Dallam lee: That's a princely wager, said the Queen, That I must needs tell thee. With that bespoke one Clifton then, Full quickly and full soon, Measure no mark for us most sovereign Liege, We will shoot at sun and moon. Full fifteen score your mark shall Full fifteen score shall stand, [be, I'll lay my bow said Clifton then, I'll cleave the willow wand,</p>
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With

With that the King's archers led
 about,
 Till it was three to one ;
 With that the ladies began for to
 shout,
 Madam your game is gone.
 A boon, a boon, Queen Cath-
 erine cries,
 I crave it on my knee ;
 Is there ever a knight of your
 privy council
 On Queen Catherine's side will be ?
 Come hither to me, Sir Robert
 Lee,
 Thou art a knight full good ;
 For I do know by thy pedigree,
 Thou sprung'st from Gower's blood.
 Come hither to me thou Bishop
 of Hereford,
 For a noble priest was he ;
 By my silver mitre said the Bi-
 shop then,
 I'll not bet one penny,
 The King has archers of his own
 Full ready and full right ;
 And these be strangers every one,
 No man knows what they are.
 What wilt thou bet said Robin
 Hood,
 Thou feest our game's the worse ;
 By my silver mitre, then said the
 Bishop,
 All the money within my purse.
 What is in thy purse ? then said
 Robin Hood,
 Now throw it on the ground ;
 Ninety-nine angels said the Bishop
 It's near a hundred pounds.
 Robin Hood took his bag from
 his side,
 And threw it on the green :
 Will Scadlock then went smiling
 away,
 I know who this money must win.
 With that the King's archers led
 about,
 While it was three to three ;
 With that the ladies gave a shout
 Woodcock beware thy knee,

It is three to three now, said the
 King,
 The next three pays for all.
 Robin Hood went and whisper'd
 the Queen,
 The King's part shall be but small.
 Then Robin Hood did leap about
 He shot it under hand ;
 And Clifton with a bearing arrow
 He clove the willow wand.
 And little Midge, the miller's son,
 He shot not much the worse ;
 He shot within a finger of the
 prick ;
 Now Bishop beware thy purse.
 A boon, a boon, Queen Cath-
 erine cries,
 I crave it on my bare knee,
 That you will angry be with none
 That is of my party.
 They shall have forty days to
 come,
 And forty days to go,
 And three times forty to sport
 and to play,
 Then welcome friend or foe.
 Thou art welcome, Robin Hood,
 said the Queen,
 And so is Little John,
 And so is Midge, the miller's son,
 Thrice welcome every one.
 Is this Robin Hood, the King then
 For it was told to me, [said,
 That he was slain in the palace-
 gate,
 So far in the North country.
 Is this Robin Hood ? quoth the
 Bishop then,
 As it seems well to be ;
 Had I known it had been that
 bold outlaw,
 I would not have bet one penny ;
 He took me late one Sunday night
 And bound me fast to a tree,
 And made me sing a mass, God
 wot,
 To him and his yeomandre.
 What, and if I did, says Robin
 Hood,

Of that mass I was full fain ;

For recompence of that, he sayes,
Here's half thy gold again.

Now nay, now nay, says Littl
John,

Master that may not be,

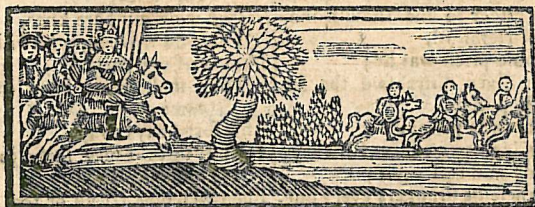
We must give gift to the king's
officers,

That gold will serve thee and
me.



13. *ROBIN HOOD's Chace; Or a merry Progress between
ROBIN HOOD and King HENRY.*

Tune of Robin Hood and the Beggar:



COME you gallants all, to you
I call,
With a hey down, down, and a
down.

That are now in this place ;
For a song I will sing, of Henry
our King,

How he did bold Robin Hood chace.
Queen Catherine she then a match
did make,

As plainly doth appear,
For three hundred tuns of good
red wine,

And three hundred tuns of beer ;
But she had her archers to seek,

With their bows and arrows so good,
But her mind it was bent, with
a full intent,

To send for bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin Hood he
came there,

Queen Catherine she did say.

Thou art welcome Tockley unto
me,

And thou on my part must be.

If I miss the mark, be it light or
dark,

And all my yet men gay,

For a match of shooting I have
made,

Then hang'd I will be.

But when the game came to be
play'd

Bo'd Robin won it with grace ;

But after the King was angry
hien,

And vow'd he wou'd him chace.

What though his pardon granted
was

While he did with him stay ;

But yet the King was vexed at
him

When

When he was gone away.
 Soon after the King from court
 did hie,
 In a furious angry mood;
 And often enquired, both far
 and near,
 After bold Robin Hood.
 But when the King to Notting-
 ham came,
 Bold Robin was in the wood;
 O comes said he; and let me see
 Who can find bold Robin Hood.
 But when bold Robin he did
 hear
 The King had him in chace,
 Then said Little John, 'tis time
 to be gone,
 And go to some other place.
 Then away they went to merry
 Sherwood,
 And into Yorkshire he did hie,
 And the King did follow with a
 whoop and halloo,
 But could not him come nigh;
 Yet Jolly Robin he passed along,
 And went strait to Newcastle town,
 And there they staid hours two or
 three,
 And then to Berwick was gone.
 When the King did see how
 Robin Hood did flee,
 He was vexed wond'rous sore;
 With a whoop and halloo he
 vow'd to follow,
 And take him or never give o'er.
 Come now let's away, said Little
 John,
 Let any man follow that dare;
 To Carlisle we'll high; with our
 company,
 And so then to Lancaster.
 From Lancaster then to Chester
 they went,
 And so did good King Henry.
 But Robin went away, for he
 durst not stay,
 For fear of some treachery.
 Says Robin, come let us for Lon-
 don go,
 To see our noble Queen's face;
 It may be she wants our com-
 pany,
 Which makes the King us chace.
 When Robin he came Queen Ca-
 therine before,
 He fell upon his knee;
 If it please your Grace, I am
 come to this place
 To speak with King Henry.
 Queen Catherine answer'd bold
 Robin again,
 The King is gone to merry Sher-
 wood,
 And when he went away, to me
 he did say,
 He would go and seek Robin Hood.
 Then fare you well, my gracious
 Queen,
 To Sherwood I'll hie apace,
 For fain would I see what he'd
 have with me,
 If I could but meet with his Grace.
 But when King Henry he came
 home,
 Full weary and vexed in mind;
 And that he did hear Robin had
 been there,
 He blamed dame Fortune unkind.
 You're welcome home, Queen
 Catherine said,
 Henry, my sovereign Liege;
 Bold Robin Hood, that archer
 good,
 Your person hath been to seek.
 A boon, a boon, Queen Cathe-
 rine cry'd,
 I beg it here of your Grace,
 To pardon his life, and seek no
 strife.—
 And so ends Robin Hood's chace.



14. *ROBIN HOOD'S Golden Prize: Showing how he robbed two PRIESTS of Five Hundred Pounds.*

Tune of—Robin Hood was a tall young man.

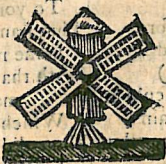


<p>I Have heard talk of Robin Hood, Derry, derry, down. And of brave Little John, Of Friar Tuck, and Will Scarlet, Locksley and Maid Marian, But such a tale as this before I think was never-known? For Robin Hood disguised himself And from the wood is gone. Like to a Friar bold Robin Hood Was accoutred in his array; With hood, gown, beads, and crucifix, He passed upon the way. He had not gone past miles two or three, But it was his chance to espy Two lusty priests clad all in black Came riding gallantly. Benedicite, then said Robin Hood, Some pity on me take; Cross you my hand with a single groat, For our dear Lady's sake, For I have been wandering all this day, And nothing could I get,</p>	<p>Not so much as one poor cup of drink, Nor bit of bread to eat. Now by our Holy Dame, the priests reply'd, We never a penny have, For we this morning have been robb'd, And could no money save. I am much afraid, said bold Ro- bin Hood, That you do both tell a lye; And now before you do go hence I am resolv'd to try. When as the Priests heard him say so, Then they rode away again; But Robin Hood betook him to his heels, And soon overtook them again. Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both, And pull'd them down from their horse, O spare us, friar! the priests cry'd out, On us have some remorse,</p>
---	---

You

You said you had no money,
 quoth Robin,
 Wherefore without delay,
 We three will fall down on our
 knees,
 And for money we will pray.
 The priests they could not him
 gainfay,
 ut down they kneel with speed :
 Send us, O send us, then quoth
 they,
 Some money to serve our need !
 The priests did pray with a
 mournful cheer,
 Sometimes their hands did wring ;
 Sometimes they wept, and tore
 their hair,
 Whilst Robin did merrily sing ;
 When they had been praying an
 hour's space,
 The priests did still lament ;
 Then, quoth Robin, now let us see
 What money Heaven hath us sent ;
 We will be shapers, all alike
 Of money that we have :
 And there is never one of us
 That his fellow shall deceive.
 The priests their hands, in their
 pockets put,
 But money could find none ;
 We will search ourselves, said
 Robin Hood,
 Each other, one by one,
 Then Robin Ho. d. took pains to
 search them,
 And found good store of gold,
 Five hundred pieces presently
 Upon the ground he told.

Here is a brave shew, said Robin
 Hood,
 Such store of gold to see,
 And you each one shall have a
 part,
 Because you pray'd so heartily.
 He gave them fifty pönnds a-piece
 And the rest himself did keep.
 The priests they durst not speak
 one word,
 But sigh'd wond'rous deep.
 With that the priests rose up from
 their knees,
 Thinking to have parted so ;
 Nay, nay, says Robin Hood,
 one thing more
 I have to say ere you go.
 You shall be sworn, says bold
 Robin Hood,
 Upon this holy grafs,
 That you will never tell lies
 again,
 Which way soever you pass.
 The second oath that you here
 must take,
 That, all the days of your lives,
 You never shall tempt maids unto
 sin,
 Nor lie with other men's wives.
 The last oath you shall take is this,
 To be charitable to the poor ;
 Say you have met with a holy fri-
 And I desire no more. [ar =
 He set them on their horses again,
 And away then they did ride ;
 And he return'd to the merry
 green-wood,
 With great joy, mirth, and pride.



You



15. *ROBIN HOOD* rescuing *WILL. STUTELY* from the *SHE-RIFF* and his Men, who had taken him Prisoner, and were going to hang him.

Tune of Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.



WHEN Robin Hood in the
 green-wood stood,
 Derry, derry, down,
 Under the green wood tree,
 Tidings there came to him with
 speed,
 Tidings for certainty.
 Hey down, derry derry down.
 That Will Stutely surprized was,
 And eke in prison lay;
 Three valets that the king had
 hir'd,
 Did likely him betray.
 Aye, and to-morrow hanged must be
 To-morrow as soon as 'tis day;
 Before they could the victory get
 Two of them did Stutely slay.
 When Robin Hood did hear this
 news,
 Lord, it did grieve him sore,
 And to his merry men he did say,
 (Who all together swore)
 That Will Stutely should rescu'd be,
 And be brought back again;
 Or else should many a gallant
 knight
 For his sake there be slain.
 He slash'd himself in scarlet then,
 His men were all in green,
 A finer show throughout the world,
 In no place could be seen.
 Good Lord! it was a gallant fight,
 To see them all on a row,
 With every man a good broad sword
 And eke a good yew bow.
 Forth of the green-wood they are
 gone,
 Yea, all courageously,
 Resolving to bring Stutely home,
 Or every man to die.
 And when they came the castle near
 Wherein Will Stutely lay,
 I hold it good, said Robin Hood,
 We here in ambush stay,
 And send one forth some news to
 hear,
 To yonder palmer fair,
 That stands under the castle walls,
 Some news he may declare.
 With that steps forth a brave young
 man,
 Which was of courage bold,
 Thus did he speak to the old man,
 I pray the palmer old,
 Tell me if you rightly ken,
 When

When must Will Stutely die?
 Who is one of bold Robin's men,
 And here doth prisoner lie.
 Alas! alas! the palmer said,
 And for ever woe is me!
 Will Stutely hang'd will be this
 day,
 On yonder gallows tree.
 O had his noble master known,
 He would some succour send,
 A few of his bold yeomandree
 Full soon would fetch him hence.
 Aye, that is true the young man
 said,
 Aye, that is true, said he;
 Or if they were near to this place,
 They soon would set him free.
 But fare thee well, thou good old
 man,
 Farewell! and thanks to thee,
 If Stutely hanged be this day,
 Reveng'd his death shall be.
 No sooner was he from the palmer
 gone
 But the gates were open'd wide,
 And out of the castle Will Stutely
 came,
 Guarded on every side.
 When he was forth of the castle
 come,
 And saw no help was nigh,
 Thus did he say unto the sheriff,
 Thus he said gallantly,
 Now seeing that I needs must die,
 Grant me one boon said he;
 For my noble master ne'er had a man
 That was yet hang'd on a tree.
 Give me a sword all in my hand,
 And let me be unbound,
 And with thee and thy men I'll
 fight
 Till I lie dead on the ground.
 But his desire he would not grant,
 His wishes were in vain,
 For the sheriff he swore he hang'd
 should be,
 And not by the sword be slain.
 Do but unbind my hands, he says,
 I will no weapon crave :

And if I be hanged this day,
 Damnation let me have.
 O no, no, no, the sheriff said,
 Thou shalt on the gallows die.
 Aye, and so shalt thy master too,
 If it ever in me lie.
 O dastard coward! Stutely cries,
 Faint hearted peasant slave!
 If ever my master does thee meet,
 Thou shalt thy payment have.
 My noble master doth thee scorn,
 And all thy cowardly crew,
 Such silly imps unable are
 Bold Robin to fubdue.
 But when he was to the gallows
 gone
 And ready to bid adieu,
 Out of the bush steps Little John,
 And comes Will Stutely to.
 I pray thee, before you die,
 Of thy dear friends take leave :
 I needs must borrow him a while;
 How say you, master sheriff?
 Now, as I live, the sheriff said,
 That varlet will I know,
 Some sturdy rebel is that same.
 Therefore let him not go.
 Then Little John most hastily
 Away cut Stutely's hands;
 And from one of the sheriff's men
 A sword twitched from his hands.
 Here, Will, take thou this game,
 Thou canst it better sway,
 And here defend thyself a while,
 For aid will come straitway.
 And there they turn'd them back
 to back,
 In the midst of them that day,
 Till Robin Hood approached near,
 With many an archer gay,
 With that an arrow from them
 flew,
 I wist from Robin Hood,
 Make haste, make haste, the sheriff
 he said,
 Make haste, for it is not good.
 The sheriff is gone, his doughty
 men
 Thought it not boot to stay,
 But,

But, as their master had them taught,
 They ran full fast away,
 O stay, O stay, Will Stutely said,
 Take leave ere you depart,
 You ne'er will catch bold Robin Hood,
 Unless you dare him meet.
 O ill betide you, said Robin Hood,
 That you so soon are gone,
 My sword may in the scabbard rest,
 For here your work is done.

I little thought, Will Stutely said,
 When I came to this place,
 For to have met with Little John,
 Or seen my master's face.
 Thus Stutely was at liberty set,
 And safe brought from his foe;
 O thanks, O thanks, to my master,
 Since it was not so.
 And once again, my fellows all,
 We shall in the greenwood meet,
 Where we will make our bow-string
 Music for us most sweet. [twang,



16. *The Noble FISHERMAN: or, ROBIN HOOD'S Pro-
 ferment.*

Tune of—In Summer-Time, &c.



IN summer time when leaves grow
 green,
 When they do grow both green
 and long,
 Of a bold outlaw, call'd Robin
 Hood,
 It is of him I sing my song.
 When the lilly leaf, and the cow-
 slip sweet,
 Both bud and spring with merry
 cheer,
 The outlaw was weary of the wood
 side,
 And a chafing of the king's deer.

The fisher-men brave more money
 have
 Than any merchants two or three.
 Therefore I will to Scarborough go
 That I a fisherman may be.
 The outlaw call'd his merry men all
 As they sat under the green-wood
 tree,
 If any of you have any gold to
 spend,
 I pray you heartily spend it with
 me.
 Now, quoth Robin Hood, I'll to
 Scarborough go,
 It seems to be a very fine day,
 He

He took up his inn at a widow wo-
man's house,

Hard by the waters grey,
Who asked him, where wert thou
born?

Or tell me where thou dost fare?
I am a poor fisherman, said he then,
This day intrapped all in care.

What is thy name? thou fine fellow,
I pray thee tell unto me.

In mine own country where I was
born,

Men call me Simon over the lee.
Simon, Simon, said the good wife,
I wish thou may'st well brook thy

name,
The outlaw was 'ware of her court-
esy,

And rejoiced he had got such a
dame.

Simon, wilt thou be my man,
And good round wages I'll give
thee,

I have as good ships of my own
As any that sails upon the sea.

Anchors and planks thou shalt
want none;

Masts and planks that are so long.
And if you so furnish me,
Said Simon, nothing shall go
wrong.

They pluck'd up anchor, and away
did sail,

More of a day than two or three,
When others cast in their baited
hooks,

The bare lines into the sea cast
he.

It will be long said the master then,
E'er this great lubber thrive on
the sea,

He shall have no share in our fish,
For in truth he is no part worthy.

O woe is me! said Simon then,
This day that ever I came here,
I wish I was in Plumpton park,
Chafing of the fallow dear.

For every clown laughed me to
scorn,

And by me set nothing at all;
If I had them in Plumpton park,
I would set as little by them all.

They pluck'd up anchor and away
did sail,

More of a day than two or three,
But Simon espy'd a ship of war,
That sail'd towards them vigor-
ously.

O woe is me! said the master then,
This day that ever I was born!
For all the fish that I have got
Is every bit lost and forlorn!

For these French robbers on the sea
They will not spare of us one
man,

But carry us to the coast of France,
And lay us in a prison strong.

But Simon said, do not fear them,
Neither, master, take you care,
Give me a bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I
spare.

Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,
For thou art nought but brag
and boast,

If I should cast you overboard
There is but a simple lubber lost.

Simon grew angry at these words,
And so angry then was he;
Then he took his bent bow in his
hand,

And in the ship-hatch goeth he,
Master tie me to the mast, he said,
That at a my mark I may stand
fair,

And give me my bent bow in my
hand,
And never a Frenchman will I
spare.

He drew his arrow to the head,
And drew it with might and
main,

And straight, in the twinkling of
an eye,
To the Frenchman's heart the
arrow gain'd,

The Frenchmen fell down on the
ship hatch,

And

C 4

And

And

And

And

And

And

And

All under the hatches down below,	Twelve thousand pound in money bright.
Another Frenchman that him espy'd,	The one half of the ship, said Simon then,
The dead corpse into the sea did throw.	I'll give to my dame and children small,
O master, loose me from the mast, he said,	The other half of the ship I'll give To you that are my fellows all.
And for them all take you no care,	But now bespoke the master then,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,	For so, Simon, it shall not be;
And never a Frenchman will I spare.	For you have won it with your hands,
Then strait they boarded the French ship,	And the owner of it you must be.
They lying all dead in fight,	It shall be so, as I have said,
They found within their ship of war	And with this gold for the oppress An habitation I will build,
	Where they shall live in peace and rest.



17. *ROBIN HOOD'S Delight: or a new Combat fought between ROBIN HOOD, LITTLE JOHN, and WILL SCARLET, with three stout KEEPERS in Sherwood Forest.*

Tune of—Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.



T HERE's some will talk of lords and knights,	And men of noble blood,
Down, a down, a down,	And many a time their valour was shewn
And some of yeomen good;	In the forest of merry Sherwood;
But I will tell of Will Scarlet,	Upon a time it chanced so,
Little John and Robin Hood,	As Robin Hood would have it be,
Who were outlaws, as 'tis well known,	They all three would a walking go,
	The

The pastime for to see,
 And as they walked the forest along
 Upon a midsummer day,
 There was he aware of three fore-
 resters
 Clad all in green array.
 With brave long falchions by their
 sides,
 And forest bills in their hands,
 They called aloud to these outlaws,
 And charged them to stand.
 Why, who art you, cry'd bold
 Robin,
 That speak so boldly here?
 We three belong to King Henry,
 And keepers of his deer.
 The devil thou art, said Robin
 Hood,
 I am sure it is not so;
 We be the keepers of the forest,
 And that you soon shall know.
 Your coats of green lay on the
 ground,
 And so we will all three,
 And take your swords and bucklers
 round,
 And try the victory.
 We be content, the keepers said,
 We be three and no less;
 Then why should we of you be
 afraid,
 As we never did transgress.
 Why if you be keepers in this fo-
 rest,
 We be three rangers good,
 And will make you to know before
 you do go,
 You met with bold Robin Hood.
 We be content, thou bold outlaw,
 Our valour here to try,
 And will make you know before
 you do go,
 We will fight before we fly.
 Then, come draw your swords, you
 bold outlaws,
 No longer stand to prate,
 But let us try it with our blows,
 For cowards we do hate.
 Here is one for Will Scarlet,

And another for Little John,
 And I myself for Robin Hood,
 Because he is stout and strong.
 So they fell to it full hard and fore,
 It was on a midsummer day,
 From eight of the clock, till two,
 and past,
 They all shew'd gallant play.
 There Robin, Will, and Little
 John,
 They fought most manfully,
 Till all their wind was spent and
 gone,
 Then Robin aloud did cry;
 O hold! O hold! cries bold Ro-
 bin,
 I see you be stoutmen;
 Let me blow one blast on my bugle
 horn,
 Then I'll fight with you again.
 That bargain is to make, bold
 Robin Hood,
 Therefore we it deny;
 Thy blast upon thy bugle horn
 Cannot make us fight or fly;
 Therefore fight on, or else be
 gone,
 And yield to us the day;
 It never shall be said, that we be
 afraid
 Of thee, or thy yeomen gay.
 If that be so cries Robin Hood,
 Let me but know your names,
 And in the forest of merry Sher-
 wood
 I shall extol your fames.
 And with our names, one of them
 said,
 What hast thou here to do?
 Except that thou wilt fight it out,
 Our names thou shalt not know.
 We'll fight no more, says bold R
 bin Hood,
 You be men of valour stout;
 Come and go with me to Nottingham
 And there we will fight it out
 With a butt of sack we will buy it
 about,

d in money
 said Simon
 and children
 ip I'll give
 llows all.
 after then,
 not be;
 with your
 ou must be.
 said,
 the opprest
 ld,
 e in peace

bt between
SCARLET,

od,
 valour was
 Sherwood,
 ld have it
 alking go,
 The

To see who wins the day ;	hand
And for the cost, make you no doubt	That will fight and never flee.
I have gold enough to pay.	So away they went to Nottingham,
And ever hereafter as long as we live,	With sack to make amends:
We all will brethren be ;	For three days they the wine did chace,
For I love those men with heart and	And drank themselves good friends.



18. *ROBIN HOOD and the BEGGAR : Shewing how he and the Beggar fought and changed Cloaths; how he went a begging to Nottingham; and how he saved three Brethren from hanging for stealing of Deer.*

To the Tune of—Robin Hood and the Stranger.



C OME light and listen, you gentlemen all,	Either with friend or foe.
With a hey down, down, and a down,	Then he got up upon a gallant steed,
That mirth do love for to hear,	The which was worth angels ten,
And a story true I'll tell unto you,	With a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
If that you will but draw near.	He left all his merry men.
In elder times when merriments were,	And riding towards Nottingham,
And archery was holden good,	Some pastime for to spy,
There was an outlaw, as many do know,	There he was aware of a jolly beggar,
Which men call Robin Hood.	As e'er he beheld with his eye.
Upon a time it chanced so,	An old patch'd coat the beggar had on,
Bold Robin was merry dispos'd,	Which he daily did use for to wear;
His time for to spend, he did intend,	

And many a bag about him did wag,
 Which made Robin Hood to re-
 pair.
 Good speed! good speed! said Ro-
 bin Hood then,
 What countryman? tell unto
 me.
 I am Yorkshire, sir: but ere you
 go far,
 Some charity give unto me.
 I have no money, said Robin Hood
 then,
 But a ranger within the wood;
 I am an outlaw, as many do know,
 My name is Robin Hood.
 But yet I must tell thee, bonny
 beggar,
 That a bout with thee I must try.
 Thy coat of grey lay down, I say,
 And my mantle of green shall
 lay by.
 Content! content! the beggar he
 cry'd,
 Thy part it will be the worse;
 For I hope this bout to give thee
 the rout,
 And then have thy purse.
 The beggar he had a mickle long
 staff,
 And Robin he had a nut-brown
 sword;
 The beggar drew nigh, and at
 Robin let fly,
 But gave him never a word.
 Fight on, fight on, said Robin
 Hood then,
 This game well-pleaseth me,
 For every blow that Robin gave,
 The beggar gave buff ts three.
 And fighting there full hardy and
 fore,
 Not far from Nottingham town,
 They never fled, till from Robin
 Hood's head
 The blood it ran trickling down
 O hold thy hand said Robin Hood,
 And thou and I will agree:
 If that be true, the beggar he said,
 Thy mantle come give unto me.

Now a change, a change, said Ro-
 bin Hood,
 Thy bags and coat give me;
 And this mantle of mine I'll to
 thee resign,
 My horse and my bravery,
 When Robin had got the beggar's
 cloaths,
 He looked round about;
 Methinks, said he, I seem to be
 A beggar brave and stout.
 For now I have a bag for my
 bread,
 So I have another for my corn;
 I have one for my salt, and another
 for my malt,
 And one for my little horn.
 And now I will a begging go
 Some charity for to find;
 And if any more of Robin Hood
 you'll know,
 In the second part it's behind.
 Now Robin he is to Nottingham
 bound,
 With his bag hanging down to
 his knee,
 His staff, and his coat scarce worth
 a groat,
 Yet merrily passed he.
 As Robin he passed the streets
 along,
 He heard a pitiful cry,
 I three brethren dear, as he did hear,
 Condemned were to die.
 Then Robin he hied to the sheriff's
 house,
 Some relief for to seek;
 He skipt, and leapt, and caper'd
 full high,
 As he went along the street.
 But when to the sheriff's house he
 came,
 There a gentleman fine and brave,
 Thou beggar, saith he, come tell
 unto me,
 What is it thou wouldst have?
 No meat nor drink, said Robin
 Hood then,
 That I come here to crave;

But

ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

But to get the lives of yeoman three
 And that I fain would have,
 That cannot be, thou old beggar,
 The fact it is to clear;
 I tell to thee, they hang'd must be
 For stealing our king's deer,
 But when to the gallows they did
 come,
 There was many a weeping eye;
 O hold your peace, said Robin then,
 For certain they shall not die.
 Then Robin he set his horn to his
 mouth,
 And he blew out blasts three,
 Till a hundred bold archers brave,
 Came kneeling down to his knee.
 What is your will, master? said
 they,
 We are at thy command.

Shoot east, shoot west, said Robin
 then,
 And see you spare no man.
 Then they shot east, and they shot
 west,
 Their arrows were so keen,
 The sheriff he and his company
 No longer could be seen.
 Then he slept to those brethren three,
 And away he had them ta'en;
 The sheriff he was cross, and many
 a man lost,
 That dead lay on the plain.
 And away they went to the merry
 green-wood,
 And sung with merry glee.
 And Robin Hood took these bre-
 thren good,
 To be of his yeomandre.



ROBIN HOOD, WILL SCARLET, and LITTLE JOHN:
 or, a Narrative of the Victory obtained against the PRINCE of
 ARRAGON, and the two GIANTS; and how WILL SCAR-
 LET married the PRINCESS.

To a Northern Tune.



Now Robin Hood, Will Scar-
 let, and Little John,
 Are walking over the plain,
 With a good fat buck, which Will
 Scarlet
 With his strong bow had slain.
 Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,
 The day it runs full fast,
 For though my nephew me a break-
 fast gave,
 I have

I have not broke my fast,
 Then to yonder lodge let us take
 our way,
 I think it is wondrous good,
 Where my nephew, my bold yeo-
 man,
 Shall be welcom'd unto the green
 wood.
 With that he took the bugle horn,
 Full well he would it blow,
 Strait from the woods came march-
 ing down
 One hundred tall fellows, and
 more.
 Stand, stand to your arms, cries
 Will Scarlet,
 Lo the enemies are within ken :
 With that Robin Hood he laughed
 aloud,
 Crying they are my bold yeomen :
 Who when they arriv'd and Robin
 espy'd,
 Cry'd, master, what is your
 will ?
 We thought you had in danger been
 Your horn did found so shrill.
 Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin
 Hood,
 The danger is past and gone ;
 I would have you welcome my ne-
 phew here,
 That has paid me two for one.
 In feasting and sporting they spent
 the day,
 Till Phoebus sunk into the deep,
 Then each one to his quarters hied,
 His guard there for to keep.
 Long had they not walked within
 the green-wood
 But Robin he was espy'd
 Of a beautiful damsel, all alone,
 That on a black palfrey did
 ride.
 Her riding suit was of a fable hue
 black,
 Cyprus over her face,
 Through which her rose-like cheek
 did blush.
 All with a comely grace.

Come, tell me the cause, thou
 pretty one,
 Quoth Robin, and tell me right,
 From whence thou com'st, and whi-
 ther thou go'st,
 All in this mournful plight ?
 From London I came, the damsel
 reply'd,
 From London upon the Thames,
 Which circled is, O grief to tell !
 Besieg'd with foreign arms.
 By the proud Prince of Arragon,
 Who swears by his martial hand,
 To have the princess to his spouse,
 Or else to waste this land.
 Except the champions can be found
 That dare fight three to three,
 Against the prince and giants twain,
 Most horrid for to see ;
 Whose grisly looks, and eyes like
 brands,
 Strike terror where they come ;
 With serpents hissing on their helms
 Instead of feather's plume.
 The princess shall be the victor's
 prize,
 The king hath vow'd and said,
 And he that shall the conquest win,
 Shall have her to his bride,
 Now we are four damsels sent abroad
 To the east, west, north, and
 south,
 To try whose fortune is so good,
 To find these champions out.
 But all in vain we have sought
 about,
 For none so bold there are,
 That dare venture life and blood
 To free a lady fair.
 To free a lady fair.
 When is the day ? quoth Robin
 Tell me this and more : [Hood,
 On Midsummer next, the damsel
 said,
 Which is June the twenty-four,
 With that the tears trickled down
 her cheeks,
 And silent was her tongue :
 With sobs and sighs she took her
 leave,

And

And away her palfrey sprung.
The news struck Robin to the
heart,

He fell down on the grass,
His actions and his troubled mind
Shew'd he perplexed was.

Where lies your grief? quoth Will
Scarlet,

O master, tell to me!
If the damsel's eyes have pierc'd
your heart,

I'll fetch her back to thee.
Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin
Hood,

She does not cause my smart;
But 'tis the poor distress'd princess
That wounds me to the heart;

I'll go fight the giants all,
To set the lady free:

The devil take my soul, quoth Lit-
tle John,

If I part with thy company.
Must I stay behind? quoth Will
Scarlet,

No, no, that must not be;
I'll make the third man in the fight,
So we'll be three to three.

These words cheer'd Robin to the
heart,

Joy shone upon his face,
Within his arms he hugg'd them
both,

And kindly did embrace.
Quoth he, we'll put on motley
grey,

With long staves in our hands,
A scrip and bottle by our sides,
As come from the holy lands.

So we may pass along the highway,
None will ask us from whence
we came,

But take us pilgrims for to be,
Or else some holy men.

Now they are on a journey gone,
As fast as they may speed,

Yet for all their haste ere they ar-
riv'd

The princess forth was led,
To be deliver'd to the prince,

Who in the list did stand,
Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
His lady by the hand.

With that he walk'd about the list,
With giants by his side,
Bring forth, says he, your cham-
pions,

Or bring me forth my bride;
This is the four and twentieth day,
The day prefix'd upon,
Bring forth my bride, or London
burns:

I swear by Alcoran!—
Then cries the king, and queen
likewise,

Both weeping as they spake,
Lo, we have brought our daughter
dear,

Whom we are forc'd to forsake.
With that stept out bold Robin
Hood,

Cries my liege, it must not be
so;

Such beauty as the fair princess'
Is not for a tyrant's maw.

The prince then he began to storm,
Cries fool, fanatic, baboon!

How dare you stop my valour's
pride?

I'll kill thee with a frown.
Thou tyrant Turk, thou infidel,

Thus Robin began to reply,
Thy frowns I scorn: lo, here's my
gage,

And thus I thee defy.

And for those two Goliath's there,
That stand on either side,

Here are two little David's by
That soon can tame their pride.

Then the king did for armour send,
For lances, swords, and shields;

And thus all three in armour bright
Came marching into the field.

The trumpets began to found a
charge,

Each singled out his man;
Their arms in pieces soon were
hew'd,

Blood sprang from every vein,
The

The prince reach'd Robin Hood a
 blow,
 He struck with might and main,
 Which made him reel about the
 field,
 As though he had been slain.
 God a-mercy, quoth Robin, for
 that blow,
 The quarrel shall soon be try'd,
 This stroke shall show a full di-
 vorce
 Betwixt thee and thy bride.
 So from his shoulders he cut his
 head,
 Which on the ground did fall,
 And grumbled sore at Robin Hood,
 To be so dealt withal.
 The giants then began to rage,
 To see their prince lie dead ;
 Thou wilt be the next, says Little
 John,
 Unless you guard thy head.
 With that his faulchion he whirl'd
 about,
 It was both keen and sharp,
 He clave the giant to the belt,
 And cut in twain his heart.
 Will Scarlet well had play'd his
 part,
 The giant he had brought to his
 knee ;
 Quoth Will the devil cannot break
 his fast,
 Unless he have you all three.
 So with his faulchion he run him
 through,
 A deep and ghastly wound ;
 Who damn'd and foam'd, curs'd
 and blasphem'd.
 And then fell to the ground.
 Now all the links with shouts were
 fill'd ;
 The skies they did rebound,
 Which brought the princess to her-
 self,
 Who had fallen into a swoon.
 The king, and queen, and prin-
 cels fair,
 Came walking to the place,
 And gave the champions many
 thanks,
 And did them further grace.
 Tell me, quoth the king, whence
 you are,
 That thus disguised came ?
 Whose valour speaks that noble
 blood
 Doth run through every vein.
 A boon, a boon, quoth Robin
 Hood,
 On my knees I beg and crave :
 By my crown, quoth the king, I
 grant,
 Ask what, and thou shalt have.
 Then pardon I beg for merry men
 Which are in the green-wood,
 For Little John and Will Scarlet,
 And for me bold Robin Hood.
 Art thou Robin Hood ? quoth the
 king,
 For thy valour thou hast shewn,
 Your pardon I do freely grant,
 And welcome every one !
 The princess I promis'd the victor's
 prize,
 She cannot have you all three :
 She shall chuse, quoth Robin : said
 Little John,
 Then little share falls to me.
 Then did the princess view all
 three,
 With a comely, lovely grace,
 And took Will Scarlet by the
 hand,
 Saying here I make my choice.
 With that a noble lord stepp'd
 forth,
 Of Maxfield Earl was he,
 Who look'd Will Scarlet in the
 face,
 Then wept most bitterly.
 Quoth he, I had a son like thee,
 Whom I lov'd wond'rous well,
 But he is gone, or rather dead,
 His name was young Gamewell.
 Then did Will Scarlet fall on his
 knees,
 Cries, father, father, here,

Here kneels your son, your young
Gamewell,
You said you lov'd so dear;
But, Lord, what embracing and
kissing was there;

When all their friends were
met!
They are gone to the wedding, and
so to bedding,
And so I bid you good night.



20. *LITTLE JOHN and four BEGGARS: Shewing how he went a begging, and fought with four BEGGARS, and what a Prize he got from them.*

Tune of—Robin Hood and the Beggar.



ALL you that delight to spend
some time,
With a hey down, &c.
A merry song for to sing,
Unto me draw near, you shall hear
How Little John went a begging.
As Robin Hood walked the forest
along,
And all his yeomandre,
Says Robin some of you a begging
must go,
And, Little John, it must be
thee.
Says John, if I must a begging go,
I will have a palmer's weed,
With a staff and a coat, and bags of
all sorts,
The better then I shall speed.
Come, now give me a bag for my
bread,

And another for my cheefe,
And one for a penny, if I get any,
That nothing I may lose.
Now Little John is a begging gone,
Seeking for some relief,
But of all the beggars he met on
the way,
Little John he was the chief.
But as he was walking himself
alone,
Four beggars he chanced to 'spy,
Some deaf, some blind, some came
behind,
Says John, here's brave com-
pany,
Good morrow, said John, my bre-
thren dear,
Good fortune I had you see;
Which way you do go, pray let me
know,

For

For I want some company.

O what is here to do? said Little John,

Why ring all these bells? said he,
What dog is hanging? come let us
be ganging,

That we the truth may see.
Here is no dog, one of them said,

Good fellow I tell unto thee;
But here is one dead that will give
us cheese and bread,

And it may be one single penny.
We have brethren in London, ano-
ther said.

So we live at Coventry,
In Berwick and Dover, and all the
world over,

But ne'er a crook'd carl like
thee.

Therefore stand thou back, thou
crooked carl,

Take that crack on the crown:
Nay, says Little John, I'll not be
gone,

For a bout I'll have with you
round.

Now have at you all said Little
John,

If you be so full of your blows,
Fight on all four, and never give
o'er,

Whether you be friends or foes.
John nipped the dumb, and made
him roar,

And the blind that could not see,
And he that a cripple had been for
seven years,

He made run faster than he.
And flinging them all against the
wall,

With many a sturdy bang,
It made John to sing, to hear the
gold ring,

And against the wall cry twang.
Then he got out of the beggars'
cleaks

Three hundred pounds in gold;
Good fortune had I, said Little
John,

Such a sight for to behold.
But found he in the beggar's bag
But three hundred and three:

If I drink water while this doth
last,

Then an ill death may I die.
And my begging trade I will now
give o'er,

My fortune hath been so good,
Therefore I will not stay, but I will
away

To the Forest of merry Sher-
wood:

And when to the forest of Sherwood
he came,

He quickly there did see
Bold Robin Hood, his master good,
And all his company.

What news? what news? said Ro-
bin Hood,

Come, Little John, tell unto me,
How hast thou sped with thy beg-
gar's trade?

For that I fain would see:
No news but good, said Little John,

With begging full well have I
sped;

Three hundred and three have I
here for thee,

In silver and gold so red.
Then Robin Hood took Little John

by the hand,
And danc'd about the oak tree;

If we drink water while this doth
last,

Then an ill death may we die.
So to conclude my merry new

song,
All you that delight to sing,

'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer
good,

And how Little John went a
begging.



21. ROBIN HOOD and the RANGER : or True Friendship after
a fierce Fight.

Tune of—Arther-a-Bland.



WHEN Phœbus had melted
 the sickles of ice,
 With a hey down, &c. [snow,
 And likewise the mountains of
 Bold Robin Hood he would go see,
 And frolic abroad with his bow,
 He left all his merry men waiting
 behind, [pass'd,
 While through the green vallies he
 There did he behold a forester bold,
 Who cry'd out, friend, whither
 so fast? [fat buck,
 I am going, quoth Robin, to kill a
 For me and my merry men all;
 Besides ere I go, I'll have a fat doe,
 Or else it shall cost me a fall.
 You'd best have a care, said the fo-
 rester then,
 For these are his majesty's deer;
 Before you shall shoot, the thing
 I'll dispute,
 For I'm the head forester here.
 These thirteen long summers, said
 Robin, I'm sure
 My arrows I here have let fly,
 Where freely I range, methinks it
 is strange, [than I
 You should have more power
 The forest, quoth Robin, I think
 is my own,
 And so are the nimble deer too;
 Therefore I declare, and solemnly
 I'll not be affronted by you. [I wear

The forester he had a long quarter-
 staff,
 Likewise a broad sword by his sid
 Without more ado, he presentlv
 drew, [try'd
 Declaring the truth should be
 Bold Robin Hood had a sword of
 the best, [wrong,
 Thus, e'er he would take any
 His courage was flush, he'd venture
 a brush, [dang,
 And thus they went to it ding
 The very next blow that the forester
 gave [twang;
 He made his broad weapon cry
 'Twas over his head, he fell down
 for dead,
 O that was a damnable bang! [self,
 But Robin he soon did recover him-
 And bravely fell to it again;
 The very next stroke their weapons
 they broke,
 Yet never a man there was slain.
 At quarter staff then they resolv'd
 to play, [bout:
 Because they would have t'other
 And brave Robin Hood right vali-
 antly stood,
 Unwilling he was to give out.
 Bold Robin he gave him very hard
 blows,
 The other return'd them as fast,
 At

At every stroke their jackets did
 smoke;
 Three hours the combat did last.
 At length in a rage the bold forester
 grew,
 And cudgel'd bold Robin so fore,
 That he could not stand, so shaking
 his hand,
 He said let us freely give o'er.
 Thou art a brave fellow, I needs
 must confesse,
 I never knew any so good; [me
 Thou art fitting to be a yeoman for
 And range in the merry green
 wood. [love,
 I'll give thee this ring, a token of
 For bravely thou hast acted thy
 part; [delight,
 The man that can fight, in him I
 And love with all my whole heart.
 Then Robin Hood set his horn to
 his mouth,
 A blast he merrily blew, [appear,
 His yeomen did hear, and straight did
 A hundred, with trusty long bows,
 Now Little John came at the head
 of them all,
 Cloath'd in a rich mantle of green
 And likewise therest were gloriously
 A delicate sight to be seen. [drest,
 Lo! these are my yeomen, said Ro-
 bin Hood,

Thou shalt be one of the train;
 A mantle and bow, a quiver also,
 I give them who I entertain.
 The forester willingly enter'd the list
 They were such a beautiful sight,
 Then with a long bow they shot a
 fat doe,
 And made a rich supper that night.
 What singing and dancing was in
 the green wood,
 For joy of another new mate;
 With mirth and delight they spent
 all the night,
 And liv'd at a bountifull rate.
 The forester ne'er was so merry be-
 fore, [souls,
 As then he was with these brave
 Who never would fail, in wine,
 beer, or ale,
 To take of their cherishing bowls.
 Then Robin Hood gave him a man-
 tle of green, [bow;
 Broad arrows, and a curious long
 This done, the next day, so great
 and so gay,
 He marched them all on a row;
 Quoth he, my bold yeomen, be true
 to your trust,
 And then we may range the
 woods wide; [I swear
 They all did declare and solemnly
 To conquer, or die by his side.

22. ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN: being an Account of
 their first Meeting, their fierce Encounter and Conquest: to which is
 added their friendly Agreement, and how he came to be called L. John.



WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years,
 With a hey down, down, and a
 down, He

He happened to meet Little John,
 A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the
 trade,
 For he was a lusty young man.
 Tho' he was called Little, his limbs
 they were large; [high;
 And his stature was seven feet
 Wherever he came, they quak'd at
 his name, [fly.
 For soon he would make them to
 How they came acquainted, I'll tell
 you in brief,
 If you would but listen a while,
 For this very jest, among the rest,
 I think may cause you to smile.
 For Robin Hood said to his jolly
 bowmen,
 Pray tarry you here in the grove,
 And see that you all observe well
 my call,
 While through the forest I rove;
 We have had no sport these fourteen
 long days,
 Therefore now abroad will I go;
 Now should I be beat, and cannot
 retreat,
 My horn I will presently blow.
 Then did he shake hands with his
 merry men all, [bye.
 And bid them at present good
 And as near a brook his journey he
 took,
 A stranger he chanc'd to espy.
 They happen'd to meet on a long
 narrow bridge, [way;
 And neither of them would give
 Quoth bold Robin Hood, and stir
 dily stood, [play.
 I'll shew you right Nottingham
 With that from his quiver an arrow
 he drew,
 A broad arrow with a goose wing;
 The stranger reply'd, I'll lick it tny
 hide,
 If you offer to touch the string.
 Quoth bold Robin Hood, thou dost
 prate like an ass,
 For were I to bend but my bow,
 I could send a dart quite through
 thy proud heart

Before thou could'st strike me one
 blow. [stranger reply'd,
 Thou talk'st like a coward, the
 Well arm'd with a long bow you
 stand, [protect,
 To shoot at my breast, while I, I
 Have nought but my staff in my
 hand. [I scorn,
 The name of a coward, quoth Robin
 Wherefore my long bow I'll lay
 by; [I take,
 And now, for thy sake, a staff will
 The truth of thy manhood to try;
 Then Robin Hood step'd to a thicket
 of trees, [calk;
 And chose him a staff of ground
 Now this thing being done, away he
 did run [spoke:
 To the stranger, and merrily
 Lo! see my staff is lusty and tough,
 Now here on the bridge we will
 play; [win
 Whoever falls in the other, shall
 The battle, and so we'll away;
 With all my whole heart, the
 stranger reply'd, [I will
 I scorn in the least to give out.
 This said, they fell to't, without
 more dispute, [about.
 And their staffs they did flourish
 At first Robin gave the stranger a
 bang, [ring;
 So hard that he made his bones
 The stranger he said, this must be
 repaid,
 I'll give you as good as you bring;
 So long as I'm able to handle a staff
 To die in your debt, friend, I
 scorn. [their blows,
 Then to it both go, and follow
 As if they had been threshing of
 corn. [the crown,
 The stranger gave Robin a crack on
 Which caused the blood to ap-
 pear; [engag'd;
 Then Robin enrag'd, more severely
 And follow'd his blows more se-
 vere. [him,
 So thick and so fast he did lay it on
 With a passionate fury and ire,
 At

At every stroke he made him to
smoke,

As if he had been all on fire.
O then in a fury the stranger he

grew,
And gave him a damnable look,
And with it a blow, which laid
him full low,

And tumbled him into the brook.
I prithee, good fellow, where art
thou now? [cry'd

The stranger, in laughter, he
Quoth bold Robin Hood, good
faith in the flood,

And floating along with the tide.
I needs must acknowledge thou art
a brave soul,

With thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs I must say, thou hast got
the day,

Our battle shall be at an end.
Then unto the bank he did pre-
sently wade, [thorn;

And pull'd himself out by a
Which done, at the best, he blew
out a blast,

Straitway on his fine bugle horn.
The echo of which through the val-
ley did ring, [pear'd,

At which his stout bowmen ap-
All clothed in green, most gay to
be seen.

So up to their master they steer'd.
O what is the matter, quoth Will
Stutely, [skin;

Good master, you are wet to the
No matter, quoth he, the lad that
you see,

In fighting hath tumbled me in.
He shall not go scot free, the others
reply'd, [thers,

So strait they were seizing him
To duck him likewise: but Robin
Hood cries,

He is a stout fellow, forbear.
There's no one shall wrong thee,
friend, be not afraid,

These bowmen upon me do wait.
There're three score and nine; if
thou wilt be mine,

Thou shalt have my livery strait.
And other accoutrements fitting
also:

Speak up, jolly blade, never fear,
I'll teach you also the use of the
long bow,

To shoot at the fat fallow deer.
O heic is my hand, the stranger re-
ply'd, [heart;

I'll serve you with all my whole
My name is John Little, a man of
good mettle, [pirt.

Ne'er doubt me for I'll play my
His name shall be alter'd, quoth
Will Stutely,

And I will his godfather be;
Prepare then a feast, and none of
the least,

For we will be merry, quoth he.
They presently fetch'd in a brace of
fat does, [wise;

With humming strong liquor like-
They lov'd what was good; so in
the green-wood, [tiz'd.

This pretty sweet babe they bap-
He was, I must tell you, but seven
feet high,

And, may be, an ell in the waist;
He was a sweet lad, much feasting
they had; [grac'd,

Bold Robin the christening
With all his bowmen, which stood
in a ring, [breed;

And were of the Nottingham
Brave Stutely came then, with se-
ven yeomen,

And did in this manner proceed;
This infant was called John Little,
quoth he, [anon,

Which name shall be changed
The words we'll transpose, so where-
ever he goes, [John.

His name shall be call'd Little
They all with a shout made the ele-
ments ring;

So soon as the office was o'er,
To feasting they went, with true
merriment, [lore.

And tipp'd strong liquors, gil-
Then

Then Robin he took the pretty, We feast on good cheer, with wine,
 sweet babe, ale, and beer,
 And cloath'd him from top to toe And ev'ry thing at our command.
 In garments of green, most gay to Then music and dancing did finish
 be seen, [bow. the day, [low,
 And gave him a curious long At length when the sun waxed
 Thou shalt be an archer as well as Then all the whole train the grove
 the best, [with us, did refrain,
 And range in the green-wood And unto their caves they did go.
 Where we will not want gold nor And so ever after, as long as he
 silver, behold, [purse, liv'd,
 While bishops have aught in their Although he was proper and tall,
 We live here like 'squires or lords Yet nevertheless, the truth to ex-
 of renown, pre's, [call,
 Without e'er a foot of free land; Still Little John they did him



23. *The BISHOP of HEREFORD's Entertainment by ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN, &c. in merry Barnsdale.*

To the Tune of—In summer time, &c.



SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
 And some of barons bold;
 But I'll tell you how he serv'd the
 Bishop of Hereford, [gold.
 When he robbed him of all his
 As it befel in merry Barnsdale,
 And under the green-wood tree,
 The Bishop of Hereford was to come
 With all his company. [by,
 Come kill some ven'ison, said bold
 Robin Hood,
 Come kill me a good fat deer,
 The Bishop of Hereford is to dine
 with me to day,
 And he shall pay well for his
 cheer. [Robin Hood,
 We'll kill a fat ven'ison, says bold
 And dress it by the highway side,
 And we will watch the Bishop nar-
 rowly, [ride,
 Lest some other way he should
 Robin Hood dress'd himself in shep-
 herd's attire,
 With six of his men also,
 And when the Bishop of Hereford
 came by,
 They about the fire did go.
 O what is the matter, then said the
 Bishop, Or

Or for whom do you make this
 ado? [ven'ton,
 Or why do you kill the king's
 When your company is so few?
 We are shepherds, said bold Robin
 Hood,
 And we keep sheep all the year,
 And we are disposed to be merry
 this day,
 And to kill of the king's fat deer.
 You are brave fellows, said the
 Bishop, (shall know.
 And the king of your doings
 Therefore make haste and come
 along with me,
 For before the king you shall go.
 O pardon! O pardon! said bold
 Robin Hood,
 O pardon! I pray thee. (coat,
 For it becomes not your lordship's
 To take so many lives away.
 No pardon, no pardon, said the Bi-
 No pardon I thee owe; (shop,
 Therefore make haste and come
 along with me,
 For before our king you shall go.
 Then Robin set his back against a
 tree,
 And his foot against a thorn,
 And from underneath his shepherd's
 coat,
 He pull'd out a bugle horn,
 He put the little end to his mouth,
 And a loud blast he did blow,
 Till threescore and ten of bold Ro-
 bin's men
 Came running all on a row;
 All making obedience to bold Ro-
 bin Hood,
 'Twas a comely sight to see.
 What's the matter, master, said
 Little John,
 That you blow so hastily?

O here is the Bishop of Hereford,
 And no pardon shall we have.
 Cut off his head, master, said Little
 John,
 And throw him into his grave.
 O pardon! O pardon! said the Bi-
 O pardon! I thee pray; (shop,
 For if I had known it had been you,
 I'd have gone some other way.
 No pardon, no pardon, said Robin
 No pardon I thee owe; (Hood,
 Therefore make haste, and come
 along with me, (go.
 For to merry Barnsdale you shall
 Then Robin he took the Bishop by
 the hand,
 And led him to merry Barnsdale.
 He made him to stay and sup with
 him that night,
 And to drink wine, beer, and ale.
 Call in a reckoning, said the Bish p,
 For methinks it grows wondrous
 high; (Little John,
 Lend me your purse, master, said
 And I'll tell you bye and bye.
 Then Little John took the Bishop's
 cloak.
 And spread it upon the ground,
 And out of the Bishop's portman-
 teau
 He told three hundred pound.
 Here's money enough, master, said
 Little John,
 And a comely sight 'tis to see;
 It makes me in charity with the
 Bishop,
 Tho' he heartily loveth not me.
 Robin Hood took the Bishop by the
 hand,
 And he caused the music to play;
 He made the Bishop to dance in his
 boots,
 And glad he could get so away.



24. ROBIN HOOD rescuing the three 'SQUIRES from Nottingham Gallows.

Tune of—Robin Hood and the Stranger.



<p>BOLD Robin Hood ranging the forest all round, O there did he meet with a lady gay, (highway. She came weep'ng along the Why weep you? why weep you? bold Robin he said; What weep you for gold or fee? Or do you weep for your maiden- head, That is taken from your body? I weep not for gold, the lady reply'd, Neither do I weep for fee; Nor do I weep for my maidenhead, That is taken from my body. What weep you for then? said jolly Robin, I prithee come tell unto me: Oh! I do weep for my three sons, For they are all condemned to die. What church have they robbed? said jolly Robin, Or parish priest have they slain? What maids have they forced against their will? (lain? Or with other men's wives have No church have they robbed, this lady reply'd, Nor parish priest have they slain, No maids have they forced against their will,</p>	<p>Nor with other men's wives have lain. (jolly Robin, What have they done then? said Come tell me most speedily. Oh! it is for killing the king's fal- low deer, (die. And they are all condemned to Get you home, get you home, said jolly Robin, Get you home most speedily; And I will unto fair Nottingham go, For the sake of the 'squires all three. (goes, Then bold Robin for Nottingham For Nottingham town goes he, There did he meet with a poor beg- gar man, (way. He came creeping along the high- way, What news? what news? thou old beggar man, What news? come tell unto me. O, there's weeping and wailing in Nottingham, (three. For the death of the 'squires all The beggar man had a coat on his back, (red; 'Twas neither green, yellow, nor Bold Robin Hood thought it was no disgrace To be in a beggar-man's stead. Sold</p>
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<p>Bold Robin Hood then unto Not- tingham came, Unto Nottingham town came he, O there he did meet with great mas- ter sheriff, And likewise the 'squires all three. One boon, one boon, said jolly Ro- One boon I beg on my knee, [bin, That as for the death of these three 'squires, Their hangman I may be. Soon granted, soon granted, said master sheriff, Soon granted unto thee ; And you shall have all their gay clothing, Aye, and all their white money. O I will have none of their gay clothing, Nor none of their white money,</p>	<p>But I'll have three blasts on my bugle horn, [flee. That their souls to heaven may Then Robin Hood mounted the gal- lows so high, Where he blew loud and shrill, Till one hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men Came marching down the green hill. (sheriff, Whose men are they ? says master Whose men are they ? tell to me. O they are mine, but none of thine, And are come for the 'squires three. O take them, O take them, says great master sheriff, O take them along with thee, For there's never a man in Notting- Can do the like of thee. [ham,</p>
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25. *The KING'S Disguise, and Friendship with ROBIN HOOD.*

To a Northern Tune.



<p>KING Richard hearing of the pranks Of Robin Hood and his men, He much admir'd, and more desir'd To see both him and them. Then, with a dozen of his lords, To Nottingham he rode ; When he came there he made good cheer, And took up his abode. He having staid there some time,</p>	<p>But had no hopes to speed, He and his lords, with one accord, All put on Monk's weeds, From Fountain Abbey they did ride Down to Barnsdale, Where Robin Hood prepared food All company to allail. The King was higher than the rest, And Robin thought he had The Abbot seen, when he had seen, To</p>
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To rob him he was glad.
 He took the King's horse by the
 head,
 Abbot, says he, abide;
 I am bound to sue such knaves as
 you, who would
 That live in pomp and pride.
 But we are messengers from the
 King,
 The King himself did say;
 Near to this place his Royal Grace
 To speak with thee does stay.
 God save the King, said Robin
 Hood,
 And all that wish him well!
 He that does deny his sovereignty,
 I wish he was in hell!
 Thyself thou curstest, said the King
 For thou a traitor art.
 Nay, but that you are his messenger,
 I swear you lye in heart;
 For I never yet hurt any man
 That honest is and true,
 But those that give their minds to
 prey
 Upon other men's due.
 I never hurt the husbandman,
 That use to till the ground;
 Nor spill the blood that range the
 wood
 To follow hawk or hound:
 My chiefest spite to clergy is,
 Who in these days bear a great
 sway,
 With friars and monks, with their
 chiefest sprunks,
 I make my chiefest prey.
 But I'm very glad, said Robin Hood,
 That I have met you here;
 Come, before we end, you shall,
 my friend,
 Taste of our greenwood cheer.
 The King then he did marvel much,
 And so did all his men,
 They thought, with fear, what
 kind of cheer
 Robin would provide for them.
 Robin took the King's horse by the
 head,
 And led him to the tent,

Thou would'st not be so us'd,
 quoth he,
 But that my King thee sent:
 Nay more than that, said Robin
 Hood,
 For good King Richard's sake,
 If you had as much gold as ever I
 told,
 I would not one penny take.
 Then Robin set his horn to his
 mouth,
 And a loud blast he did blow,
 Till one hundred and ten of Robin
 Hood's men
 Came marching all on a row.
 And when they came bold Robin
 before
 Each man did bend his knee,
 O, thought the King, 'tis a gallant
 thing,
 And a seemly sight to see;
 Within himself the King did say,
 These men of Robin Hood's
 More humble be than mine to me,
 So the court may learn of the
 woods.
 So then they all to dinner went,
 Upon a carpet green,
 Black, yellow, red, fine mangled,
 Most curious to be seen.
 Venison and fowls were plenty there,
 With fish out of the river;
 King Richard swore on sea or shore
 He ne'er was feasted better.
 Then Robin takes a can of ale,
 Come let us now begin,
 Come every man shall have his can,
 Here's a health unto the King!
 The King himself did drink to the
 King,
 So round about it went, (stale,
 Two barrels of ale, both stout and
 To pledge that health was spent.
 And after that a bowl of wine
 In his hand took Robin Hood,
 Until I die I'll drink wine, said he,
 While I live in the green wood.
 Bend all your bows, said Robin
 Hood,
 And

And with the grey goose wing
Such sport now shew, as you would
do

In the presence of the King.
They shewed such brave archery,
By cleaving sticks and wands,
That the King did say, such men
as they

Live not in many lands.
Well Robin Hood, then said the
King,

If I could thy pardon get,
To serve the King in every thing
Wouldst thou thy mind firm set?
Yes, with all my heart, bold Ro-

bin said,
So they flung off their hoods,
To serve the King in every thing
They swore they would spend
their bloods;

For a clergyman was first my bane,
Which makes me hate them all,
But if you'll be so kind to me,
Love them again I shall.

The King no longer could forbear,
For he was mov'd with truth,
I am thy King, thy sovereign King,
That appears before you all.

When Robin saw that it was he,
Strait then he down did fall.
Stand up again, then said the King,
I'll thee thy pardon give;

Stand up, my friend, who can con-
tend,

When I give leave to live?
So they are all gone to Nottingham,
All shouting as they came;

But when the people them did see,
They thought the King was slain,
And for that cause the outlaws were
come.

To rule all as they list;
And for to shun, which way to run
The people did not wist.
The ploughman left the plough in
the fields,
The smith ran from his shop;

Old folks also, that scarce could go,
Over their sticks did hop.

The King soon let them understand
He had been in the green wood,
And from that day for evermore
He'd forgiven Robin Hood.

When the people they did hear,
And the truth was known,
They all did sing, God save the
King!

Hang care! the town's our own.
What's that Robin Hood, then said
the sheriff,

That varlet I do hate,
Both me and mine he caus'd to dine,
And serv'd us all with one plate.
Ho! ho! said Robin, I know what
you mean,

Come take your gold again,
Be friends with me, and I with thee,
And so with every man.

Now, master sheriff, you are paid,
And since you are the beginner,
As well may you give me my due,
For you ne'er paid me for my
dinner.

But if that you should please the
king,

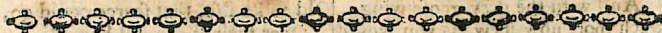
So much your house to grace;
To sup with you, for to speak true,
I know you ne'er was base,
The sheriff could not gain say,

For a trick was put upon him;
A supper was dress'd and the King
was guest,
But he thought 'twould have un-
done him.

They are all gone to London court,
Robin Hood, with all his train,
He once was there a noble peer,
And now he's there again.

Many such pranks bold Robin
play'd
While he lived in the green wood;

Now my friends attend, and hear
an end
Of honest Robin Hood.



26. ROBIN HOOD and the Golden Arrow.



WHEN the sheriff of Notting-
ham,

Was come with mickle grief,
He talked no good of Robin Hood,
That strong and sturdy chief.

Fa la dal de ral de ra.
So unto London road he pass'd,
His losses to unfold

To King Richard, who did regard
The tale that he had told.

Why, quoth the king, what shall
I do?

Art thou not sheriff for me?
The law is in force, go take thy
course

Of them that injure thee:
Go get thee gone, and by thyself

Devise some tickling game,
For to enthrall yon rebels all,

Go take thy course with them.
So away the sheriff he return'd,

And by the way he thought
Of the words of the king, and how
the thing

To pass might well be brought:
For with his mind he imagined

That when such matches were,
Those outlaws stout, without all
doubt,

Would be the bowmen there.
So an arrow with a golden head,

And shaft of silver white,
Who won the day should bear away

For his own proper right,
Tidings came to brave Robin Hood
Under the greenwood tree,
Come prepare you then, my merry
men,

We'll go yon sport to see,
With that stepp'd forth a brave
young man.

David of Doncaster,
Master, said he, be rul'd by me,

From the greenwood we'll not
stir;

To tell the truth, I'm well inform'd
You match it is a wile,

The sheriff I wils, devise th this
Ua archers to beguile.

Thou smell'st of a coward, said Ro-
bin Hood,

Thy words do not please me;
Come on't what will, I'll try my skill!

At you brave archery.
O then bespoke brave Little John,

Come let us thither gang,
Come listen to me how it shall be,

That we need not be kenn'd:
Our mantles of Lincoln green

Behind us we will leave,
We'll dress us all so several

They shall not us perceive;
One shall wear white, another red,

One yellow, another blue;
Thus in disguise, to the exercise

We'll gang, whate'er ensue.
Forth

Forth from the greenwood they are
 gone,
 With hearts full firm and stout.
 Resolving with the sheriff's men
 To have a hearty bout.
 So themselves they mixed with the
 rest,
 To prevent all suspicion;
 For if they should together hold,
 They thought it no discretion.
 So the sheriff looking round about,
 Amongst eight hundred men,
 But could not see what he
 Had long suspected then.
 Some said, if Robin Hood was here,
 And all his men to boot,
 Sure none of them could pass these
 men,
 So bravely they do shoot.
 Aye, quoth the sheriff, and scratch'd
 his head,
 I thought he would have been
 here;
 I thought he would, but thought
 he's bold,
 He durst not now appear.
 O that word griev'd Robin Hood to
 the heart,
 He vexed in his blood;
 Ere long, thought he, thou shalt
 well see
 That here was Robin Hood.
 Some cried blue jacket, another
 cried brown,
 And the third cried brave yellow,
 But the fourth man said, yon man
 in red
 In this place has no fellow.
 For that was Robin Hood himself,
 For he was cloath'd in red,
 At every shot the prize he got,
 For he was both sure and dead.
 So the arrow with the golden head,
 And shaft of silver white,
 Brave Robin Hood won, and bore
 with him
 For his own proper right:
 These outlaws there that very day,
 To shun all kinds of doubt,
 By three or four, no less nor more,
 As they went in came out,
 Until they all assembled were
 Under the green-wood shade,
 Where they relate, in pleasant sport,
 What brave pastime they made.
 Says Robin Hood, all my care is,
 How that yon sheriff may
 Know certainly, that it was I
 That bore his arrow away.
 Says Little John, my counsel's good,
 It did take effect before;
 So therefore now, if you'll allow,
 I will advise once more: (Hood,
 Speak on, speak on, said Robin
 Thy wit's both quick and sound,
 This I advise, said Little John,
 That a letter shall be penn'd,
 And when it is done, to Nottingham
 You to the sheriff shall send.
 That is well advised said Robin
 But how must it be sent? (Hood,
 Pho! when you please it's done with
 Master, be you content, (ease,
 I'll stick it on my arrow's head,
 And shoot it into the town,
 The mark shall show where it must
 Whenever it lights down to (go,
 The project it was full perform'd,
 The sheriff that letter had, (head,
 Which when he read, he scratch'd his
 And rav'd like one that's mad.
 So we'll leave him chafing in his
 greafe,
 Which will do him no good.
 Now, my friends, attend, and hear
 Of honest Robin Hood, (the end



ROBIN



27. *ROBIN HOOD and the valiant KNIGHT; together with an Account of his Death and Burial.*

Tune of—Robin Hood and the fifteen Forest rs.



<p>WHEN Robin Hood and his merry men all, Derry, derry, down, Had reigned many years, [bold The king was then told they had been To his bishops and noble peers; Hey down, derry, derry, down, Therefore they called a council of state, To know what was to be done For to quell their pride; or else they reply'd The land would be over-run. Having consulted a whole summer's At length it was agreed, [day, That one should be sent to try the event, And fetch him away with speed. Therefore a trusty and a worthy knight The king was pleased to call, Sir William by name, when to him he came, He told him his pleasure all. Go from hence to bold Robin Hood, And bid him, without more ado, Surrender himself, or else the proud shall suffer, with all his crew. [self Take here a hundred bowmen brave, All chosen men of might, [part, Of excellent art, for to take thy In glittering armour bright.</p>	<p>Then said the knight, my sovereign liege, By me they shall be led; [Hood, I'll venture my blood against Robin And bring him alive or dead. One hundred men were chosen strait, As proper as men e'er saw, [away, On midsummer-day they marched To conquer that brave outlaw. With long yew bows, and shining spears, They marched in mickle pride, And never delay'd, or halted, or stay'd, [hid. Till they came to the green-wood Said he to his archers, hury here, Your bows make ready all, That if need should be, you may follow me, [call, And see that you observe my I'll go in person first, he cry'd With the letters of my good king, Well sign'd and seal'd, if he will yield, We need not draw one string, He wander'd about, till at length he To the tent of Robin Hood. [came The letter he shews, bold Robin arose And there on his guard he stood. They'd have me surrender, quoth bold Robin Hood, And</p>
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And lie at their mercy then,
 But tell them from me, that never
 shall be (men.
 While I have full seven score
 Sir William the knight, both hardy
 and bold,
 Did offer to seize him there;
 Which William Locksley by for-
 tune did see;
 And bid him that trick forbear.
 Then Robin Hood set his horn to
 his mouth,
 And blew out a blast, or twain,
 And so did the knight, at which
 there in sight
 The archers came all amain.
 Sir William with care drew up his
 men,
 And plac'd them in battle array;
 Bold Robin we find, he was not be-
 hind:
 Now this was a bloody fray.
 The archers on both sides bent their
 bows,
 And the clouds of arrows flew,
 The very first flight that honoured
 knight,
 He did there bid the world adieu:
 Yet nevertheless their fight did last
 From morning till almost noon;
 Both parties were stout, and loth to
 give out:

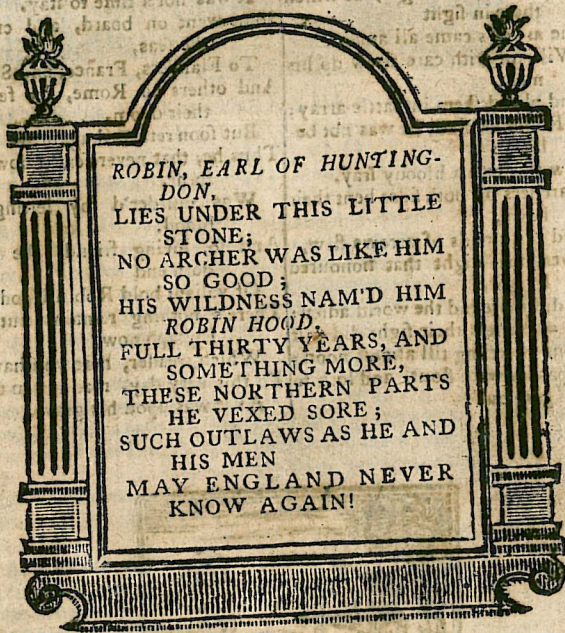
This was on the thirtieth of June.
 At length they went off: one party
 they went
 For London, with right good
 will;
 And Robin Hood he to the green-
 wood tree,
 And there he was taken ill.
 He sent for a monk, who let him
 blood,
 And took his life away;
 Now this being done, his archers
 did run,
 It was not a time to stay.
 Some went on board, and cross'd
 the seas,
 To Flanders, France, and Spain,
 And others to Rome, for fear of
 their doom,
 But soon returned again.—
 Thus he, that never fear'd bow nor
 spear,
 Was murder'd by letting of
 blood.
 And so, loving friend, the story
 doth end
 Of valiant bold Robin Hood.
 There's nothing remains but his
 Epitaph now,
 Which, reader, here you have,
 To this very day, read it you may,
 As it was upon his grave.





ROBIN HOOD'S
EPI T A P H:

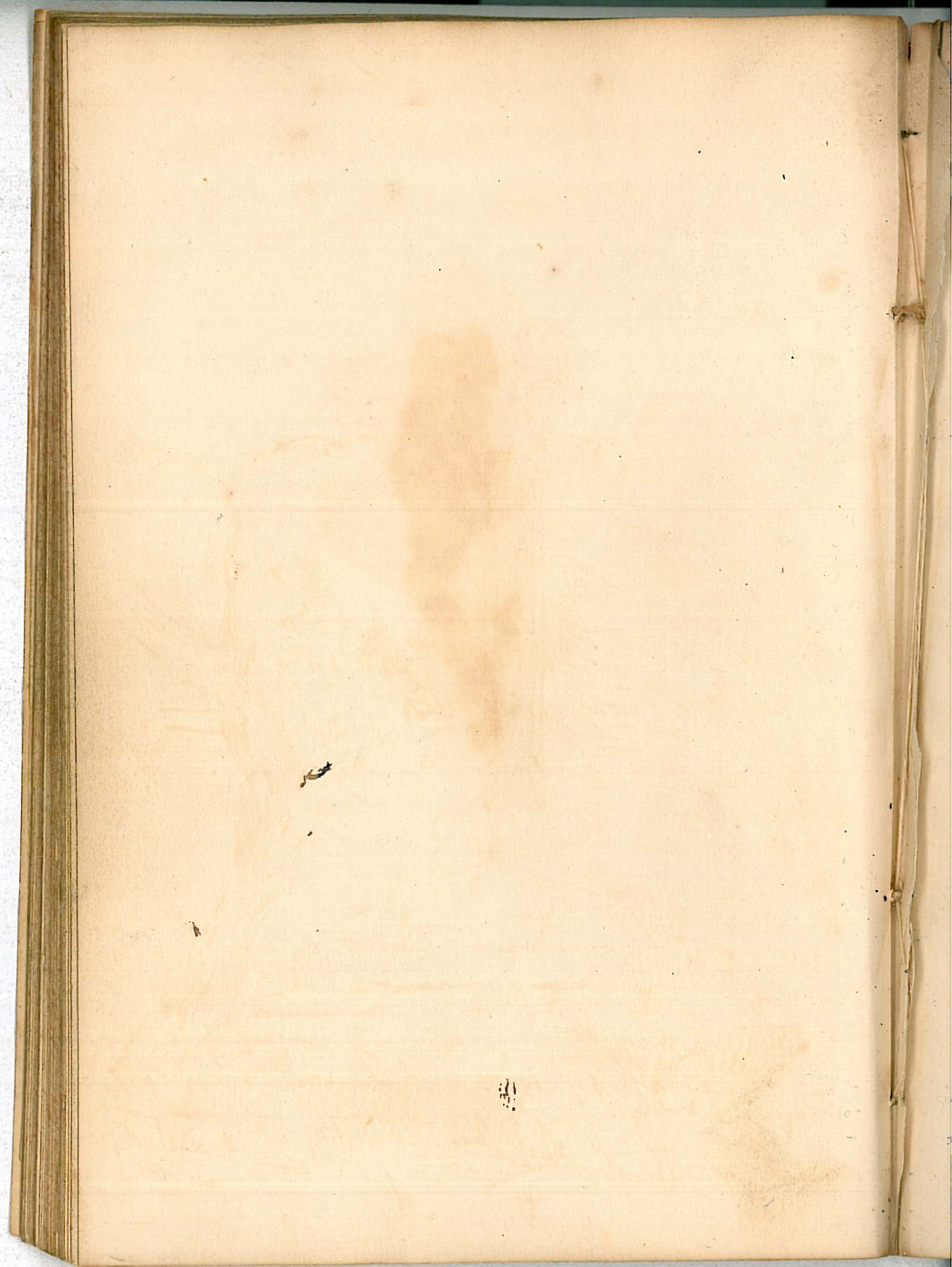
SET ON HIS TOMB BY THE PRIORESS OF BIRKSLEY
MONASTERY, IN YORKSHIRE:



THE END.

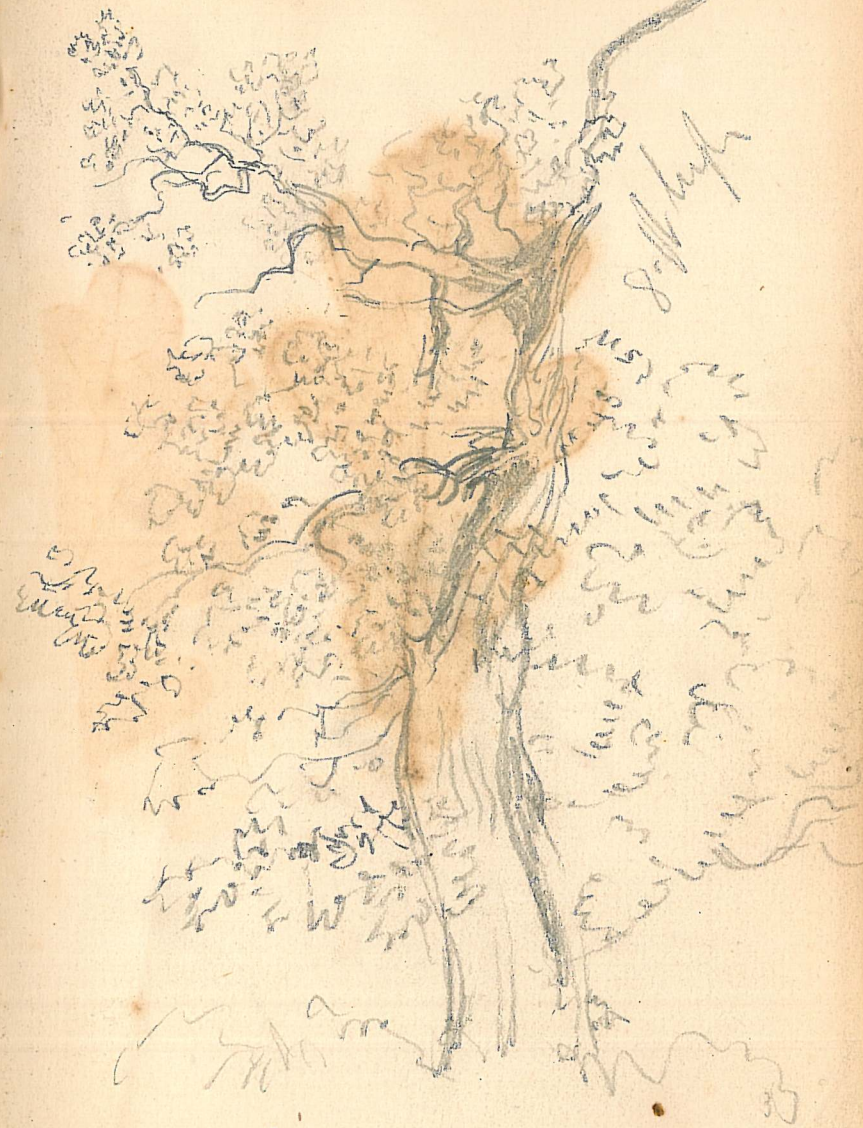


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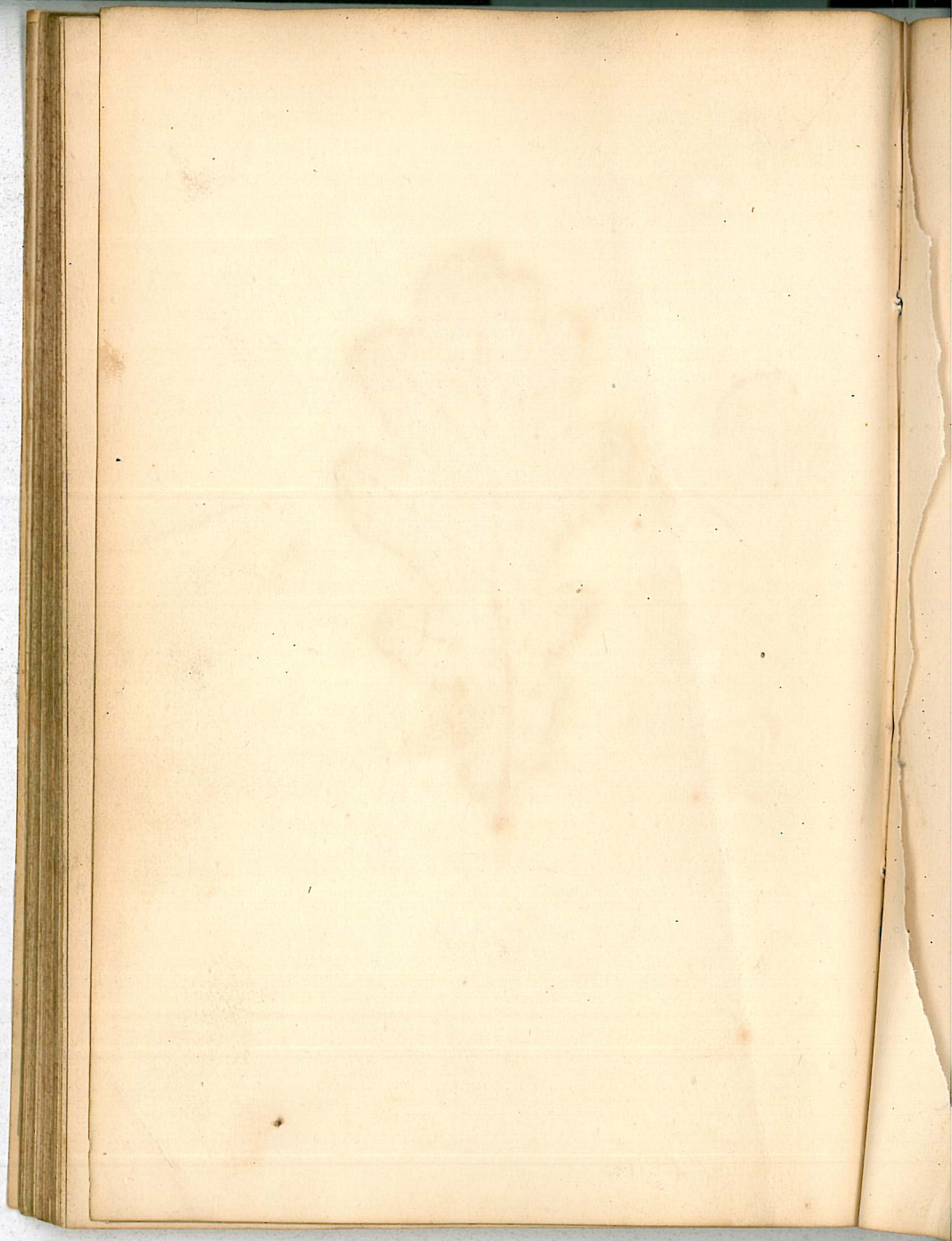


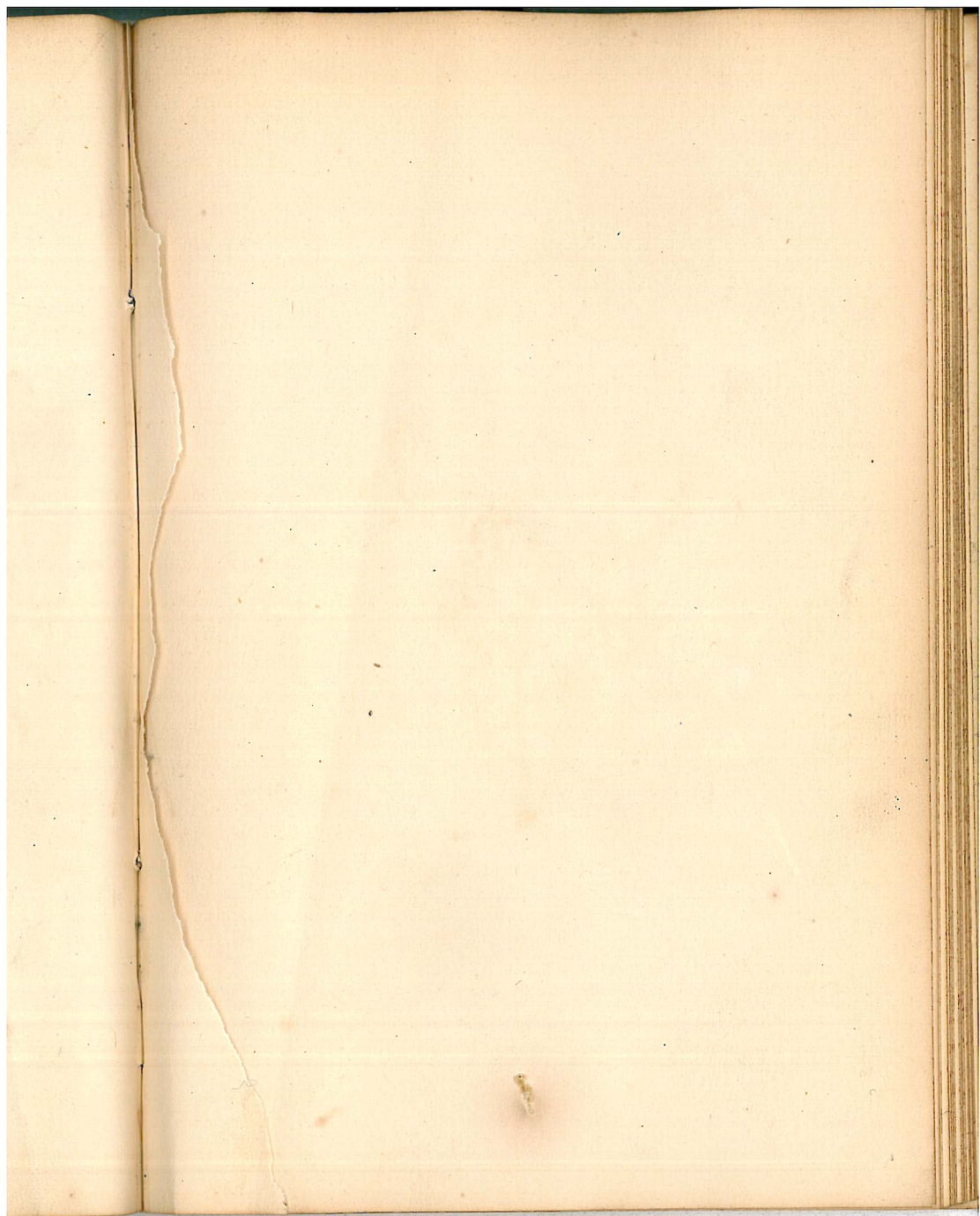




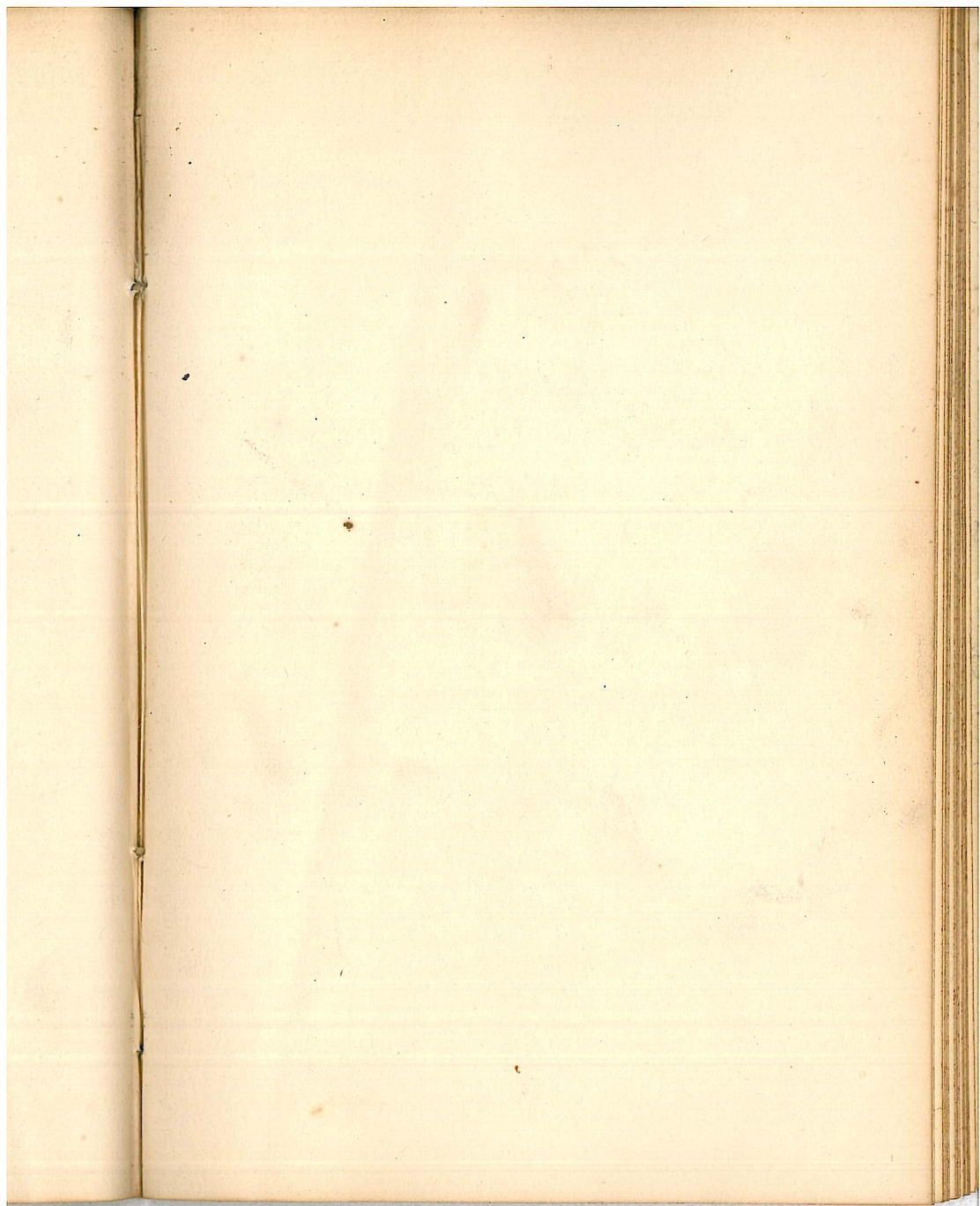
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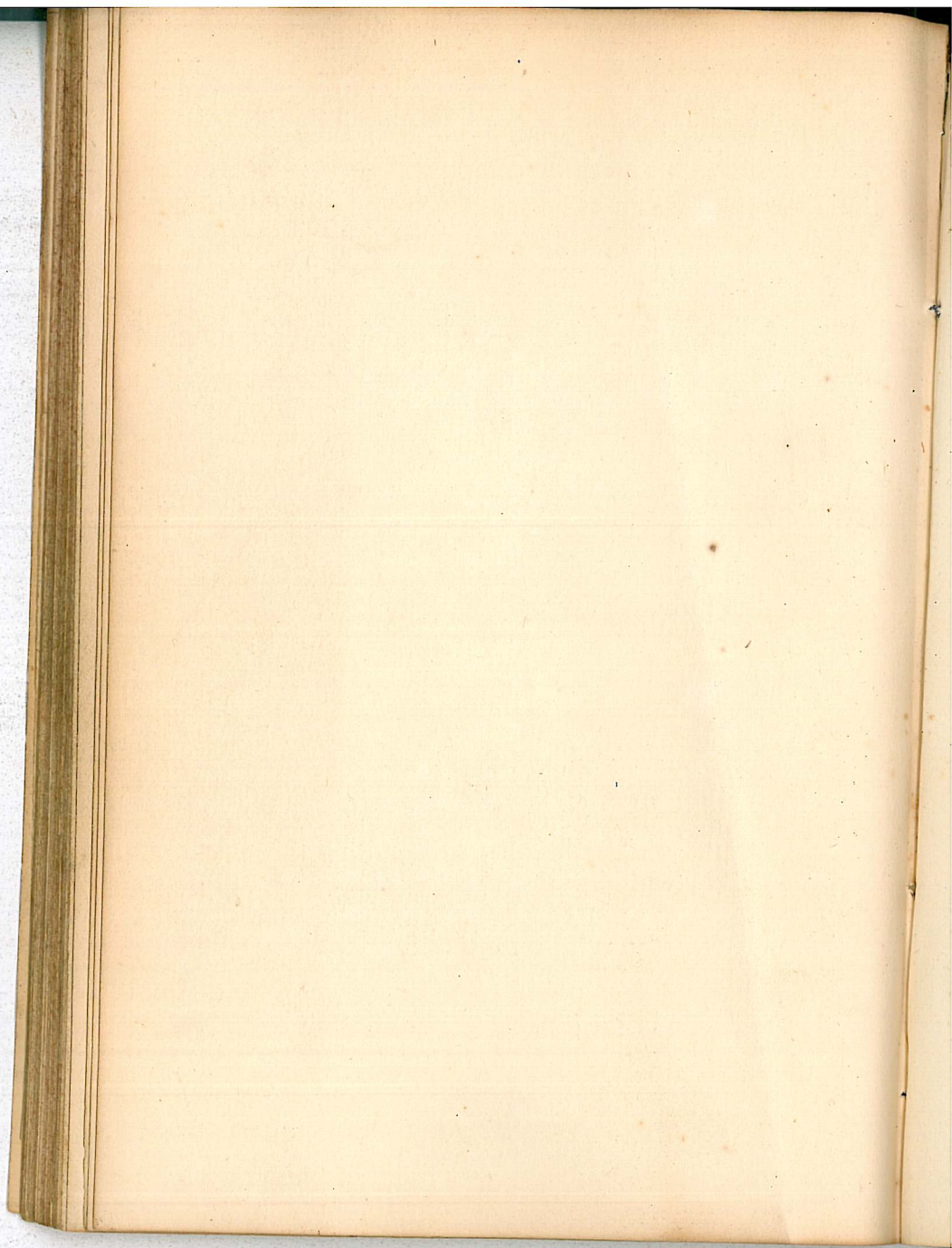
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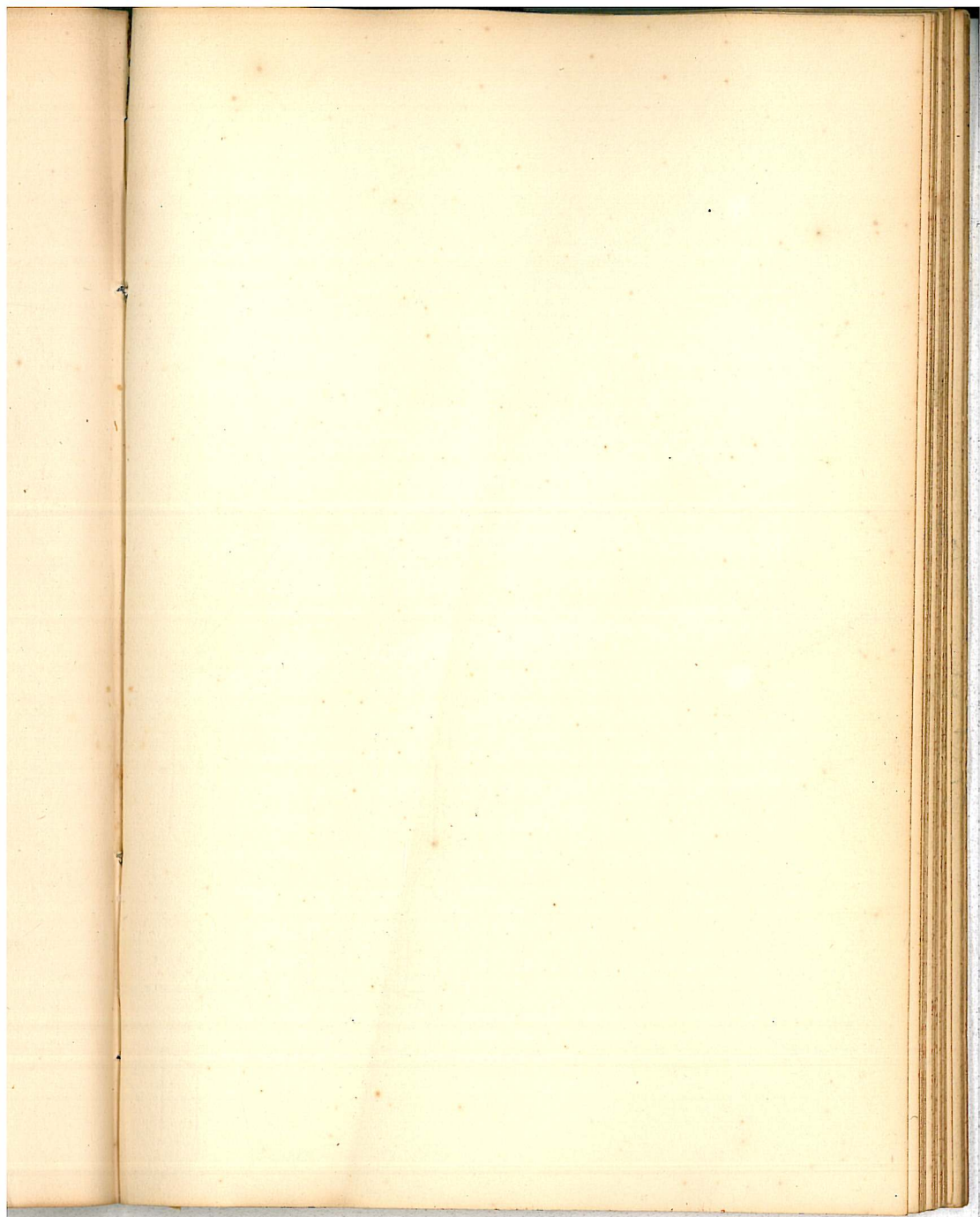


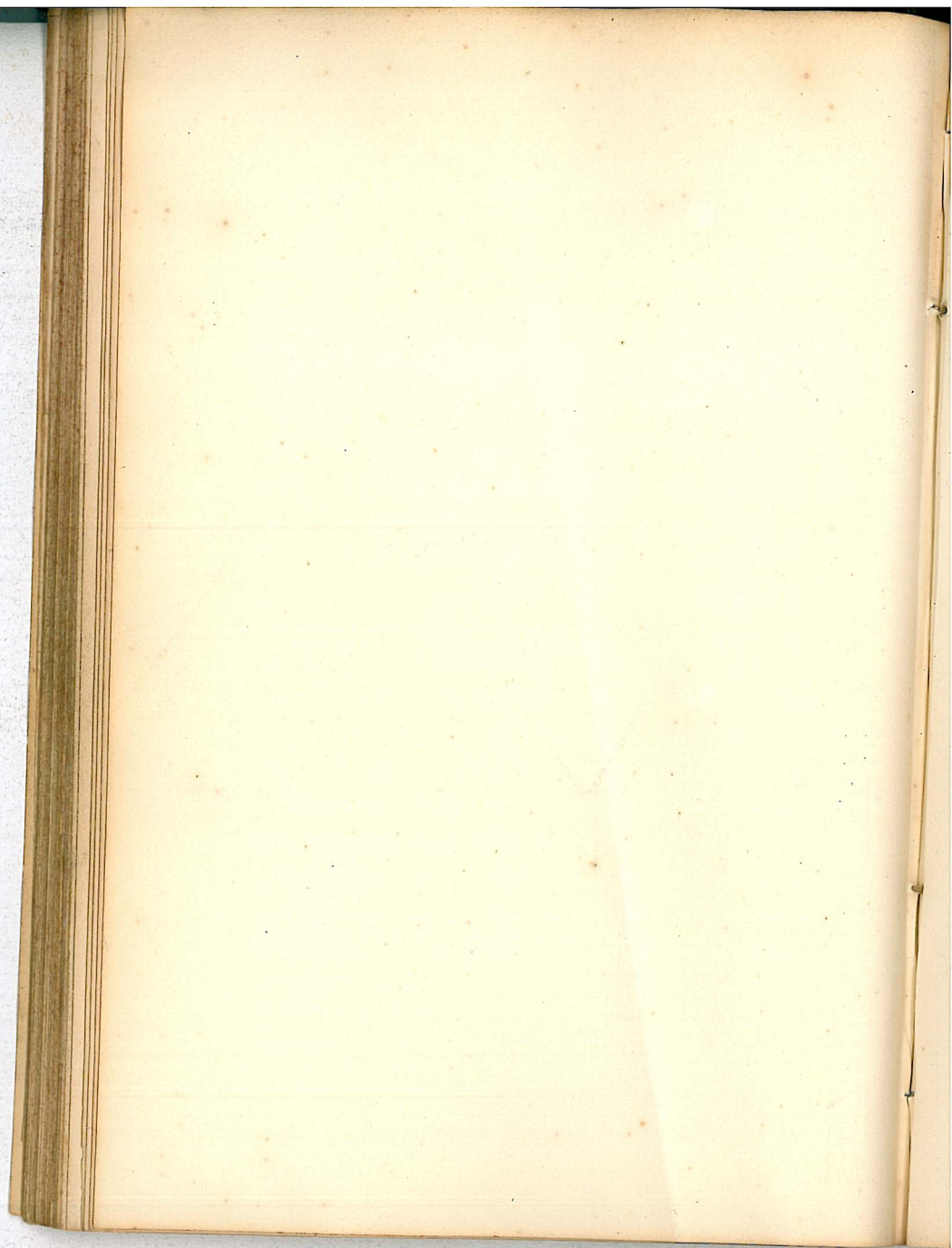


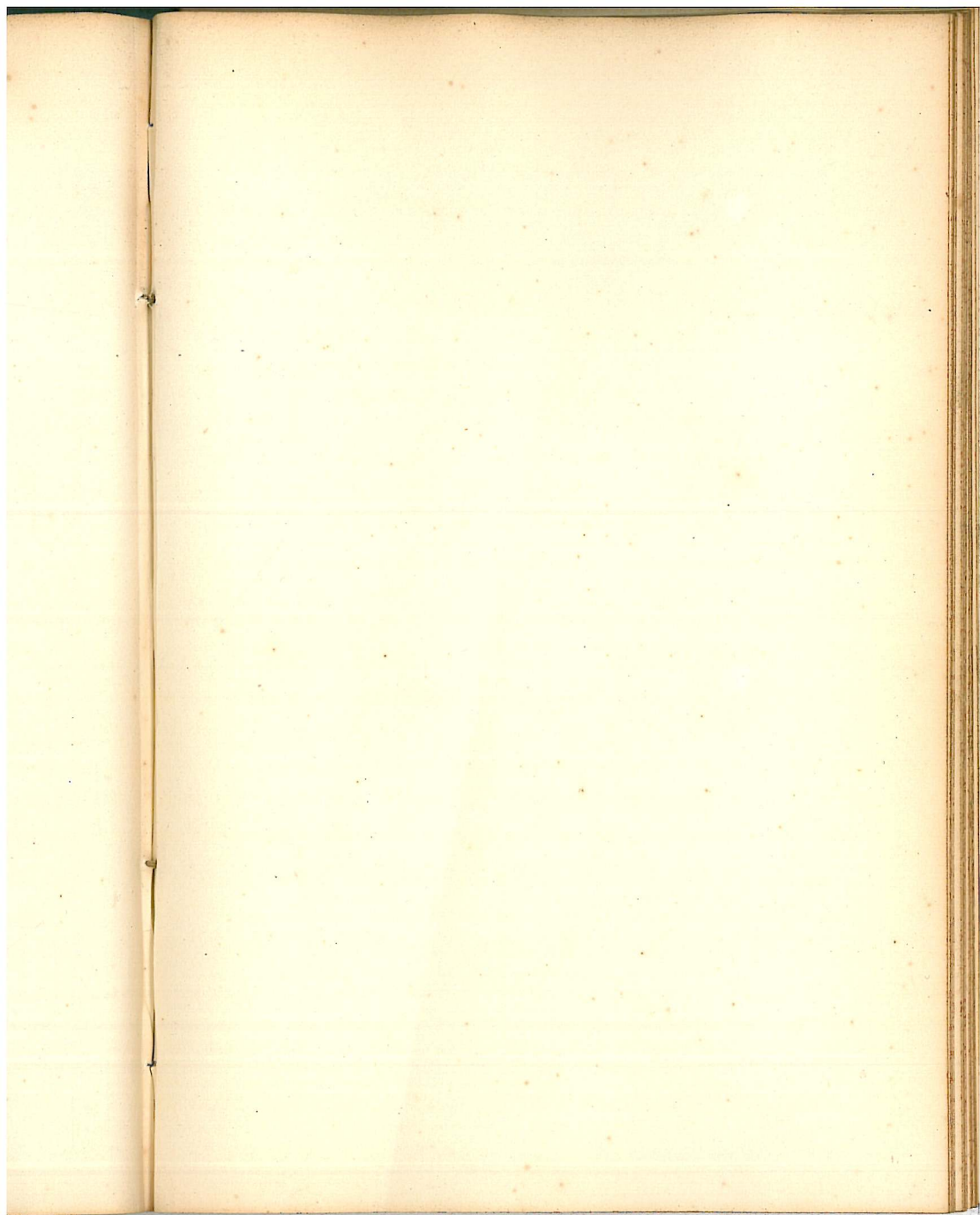
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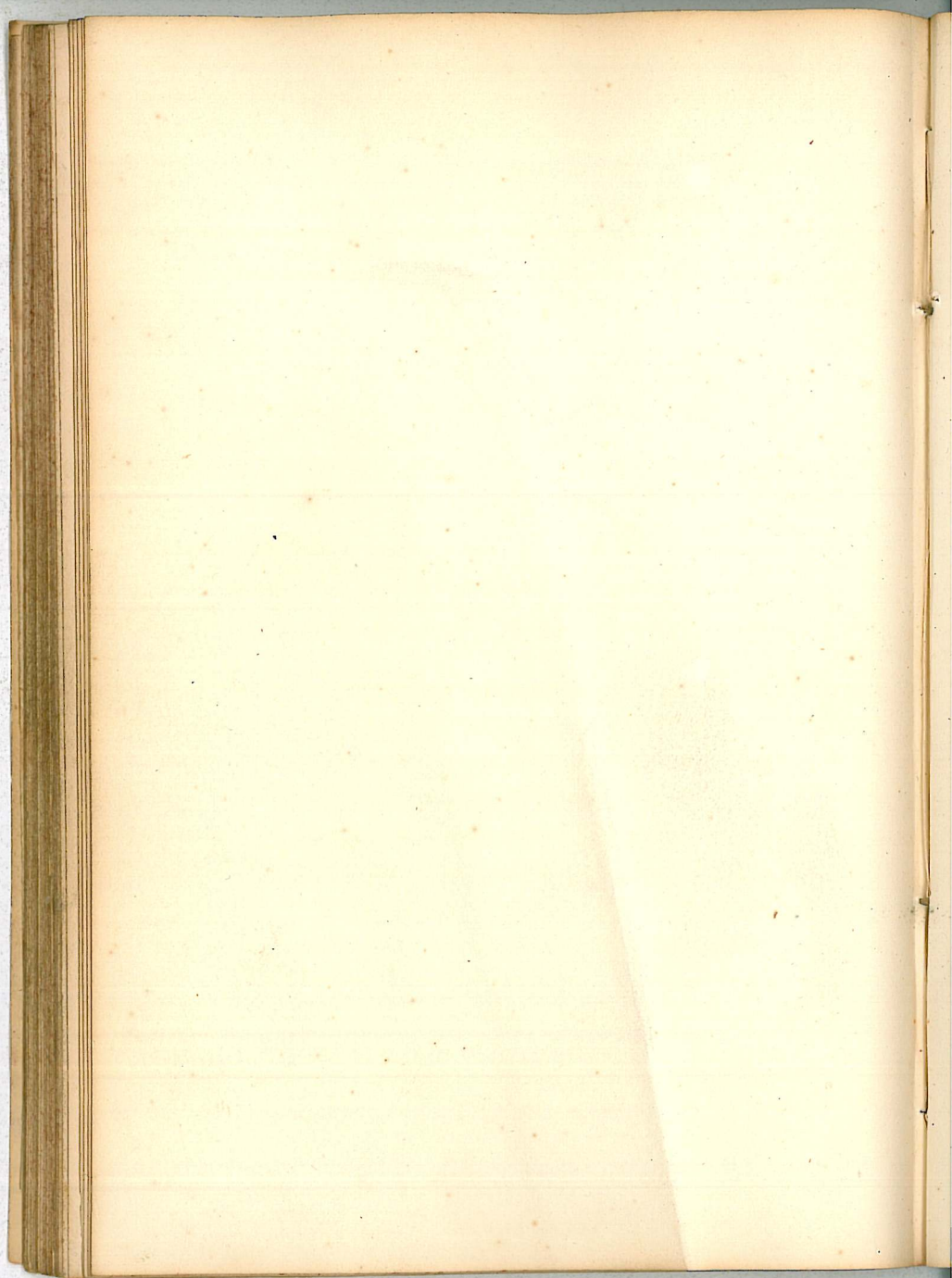


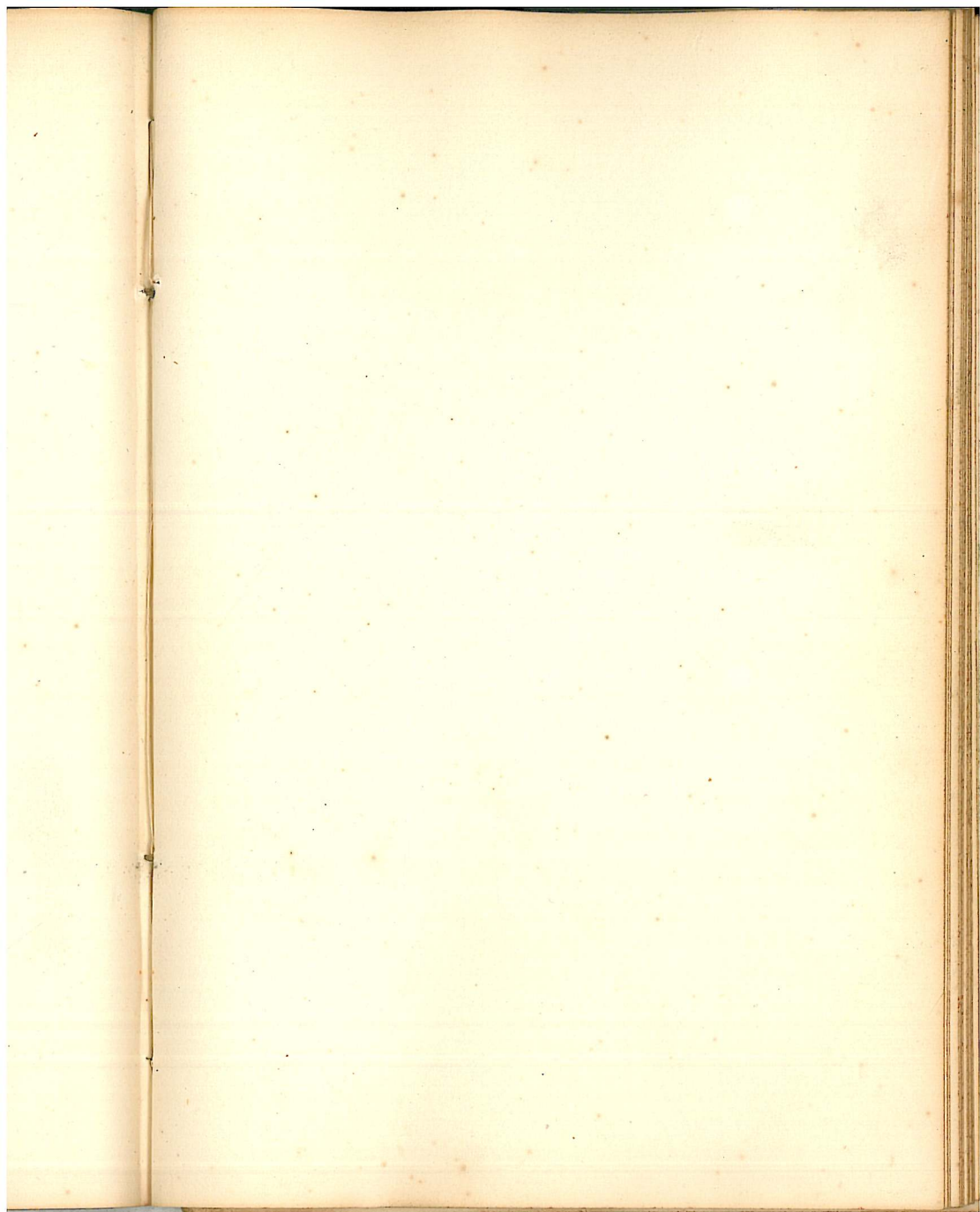


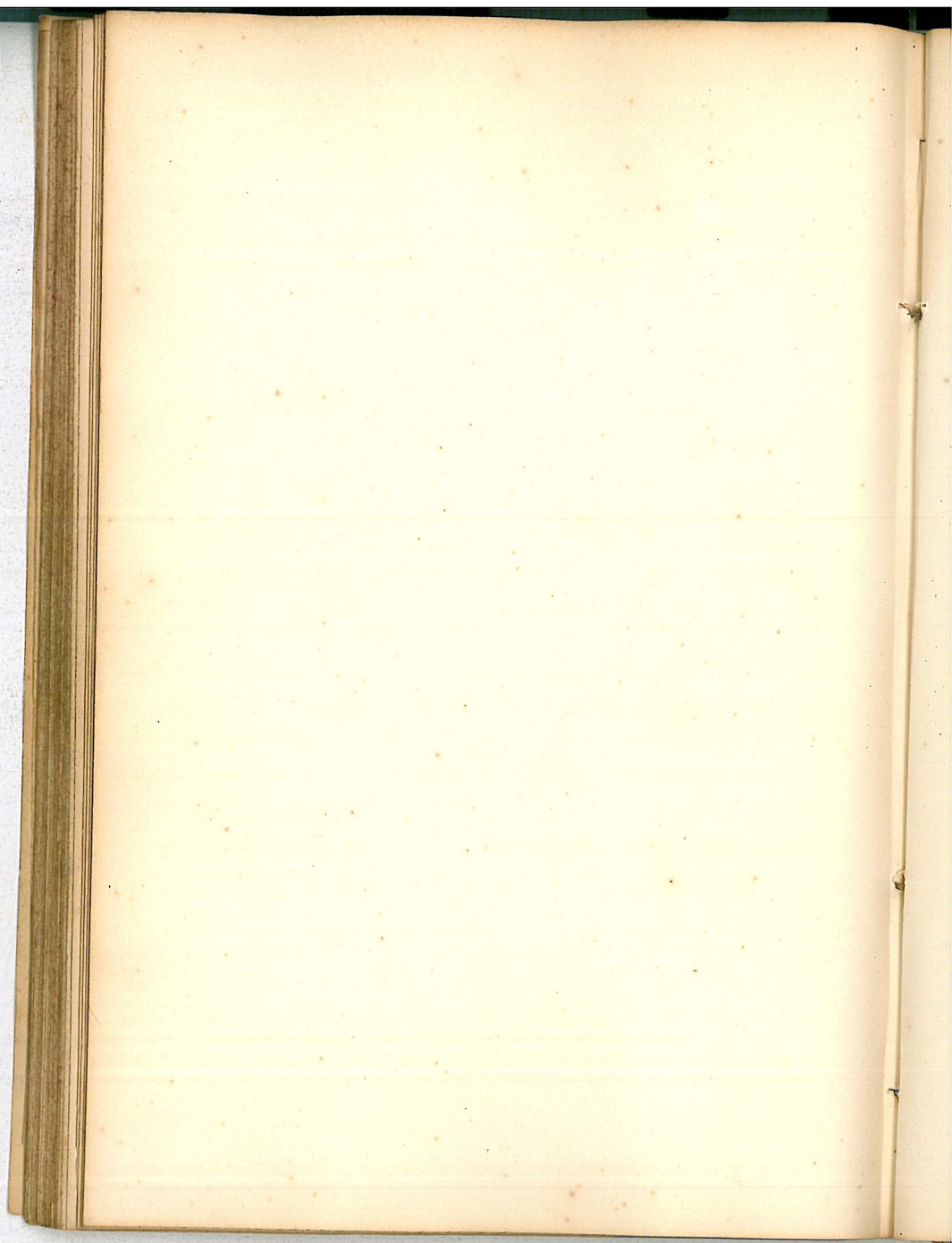


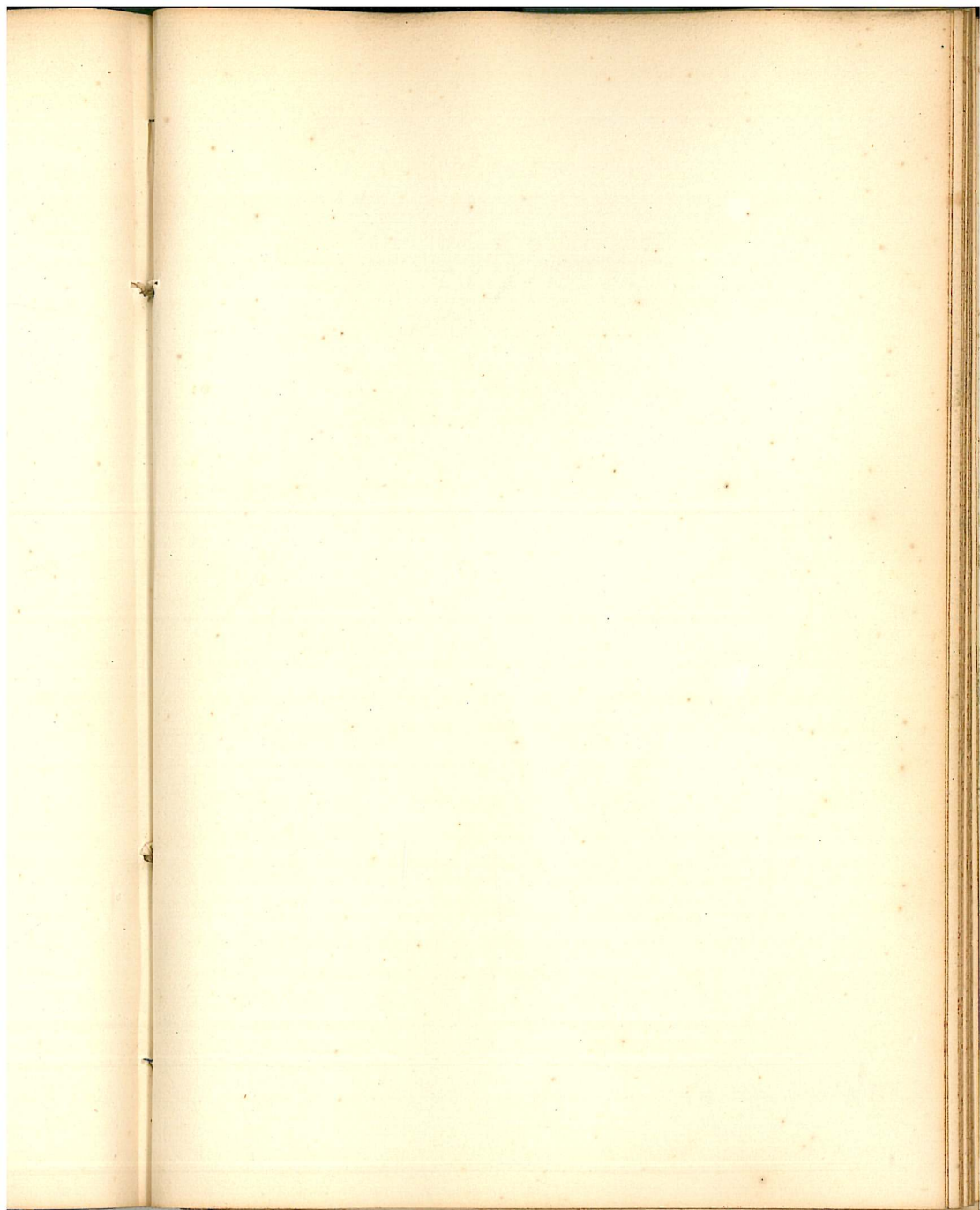


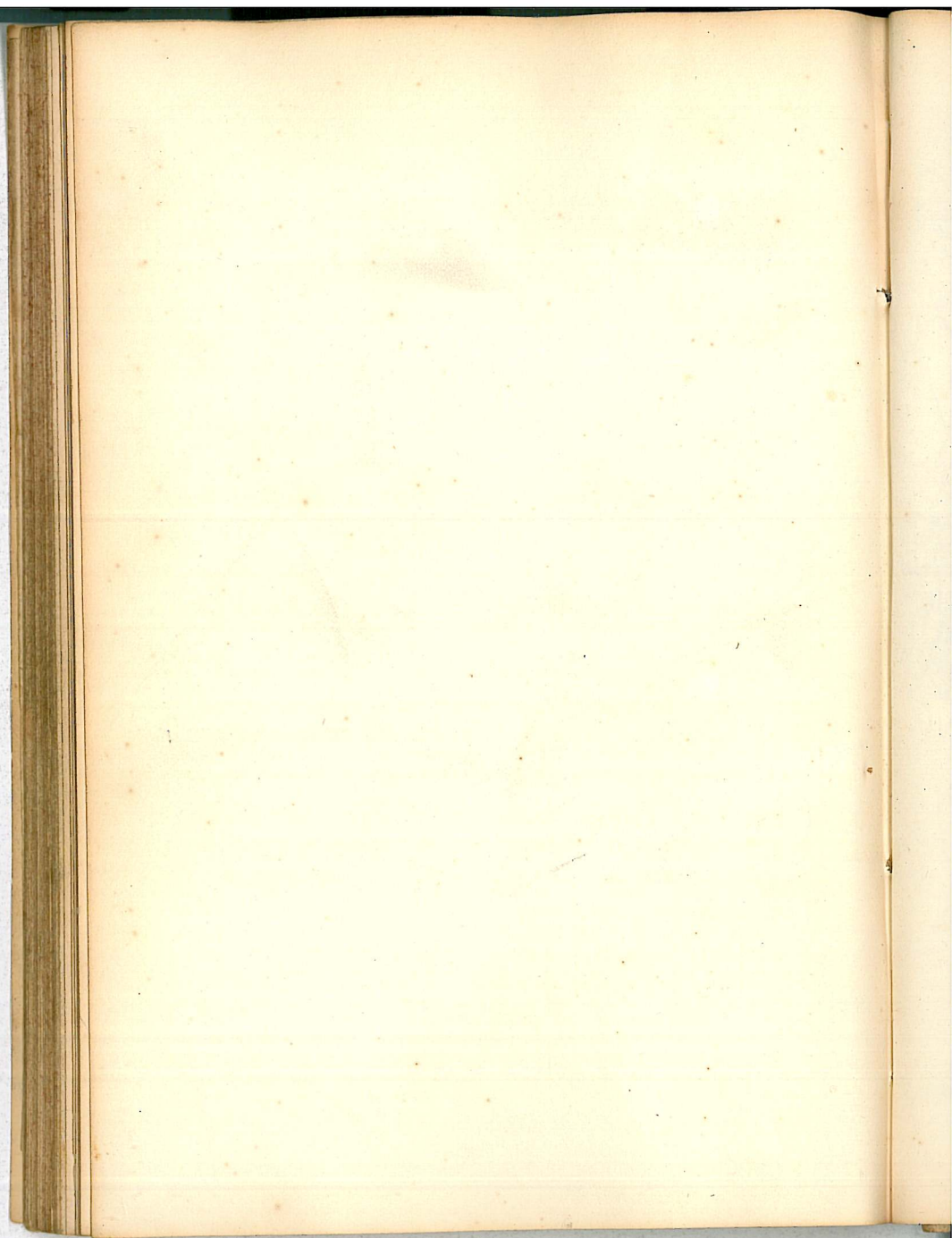


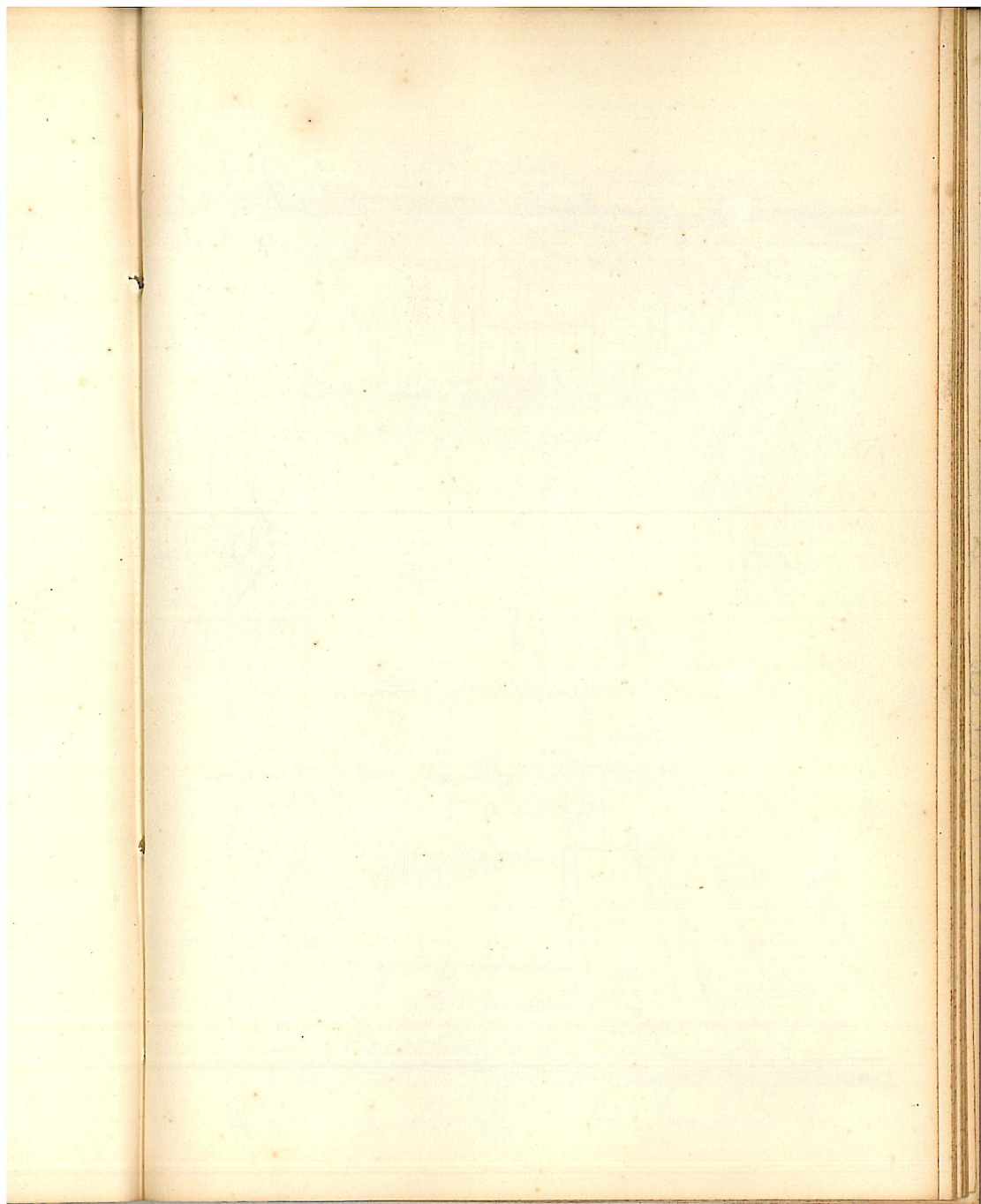


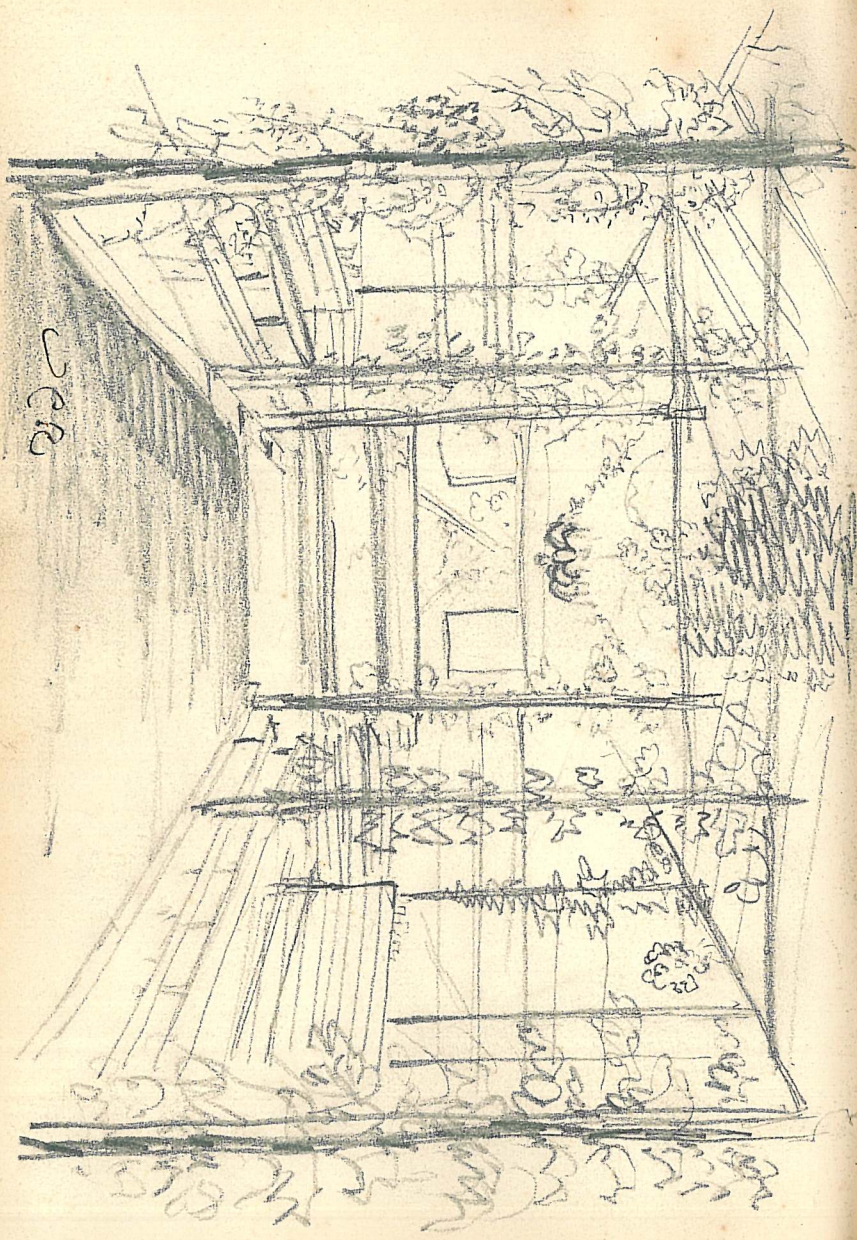




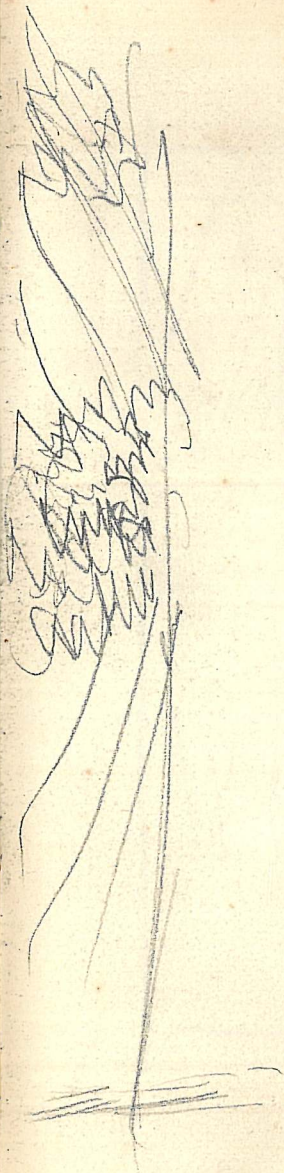
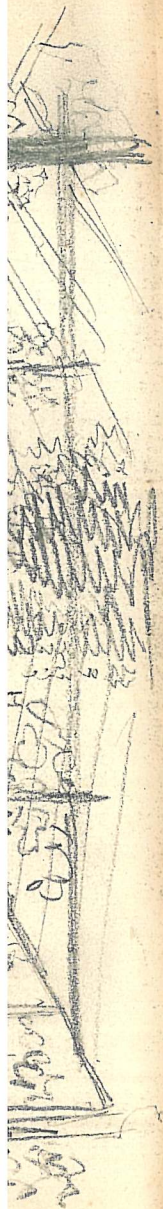


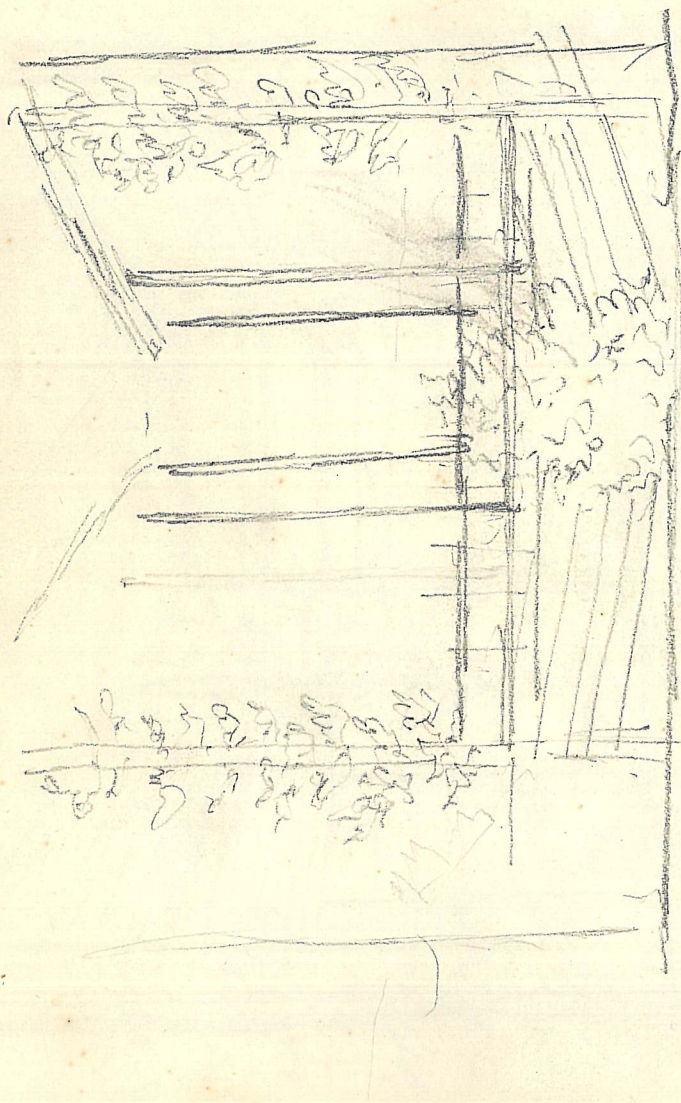




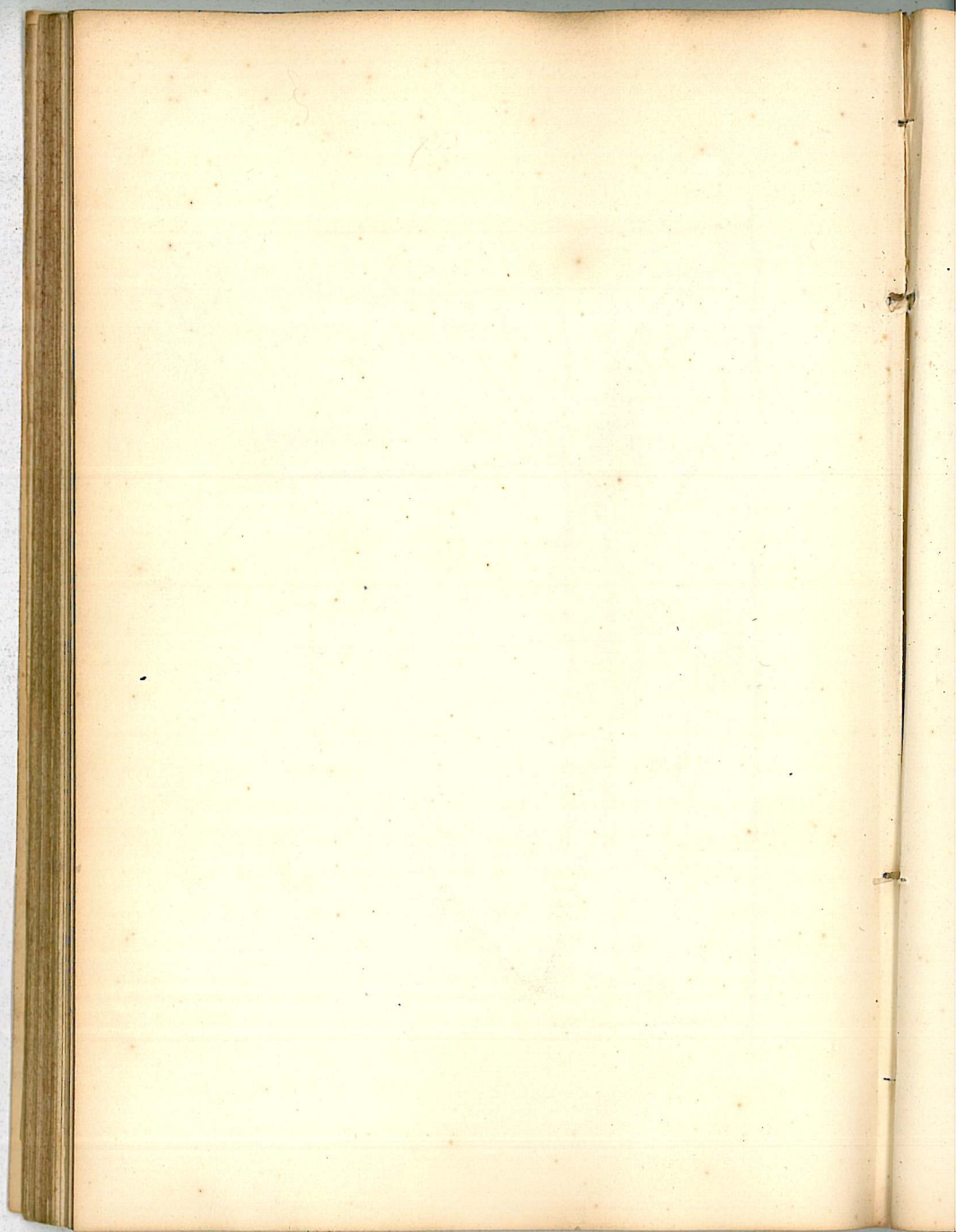


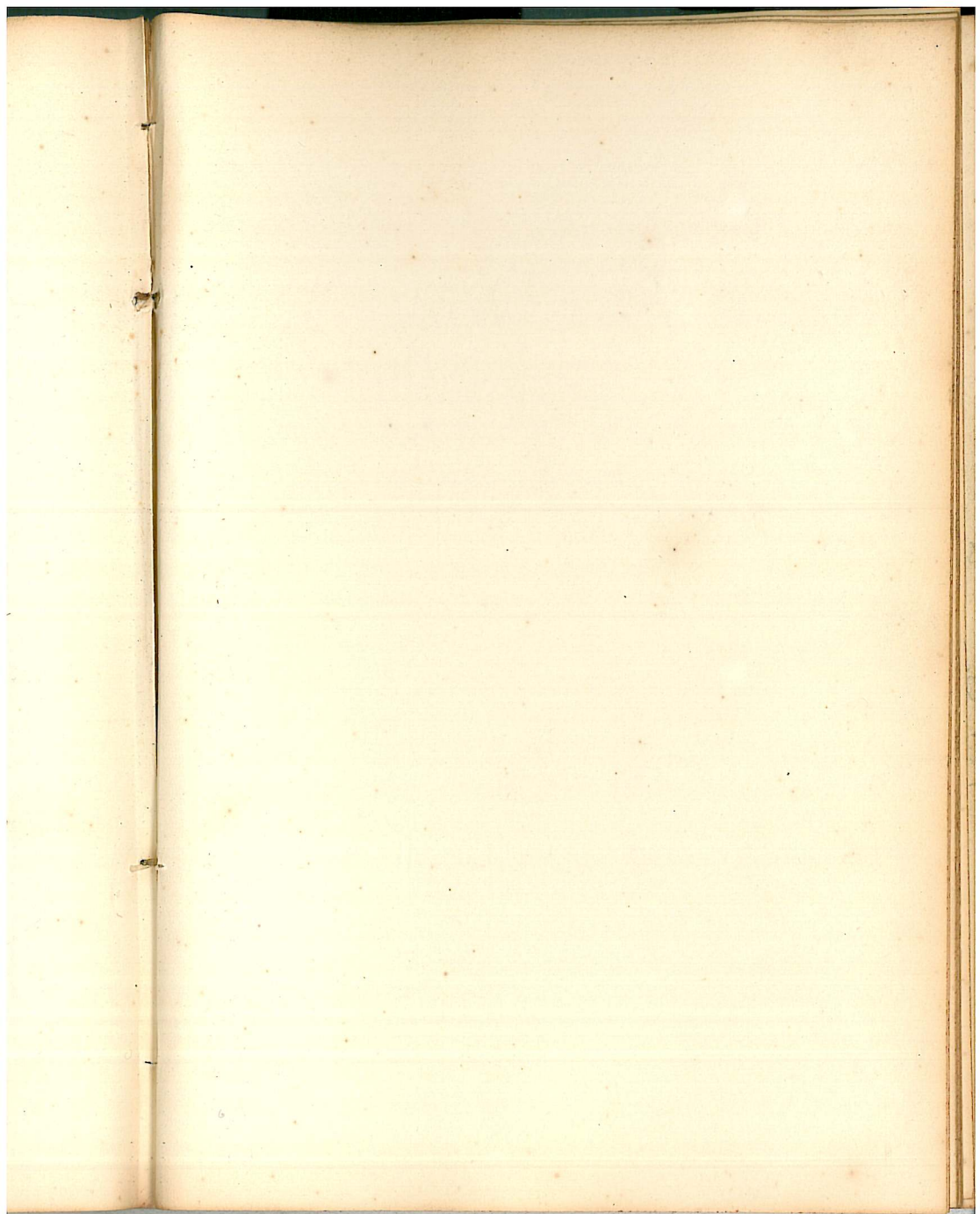
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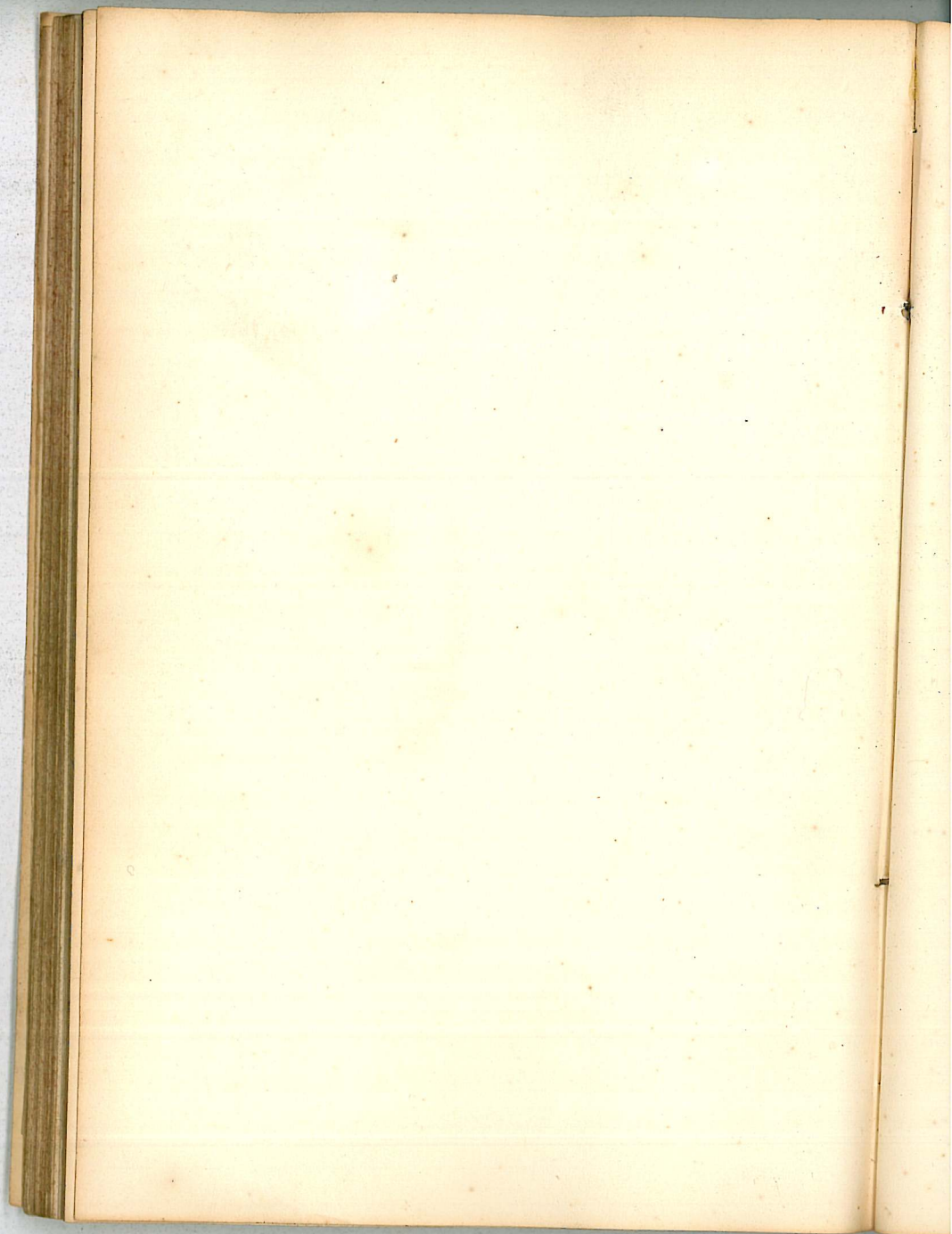


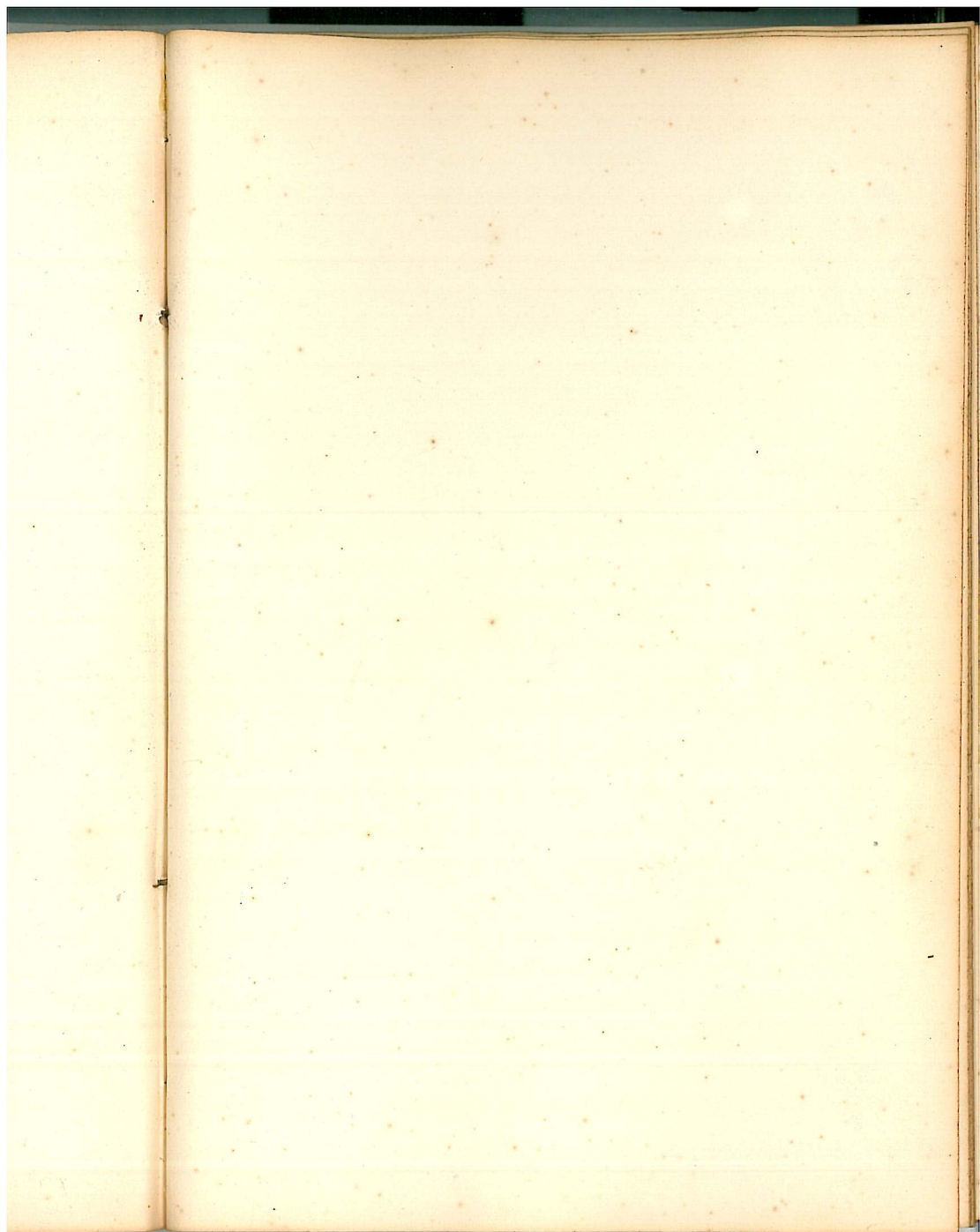


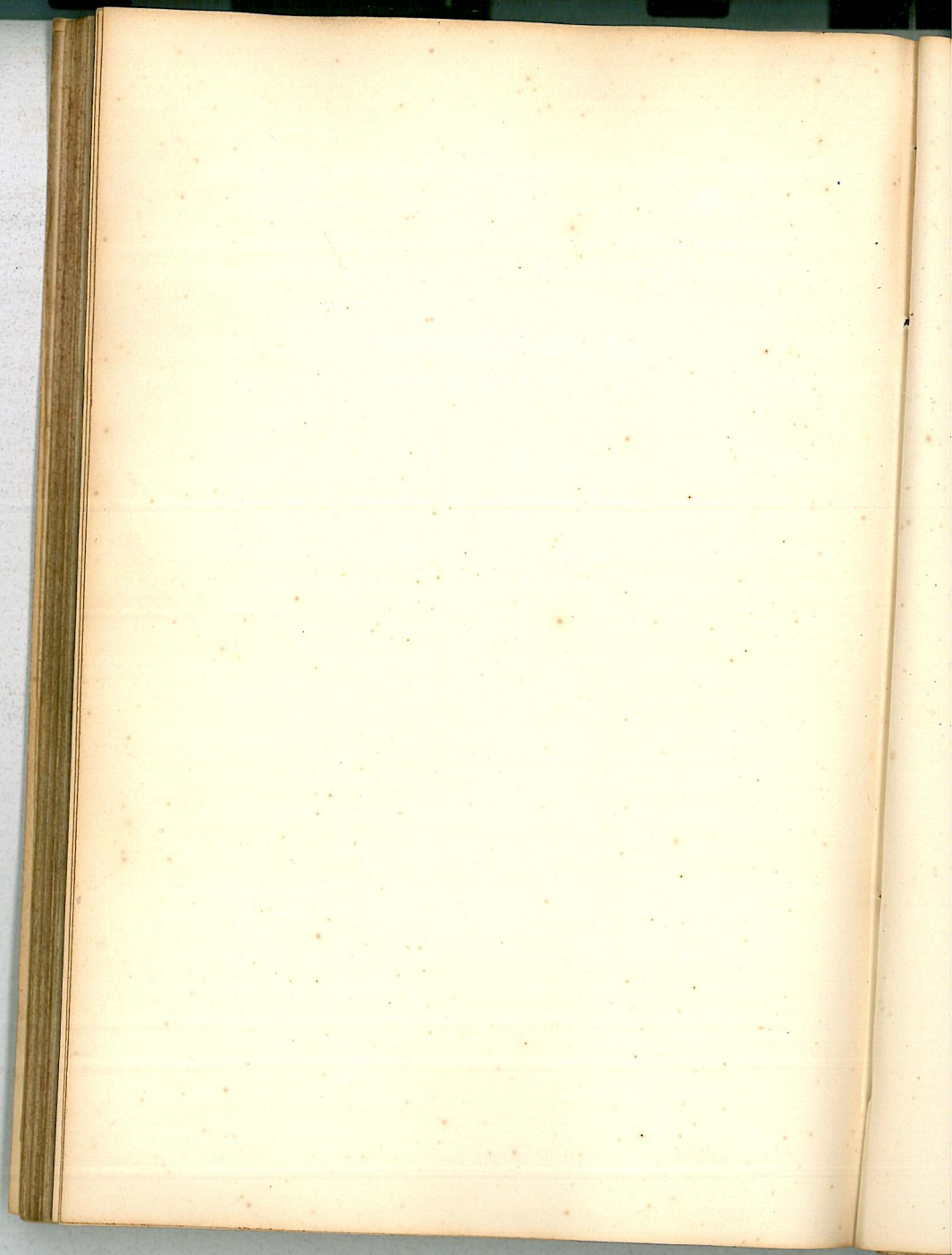
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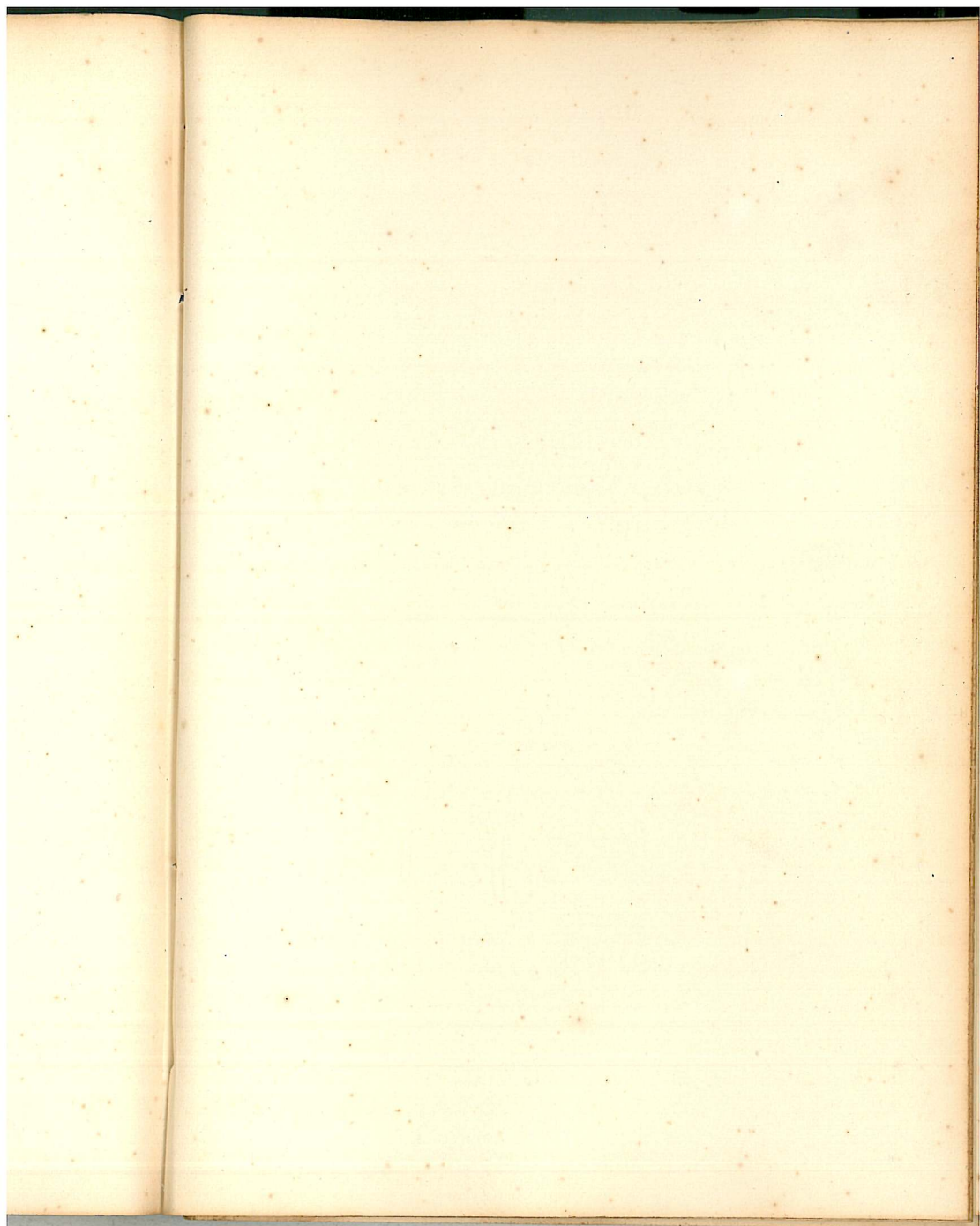




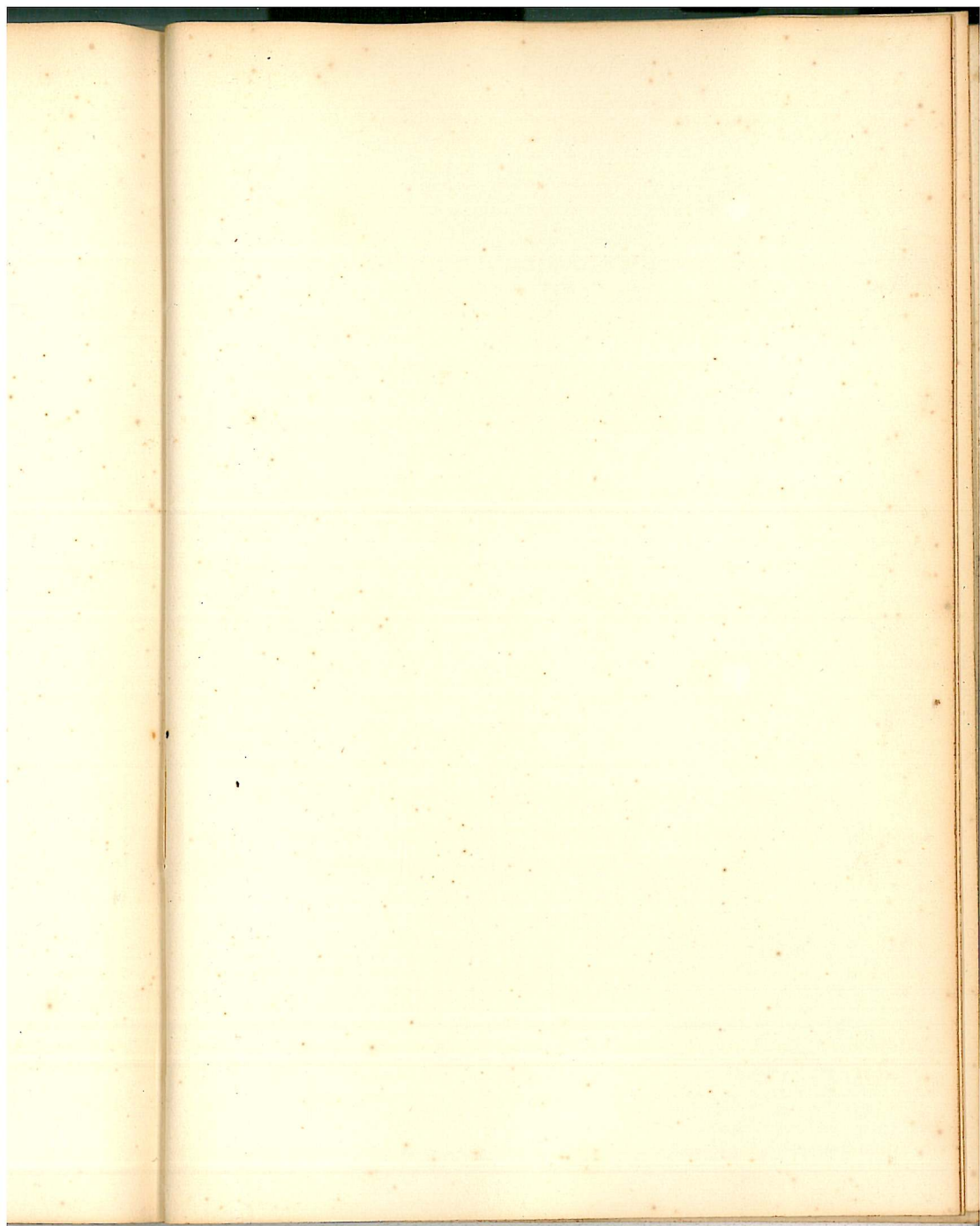


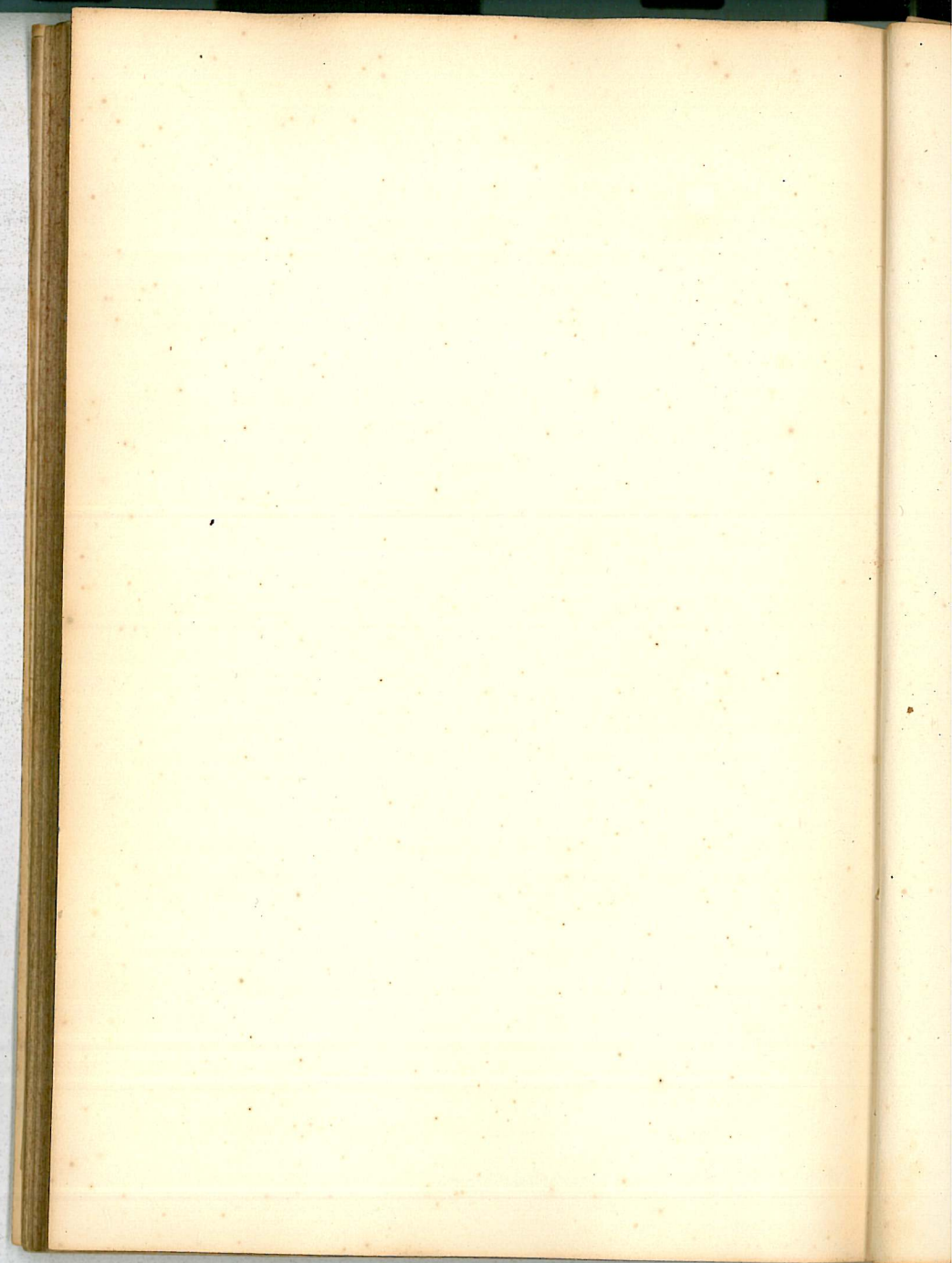


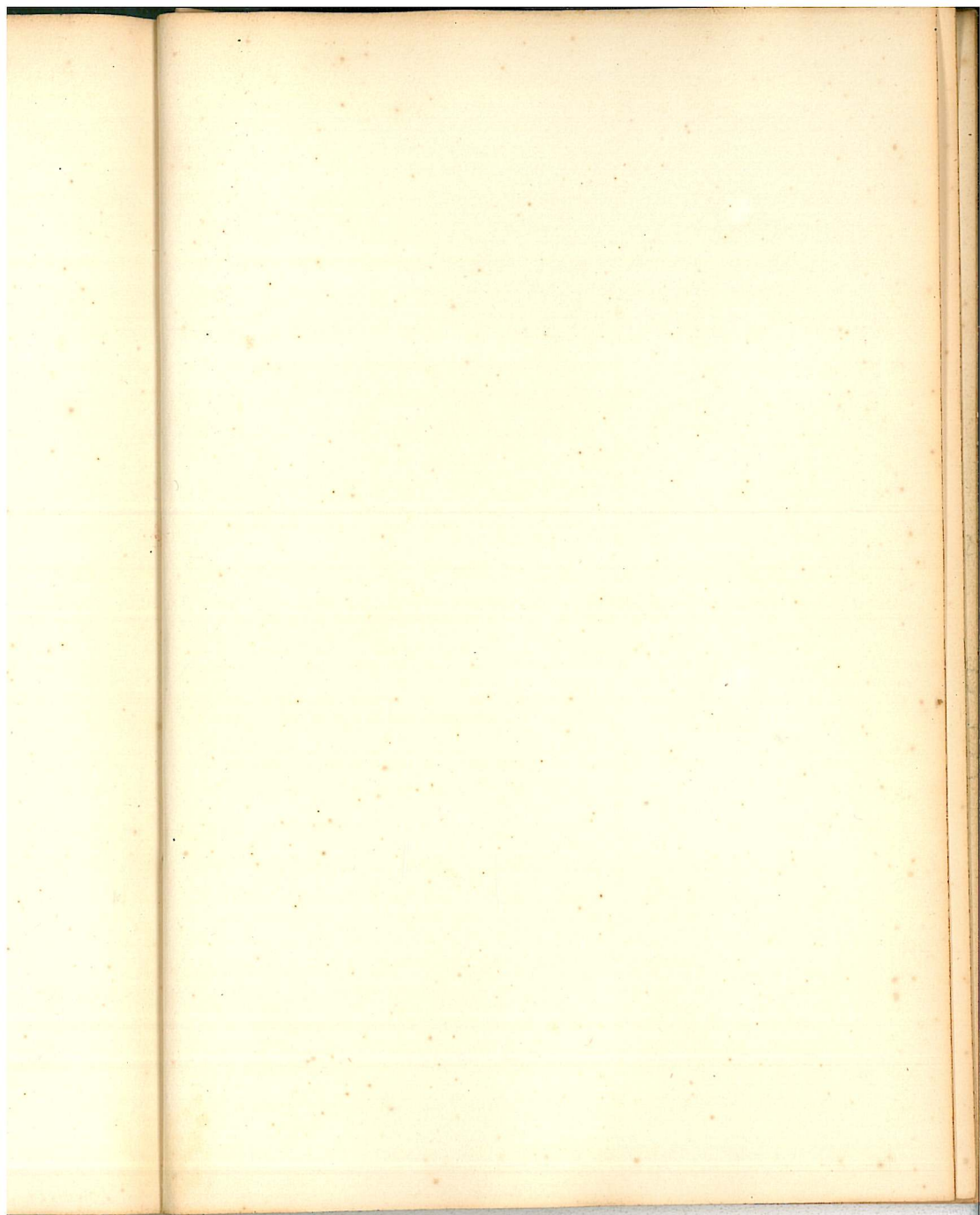


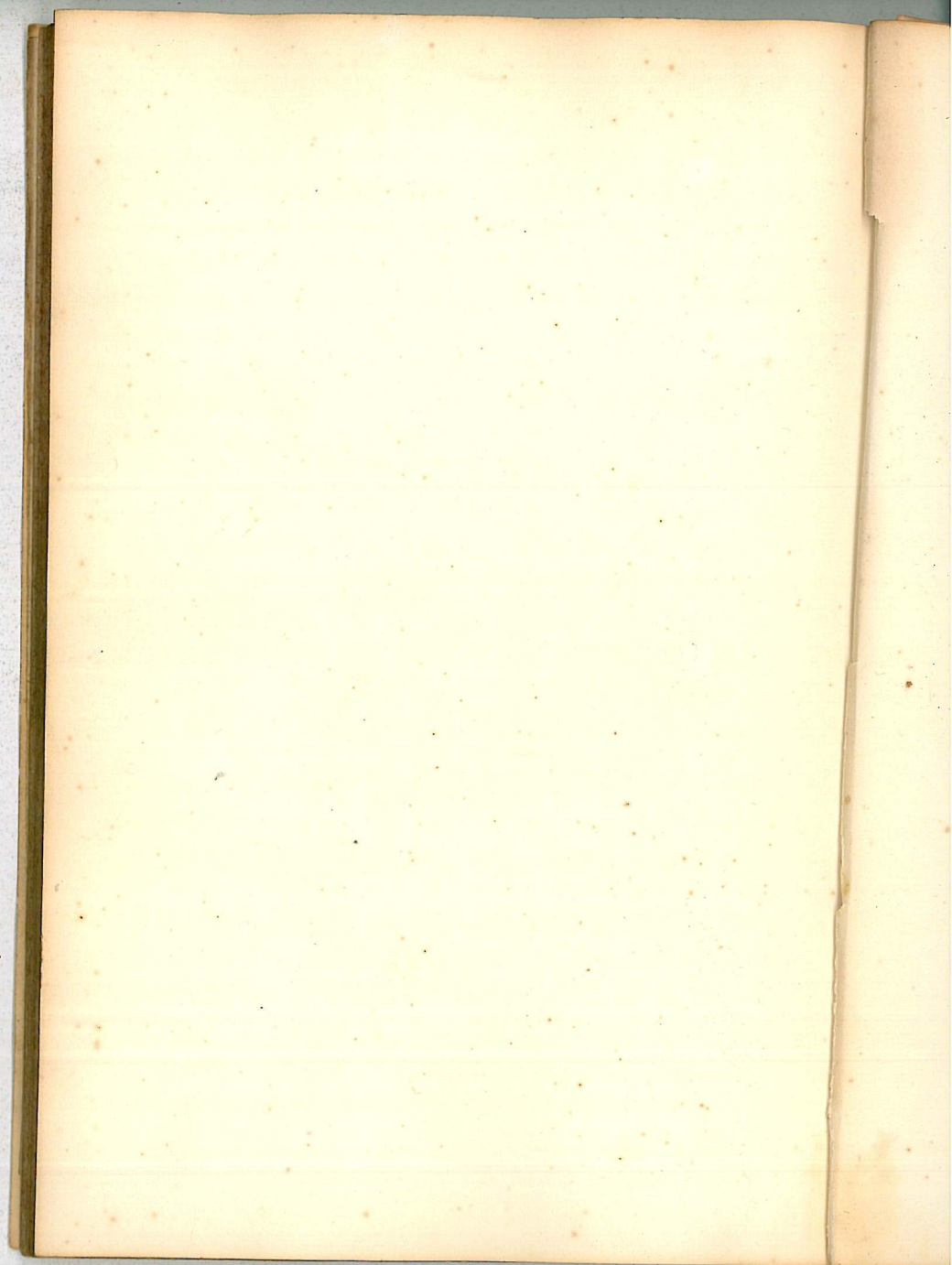


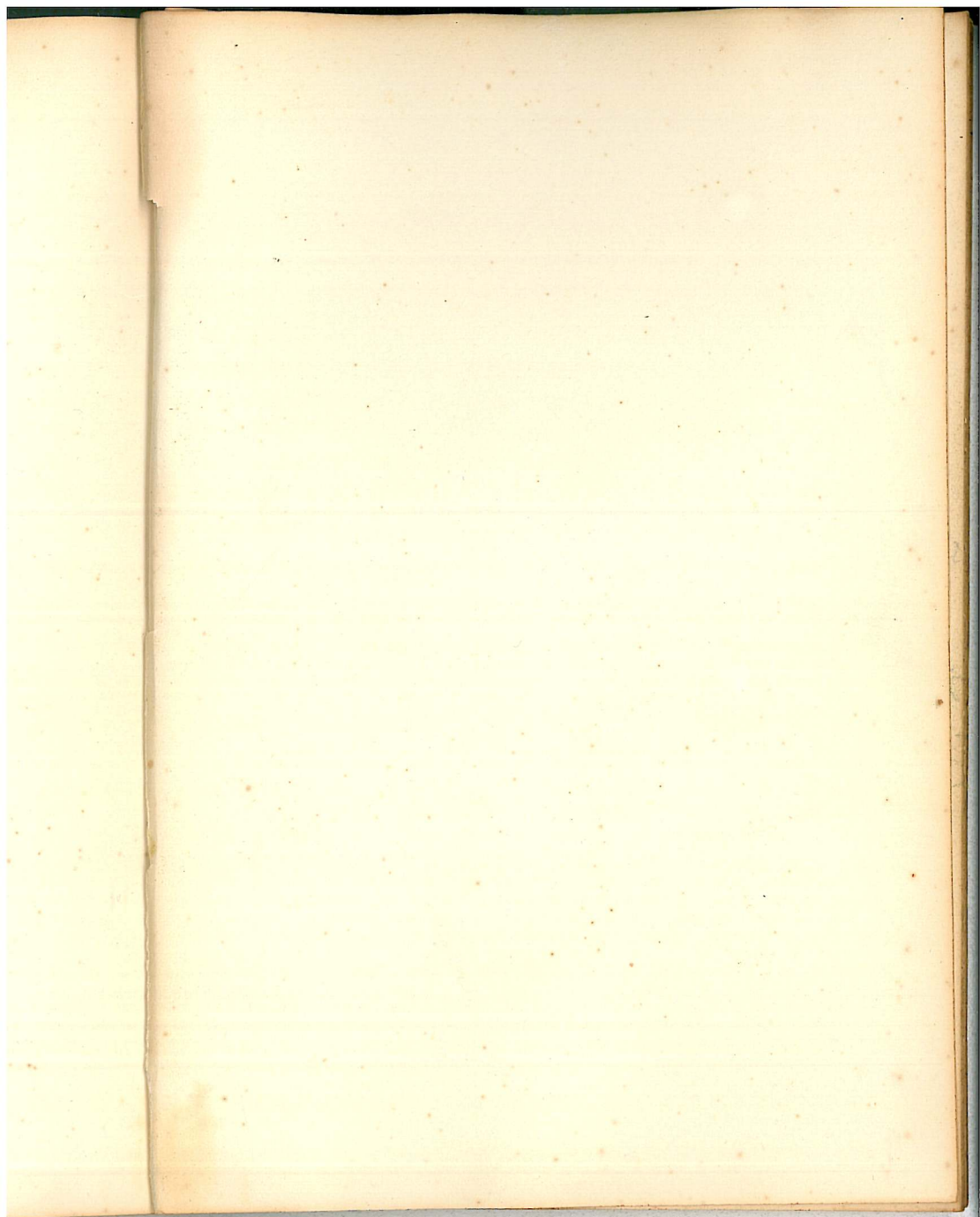


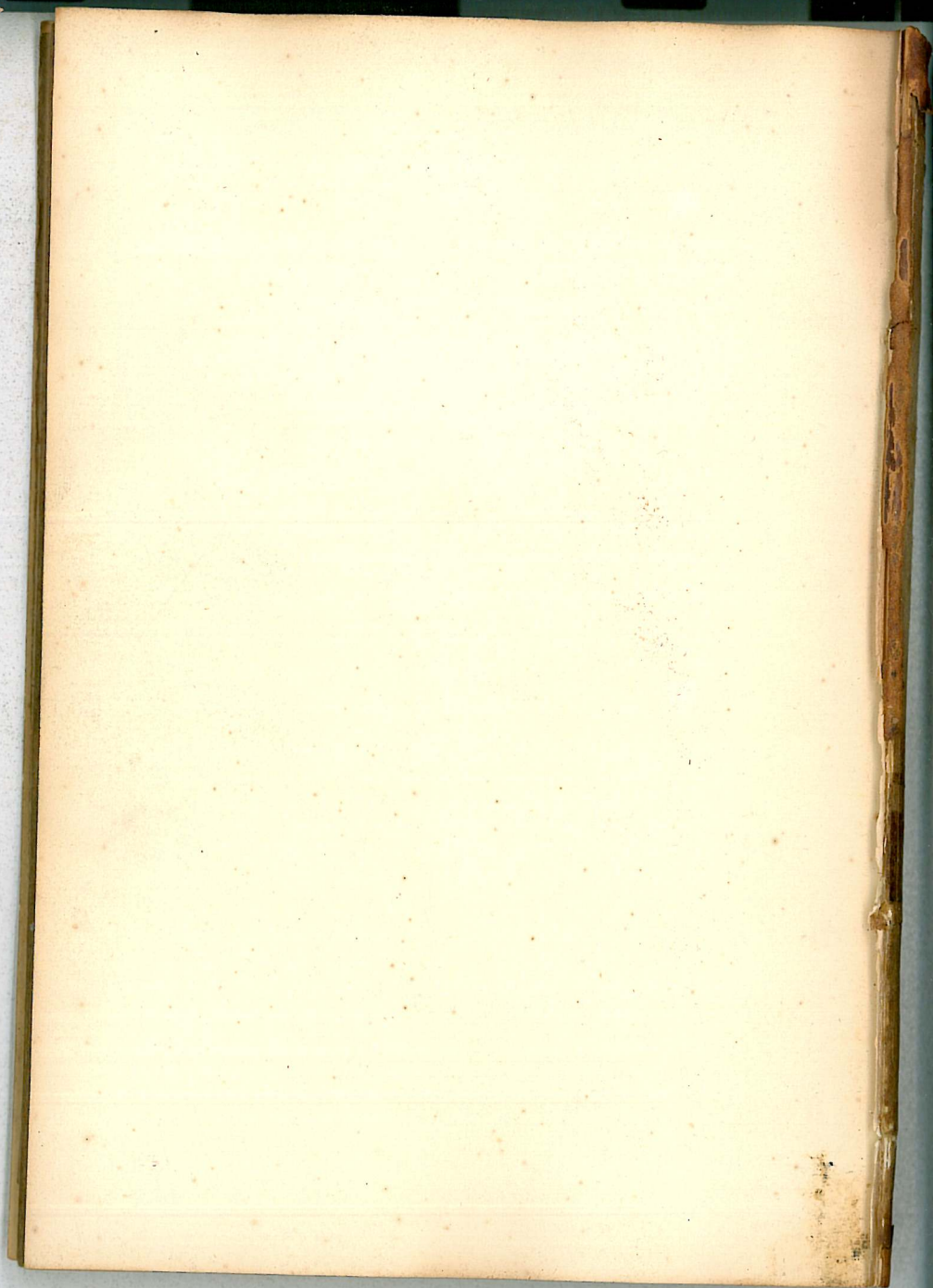


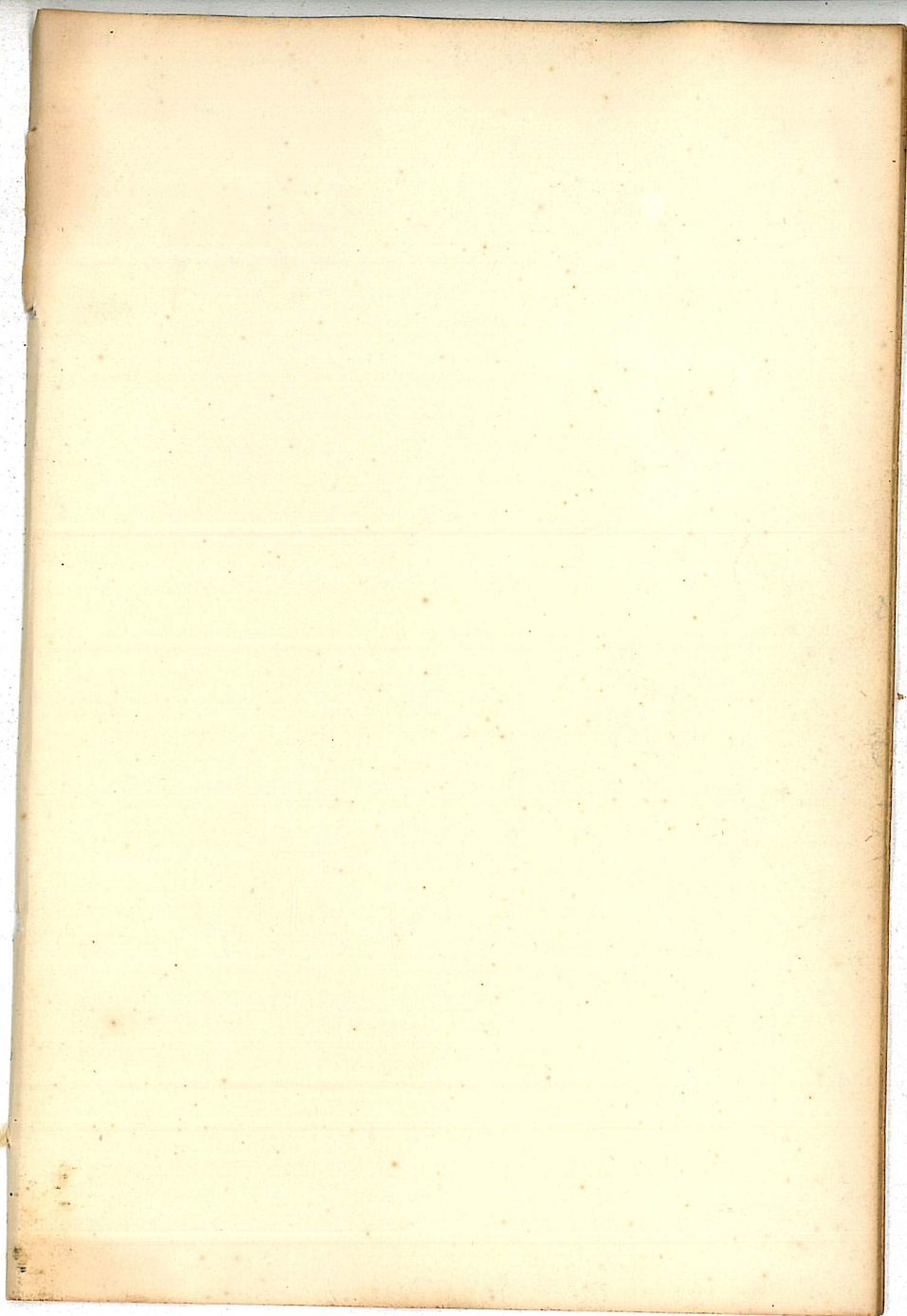


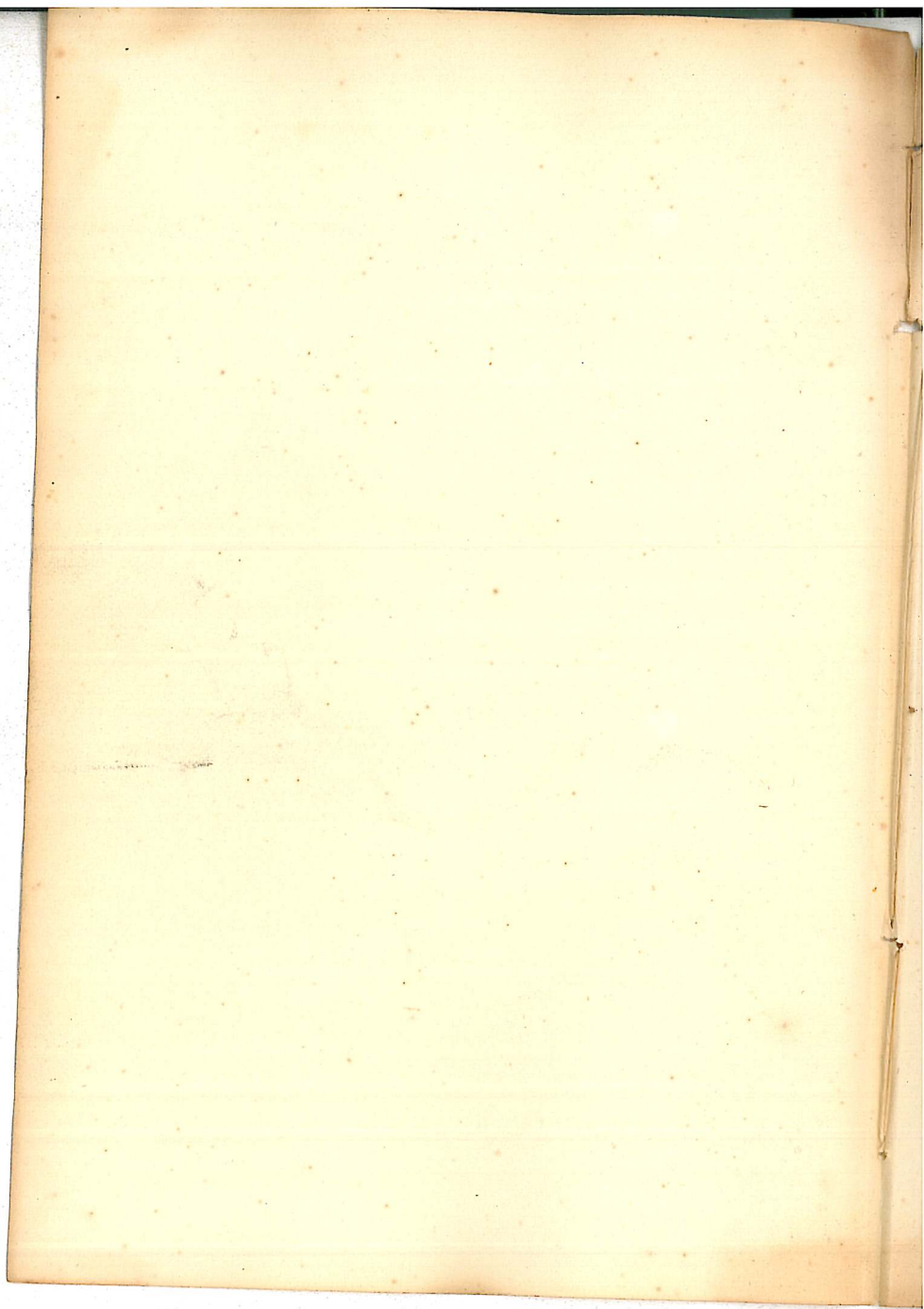


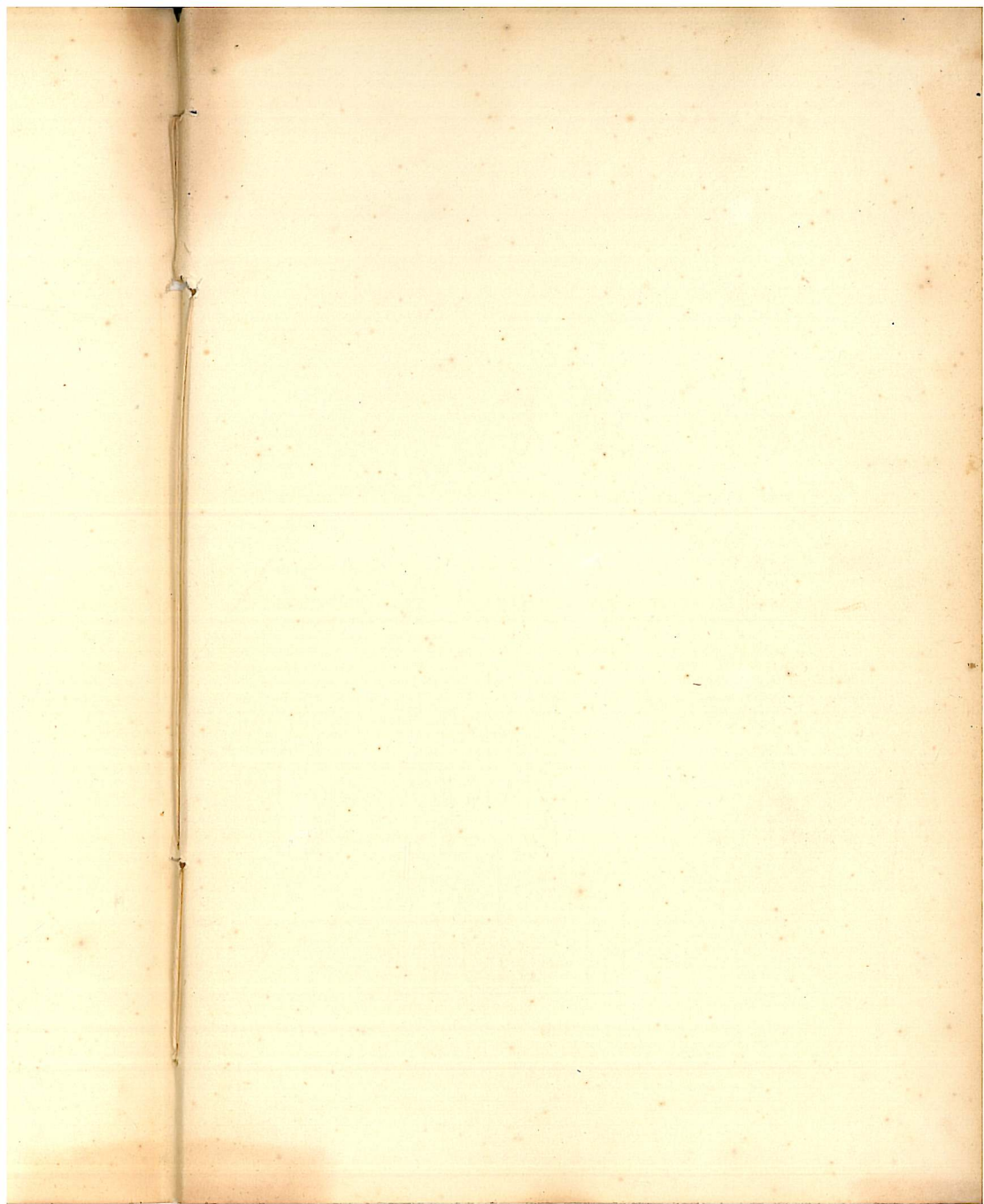


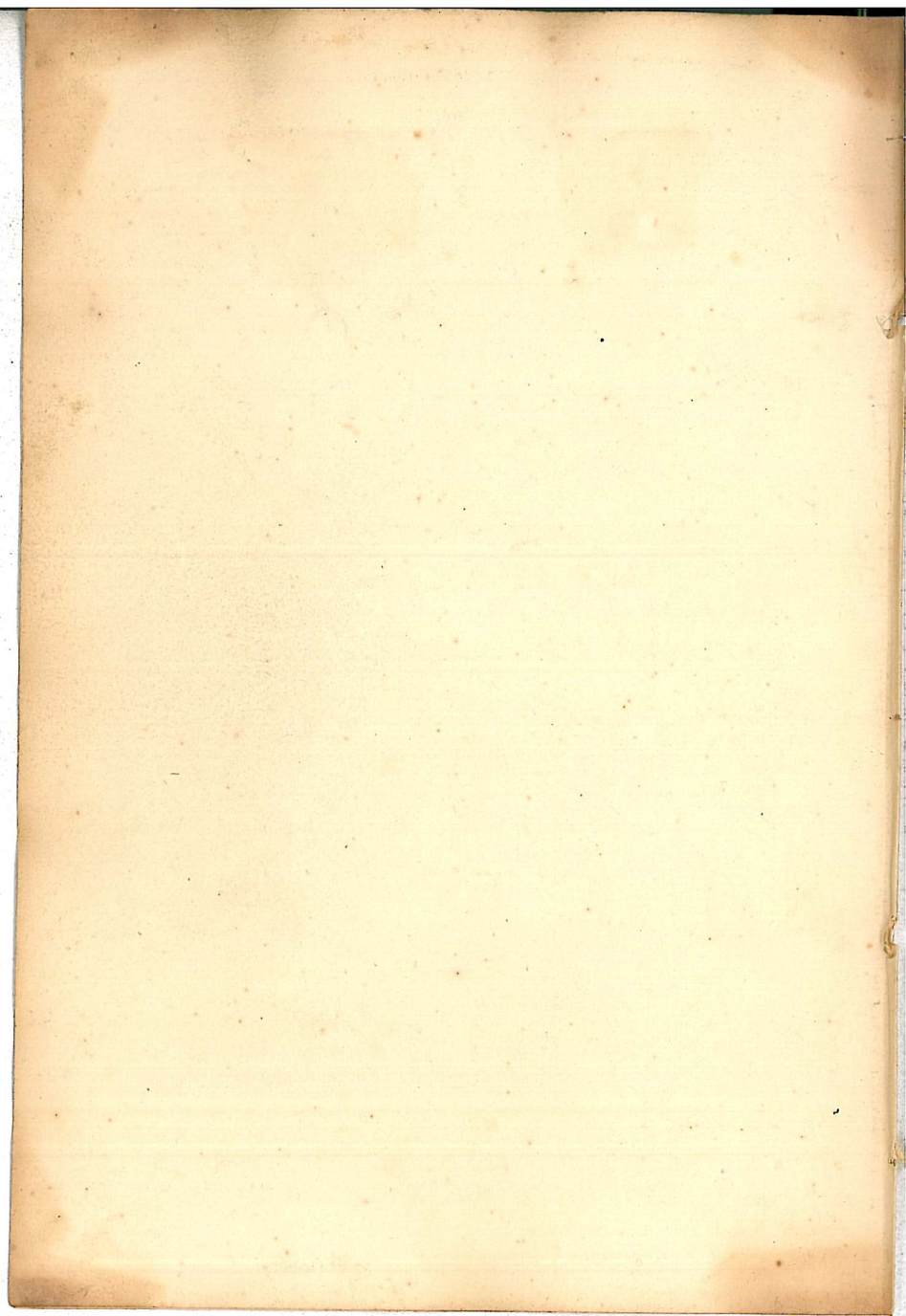






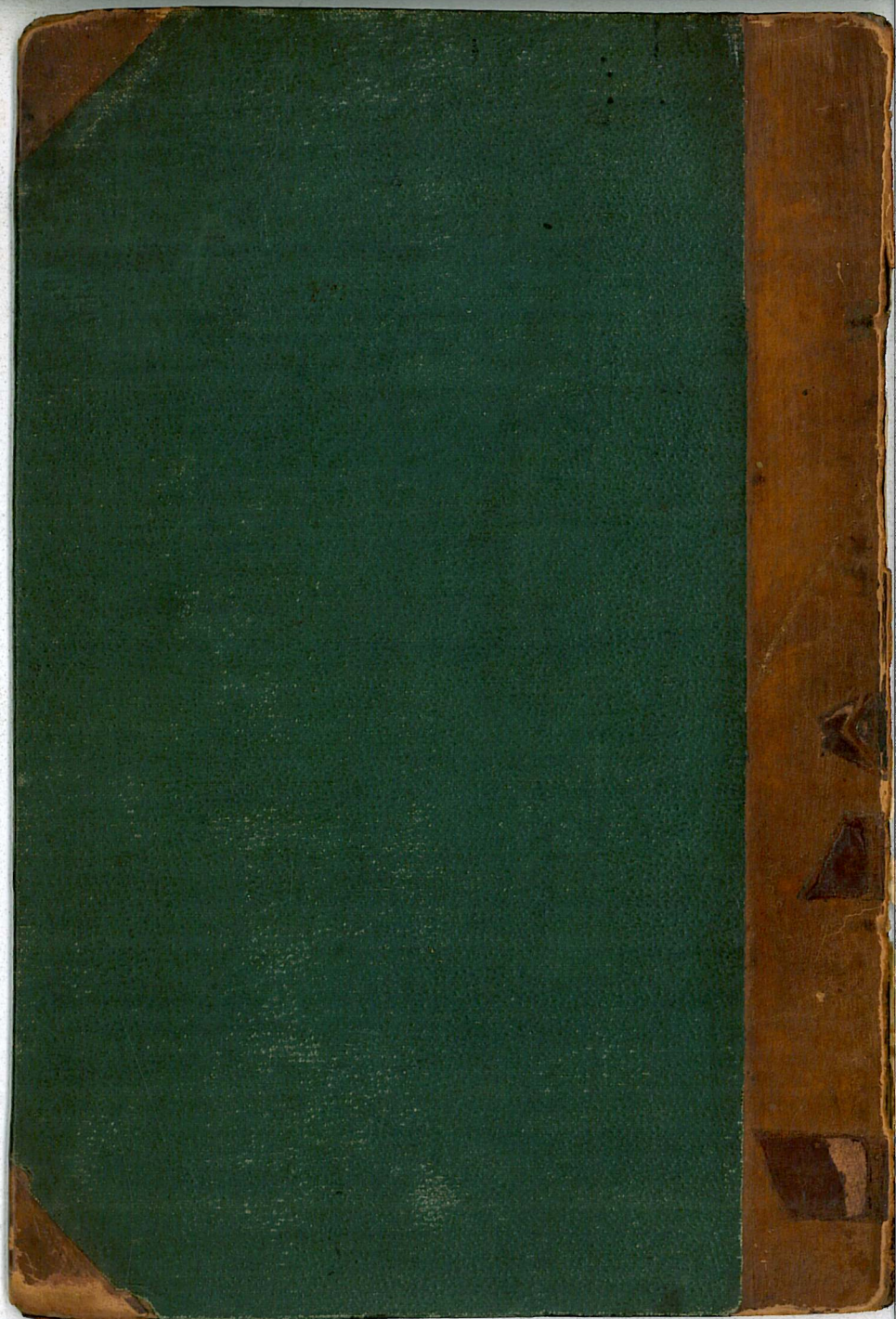






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ROBIN HOOD
& SHERWOOD.