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ROBIN HOOD.

RITSON.

VOLUME II.



RITSON

ROBIN HOOD

A Collection of all the Ancient Poems,
Songs and Ballads, now extant, Relative to
that Celebrated English Outlaw

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED HISTORICAL ANECDOTES
OF HIS LIFE

By JOSEPH RITSON

With Eighty Wood Engravings

By BEWICK

PRINTED ON CHINA PAPER

Also Nine Etchings from Original Paintings

By A. H. TOURRIER AND E. BUCKMAN

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

LONDON

JOHN C. NIMMO

14, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.

1887



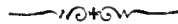
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ROBIN HOOD.

Part II.

I.

ROBIN HOOD'S BIRTH, BREEDING, VALOUR, AND MARRIAGE.

FROM a black letter copy in the large and valuable collection of old ballads late belonging to Thomas Pearson, Esq., and now in the possession of the Duke of Roxburghe. This is the collection mentioned in the Harleian Catalogue, and would seem to be the greater part of that originally made by old Bagford (see Hearne's Appendix to Hemingi Chartularium, p. 662), another volume or two having come, with the rest of his typographical collections, to the British Museum. The three vols. which went to Osborne were probably bought of him by Mr. West, at whose sale they

were purchased by Major Pearson, by whom the collection was new-arranged, ornamented, and improved.

In reading this song, we are admonished by the editor of the collection of old ballads printed in 1723 (who thinks it "the most beautiful and one of the oldest extant, written on that subject") to observe one thing, "and that is, between some of the stanzas we must suppose a considerable time to pass. Clorinda," he says, "might be [thought] a very forward girl, if between Robin Hood's question and her answer we did not suppose two or three hours to have been spent in courtship; and between Robin Hood's being entertained at Gamwell-hall and his having ninety-three bowmen in Sherwood, we must allow some years."

With respect to its antiquity, Dr. Percy, in the new edition of his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" (vol. i. p. xcvii.), expresses a very different opinion; since, according to him, it "seems of much later date than most of the others, and can scarce be older than the reign of King Charles I. ; FOR," says he, "King James I. had no issue after his accession to the throne of England:" an observation which, if any way to the purpose, is certainly NOT TRUE. "It may even," he continues, "have been written since the Restoration, and only express the wishes of the nation for issue on the marriage of their favourite King Charles II. on his marriage (*sic*) with the infanta of Portugal." However this may be, the writer's having deviated from "all the old traditions concerning this celebrated outlaw," is no proof that he was "ignorant" of them; and that Dr. Percy chooses to "think it is not found in the Pepys Collection" only shows conjecture to be easier than investigation. 🐾 In the second volume of that collection, any person disposed to the search will find at least TWO COPIES of it, both in black letter.

The full title of the original is: "A new ballad of bold Robin Hood; shewing his birth, breeding, valour, and marriage at Titbury Bull-running. Calculated for the meridian of Staffordshire, but may serve for Derbysliire or Kent."

KIND gentlemen, will you be patient awhile?
Ay, and then you shall hear anon
A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
And of his man brave Little John.

In Locksly town, in merry Nottinghamshire,
In merry sweet Locksly town,
There bold Robin Hood he was born and was bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown.

The father of Robin a forrester was,
And he shot in a lusty strong bow
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the Pinder of Wakefield does know.

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clugh,
And William of 'Clowdesle,'¹
To shoot with our forrester for forty mark,
And the forrester beat them all three.

His mother was neece to the Coventry knight,
Which Warwickshire men call sir Guy;
For he slew the blue bore that hangs up at the gate,
Or mine host of the Bull tells a lie.

¹ Clowdel le. For an account of these worthies the reader may consult their old metrical legend in Percy's "Reliques," vol. i., or "Ancient Popular Poetry," 1791.

Her brother was Gamwel, of Great Gamwel-hall,
A noble house-keeper wa's 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 Gamwel,
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 father'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 to his knee.

She got on her holyday kirtle and gown,
They were of a light Lincoln green ;
The cloath was homespun, but for colour and make
It might ' have beseemed ' ¹ our queen.

And then Robin got on his basket-hilt sword,
And his dagger on his tother side ;
And said, My dear mother, let's haste to be gone,
We have forty long miles to ride.

¹ A beseem'd.

When Robin had mounted his gelding so grey,
His father, without any trouble,
Set her up behind him, and bad her not fear,
For his gelding 'had' oft carried double.

And when she was ¹ settled, they rode to their neigh-
And drank and shook hands with them all ; [bours,
And then Robin gallopt, and never gave o're,
Till they lighted at Gamwel-hall.

And now you may think the right worshipful squire
Was joyful his sister to see ;
For he kist her, and kist her, and swore a great oath,
Thou art welcome, kind sister, to me.

To-morrow, when mass had been said at the chappel,
Six tables were covered in the hall,
And in comes the squire, and makes a short speech,
It was, Neighbours, you're welcome all.

But not a man here shall taste my March beer,
Till a Christmas carrol he does sing.
Then all clapt their hands, and theys houted and sung,
Till the hall and the parlour did ring.

Now mustard and brawn, roast beef and plumb pies,
Were set upon every table ;
And noble George Gamwel said, Eat and be merry,
And drink too as long as you're able.

¹ Has.

When dinner was ended, his chaplain 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,
At gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks,
As shall make you both merry and glad.

When Little John came, to gambols they went,
Both gentlemen, yeomen, 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'st go 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 uncle, 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 long 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 merry 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 and three.
Then said a bold yeoman, Lo, yonder they stand,
All under the ¹ 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 gate it was graceful, her body was straight,
And her countenance 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 modesty too :
Sets with Robin Hood such a lass !

¹ A.

Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither 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, wander with me
A little to yonder green bower ;
There set down to rest you, and you shall be sure
Of a brace or a 'leash'¹ in an hour.

And as we were going towards the green bower,
Two hundred good bucks we espy'd ;
She chose² out the fattest that was in the herd,
And she shot him through side and 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 needst not beg venison of me.

However, along to my bower you shall go,
And taste of a forrester's meat :
And when we came thither we found as good cheer
As any man needs for to eat.

For there was hot venison, and warden pies cold,
Cream clouted, and honey-combs plenty ;
And the servitors they were, besides Little John,
Good yeomen, at least four and twenty.

¹ Lease.

² Choose.

Clorinda said, Tell me your name, gentle sir :
And he said, 'Tis bold Robin Hood :
Squire Gamwel's my uncle, but all my delight
Is to dwell in the merry Sherwood ;

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 blusht at the motion ; yet, after a pause,
Said, Yes, sir, and with all my heart.
Then let us send for a priest, said Robin Hood,
And be married before we do part.

But she said, It may not be so, gentle 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.

Before he had ridden five Staffordshire miles,
Eight yeomen, that were too bold,
Bid Robin Hood stand, and deliver his buck :
A truer tale never was told.

I will not, faith, said bold Robin ; come, John,
 Stand by me, and we'll beat 'em all.
 Then both drew their swords, and so cut 'em, and
 That five out of them did fall. [slasht 'em,

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
 And sent them all home to their wives. [counsel,

This battle was fought near to Titbury town,
 When the bagpipes baited the bull ;
 I'm the king of the fiddlers, and I swear 'tis truth,
 And I call him that doubts it a gull :¹

For I saw them fighting, and fiddled the while ;
 And Clorinda sung " Hey derry down !
 The bumkins are beaten, put up thy sword, Bob,
 And now let's dance into the town."

Before we came in we heard a great shouting,
 And all that were in it look'd madly ;
 For some were on bull-back, some dancing a morris,
 And some singing *Arthur-a-Bradley*.²

¹ For an account of Tutbury bull-running, and the character of king of the minstrels there, see Dr. Plott's " Natural History of Staffordshire," chap. x. § 69 ; Sir J. Hawkins's " History of Music," vol. ii. p. 64 ; and Blount's " Ancient Tenures," by Beckwith, p. 303, 8vo edit.

² See this old and popular ballad in the Appendix.

And there we see Thomas, our justices clerk,
And Mary, to whom he was kind ;
For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary madam,
And kiss'd her full sweetly behind :

And so may your worships. But we went to dinner,
With Thomas and Mary, and Nan ;
They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her,
Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

When dinner was ended, sir Roger, the parson
Of Dubbridge, was sent for in haste :
He brought his mass-book, and he bad them take
And joyn'd them in marriage full fast. [hands,

And then, as bold Robin Hood and his sweet bride
Went hand in hand to the green bower,
The birds sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood,
And 'twas 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, yonder they stand,
All under the green-wood-tree.

Then a garland they brought her by two and by two,
And plac'd them all on the bride's head :
The music struck up, and we all fell to dance,
'Till the bride and bridegroom were a-bed.

And what they did there must be counsel to me,
Because they lay long the next day ;
And I had haste home, but I got a good piece
Of bride-cake, and so came away.

Now, out, alas ! I had forgotten to tell ye,
That marry'd they were with a ring ;
And so will Nan Knight, or be buried 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 :
And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower,
And sing 'em in merry Sherwood.





II.

ROBIN HOOD'S PROGRESS TO NOTTINGHAM.

FROM an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony a Wood. It is there said to go "To the tune of Bold Robin Hood;" and the chorus is repeated in every stanza. To the above title are added the following doggerel lines:

Where hee met with fifteen forresters all on a row,
And hee desired of them some news for to know,
But with crosse grain'd words they did him thwart,
For which at last hee made them smart.

ROBIN HOOD he was and a tall young man,
Derry derry down,
And fifteen winters old;
And Robin Hood he was a proper young man,
Of courage stout and bold.
Hey down, derry derry down.

Robin hee ¹ would and to fair Nottingham,
With the general for to dine ;
There was hee aware of fifteen forrestèrs,
And a drinking bear, ale, and wine.

What news ? What news ? said bold Robin Hood.
“What news fain wouldest thou know ?”
Our king hath provided a shooting match,
And I'm ready with my bow.

We hold it in scorn, said the forrestèrs,
That ever a boy so young
Should bear a bow before our king,
That's not able to draw one string.

I'le hold you twenty marks, said bold Robin Hood,
By the leave of our lady,
That I'le hit a mark a hundred rod,
And I'le cause a hart to dye.

We'l hold you twenty mark, then said the forrestèrs,
By the leave of our lady,
Thou hit'st not the marke a hundred rod,
Nor causest a hart to dye.

Robin he ¹ bent up a noble bow,
And a broad arrow he let flye,
He hit the mark a hundred rod,
And he caused a hart to dye.

¹ Robin Hood.

Some say hee brake ribs one or two,
And some say hee brake three ;
The arrow within the hart would not abide,
But it glanced 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 bold Robin Hood,
If't were for a thousand pound.

The wager's none of thine, then said the forrestèrs,
Although thou beest in haste ;
Take up thy bow, and get thee hence,
Lest wee thy sides do baste.

Robin Hood hee took up his noble bow,
And his broad arrows all amain ;
And Robin he¹ laught, and begun [for] to smile,
As hee went over the plain.

Then Robin he¹ bent his noble bow,
And his broad arrows he let flye,
Till fourteen of these fifteen forrestèrs
Upon the ground did lye.

He that did this quarrel first begin
Went tripping over the plain ;
But Robin he¹ bent his noble bow,
And hee fetcht him back again.

¹ Robin Hood.

You said I was no archer, said Robin Hood,
But say so now again :
With that he sent another arròw,
That split his head in twain.

You have found mee an archer, saith Robin Hood,
Which will make your wives for to wring,
And wish that you had never spoke the word,
That I could not draw one string.

The people that lived in fair Nottingham
Came running out amain,
Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,
With the forresters that were slain.

Some lost legs, and some lost arms,
And some did lose their blood ;
But Robin hee took up his noble bow,
And is gone to the merry green wood.

They carried these forresters into fair Nottingham,
As many there did know ;
They dig'd them graves in their church-yard,
And they buried them all a-row.

* * The paragraph of which the following is an extract appeared in the evening paper intitled "The Star," April 23, 1796 : "A few days ago as some labourers were digging in a garden at Fox-lane, near Nottingham, they discovered six human skeletons entire, deposited in regular order side by side, supposed

to be part of the fifteen foresters that were killed by Robin Hood. Near the above place anciently stood a church, built in the early ages of Christianity, dedicated to St. Michael, which was totally demolished at the Reformation. . . . No doubt but the bones in question were properly buried in St. Michael's churchyard. The proprietors of the garden humanely ordered the pit where the bones were found to be filled up, being unwilling to disturb the relics of humanity and the ashes of the dead."





III.

THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD, WITH ROBIN HOOD, SCARLET, AND JOHN.

FROM an old black letter copy in Anthony a Wood's collection, compared with two others in the British Museum, one in black letter. It should be sung "To an excellent tune," which has not been recovered.

Several lines of this ballad are quoted in the two old plays of the "Downfall" and "Death of Robert, Earle of Huntington," 1601, 4to, b. l., but acted many years before. It is also alluded to in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i. scene 1, and again in his *Second Part of King Henry IV.*, act v. scene 3.

In 1557 certain "ballets" are entered on the books of the Stationers' Company "to John Wailye and Mrs. Toye," one of which is entitled "Of wakefylde and a grene:" meaning apparently the ballad here reprinted.

In Wakefield there lives a jolly pindèr,
In Wakefield all on a green,
In Wakefield all on a green :

There is neither knight nor squire, said the pindèr,
Nor baron that is so bold,
Nor baron that is so bold,
Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold, &c.

All this beheard three witty young men,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John ;
With that they espy'd the jolly pindèr,
As he sat under a thorn.

Now turn again, turn again, said the pindèr,
For a wrong way you have gone ;
For you have forsaken the kings highway,
And made a path over the corn.

O that were a shame, said jolly Robìn,
We being three, and thou but one.
The pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,
'Twas thirty good foot and one.

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,
And his foot against a stone,

And there he fought a long summers day,
 A summers day so long,
 Till that their swords on their broad bucklèrs
 Were broke fast into their hands.¹

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin
 And my merry men every one ; [Hood,
 For this is one of the best pindèrs,
 That ever I tryed with sword.

And wilt thou forsake thy pinders craft,
 And live in the green-wood with me ?
 “At Michaelmas next my cov’nant comes out,
 When every man gathers his fee ;

Then I’le take my blew blade all in my hand,
 And plod to the green-wood with thee.”
 Hast thou either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,
 For my merry men and me ?

I have both bread and beef, said the pindèr,
 And good ale of the best.
 And that is meat good enough, said Robin Hood,
 For such unbidden ‘guests.’

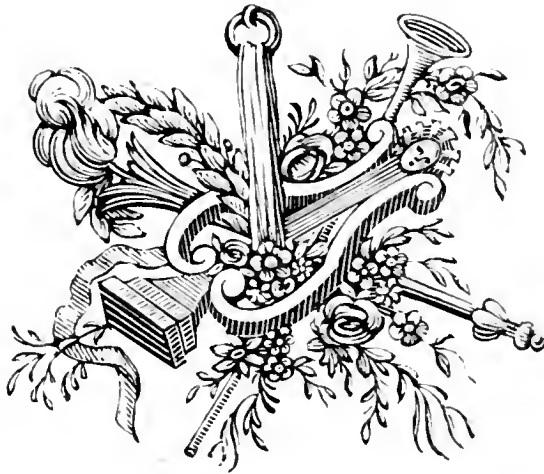
¹ The editor thinks it his duty to retain, in some instances, even the manifest corruptions of the old copies ; in hopes that earlier and better authorities may one day enable him to remove them.





“ O wilt thou forsake the pinder his craft,
And go to the green-wood with me ?
Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,
The one green, the other brown.”

“ If Michaelmas day was come and gone,
And my master had paid me my fee,
Then would I set as little by him,
As my master doth by me.”





IV.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP,

“ Shewing how Robin Hood went to an old woman’s house and changed cloaths with her to scape from the bishop ; and how he robbed the bishop of all his gold, and made him sing a mass. To the tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger.” From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony a Wood.

COME, gentlemen all, and listen awhile,
Hey down, down, an a down,
And a story ile to you unfold ;
Ile tell you how Robin Hood served the bishop,
When he robbed him of his gold.

As it fell out on a sun-shining day,
When Phœbus was in 'his' prime,
Then Robin Hood, that archer good,
In mirth would spend some time.

And as he walk'd the forrest along,
Some pastime for to spy,
There was he aware of a proud bishòp,
And all his company.

O what shall I do, said Robin Hood then,
If the bishop he doth take me?
No mercy he'l show unto me, I know,
But hanged I shall be.

Then Robin was stout, and turned him about,
And a little house there he did spy;
And to an old wife, for to save his life,
He loud began for to cry.

Why, who art thou? said the old woman,
Come tell to me for good.
"I am an out-law, 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'l work my spight,
And hanged I shall be."

If thou be Robin Hood, said the old wife,
 As thou 'dost' seem to be,
 I'll for thee provide, and thee I will hide,
 From the bishop and his company.

For I remember, 'one' Saturday night,
 Thou brought me both shoos and hose ;
 Therefore I'll provide thy person to hide,
 And keep thee from thy foes.

"Then give me soon thy coat of gray,
 And take thou my mantle of green ;
 Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,
 And take thou my arrows so keen."

And when Robin Hood was so araid,
 He went straight to his company,
 With his spindle and twine, he oft lookt behind,
 For the bishop and his company.

O who is yonder, quoth little John,
 That now comes over the lee ?
 An arrow I will at her let flie,
 So like an old witch looks she.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood
 And shoot not thy arrows so keen ; [then,
 I am Robin Hood, thy master good,
 And quickly it shall be seen.

The bishop he came to the old womans house,
And called, with furious mood,
Come let me soon see, and bring unto me
That traitor Robin Hood.

The old woman he set on a milk-white steed,
Himselfe on a dapple gray ;
And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
He went laughing all the way.

But as they were riding the forrest along,
The bishop he 'chanc'd' for to see
A hundred brave bowmen 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 to be
A man call'd Robin Hood.

Why, who art thou, the bishop he said,
Which I have here with me ?
"Why, I am an old woman, thou cuckoldly bishop,
Lift up my leg and see."

Then woe is me, the bishop he said,
That ever I saw this day !
He turn'd him about, but Robin stout
Call'd him, and bid him stay.

Then Robin took hold of the bishop's horse,
And ty'd him fast to a tree ;
Then Little John smil'd his master upon,
For joy of that company.

Robin Hood took his mantle from's back,
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishops portmantle he
Soon told five hundred pound.

Now let him go, said Robin Hood.
Said little John, That may not be ;
For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass,
Before that he goe from me.

Then Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
And bound him fast to a tree,
And made him sing a mass, god wot,
To him and his yeomandree.

And then they brought him through the wood,
And set him on his dapple gray,
And gave him the tail within his hand,
And bade him for Robin Hood pray.



V.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER.

FROM an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony a Wood. The tune is "Robin Hood and the Begger."

COME, all you brave gallants, listen awhile,
With hey down, down, an a down,
That are 'this bower'¹ within ;
For of Robin Hood, that archer good,
A song I intend for to sing.

Upon a time it chanced so,
Bold Robin in [the] forrest did 'spy
A jolly butchèr, with a bonny fine mare,
With his flesh to the market did hye.

¹ In the bowers.

Good morrow, good fellow, said jolly 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 answer'd jolly Robin,
No matter where I dwell;
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham
I am going, my flesh to sell.

What is [the] price of thy flesh? said jolly Robin,
Come tell it soon unto me;
And the price of thy mare, be she never so dear,
For a butcher fain would I be.

The price of my flesh, the butcher repli'd,
I soon will tell unto thee;
With my bonny mare, and they are not too dear,
Four mark thou must give unto me.

Four mark I will give me, saith jolly Robin,
Four mark it shall be thy fee;
The mony come count, and let me mount,
For a butcher I fain would be.

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
His butchers trade to begin;
With good intent to the sheriff he went,
And there he took up his inn.

When other butchers they opened their meat,
Bold Robin he then begun ;
But how for to sell he knew not well,
For a butcher he was but young.

When other butchers no meat could sell,
Robin got both gold and fee ;
For he sold more meat for one peny
Then 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 peny
Than others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of Nottingham
To study as they did stand,
Saying, Surely he 'is' some prodigal,
That hath sold his fathers land.

The butchers stepped to jolly Robin,
Acquainted with him for to be ;
Come, brother, one said, we be all of one trade.
Come, will you go dine with me ?

Accurst of his heart, said jolly Robin,
That a butcher doth deny ;
I will go with you, my brethren true,
As fast as I can hie.

But when to the sheriffs house they came,
To dinner they hied apace,
And Robin Hood he the man must be
Before them all to say grace.

Pray god bless us all, said jolly Robin,
And our meat within this place ;
A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood :
And so I do end my grace.

Come fill us more wine, said jolly Robìn,
Let us be merry while we do stay ;
For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,
I vow I the reckning will pay.

Come, 'brothers,' be merry, said jolly Robìn,
Let us drink, and never give ore ;
For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,
If it cost me five pounds and more.

This is a mad blade, the butchers then said,
Saies the sheriff, He is some prodigal,
That some land has sold for silver and gold,
And now he doth mean to spend all.

Hast thou any horn beasts, the sheriff repli'd,
Good fellow, to sell unto me ?
"Yes, that I have, good master sheriff,
I have hundreds two or three,

And a hundred aker of good free land,
If you please it to see :
And Ile make you as good assurance of it,
As ever my father made me."

The sheriff he saddled his good palfrèy,
And, with three hundred pound in gold,
Away he went with bold Robin Hood,
His horned beasts to behold.

Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,
To the forrest of merry Sherwood,
Then the sheriff did say, God bless us this day,
From a man they call Robin Hood !

But when a little farther they came,
Bold Robin he chanced to spy
A hundred head of good red deer,
Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.

"How like you my horn'd beasts, good master sheriff?
They be fat and fair for to see."

"I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
For I like not thy company."

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And blew but blasts three ;
Then quickly anon there came Little John,
And all his company.

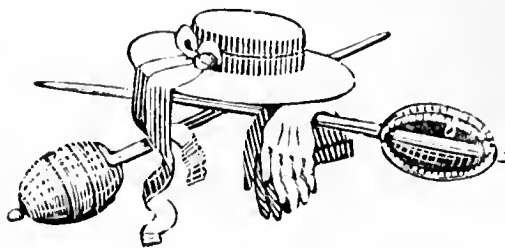
What is your will, master ? then said Little John,
Good master, come tell unto me.

“ I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham
This day to dine with thee.”

He is welcome to me, then said Little John,
I hope he will honestly pay ;
I know he has gold, if it be 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 sheriffs portmante
He told three hundred pound.

Then Robin he brought him thorow the wood,
And set him on his dapple gray ;
“ O have me commended to your wife at home :
So Robin went laughing away.





VI.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER ;

OR,

ROBIN HOOD MET WITH HIS MATCH :

“ A merry and pleasant song relating the gallant and fierce combat fought between Arthur Bland, a tanner of Nottingham, and Robin Hood, the greatest and most noblest archer of England. Tune is, Robin Hood and the Stranger.” From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony a Wood.

IN Nottingham there lives a jolly tannèr,
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
His name is Arthur-a-Bland ;
There is nere a squire in Nottinghamshire
Dare bid bold Arthur stand.

With a long pike-staff upon his shouldèr,
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, in a summers morning,
Into the 'forrest of merry' Sherwood,
To view the red deer, that range here and there,
There met he with bold Robin Hood.

As soon as bold Robin 'he did'¹ espy,
He thought some sport he would make,
Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,
And thus to him 'he' spake :

Why, what art thou, thou bold fellòw,
That ranges so boldly here ?
In sooth, to be brief, thou lookst like a thief,
That comes to steal our kings deer.

For I am a keeper in this forrest,
The king puts me in trust
To look to his deer, that range here and there ;
Therefore stay thee I must.

"If thou beest a keeper in this forrèst,
And hast such a great command,
'Yet' thou must have more partakers in store,
Before thou make me to stand."

¹ Did him.

“ Nay, I have no more partakers in store,
Or any that I do not need ;
But I have a staff of another oke graff,
I know it will do the deed.

For thy sword and thy bow I care not a straw,
Nor all thine arrows to boot ;
If I get a knop upon the bare scop,
Thou can’st as well sh—e as shoote.”

Speak cleanly, good fellow, said jolly Robìn,
And give better terms to me ;
Else Ile thee correct for thy neglect,
And make thee more mannerly.

Marry gep with a wenion ! quod Arthur-a-Bland,
Art thou such a goodly man ?
I care not a fig for thy looking so big,
Mend thou thyself where thou can.

Then Robin Hood he unbuckled his belt,
And laid down his bow so long ;
He took up a staff of another oke graff,
That was both stiff and’ strong.

Ile yield to thy weapon, said jolly Robìn,
Since thou wilt not yield to mine ;
For I have a staff of another oke graff,
Not half a foot longer then thine.

But let me measure, said jolly Robin,
 Before we begin our fray ;
For I'll 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 oke 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,
 He gave him such a knock,
Quickly and soon the blood came down,
 Before it was ten a clock.

Then Arthur he soon recovered himself,
 And gave him such a knock on the crown,
That from every side of bold Robin Hoods head,
 The blood came trickling down.

Then Robin raged like a wild boar,
 As soon as he saw his own blood :
Then Bland was in hast he laid on so fast,
 As though he had been cleaving of wood.

And about, and about, and about they went,
 Like two wild bores 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 thy quarrel fall ;
For here we may thrash our bones all to mesh,
And get no coyn at all :

And in the forrest of merry Sherwood
Heerafter thou shalt be free.
“God a mercy for ‘nought,’ my freedom I bought,
I may thank my staff, and not thee.”

What tradesman art thou ? said jolly Robin,
Good fellow, I prithee me show ;
And also me tell, in what place thou dost dwell :
For both of these fain would I know.

I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
In Nottingham long have I wrought ;
And if thou'lt come there, I vov and swear,
I will 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 will do as much for thee.

And if thou'lt forsake thy tanners trade,
And live in the green wood with me,
My name's Robin Hood, I swear by the 'rood,'
I will give thee both gold and fee.

If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,
As I think well thou art,
Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur-a-Bland,
We two will never depart.

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John ?
Of him fain would I hear ;
For we are alide by the mothers side,
And he is my kinsman dear.

Then Robin Hood blew on the beugle horn,
He blew full lowd and shrill ;
But quickly anon appear'd Little John,
Come tripping down a green hill ;

O what is the matter ? then said Little John,
Master, I pray you tell :
Why do you stand with your staff in your hand ?
I fear all is not well.

“O man I do stand, and he makes me to stand,
The tanner that stands thee beside ;
He is a bonny blade, and master of his trade,
For soundly he hath tan'd my hide.”

He is to be commended, then said Little John,
If such a feat he can do ;
If he be so stout, we will have a bout,
And he shall tan my hide too.

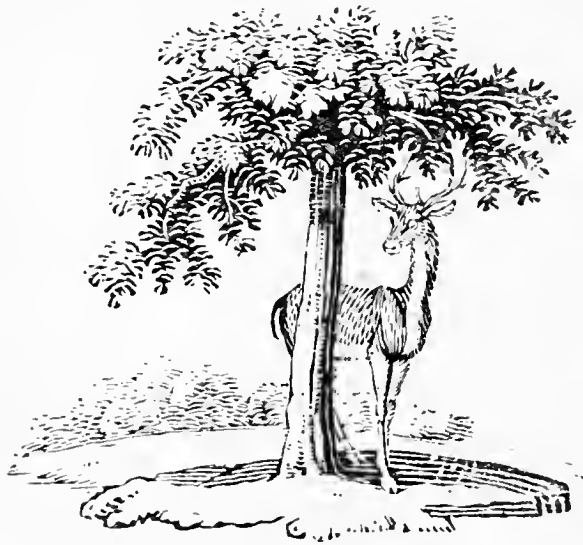
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
For as I do understand,
He's a yeoman good, of thine own blood,
For his name is Arthur-a-Bland.

Then Little John threw his staff away,
As far as he could it 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 hands,
And danc'd round about the oke 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 'as' one ;
The wood it shall ring, and the old wife sing,
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John."





VII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TINKER.

FROM an old black letter copy in the library of Anthony a Wood. The full title is—

“ A new song to drive away cold winter,
Between Robin Hood and the jovial tinker :
How Robin by a wile
The Tinker he did cheat ;
But at the length as you shall hear
The Tinker did him beat ;
Whereby the same they did then so agree,
They after liv'd in love and unity.

To the tune of, In summer time.”

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 hee could dree.
Hey down, a down, a down.

And as hee came to Nottingham,
A tinker he did meet,
And seeing him a lusty blade,
He did him kindly greet.

Where dost thou live? quoth Robin Hood,
I pray thee now mee tell:
Sad news I hear there is abroad,
I fear all is not well.

What is that news? the tinker said,
Tell mee without delay:
I am a tinker by my trade,
And do live at Banburà.

As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,
It is but as I hear,
Two tinkers were set ith' stocks,
For drinking ale and 'beer.'

If that be all, the tinker he said,
As I may say to you,
Your news is not worth a f—t,
Since that they all bee true.

For drinking 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:
Seeing thou goest from town to town,
Some news thou need not fear.

All the news I have, the tinker said,
I hear it is for good,
It is to seek a bold outlâw,
Which they call Robin Hood.

I have a warrand from the king,
To take him where I can;
If you can tell me where hee is,
I will make you a man.

The king would give a hundred pound
That he could but him see;
And if wee can but now him get,
It will serve thée and mee.

Let me see that warrant, said Robin Hood,
Ile see if it bee 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 I will trust ;
And where hee 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 would go to Nottingham,
We shall find him I know.”

The tinker had a crab-tree staff,
Which was both good and strong,
Robin hee had a good strong blade ;
So they went both along.

And when they came to Nottingham,
There they both tooke 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 hee forgot
What thing he was about to do ;
It fell so to his lot,

That, while the tinker fell asleep,
‘ Robin ’ made haste ¹ away,
And left the tinker in the lurch,
For the great shot to pay.

¹ Made then.

But when the tinker wakenèd,
And saw that he was gone,
He call'd then even for his host,
And thus hee made his moan :

I had a warrant from the king,
Which might have done me good,
That is to take a bold outlâw,
Some call him Robin Hood :

But now my warrant and mony's gone,
Nothing I have to pay ;
And he that promis'd to be my friend,
He is gone and fled away.

That friend you tell on, said the host,
They call him Robin Hood ;
And when that first hee met with you,
He ment you little good.

“ Had I but known it had been hee,
When that I had him here,
Th' one of us should have tri'd our might
Which should have paid full dear.

In the mean time I will away,
No longer here Ile bide,
But I will go and seek him out,
Whatever do me betide.

But one thing I would gladly know,
What here I have to pay.”
Ten shillings just, then said the host.
“ Ile pay without delay ;

Or elce take here my working-bag,
And my good hammer too ;
And if that I light but on the knave,
I will then soon pay you.”

The onely way, then said the host,
And not to stand in fear,
Is to seek him among the parks,
Killing of the kings deer.

The tinker hee then went with speed,
And made then no delay,
Till he had found ‘ bold ’ Robin Hood,
That they might have a fray.

At last hee spy’d him in a park,
Hunting then of the deer.
What knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,
That doth come mee so near ?

No knave, no knave, the tinker said,
And that you soon shall know ;
Whether of us hath 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 Robins anger did arise,
 He fought right manfully,
Until he had made the tinkèr
 Almost then fit to fly.

With that they had a bout again,
 They ply'd their weapons fast ;
The tinker threshed his bones so sore,
 He made him yeeld at last.

A boon, a boon, Robin hee cryes,
 If thou wilt grant it mee.
Before I do it, the tinker said,
 Ile hang thee on this tree.

But the tinker looking him about,
 Robin his horn did blow ;
Then came unto him Little John,
 And William Scadlock too.

What is the matter, quoth Little John,
 You sit on th' highway side ?
“ Here is a tinker that stands by,
 That hath paid well my hide.”

That tinker then, said Little John,
Fain that blade I would see,
And I would try what I could do,
If hee'l do as much for me.

But Robin hee then wish'd them both
They should the quarrel cease,
"That henceforth wee may bee as one,
And ever live in peace.

And for the jovial tinkers part,
A hundred pounds Ile give
In th' year [for] to maintain him on,
As long as he doth live.

In manhood he is a mettled man,
And a mettle man by trade ;
Never thought I that any man
Should have made mee so afraid.

And if hee will bee one of us,
Wee will take all one fare ;
And whatsoever wee do get
He shall have his full share."

So the tinker was content
With them to go along,
And with them a part to take .
And so I end my song.



VIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN 'A' DALE :

“Or a pleasant relation how a young gentleman, being in love with a young damsel, ‘she’ was taken from him to be an old knight’s bride : and how Robin Hood, pittying the young man’s case, took her from the old knight, when they were going to be marryed, and restored her to her own love again. To a pleasant northern tune, Robin Hood in the green-wood stood.

Bold Robin Hood he djd the young man right,
And took the damsel from the doting knight.”

From an old black letter copy in Major Pearson’s collection.

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlâw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the green wood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was cloathed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay ;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a round-de-lay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did [he] espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away ;
And at every step he fetcht a sigh,
“Alack and a well a day ;”

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And ‘Midge’¹ the millers 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 straight,
Under yon green wood tree.”

¹ Nicke.

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin askt 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 that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she from¹ me was tane,
And chosen to be an old knights delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain.

What is thy name ? then said Robin Hood,
Come tell me, without any fail.
By the faith of my body, then said the young man,
My name it is Allin a Dale.

What will thou give me, said Robin Hood,
In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee ?

I have no money, then quoth the young man,
No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be.

¹ Soon from.

“ How many miles is it to thy true love ?
Come tell me without guile.”
By the 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 lin,
Until he came unto the church,
Where Allin should keep his wedding.

What hast 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 country.

O welcome, O welcome, the bishop he said,
That musick best pleaseth me.
You shall have no musick, quoth Robin Hood,
Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

This is not a fit match, quod bold Robin Hood,
That you do seem to make here,
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear.

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three ;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lee.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all on a row,
The first man was Allin a Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

This is thy true love, Robin he said,
Young Allin, as I hear say,
And you shall be married at ' this ' 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 askt in the church,
As the law is of our land.

Robin Hood pull'd off the bishops coat,
And put it upon Little John ;
By the faith of my body, then Robin said,
This ' cloth ' does make thee a man.

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh ;
He askt them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

Who gives me this maid? said Little John.

Quoth Robin Hood, That do I ;
And he that takes her from Allin a Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy.

And thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride lookt like a queen ;
And so they return'd to the merry green-wood,
Amongst the leaves so green.





IX.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHEPHERD.

“ Shewing how Robin Hood, Little John, and the Shepherd fought a sore combate.

The shepherd fought for twenty pound, and Robin for bottle
and bag,
But the shepherd stout, gave them the rout, so sore they could
not wag.

Tune is, Robin Hood and Queen Katherine.”

From two old black letter copies, one of them in the collection
of Anthony a Wood, the other in that of Thomas Pearson, Esq.
At the head of the former is a fine cut of Robin Hood.

ALL gentlemen, and yeomen good,
Down, a down, a down, a down,
I wish you to draw near ;
For a story of gallant bold Robin Hood
Unto you I will declare.
Down a, &c.

As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along,
Some pastime for to spie,
There he was aware of a jolly shephèrd,
That on the ground did lie.

Arise, arise, cried jolly Robìn,
And now come let me see
What's in thy bag and bottle ; I say,
Come tell it unto me.

“ What's that to thee ? thou proud fellòw,
Tell me as I do stand :
What hast thou to do with by bag and bottle ?
Let me see thy command.”

“ My sword, which hangeth by my side,
Is my command I know ;
Come, and let me taste of thy bottle,
Or it may breed thy woe.”

“ The devil a drop, thou proud fellòw,
Of my bottle thou shalt see,
Until thy valour here be tried,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.”

What shall we fight for ? cries Robin Hood,
Come tell it soon to me ;
Here is twenty pound in good red gold,
Win it and take it thee.

The shepherd stood all in a maze,
And knew not what to say :
“ I have no money, thou proud fellòw,
But bag and bottle ile lay.”

“ I am content, thou shepherd swain,
Fling them down on the ground ;
But it will breed thee mickle pain,
To win my twenty pound.”

“ Come draw thy sword, thou proud fellòw,
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 hardy and sore,
It was on a summers day,
From ten till four in the afternoon
The shepherd held him play.

Robins buckler prov'd his ‘ chief ’¹ defence,
And saved him many a bang,
For every blow the shepherd gave
Made Robins sword cry twang.

Many a sturdie blow the shepherd gave,
And that bold Robin found,
Till the blood ran trickling from his head,
Then he fell to the ground.

¹ Chiefest.

“ 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 beugle horn,
And blow but blasts three.

Then said the shepherd to bold Robin,
To that I will agree ;
‘ For ’ if thou shouldst blow till to-morrow morn,
I scorn one foot to flee.

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew with mickle main,
Until he espied Little John
Come tripping over the plain.

“ O who is yonder, thou proud fellow,
That comes down yonder hill ? ”
“ Yonder is John, bold Robin Hoods man,
Shall fight with thee thy fill.”

What is the matter ? saies Little John,
Master, come tell to me.
My case is bad, cries Robin Hood,
For the shepherd hath conquered me.

I am glad of that, cries Little John :
Shepherd, turn thou to me ;
For a bout with thee I mean to have,
Either come fight or flee.

“ With all my heart, thou proud fellow,
For it never shall be said
That a shepherds hook of thy sturdy look
Will one jot be dismaied.”

So they fell to it, full hardy and sore,
Striving for victorie.
Ile know, says John, ere we give o'er,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.

The shepherd gave John a sturdie blow,
With his hook under the chin.
Beshrew thy heart, said little John,
Thou basely dost begin.

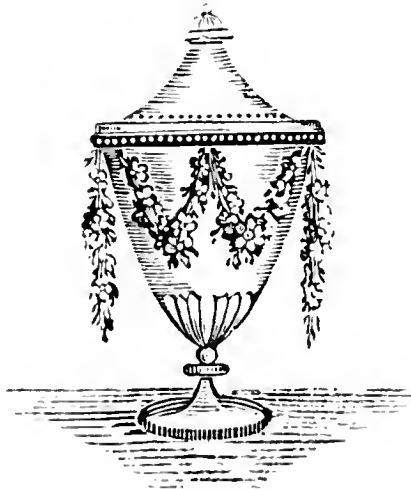
Nay, that is nothing, said the shephèrd,
Either yield to me the daie,
Or I will bang thy back and sides,
Before thou goest thy way.

What ! dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
That thou canst conquer me ?
Nay, thou shalt know, before thou go,
Ile fight before ile flee.

Again the shepherd laid on him,
 ‘Just as he first begun.’
Hold thy hand, cry’d bold Robìn,
 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 did never see.

Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
 Also of Little John ;
How a shepherd swain did conquer them :
 The like was never known.





X.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTALL FRYER.

FROM an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony a Wood ; corrected by a much earlier one in the Pepysian Library, printed by H. Gosson, about the year 1610 ; compared with a later one in the same collection. The full title is : " The famous battell betweene Robin Hood and the curtall fryer. To a New Northerne tune."

" The curtall fryer," Dr. Stukeley says, " is a cordelier, from the cord or rope which they wore round their wast, to whip themselves with. They were," adds he, " of the Franciscan order." Our fryer, however, is undoubtedly so called from his " curtall dogs," or curs, as we now say (Courtalt, F.) In fact, he is no fryer at all, but a monk of Fountains Abbey, which was of the Cistercian order.

IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
[They] were disposed to play.

Then some would leape, and some would runne,
And some would use artillery :
“ Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archèr for to be ?

Which of you can kill a bucke,
Or who can kill a doe ;
Or who can kill a hart of Greece
Five hundreth foot him fro ? ”

Will Scadlòcke he kild a bucke
And Midge he kild a doe ;
And Little John kild a hart of Greece,
Five hundreth foot him fro.

Gods blessing on thy heart, said Robin Hood,
That hath such a shot for me ;
I would ride my horse a hundred miles,
To find one could match thee.

That caused Will Scadlòcke to laugh,
He laught full heartily :
“ There lives a curtall fryer in Fountaines-Abbey
Will beate both him and thee.

The curtall fryer in Fountaines-Abbey
Well can a strong bow draw,
He will beat you and your yeomèn,
Set them all on a row."

Robin Hood he tooke a solemne oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eate nor drinke,
Till the fryer he did see.

Robin Hood put on his harnesse good,
On his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weele.

He tooke his bow into his hand,
It was made of a trusty tree,
With a sheafe of arrowes at his belt,
And to Fountaine-Dale went he.

And comming unto Fountaine-Dale,
No farther he would ride ;
There he was aware of the curtall fryer,
Walking by the water side.

The fryer had on a harnesse good,
On his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weele.

Robin Hood lighted off his horse,
And tyed him to a thorne :
“ Carry me over the water, thou curtall fryer,
Or else thy life’s forlorne.”

The fryer tooke Robin Hood on his backe,
Deepe water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt Robin offe the fryers backe ;
The fryer said to him againe,
Carry me over this water, [thou] fine fellòw,
Or it shall breed thy paine.

Robin Hood took the fryer on his backe,
Deepe water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt the fryer off Robin Hoods backe,
Robin Hood said to him againe,
Carry me over this water, thou curtall fryer,
Or it shall breede thy pain.

The fryer tooke Robin on’s backe againe,
And stept in to the knee.
Till he came at the middle streame,
Neither good nor bad spake he,

And comming to the middle streame,
There he threw Robin in :
“ And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellòw,
Whether thou wilt sink or swim.”

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broome,
The fryer to a wigger-wand ;
Bold Robin Hood is gone to shore,
And took his bow in his hand.

One of his best arrowes under his belt
To the fryer he let fly ;
The curtall fryer, with his steele bucklèr,
Did put that arrow by.

“ Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellòw,
Shoot as thou hast begun,
If thou shoot here a summers day,
Thy marke I will not shun.”

Robin Hood shot passing well,
Till his arrows all were gane ;
They tooke their swords and steele bucklèrs,
They fought with might and maine,

From ten o'th' clock that [very] day,
Till four i' th' afternoon ;
Then Robin Hood came to his knees,
Of the fryer to beg a boone.

“A boone, a boone, thou curtall fryer,
I beg it on my knee ;
Give me leave to set my horne to my mouth,
And to blow blasts three.”

That I will do, said the curtall fryer,
Of my blasts I have no doubt ;
I hope thoult blow so passing well,
Till both thy eyes fall out.

Robin Hood set his horne to his mouth,
He blew out blasts three ;
Halfe a hundreth yeomen, with bowes bent,
Came raking over the lee.

Whose men are these, said the fryer,
That come so hastily ?
These men are mine, said Robin Hood ;
Fryer, what is that to thee ?

A boone, a boone, said the curtall fryer,
The like I gave to thee ;
Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
And to whute whues three.

That will I doe, said Robin Hood,
Or else I were to blame ;
Three whues in a fryers fist
Would make me glad and faine.

The fryer set his fist to his mouth,
And whuted whues three :
Half a hundred good band-dogs
Came running over the lee.

“ Here’s for every man a dog,
And I myselfe for thee.”
Nay, by my faith, said Robin Hood,
Fryer, that may not be.

Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did goe,
The one behind, the other before,
Robin Hoods mantle of Lincolne greene
Off from his backe they tore.

And whether his men shot east or west,
Or they shot north or south,
The curtall dogs, so taught they were,
They kept ‘ the ’ arrows in their mouth.

Take up thy dogs, said Little John,
Fryer, at my bidding be.
Whose man art thou, said the curtall fryer,
Comes here to pratè with me ?

“ I am Little John, Robin Hoods man,
Fryer, I will not lie ;
If thou take not up thy dogs soone,
I’le take up them and thee.”

Little John had a bow in his hand,
 He shot with might and main ;
 Soon halfe a score of the fryers dogs
 Lay dead upon the plain.

Hold thy hand, good fellow, said the curtall fryer,
 Thy master and I will agree ;
 And we will have new orders taken,
 With all the hast may be.

“If thou wilt forsake fair Fountaines-dale,
 And Fountaines-Abbey free,
 Every sunday throwout the yeere,
 A noble shall be thy fee :

And every holliday through the yeere,
 Changed shall thy garment be,
 If thou wilt goe to faire Nottingham,
 And there remaine with me.”

This curtall fryer had kept Fountaines-dale
 Seven long yeeres and more,
 There was neither knight, lord, nor earle,
 Could make him yeeld before.





XI.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE STRANGER.

FROM an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony a Wood. The title now given to this ballad is that which it seems to have originally borne, having been foolishly altered to "Robin Hood newly revived." The circumstances attending the second part will be explained in a note.

The tune is already inserted, at the end of "Rood Hood and the Tanner."

COME listen awhile, you gentlemen all,
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
That are this bower within,
For a story of gallant bold Robin Hood,
I purpose now to begin.

What time of day? quod Robin Hood then.
Quoth Little John, 'Tis in the prime.
“Why then we will to the green wood gang,
For we have no vittles to dine.”

As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along,
It was in the mid of the day,
There he was met of a deft young man,
As ever walkt on the way.

His doublet was of silk ‘’tis’ said,
His stockings like scarlet shone ;
And he walked on along the way,
To Robin Hood then unknown.

A herd of deer was in the bend,
All feeding before his face :
“Now the best of you ile have to my dinner,
And that in a little space.”

Now the stranger he made no mickle adoe,
But he bends and a right good bow,
And the best of all the herd he slew,
Forty good yards him froe.¹

Well shot, well shot, quod Robin Hood then,
That shot it was shot in time ;
And if thou wilt accept of the place,
Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine.

¹ Full froe.

Go play the chiven, the stranger said,
Make haste and quickly go,
Or with my fist, be sure of this,
Ile give thee buffets sto'.

Thou had'st not best buffet me, quod Robin Hood,
For though I seem forlorn,
Yet I have those will take my part,
If I but blow my horn.

Thou wast not best wind thy horn, the stranger said,
Beest thou never so much in haste,
For I can draw out a good broad sword,
And quickly cut the blast.

Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,
To shoot, and that he would fain ;
The stranger he bent a very good bow,
To shoot at bold Robin again.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quod Robin Hood,
To shoot it would be in vain ;
For if we should shoot the one at the other,
The one of us may be slain.

But let's take our swords and our broad bucklèrs,
And gang under yonder tree,
As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger he said,
One foot I will not flee.

Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a blow,
 'Most scar'd him out of his wit :
Thou never felt blow, the stranger he said,
 That shall be better quit.

The stranger he drew out a good broad sword,
 And hit Robin on the crown,
That from every haire of bold Robins head
 The blood ran trickling down.

God a mercy, good fellow ! quod Robin Hood then,
 And for this that thou hast done,
Tell me, good fellow, what thou art,
 Tell me where thou doest won.

The stranger then answered bold Robin Hood,
 He tell thee where I do dwell ;
In Maxwell town I was bred and born,
 My name is young Gamwell.

For killing of my own fathers steward,
 I am forc'd to this English wood,
And for to seek an uncle of mine,
 Some call him Robin Hood.

“ But ‘ art thou ’ a cousin of Robin Hood then ?
 The sooner we should have done.”
As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger then said,
 I am his own sisters son.

But, lord ! what kissing and courting was there,
When these two cousins did greet !
And they went all that summers day,
And Little John did [not] meet.

But when they met with Little John,
He 'unto them' did say,
O master, pray where have you been,
You have tarried so long away ?

I met with a stranger, quod Robin Hood,
Full sore he hath beaten me.
Then I'le have a bout with him, quod Little John,
And try if he can beat me.

Oh [no], oh no, quoth Robin Hood then,
Little John, it may [not] be so ;
For he is my own dear sisters son,
And cousins I have no mo.

But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,
My chief man next to thee ;
And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
And 'Scadlock' he shall be.

And weel be three of the bravest outlaws
That live in the north country,
If 'you will' hear more of bold Robin Hood,
In 'the' second part it will be.

[PART THE SECOND.¹]

Now Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little
 Are walking over the plain, [John,
 With a good fat buck, which Will Scadlòck
 With his strong bow had slain.

¹ This (from an old black letter copy in Major Pearson's collection) is evidently the genuine second part of the present ballad, although constantly printed as an independent article, under the title of "Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John : Or, a narrative of their victories obtained against the prince of Aragon and the two giants ; and how Will Scadlock married the princess. Tune of Robin Hood ; or, Hey down, down, a down : " Instead of which, in all former editions, are given the following incoherent stanzas, which have all the appearance of being the fragment of a quite different ballad :—

THEN bold Robin Hood to the north he would go,
 With valour and mickle might,
 With sword by his side, which oft had been tri'd,
 To fight and recover his right.

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 sire nor cuz.
 Nay, marry, the Scot he said,
 As true as your heart, Ile never part,
 Gude master, be not afraid.

Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,
The day it runs full fast ;
For tho' my nephew me a breakfast gave,
I have not yet broke my fast.

Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,
I think it wondrous good,
Where my nephew by my bold yeomèn
Shall be welcom'd unto the green-wood.

Then Robin turned his face to the east,
Fight on, my merry men stout ;
Our cause is good, quod brave Robin Hood,
And we shall not be beaten out.

The battel grows hot on every side,
The Scotchman made great moan ;
Quoth Jockey, Gude faith, they fight on each side,
Would I were with my wife Joan !

The enemy compast brave Robin about,
'Tis long ere the battel-ends ;
Ther's neither will yield, nor give up the field,
For both are supplied with friends.

This song it was made in Robin Hoods dayes :
Let's pray unto Jove above,
To give us true peace, that mischief may cease,
And war may give place unto love.

With that he took 'his' bugle-horn,
Full well he could it blow ;
Streight from the woods came marching down
One hundred tall fellows and mo.

Stand, stand to your arms, says Will Scadlòck,
Lo ! the enemies are within ken.
With that Robin Hood he laugh'd aloud,
Crying, They are my bold yeomèn.

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 sound so shrill.

Nay nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
The danger is past and gone ;
I would have you welcome my nephew here,
That has paid me two for one.

In feasting and sporting they passed the day,
Till Phœbus sunk into the deep ;
Then each one to his quarters hy'd,
His guard there for to keep.

Long had they not walked within the green-wood,
But Robin he soon espy'd,
A¹ beautiful damsel all alone,
That on a black palfrey did ride.

¹ Of a.

Her riding-suit was of a sable hew black,
Cypress over her face,
Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush,
All with a comely grace.

Come tell me the cause, thou pretty one,
Quoth Robin, and tell me aright,
From whence thou comest, and whither thou
All in this mournful plight? [goest,

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 such 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 terrour where they come,
With serpents hissing on their helms,
Instead of feathered 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.'¹

But all in vain we have sought about,
For none so bold there are
That dare adventure life and blood,
To free a lady fair.

When is the day? quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me this and no more.
On Midsummer next, the dam'sel said,
Which is June the twenty-four.

With that the tears trickled down her cheeks,
And silent was her tongue ;
With sighs and sobs she took her leave,
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.

¹ Forth.

Where lies your grief? quoth Will 'Scadlòck,'
O, master, tell to me :
If the damsels eyes have pierc'd your heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
She doth not cause my smart ;
But 'tis the poor distressed princèss,
That wounds me to the heart ;

I'll go fight the [prince and] giants all,
To set the lady free.
The devil take my soul, quoth Little John,
If I part with thy company.

Must I stay behind? quoth Will Scadlòck,
No, no, that must not be ;
I'le make the third man in the fight,
So we shall be three to three.

These words cheer'd Robin to the heart,
Joy shone within his face,
Within his arms he hugg'd them both,
And kindly did imbrace.

Quoth he, We'll put on mothley grey,
And long staves in our hands,
A scrip and bottle by our sides,
As come from the holy land.

So may we pass along the high-way,
 None will ask us from whence we came,
 But take us pilgrims for to be,
 Or else some holy men.

Now they are on their journey gone,
 As fast as they may speed,
 Yet for all their haste, ere they arriv'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 lists,
 With giants by his side :
 Bring forth, said he, your champions,
 Or bring me forth my bride.

This is the four and twentieth day,
 The day prefixt upon :
 Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
 I swear by 'Alcaron.'¹

¹ Acaron. This termagant prince seems intended for a sort of Mahometan Pagan. Alcaron is a deity formed by metathesis from Alcoran, a book: a conversion much more ancient than the present ballad. Thus in the old metrical romance of "The Sowdon of Babyloyne," a MS. in the possession of Dr. Farmer :

Then cries the king, and queen likewise,
Both weeping as they 'spake,'

" Whan Laban herde of this myschief,
A sory man was he,
He trumped his men to relefe,
For to cease that tyme mente he.
Mersadage kinge of Barbarye
He did carye to his tente,
And beryed him by right of Sarsenye,
With brennyng fire riche oynemente ;
And songe the *dirige* of ALKARON,
That bibill is of here laye ;
And wayled his deth everychon,
Seven nyghtis and seven dayes."

Here Alkaron is expressly the name of a BOOK (*i.e.* the Koran or Alcoran) ; in the following passage it is that of a GOD :

" Now shall ye here of Laban :
Whan tidynges to him were comen,
Tho was he a fulle sory man,
Whan he herde howe his vitaille were nomen,
And howe his men were slayne,
And Gye was go safe hem froo ;
He defyed *Mahounde*, and *Apolyne*,
Jubiter, *Astarol*, and ALCARON also."

Wyngen de Worde printed "A lytell treatyse of the Turkes law called Alcaron, &c." See Herbert, 224.

If, however, Acaron be the true reading, we shall find an idol of that name in the Bible, 2 Regum i. 16, ed. Vulgate.

It was, at the same time, a proper name in the East : as "Accaron princeps insulæ Cypri" is mentioned by Roger de Hoveden, 786.

Lo ! we have brought our daughter dear,
Whom we are forc'd to forsake.

With that stept out bold Robin Hood,
Crys, My liege, it must not be so :
Such beauty as the fair princèss
Is not for a tyrants mow.

The prince he then began to storm,
Cries, Fool, fanatick, baboon !¹
How dare thou stop my valours prize ?
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 defie.

And for those two Goliahs there,
That stand on either side,
Here are two little Davids 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 to the field.

¹ We should probably read frantick baboon !

The trumpets began to sound a charge,
Each singled out his man ;
Their arms in pieces soon were hew'd,
Blood sprang from every vein.

The prince he reacht Robin Hood a blow,
He struck with might and main,
Which forc'd him to 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 shew a full divorce
Betwixt thee and thy bride.

So from his shoulders he's cut his head,
Which on the ground did fall,
And grumbling sore at Robin Hood,
To be so dealt withal.

The giants then began to rage
To see their prince lie dead :
Thou's be the next, quoth Little John,
Unless thou well guard thy head.

With that his faulchion he wherl'd about,
It was both keen and sharp ;
He clave the giant to the belt,
And cut in twain his heart.

Will Scadlock 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 dam'd and foam'd, curst and blasphem'd,
And then fell to the ground.

Now all the lists with shouts were fill'd,
The skies they did resound,
Which brought the princess to herself,
Who had fal'n in a swoond.

The king and queen, and princess 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 vain.

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 my merry men,
Which are in the green-wood,
For Little John and Will Scadlock,
And for me, bold Robin Hood.

Art thou Robin Hood? quoth the king ;
For the valour thou hast shewn,
Your pardons I do freely grant,
And welcome every one,

The princess I promise the victor's prize,
She cannot have you all three.
She shall chuse, quoth Robin. Said Little John,
Then little share falls to me.

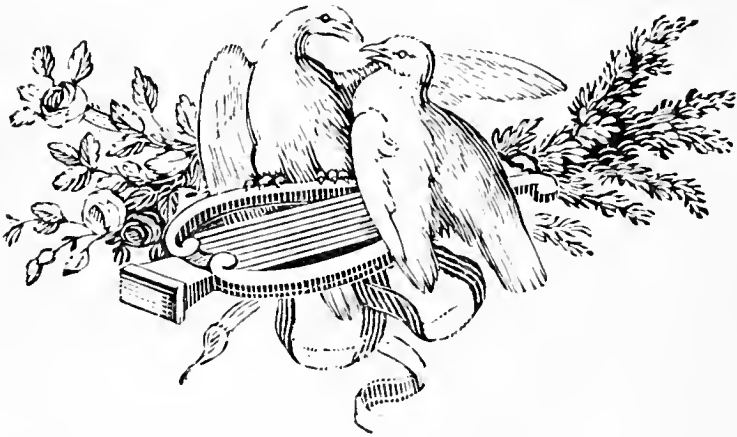
Then did the princess view all three,
With a comely lovely grace,
And took Will Scadlock by the hand,
Saying, Here I make my choice.

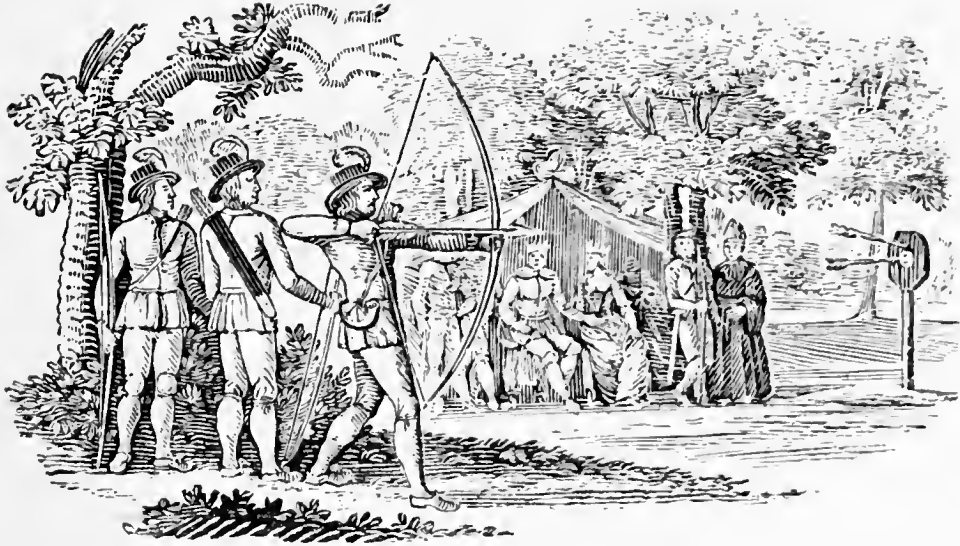
With that a noble lord stept forth,
Of Maxfield earl was he,
Who look'd Will Scadlock in the face,
And wept most bitterly.

Quoth he, I had a son like thee,
Whom I lov'd wondrous well,
But he is gone, or rather dead,
His name it is young Gamwell.

Then did Will Scadlock fall on his knees,
 Cries, Father ! father ! here,
Here kneels your son, your young Gamwèll,
 You said you lov'd so dear.

But, lord ! what imbracing and kissing was there,
 When all these friends were met !
They are gone to the wedding, and so to [the]
 And so I bid you good night. [bedding :





XII.

ROBIN HOOD AND QUEEN KATHERINE.

FROM an old black letter copy in a private collection, compared with another in that of Anthony a Wood. The full title is :
“ Renowned Robin Hood ; Or, His famous archery truly related in the worthy exploits he acted before Queen Katherine, he being an outlaw man ; and how he obtained his own and his fellows pardon. To a new tune.”

It is scarcely worth observing that there was no queen-consort named KATHERINE before Henry the Fifth’s time ; but as Henry the Eighth had no less than three wives so called, the name would be sufficiently familiar to our ballad-maker.

GOLD tane from the kings harbengers,
Downe, a downe, a downe,
As seldome hath beene seene,
Downe, a downe, a downe,
And carried by bold Robin Hood
For a present to the queene,
Downe, a downe, a downe.

If that I live a yeare to an end,
Thus gan queene Katherine say,
Bold Robin Hood, I will be thy friend,
And all thy yeomen gay.

The queene is to her chamber gone,
As fast as she can wen ;
She calls unto her lovely page,
His name was Richard Patrington.

“Come thou hither to mee, thou lovely page,
Come thou hither to mee ;
For thou must post to Nottingham.
As fast as thou can dree ;

And as thou goest to Nottingham,
Search all the English wood,
Enquire of one good yeoman or another,
That can tell thee of Robin Hood.”

Sometimes hee went, sometimes hee ran,
As fast as hee could win ;
And when hee came to Nottingham,
There hee tooke up his inne.

And when he came to Nottingham,
And had tooke up his inne,
He cals for a pottle of Rhenish wine,
And dranke a health to his queene.

There sate a yeoman by his side,
Tell mee, sweet page, said hee,
What is thy businesse and the cause,
So far in the north countrey ?

This is my businesse and the cause,
Sir, I'le tell it you for good,
To enquire of one good yeoman or another,
To tell mee of Robin Hood.

“ Ile get my horse betimes in the morne,
By it be break of day,
And I will shew thee bold Robin Hood,
And all his yeomen gay.”

When that he came at Robin Hoods place,
Hee fell down on his knee :
“ Queen Katherine she doth greet you well,
She greets you well by mee ;

She bids you post to fair London court,
Not fearing any thing ;
For there shall be a little sport,
And she hath sent you her ring.”

Robin Hood tooke his mantle from his back,
It was of the Lincolne greene,
And sent it by this lovely page,
For a present unto the queene.

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
It's a seemely sight to see,
How Robin Hood himselfe had drest,
And all his yeomandry.

He clothed his men in Lincolne greene,
And himselfe in scarlet red ;
Blacke hats, white feathers, all alike,
Now bold Robin Hood is rid :

And when hee came at Londons court,
Hee fell downe on his knee.
Thou art welcome, Locksly, said the queen,
And all thy good 'yeomandree.'

The king is into Finsbury field ¹
Marching in battle-ray,
And after follows bold Robin Hood,
And all his yeomen gay.

¹ Ground near Moorfields, London, famous in old times for the archery practised there. "In the year 1498," says Stow, "all the gardens which had continued time out of minde, without Mooregate, to wit, about and beyond the lordship of Fensberry, were destroyed. And of them was made a plaine field for archers to shoote in." *Survay of London*, 1598, p. 351. See also p. 77, where it is observed that "about the feast of S. Bartlemew . . . the officers of the city . . . were challengers of all men in the suburbes, . . . before the 'lord' maior, aldermen, and sheriffes, in FENSBERY FIELDE, to shoote the standarde, broade arrow, and flight, for games." There is a tract intitled, "Ayme for Finsburie archers, or an alphabetical table of the names of every

Come hither, Tepus, said the king,
 Bow-bearer after mee ;
 Come measure me out with this line,
 How long our mark must be.

What is the wager? said the queene,
 That must I now know here.
 "Three hundred tun of Rhenish wine,
 Three hundred tun of beere ;

Three hundred of the fattest harts
 That run on Dallom-lee." ¹
 That's a princely wager, said the king,
 That needs must I tell thee.

marke within the same fields, with the true distances, both by the map, and dimensuration with the line. Published for the ease of the skilfull, and behoofe of the yoonge beginners in the famous exercise of archerie, by J. J. and E. B. To be sold at the signe of the Swan in Grub-street, by F. Sergeant, 1594." 16mo. Republished by R. F. 1604; and again by James Partridge, 1628, 12mo.

These famous archers are mentioned by Ben Jonson (*Every Man in his Humour*, act i. scene 1): "Because I dwell at Hogsden I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury."

The practice of shooting here is alluded to by Cotton in his *Virgile Travestie* (b. iv.), 1667:

"And arrows loos'd from Grub-street bow,
 In FINSBURY, to him are slow ;"

and continued till within the memory of persons now living.

¹ The situation of this chase cannot be ascertained. There is an ancient family seat in Westmoreland called Dalham-tower.

With that bespake one Clifton then,
 Full quickly and full soone,
 Measure no markes for us, most soveraigne liege
 Wee'l shoot at sun and moone.

“ Full fifteene score your marke shall be,
 Full fifteene score shall stand.”
 Ile lay my bow, said Clifton then,
 Ile cleave the willow wand.

With that the kings archers led about,
 While it was three, and none ;
 With that the ladies began to shout,
 “ Madam, your game is gone.”

A boone, a boone, queene Katherine cries,
 I crave it on my bare knee ;
 Is there any knight of your privy counsell
 Of queen Katherines part will be ?

Come hither to mee, sir Richard Lee,
 Thou art a knight full good ;
 For I do knowe by thy pedigree
 Thou sprung'st from Gowers blood.

Come hither to me, thou bishop of Herefordshire :
 For a noble priest was hee.
 By my silver miter, said the bishop then,
 Ile not bet one peny.

The king hath archers of his own,
Full ready and full light,
And these be strangers every one,
No man knowes what they hight.

What wilt thou bet? said Robin Hood,
Thou seest our game the worse.
By my silver miter, then said the bishop,
All the money within my purse.

What is in thy purse? said Robin Hood,
Throw it downe on the ground.
Fifteen score nobles, said the bishop;
It's neere an hundred pound.¹

Robin Hood took his bagge from his side,
And threw it downe on the greene:
William Scadlocke then went smiling away,
"I know who this money must win."

With that the kings archers led about,
While it was three and three;
With that the ladies gave a shout,
"Woodcock, beware thy knee!"

¹ Either the bishop was a very bad reckoner, or there is some mistake in the copy: three hundred nobles are exactly a hundred pounds. The common editions read ninety-nine angels, which would be no more than £49, 10s. No such coin or denomination, however, as either angel or noble existed in Robin Hood's time.

It is three and three, now, said the king,
The next three pays for all.
Robin Hood went and whisper'd the queen,
The kings part shall be but small.

Robin Hood hee led about,
Hee shot it under hand ;
And Clifton with a bearing arrow,
Hee clave the willow wand.

And little Midge, the millers son,
Hee shot not much the worse ;
He shot within a finger of the prick :
“ Now, bishop, beware thy purse ! ”

A boone, a boone, queene Katherine cries,
I crave ‘it’ on my bare knee,
That you will angry be with none
That are of my partie.

“ They shall have forty daies to come,
And forty daies to goe,
And three times forty to sport and play ;
Then welcome friend or foe. ”

Thou art welcome, Robin Hood, said the queene,
And so is Little John,
And so is Midge, the millers son ;
Thrice welcome every one.

Is this Robin Hood? now said the king,
For it was told to me
That he was slain in the palace gates,
So far in the north country.

Is this Robin Hood? quoth the bishop then,
As 'it seems'¹ well to be:
Had I knowne 'it' had been that bold outlãw,
I would not [have] bet one peny.

Hee tooke me late one Saturday at night,
And bound mee fast to a tree,
And made mee sing a masse, God wot,
To him and his 'yeomandree.'

What, an if I did, saies Robin Hood,
Of that masse I was faine;
For recompence of that, he saies,
Here's halfe thy gold againe.

Now nay, now nay, saies Little John,
Master, that shall not be;
We must give gifts to the kings officèrs;
That gold will serve thee and mee.

¹ I see.



XIII.

ROBIN HOOD'S CHASE : .

“ Or, a merry progress between Robin Hood and King Henry :
Shewing how Robin Hood led the king his chase from London
to London ; and when he had taken his leave of the queen, he
returned to merry Sherwood. To the tune of Robin Hood and
the Beggar.”

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony a
Wood.

COME, you gallants all, to you I do call,
With hey down, down, an a down,
That now ‘are’ in this place ;
For a song I will sing of Henry the king,
How he did Robin Hood chase.

Queen Katherin she a match did ¹ make,
As plainly doth appear,
For three hundred tun of good red wine,
And three [hundred] tun of beere.

But yet her archers she had to seek,
With their bows and arrows so good ;
But her mind it was bent with a good intent,
To send for bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin he came there,
Queen Katherin she did say,
Thou art welcome, Locksley, said the queen,
And all thy yeomen gay.

For a match of shooting I have made,
And thou on my part must be.
“If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,
Then hanged I will be.”

But when the game came to be played,
Bold Robin he then drew nigh,
With his mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
He let his arrows fly.

And when the game it ended was,
Bold Robin wan it with a grace ;
But after the king was angry with him,
And vowed he would him chace.

¹ Then did.

What though his pardon granted was,
While he with him did stay ;
But yet the king was vexed at him,
When as he was gone his way.

Soon after the king from the court did hye,
In a furious angry mood,
And often enquired both far and near
After bold Robin Hood.

But when the king to Nottingham came,
Bold Robin was in the wood :
O, come now, said he, and let me see
Who can find me bold Robin Hood.

But when that bold Robin he did hear
The king had him in chase,
Then said Little John, 'Tis time to be gone,
And go to some other place.

And away they went from merry Sherwood,
And into Yorkshire he did hye ;
And the king did follow, with a hoop and a hallow,
But could not come him nigh.

Yet jolly Robin he passed along,
'And went strait' to Newcastle town ;
And there 'he' stayed hours two or three,
And 'then' to Barwick 'is'¹ gone.

¹ He . . was.

When the king did see how Robin did flee,
He was vexed wondrous sore ;
With a hoop and a hallow he vowed to follow,
And take him, or never give ore.

Come now let's away, then crys Little John,
Let any man follow that dare ;
To Carlisle we'l hye, with our company,
And so then to Lancastèr.

From Lancaster then to Chester they went,
And so did king Henry ;
But Robin [went] away, for he durst not stay,
For fear of some treachery.

Says Robin, Come let us for London goe,
To see our noble queens face,
It may be she wants our company,
Which makes the king so us chase.

When Robin he came queene Katherin before,
He fell low upon his knee :
“ If it please your grace, I am come to this place
For to speak with king Henry.”

Queen Katherine answered bold Robin ¹ again,
The king is gone to merry Sherwood ;
And when he went away to me he did say,
He would go and seek Robin Hood.

¹ Robin Hood.

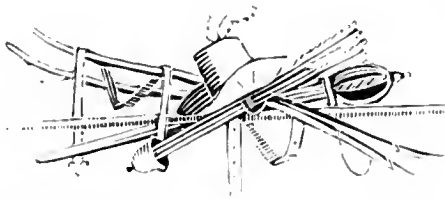
“ Then fare you well, my gracious queen,
For to Sherwood I will hie apace ;
For fain would I see what he would with me,
If I could but meet with his grace.”

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' Katherin cryed,
Henry, my sovereign liege ;
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
Your person hath been to seek.

But when king Henry he did 'hear,'
That Robin had been there him to seeke,
This answer he gave, He's a cunning knave,
For I have sought him this whole three weeks.

A boon ! a boon ! 'queen' Katherin cry'd,
I beg it here 'of' your grace,
To pardon his life, and seek not strife :
And so endeth Robin Hoods chase.





XIV.

ROBIN HOOD'S GOLDEN PRIZE.

“ He met two priests upon the way,
And forced them with him to pray ;
For gold they prayed, and gold they had,
Enough to make bold Robin glad ;
His share came to four hundred pound,
That then was told upon the ground.
Now mark, and you shall hear the jest,
You never heard the like exprest.

Tune is, Robin Hood was a tall young man, &c.”

This ballad (given from an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony a Wood) was entered (amongst others) in the Stationers' book, by Francis Coule, 13th June 1631, and by Francis Grove, 2d June 1656.

I HAVE heard talk of Robin Hood,
Derry, derry down,
And of brave Little John,
Of fryer Tuck, and Will Scarlèt,
Loxley, and maid Mariòn.

But such a tale as this before
I think was never knone :
For Robin Hood disguised himself,
And 'from'¹ the wood is gone.

Like to a fryer bold Robin Hood
Was accoutered in his array ;
With hood, gown, beeds, and crucifix,
He past upon the way.

He had not gone miles two or three,
But it was his chance to spy
Two lusty priests, clad all in black,
Come riding gallantly.

Benedicite, then said Robin Hood,
Some pitty on me take ;
Cross you my hand with a silver groat,
For our dear ladies sake.

For I have been wandring all this day,
And nothing could I get ;
Not so much as one poor cup of drink,
Nor bit of bread to eat.

Now, by our holy dame, the priests repli'd,
We never a peny have ;
For we this morning have been rob'd,
And could no money save.

¹ To.

I am much afraid, said bold Robin Hood,
That you both do tell a lie ;
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 amain ;
But Robin Hood betook 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, fryer ! the priests cry'd out,
On us have some remorse !

You said you had no mony, quoth he,
Wherefore, without delay,
We three will fall down on our knees,
And for mony we will pray.

The priests they could not him gainsay,
But down they kneeled with speed :
Send us, O send us, then quoth they,
Some mony to serve our need.

The priests did pray with a mournful chear,
Sometimes their hands did wring ;
Sometimes they wept, and cried aloud,
Whilst Robin did merrily sing.

When they had been praying an hours space,
The priests did still lament ;
Then quoth bold Robin, Now let's see
What many heaven hath us sent.

We will be sharers all alike
Of [the] mony that we have ;
And there is never a one of us
That his fellow shall deceive.

The priests their hands in their pockets put,
But mony would find none :
We'l search ourselves, said Robin Hood,
Each other, one by one.

Then Robin ¹ took pains to search them both,
And he found good store of gold,
Five hundred peeces presently
Upon the grass was told.

Here is a brave show, said Robin Hood,
Such store of gold to see,
And you shall each one have a part,
Cause you prayed so heartily.

He gave them fifty pounds a-peece,
And the rest for himself did keep :
The priests [they] durst not speak one word,
But they sighed wondrous deep.

¹ Robin Hood.



ROBIN HOOD AND THE FRIARS

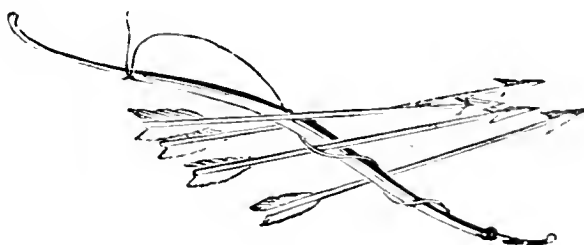
With that the priests rose up from their knees,
Thinking to have parted so :
Nay, nay, says Robin Hood, one thing more
I have to say ere you go.

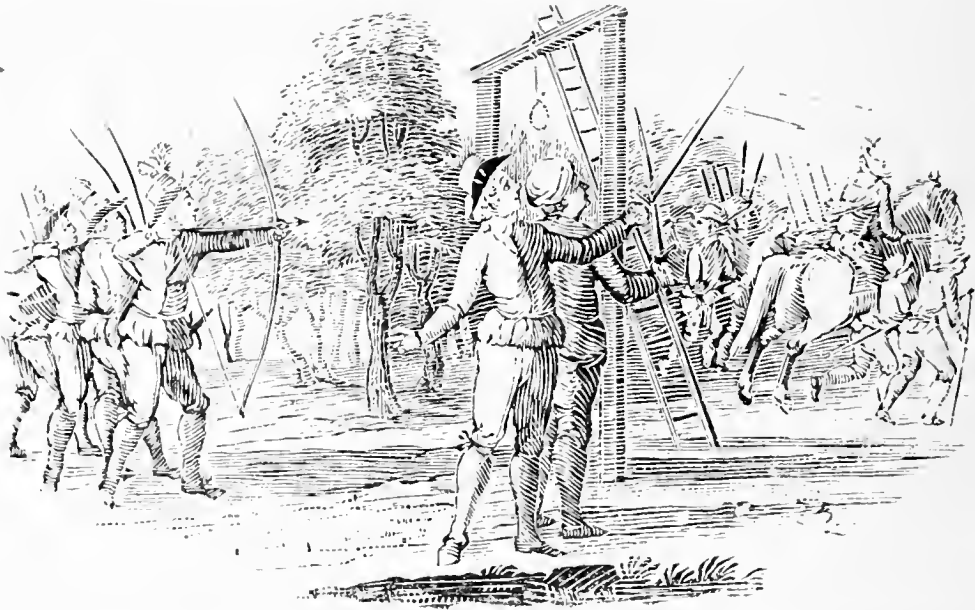
You shall be sworn, said bold Robin Hood,
Upon this holy grass,
That you will never tell lies again,
Which way soever you pass.

The second oath that you here must take,
That all the days of your lives,
You shall never tempt maids to sin,
Nor lie with other mens wives.

The last oath you shall take, it is this,
Be charitable to the poor ;
Say, you have met with a holy fryar,
And I desire no more.

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.





XV.

ROBIN HOOD'S RESCUING WILL STUTLY.

FROM an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony a Wood. The full title is: "Robin Hood his rescuing Will Stutly from the sheriff and his men, who had taken him prisoner, and was going to hang him. To the tune of Robin Hood and Queen Katherine." ¹

WHEN Robin Hood in the green wood liv'd,
Derry, derry down,
Under the green wood tree,
Tidings there came to him with speed,
Tidings for certainty ;
Hey down, derry, derry down ;

¹ See before, p. 235.

That Will Stutly surprized was,
And eke in prison lay ;
Three varlets that the sheriff had hired,
Did likely him betray :

“ I, and to-morrow hanged must be,
To-morrow as soon as it is day ;
Before they could this victory get,
Two of them did Stutly slay.”

When Robin Hood he heard this news,
Lord ! he was grieved sore ;
And to his merry men he did say,
(Who altogether swore),

That Will Stutly should rescued be,
And be brought ‘ back ’ again ;
Or else should many a gallant wight
For his sake there be slain.

He cloathed himself in scarlet ‘ red,’
His men were all in green ;
A finer shew, throughout the world,
In no place could be seen.

Good lord ! it was a gallant sight
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 are they gone,
Yea all courageously,
Resolving to bring Stutly home,
Or every man to die.

And when they came the castle neer,
Whereas Will Stutly lay,
I hold it good, saith Robin Hood,
Wee here in ambush stay,

And send one forth some news to hear,
To yonder palmer fair,
That stands under the castle wall,
Some news he may declare.

With that steps forth a brave young man,
Which was of courage bold,
Thus did hee speak to the old man :
I pray thee, palmer old,

Tell me, if that thou rightly ken,
When must Will Stutly die,
Who is one of bold Robin's men,
And here doth prisoner lie ?

Alack ! alas ! the palmer said,
And for ever wo is me !
Will Stutly hanged must 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.

I, that is true, the young man said ;
I, that is true, said he ;
Or, if they were neer to this place,
They soon would set him free.

But fare ' thee ' well, thou good old man,
Farewell, and thanks to thee ;
If Stutly hanged be this day,
Reveng'd his death will be.

Hee was no sooner from the palmer gone,
But the gates ' were ' open'd wide,
And out of the castle Will Stutly came,
Guarded on every side.

When hee was forth of the castle come,
And saw no help was nigh,
Thus he did say to the sheriff,
Thus he said gallantly :

Now seeing that I needs must die,
Grant me one boon, said he,
For my noble master nere had a man,
That yet was hang'd on the tree.

Give me a sword all in my hand,
And let mee be unbound,
And with thee and thy men Ile fight,
Till I lie dead on the ground.

But his desire he would not grant,
His wishes were in vain ;
For the sheriff had sworn he hanged should be,
And not by the sword be slain.

Do but unbind my hands, he saies,
I will no weapons crave,
And if I hanged be this day,
Damnation let me have.

O no, O no, the sheriff said,
Thou shalt on the gallows die,
I, and so shall thy master too,
If ever in me it lie.

O, dastard coward ! Stutly cries,
Thou faint-heart pesant slave !
If ever my master do thee meet,
Thou shalt thy paiment have.

My noble master ' doth thee ' scorn,
And all thy ' coward ' crew ;
Such silly imps unable are,
Bold Robin to subdue.

But when he was to the gallows come,
And ready to bid adiew,
Out of a bush leaps Little John,
And comes Will Stutly 'to' :

“ I pray thee, Will, before thou die,
Of thy dear friends take leave :—
I needs must borrow him for a while,
How say you, master ‘shrieve’ ? ”

Now, as I live, the sheriff he said,
That varlet will I know ;
Some sturdy rebell is that same,
Therefore let him not go.

Then Little John most hastily,
Away cut Stutly's bands,
And from one of the ‘sheriffs’ men,
A sword twicht from his hands.

“ Here, Will, here, take thou this same,
Thou canst it better sway ;
And here defend thyself awhile,
For aid will come straightway.”

And there they turn'd them back to back,
In the middle of them that day,
Till Robin Hood approached near,
With many an archer gay.

With that an arrow by them flew,
 I wist from Robin Hood ;
 Make haste, make haste, the sheriff he said,
 Make haste, for it is good.

The sheriff is gon, his 'doughty'¹ men
 Thought it no boot to stay,
 But, as their master had them taught,
 'They' run full fast away.

O stay, O stay, Will Stutly said,
 Take leave ere you depart ;
 You neere will catch bold Robin Hood,
 Unless you dare him meet.

O ill betide you, quoth Robin Hood,
 That you so soon are gone ;
 My sword may in the scabbord rest,
 For here our work is done.

I little thought, 'Will Stutly said,'²
 When I came to this place,
 For to have met with Little John,
 Or seen my masters face.

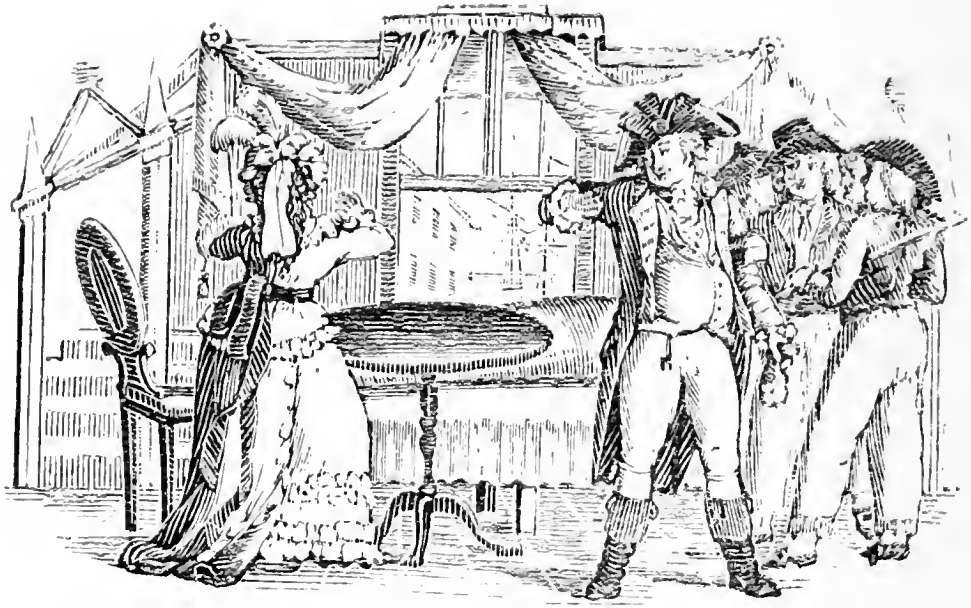
Thus Stutly was at liberty set,
 And safe brought from his foe :
 "O thanks, O thanks to my mastèr,
 Since here it was not so :

¹ Doubtless.

² When I came here.

And once again, my fellows [all],
We shall in the green woods meet,
Where we [will] make our bow-strings twang,
Musick for us most sweet."





XVI.

THE NOBLE FISHER-MAN ;

OR,

ROBIN HOOD'S PREFERMENT :

“Shewing how he won a prize on the sea, and how he gave the one halfe to his dame, and the other to the building of almshouses. The tune is, In summer time, &c.”

From three old black letter copies, one in the collection of Anthony a Wood, another in the British Museum, and the third in a private collection.

IN summer-time, when leaves grow green,
When they doe grow both green and long,—
Of a bold outlaw, call'd Robin Hood,
It is of him I sing this song,—

When the lilly leafe, and the 'eglantine,'
 Doth bud and spring with a merry cheere,
 This outlaw was weary of the wood-side,
 And chasing of the fallow-deere.

"The fisher-men brave more mony have
 Than any merchants two or three ;
 Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
 That I a fisherman brave may be."

This outlaw called his merry men all,
 As they sate under the green-wood tree :
 "If any of you have gold to spend,
 I pray you heartily spend it with me."

Now, quoth Robin Hood, Ile to Scarborough go,
 It seems to be a very faire day.
 'He' tooke up his inne at a widdow-womans
 Hard by upon the water gray : [house,

Who asked of him, Where wert thou borne ?
 Or tell to me where dost thou fare ?
 I am a poor fisherman, said he then,
 This day intrapped all in care.

"What is thy name, thou fine fellòw,
 I pray thee heartily tell it to mee ?"
 "In my own country, where I was borne,
 Men call me Simon over the Lee."

¹ Elephant.

Simon, Simon, said the good-wife,
I wish thou mayest well brook thy name.
The out-law was ware of her courtesie,
And rejoyced he had got such a dame.

“ Simon, wilt thou be my man ?
And good round wages Ile give thee ;
I have as good a ship of my own,
As any sails upon the sea :

Anchors and planks thou shalt not want,
Masts and ropes that are so long.”
And if you thus do furnish me,
Said Simon, nothing shall goe wrong.

They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,
More of a day then 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,
Ere this great lubber do thrive on the sea ;
I’le assure you he shall have no part of 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 were in Plompton parke,
In chasing of the fallow deere.

For every clowne laughs me to scorne,
And they by me set nought at all ;
If I had them in Plompton park,
I would set as little by them all.

They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,
More of a day then two or three :
But Simon espyed a ship of warre,
That sayled towards them most valorously.

O woe is me ! said the master then,
This day that ever I was borne !
For all our fish we have got to day,
Is every bit lost and forlorne.

For your French robbers on the sea,
They will not spare of us one man,
But carry us to the coast of France,
And ligge us in the prison strong.

But Simon said, Doe not feare them,
Neither, mastèr, take you no care ;
Give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.

“ Hold thy peace, thou long lubbèr,
For thou art nought but brags and boast ;
If I should cast thee over-board,
There's but a simple lubber lost.”

Simon grew angry at these words,
And so angry then was he,
That he took his bent bow in his hand,
And in the ship-hatch goe doth he.

Master, tye me to the mast, saith he,
That at 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 very head,
And drew it with all might and maine,
And straightway in the twinkling of an eye,
'To' the Frenchmans heart the 'arrow's gane.'¹

The Frenchman fell down on the ship-hatch,
And under the hatches 'there' below ;
Another Frenchman, that him espy'd,
The dead corpse into the sea doth throw.

O master, loose me from the mast, he said,
And for them all take you no care ;
For give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.

Then streight [they] boarded the French ship,
They lyeing all dead in their sight ;
They found within 'that' ship of warre,
Twelve thousand pound of mony bright.

¹ Doth . . . arrow gain.

The one halfe of the ship, said Simon then,
Ile give to my dame and [her] children small ;
The other halfe of the ship Ile bestow
On you that are my fellowes all.

But now bespake the master then,
For so, Simon, it shall not be,
For you have won it with your own hand,
And the owner of it you shall bee.

“ It shall be so, as I have said ;
And, with this gold, for the opprest
An habitation I will build,
Where they shall live in peace and rest.”





XVII.

ROBIN HOOD'S DELIGHT:

“Or, a merry combat fought between Robin Hood, Little John, and Will Scarelock, and three stout Keepers in Sheerwood Forrest.

Robin was valiant and stout,
So was Scarelock and John in the field,
But these Keepers stout did give them rout,
And made them all for to yield.
But after the battel ended was,
Bold Robin did make them amends,
For claret and sack they did not lack,
So drank themselves good friends.

To the tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Katherine ; or, Robin Hood and the Shepheard.”

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony a Wood.

THERE'S some will talk of lords and knights,

Down, a down, a down,

And some of yeomen good ;

But I will tell you of Will Scarlòck,

Little John, and Robin Hood.

Down, a down, a down, a down.

They were outlaws, 'tis well known,

And men of a noble blood ;

And many a time was their valour shown

In the forrest of merry Sheerwood.

Upon a time it chanced so,

As Robin would have it be,

They all three would a walking go,

The pastime for to see.

And as they walked the forest along,

Upon a Midsummer day,

There was they aware of three keepèrs,

Clad all in green aray.

With brave long fauchions by their sides

And forrest-bills in hand,

They call'd aloud to those bold outlâws,

And charged them to stand.

¹ Robin Hood.

Why, who are you, cry'd bold Robìn,
That 'speak' so boldly here?
"We three belong to King Henry,
And are keepers of his deer."

The devil 'you are!' says Robin Hood,
I am sure that it is not so;
We be the keepers of this forrèst,
And that you soon shall know.

Come, your coats of green lay on the ground,
And so will we all three,
And take your swords and bucklers round,
And try the victory.

We be content, the keepers said,
We be three, and you no less,
Then why should we be of you afraid,
'As' we never did transgress?

"Why, if you be three keepers in this forrèst,
Then we be three rangers good,
And will make you know before you do go,
You meet with bold Robin Hood."

"We be content, thou bold outlàw,
Our valour here to try,
And will make you know, before we do go,
We will fight before we will fly.

Then, come draw your swords, you bold outlaws,
No longer stand to prate,
But let us try it out with blows,
For cowards we do hate.

Here is one of us for Will Scarlòck,
And another for Little John,
And I myself for Robin Hood,
Because he is stout and strong."

So they fell to it hard and sore,
It was on a Midsummers day;
From eight of the clock till two and past,
They all shewed gallant play.

There Robin, and Will, and Little John,
They fought most manfully,
Till all their winde was spent and gone,
Then Robin aloud did cry :

O hold, O hold, cries bold Robìn,
I see you be stout men ;
Let me blow one blast on my bugle-horn,
Then Ile fight with you again.

"That bargain's to make, bold Robin Hood,
Therefore we it deny ;
Thy blast upon the bugle-horn
Cannot make us fight or fly.

Therefore fall on, or else be gone,
And yield to us the day :
It never shall be said that we are afraid
Of thee, nor thy yeomen gay."

If that be so, cries bold Robìn,
Let me but know your names,
And in the forrest of merry Sheerwood,
I shall extol your fames.

And with our names, one of them said,
What hast thou here to do ?
Except that you wilt fight it out,
Our names thou shalt not know.

We will fight no more, sayes bold Robìn,
You be men of valour stout ;
Come and go with me to Nottingham,
And there we will fight it out.

With a but of sack we will bang it 'about,'
To see who wins the day ;
And for the cost make you no doubt,
I have gold 'enough' to pay.

And ever hereafter so long as we live,
We all will brethren be ;
For I love these men with heart and hand,
That will fight and never flee.

So, away they went to Nottingham,
With sack to make amends ;
For three days they the wine did chase,
And drank themselves good friends.





XVIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR.

“Shewing how Robin Hood and the Beggar fought, and how he changed cloaths with the Beggar, and how he went a begging to Nottingham; and how he saved three brethren from being hang'd for stealing of deer. To the tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger.”

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony a Wood.

COME and listen, you gentlemen all,
Hey down, down, an a down,
That mirth do love for to hear,
And a story true Ile tell unto you,
If that you will but draw near.

In elder times, when merriment was,
And archery was holden good,
There was an outlâw, as many 'do' know,
Which men called Robin Hood.

Upon a time it chanced so,
Bold Robin was merry disposed,
His time for to spend he did intend
Either with friends or foes.

Then he got upon a gallant brave steed,
The which was worth angels ten,
With a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
He left all his merry men.

And riding towards Nottingham,
Some pastime for to 'spy,
There was he aware of a jolly beggar,
As ere he beheld with his eye.

An old pacht coat the beggar had on,
Which he daily did use to wear ;
And many a bag about him did wag,
Which made Robin ¹ to him repair.

God speed, God speed, said Robin Hood,
What countryman ? tell to me.
"I am Yorkshire, sir ; but, ere you go far,
Some charity give unto me."

¹ Robin Hood.

Why, what wouldst thou have? said Robin Hood,
I pray thee tell unto me.
No lands nor livings, the beggar he said,
But a penny for charitie.

I have no money, said Robin Hood then,
But a ranger within the wood ;
I am an outlaw, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood.

But yet I must tell the, bonny beggar,
That a bout with [thee] I must try ;
Thy coat of grey, lay down I say,
And my mantle of green shall lye 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 at thy purse.

So the beggar he had a mickle long staffe,
And Robin ¹ a nut-brown sword ;
So 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 buffets three.

¹ He had.

And fighting there full hard and sore,
Not far from Nottingham town,
They never fled, till from Robin Hoods head
The blood came trickling down.

O, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood then,
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, cri'd Robin Hood,
Thy bags and coat give me ;
And this mantle of mine Ile to thee resign,
My horse and my braverie.

When Robin ¹ had got the beggars clothes,
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 corn ;
I have one for salt, and another for malt,
And one for my little horn.

And now I will a begging goe,
Some charitie for to find.
And if any more of Robin you'll know,
In 'the' second part 'tis behind.

¹ Robin Hood.

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 merrilie passed he.

As Robin he passed the streets along,
He heard a pittiful cry ;
Three brethren dear, as he did hear,
Condemned were to dye.

Then Robin he highed to the sheriffs [house],
Some reliefe for to seek ;
He skipt, and leapt, and capered full high,
As he went along the street.

But when to the sheriffs doore he came,
There a gentleman fine and brave,
Thou beggar, said he, come tell unto me
What it is thou wouldest have.

No meat, nor drink, said Robin Hood then,
That I come here to crave ;
But to get the lives of yeomen three,
And that I fain would have.

That cannot be, thou bold beggar,
Their fact it is so clear ;
I tell to thee, they hanged must be,
For stealing of our king's deer.

But when to the gallows they did come,
There was many a weeping eye :
O, hold your peace, said Robin Hood then,
For certain ' they shall ' not dye.

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew out blastes three,
Till a hundred bold archers brave
Came kneeling down to his knée.

What is your will, mastèr ? they said,
We are at your command.
Shoot east, shoot west, said Robin Hood then,
And see you spare no man.

Then they shot east, and they shot west,
Their arrows were so keen ;
The sheriffe he, and his companie,
No longer ' could ' be seen.

Then he stept to those brethren three,
And away he has them tane ;
The sheriffe was crost, and many a man lost,
That dead lay on the plain.

And away they went into the merry green wood,
And sung with a merry glee ;
And Robin Hood took these brethren good
To be of his yeomandrie.



XIX.

LITTLE JOHN AND THE FOUR BEGGARS.

FROM an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony a Wood: the full title being, "A new merry song of Robin Hood and Little John, shewing how Little John went a begging, and how he fought with the four beggars, and what a prize he got of the four beggars. The tune is, Robin Hood and the Begger."

ALL you that delight to spend some time,
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
A merry song for to sing,
Unto me draw neer, and you shall hear
How Little John went a begging.

As Robin Hood walked the forest along,
And all his yeomandree.
Sayer Robin, Some of you must a begging go,
And, Little John, it must be thee.

Sayer John, If I must a begging go,
I will have a palmer's weed,
With a staff and a coat, and bags of all sort,
The better then I may speed.

Come, give me now a bag for my bread,
And another for my cheese,
And one for a peny, when as I get any,
That nothing I may leese.

Now Little John he is a begging gone,
Seeking for some relief ;
But of all the beggers he met on the way,
Little John he was the chief.

But as he was walking himself alone,
Four beggers he chanced to spy,
Some deaf, and some blind, and some came behind ;
Sayer John, Heres a brave company.

Good-morrow, said John, my brethren dear,
Good fortune I had you to see ;
Which way do you go ? pray let me know,
For I want some company.

O ! what is here to do ? then said Little John :
Why ring all these bells ? said he ;
What dog is a hanging ? Come, let us be ganging,
That we the truth may see.

Here is no dog a hanging, then one of them said,
Good fellow, we 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, another he said,
So have we in Coventry,
In Barwick and Dover, and all the world over,
But ne'er a crookt carril like thee.

Therefore stand thee back, thou crooked carèl,
And take that knock on the crown.
Nay, said Little John, Ile not yet be gone,
For a bout will I have of you round.

Now have at you all, then said Little John,
If you be so full of your blows ;
Fight on all four, and nere give ore,
Whether you be friends or foes.

John nipped the dumb, and made him to rore,
And the blind 'he made to'¹ see ;
And he that a cripple had been seven years,
He made run then faster than he.

¹ That could not.

And flinging them all against the wall,
With many a sturdie bang,
It made John sing, to hear the gold ring,
Which again the walls cryed twang.

Then he got out of the beggars cloak,
Three hundred pound in gold,
Good fortune had I, then said Little John,
Such a good sight to behold.

But what found he in the beggar's bag
But three hundred pound and three?
"If I drink water while this doth last,
Then an ill death may I dye :

And my begging trade I will now give ore,
My fortune hath bin so good ;
Therefore Ile not stay, but I will away,
To the forrest of merry Sherwood."

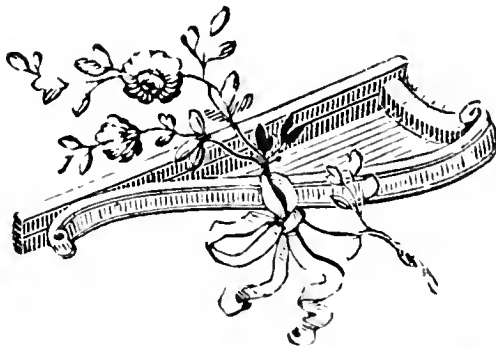
And when to the forrest of Sherwood he came,
He quickly there did see
His master good, bold Robin Hood,
And all his company.

What news? What news? then said Robin
Come, Little John, tell unto me ; [Hood,
How hast thou sped with thy beggars trade?
For that I fain would see.

No news but good, said Little John,
With begging ful wel I have sped ;
Six hundred and three I have here for thee,
In silver and gold so red.

‘Then’ Robin Hood took Little John by the
And danced about the oak tree : [hand,
“ If we drink water while this doth last,
Then an il death may we die. ”

So to conclude my merry new song,
All you that delight it to sing ;
'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,
And how Little John went a begging.





XX.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE RANGER :

OR,

TRUE FRIENDSHIP AFTER A FIERCE FIGHT.

NO ancient copy of this ballad having been met with, it is given from an edition of "Robin Hood's Garland," printed some years since at York. The tune is Arthur a Bland.

WHEN Phœbus had melted the 'sickles' of ice,
With a hey down, &c.

And likewise the mountains of snow,
Bold Robin Hood he would ramble away,
To frolick abroad with his bow.

He left all his merry men waiting behind,
 Whilst through the green vallies he pass'd,
Where he did behold a forester bold,
 Who cry'd out, Friend, whither so fast ?

I am going, quoth Robin, to kill a fat buck,
 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 forester then,
 For these are his majesty's deer ;
Before you shall shoot, the thing I'll dispute,
 For I am head forester here.

These thirteen long summers, quoth Robin, I'm sure,
 My arrows I here have let fly,
Where freely I range ; methinks it is strange
 You should have more power than I.

This forest, quoth Robin, I think is my own,
 And so are the nimble deer too ;
Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,
 I'll not be affronted by you.

The forester he had a long quarter-staff,
 Likewise a broad sword by his side ;
Without more ado, he presently drew
 Declaring the truth should be try'd.

Bold Robin Hood had a sword of the best,
Thus, ere he would take any wrong,
His courage was flush, he'd venture a brush,
And thus they fell to it ding dong.

The very first blow that the forester gave,
He made his broad weapon cry twang ;
'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,
O that was a damnable bang !

But Robin he soon recovered himself,
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 resolved to play,
Because they would have the other bout ;
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,
Unwilling he was to give out.

Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
The other return'd them as fast ;
At every stroke their jackets did smoke ;
Three hours the combat did last.

At length in a rage the forester grew,
And cudgel'd bold Robin so sore,
That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,
He cry'd, Let us freely give o'er.

Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess
I never knew any so good ;
Thou art fitting to be a yeoman for me,
And range in the merry green wood.

I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou hast acted thy part ;
That man that can fight, in him I delight,
And love him with all my whole heart.

Robin Hood set his bugle-horn to his mouth,
A blast then he merrily blows ;
His yeomen did hear, and strait did appear
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 the rest were gloriously drest,
A delicate sight to be seen !

Lo! these are my yeomen, said bold Robin Hood,
And thou shalt be one of the train :
A mantle and bow, and quiver also,
I give them whom 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 might and delight they spent all the night,
And liv'd at a plentiful rate.

The forester ne'er was so merry before,
As then he was with these brave souls,
Who never would fail, in wine, beer, or ale,
To take off their cherishing bowls.

Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows, and curious long bow :
This done, the next day, so gallant and gay,
He marched them all on a row.

Quoth he, My brave yeomen, be true to your trust,
And then we may range the woods wide.
They all did declare, and solemnly swear,
They would conquer, or die by his side.





XXI.

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 Little John. Tune of Arthur a Bland.”

This ballad is named in a schedule of such things under an agreement between W. Thackeray and others in 1689 (Col. Pepys. vol. 5), but is here given as corrected from a copy in the “Collection of Old Ballads,” 1723.

The notion that Little John obtained this appellation, ironically, from his superior stature, though doubtless ill-founded, is of considerable antiquity. See “Notes and Illustrations to the Life,” p. cxvi.

WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
With a hey down, down, and a down ;
He happen'd to meet Little John,
A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
For he was a lusty young man.

Tho' he was call'd Little, his limbs they were
 And his stature was seven foot high ; [large,
 Whereever he came, they quak'd at his name,
 For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
 If you would but listen awhile ;
 For this very jest, among all the rest,
 I think it may cause you to smile.

For Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmèn,
 Pray tarry you here in this grove ;
 And see that you all observe well my call,
 While thorough the forest I rove.

We have had no sport for these fourteen long
 Therefore now abroad will I go ; [days,
 Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
 My horn I will presently blow.

Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,
 And bid them at present good b' w'ye :
 Then, as near the brook his journey he took,
 A stranger he chanc'd to espy.

They happen'd to meet on a long narrow bridge,
 And neither of them would give way ;
 Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
 I'll shew you right Nottingham-play.

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
A broad arrow with a goose-wing.
The stranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy hide,
If thou offer to touch the string.

Quoth bold Robin Hood, Thou dost prate like
For were I to bend but my bow, [an ass,
I could send a dart, quite thro' thy proud heart,
Before thou could'st strike me one blow.

Thou talk'st like a coward, the stranger reply'd ;
Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
Have nought but a staff in my hand.

The name of a coward, quoth Robin, I scorn,
Therefore my long bow I'll lay by ;
And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,
The truth of thy manhood to try.

Then Robin Hood stept to a thicket of trees,
And chose him a staff of ground oak ;
Now this being done, away he did run
To the stranger, and merrily spoke :

Lo ! see my staff is lusty and tough,
Now here on the bridge we will play ;
Whoever falls in, the other shall win
The battle, and so we'll away.

With all my whole heart, the stranger reply'd,
I scorn in the least to give out ;
This said, they fell to't without more dispute,
And their staffs they did flourish about.

At first Robin he gave the stranger a bang,
So hard that he made his bones ring :
The stranger he said, This must be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I am able to handle a staff,
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn.
Then to it each goes, and follow'd their blows,
As if they'd been threshing of corn.

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which caused the blood to appear ;
Then Robin enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,
And follow'd his blows more severe.

So thick and so fast did he lay it on him,
With a passionate fury and ire ;
At every stroke he made him to smoke,
As if he had been all on fire.

O then into fury the stranger he grew,
And gave him a damnable look,
And with it a blow that laid him full low,
And tumbld him into the brook.

I prithee, good fellow, O where art thou now ?
The stranger, in laughter, he cry'd.
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 must I say, thou hast got the day,
Our battel shall be at an end.

Then unto the bank he did presently wade,
And pull'd himself out by a thorn ;
Which done, at the last he blow'd a loud blast
Straitway on his fine bugle-horn :

The eccho of which through the vallies did fly,
At which his stout bowmen appear'd,
All cloathed in green, most gay to be seen,
So up to their master they steer'd.

O, what's the matter ? quoth William Stutely,
Good master, you are wet to the skin.
No matter, quoth he, the lad which you see
In fighting hath tumbl'd me in.

He shall not go scot-free, the others reply'd ;
So strait they were seizing him there,
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's threescore and nine ; if thou wilt be mine,
Thou shalt have my livery strait,

And other accoutrements fit for a man ;
Speak up, jolly blade, never fear :
I'll teach you also the use of the bow,
To shoot at the fat fallow deer.

O, here is my hand, the stranger reply'd,
I'll serve you with all my whole heart ;
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle ;
Ne're doubt me, for I'll play my part.

His name shall be alter'd, quoth William 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 him a brace of fat does,
With humming strong liquor likewise ;
They lov'd what was good ; so, in the green wood,
This pretty sweet babe they baptize.

He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,
And, may be, an ell in the waste ;
A sweet pretty lad : much feasting they had ;
Bold Robin the christ'ning grac'd,

With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed ;
Brave Stutely came then, with seven yeomèn,
And did in this manner proceed :

This infant was called John Little, quoth he ;
Which name shall be changed anon :
The words we'll transpose ; so wherever he goes,
His name shall be call'd Little John.

They all with a shout made the elements ring ;
So soon as the office was ore,
To feasting they went, with true merriment,
And tippl'd strong liquor gillore.

Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
And cloath'd him from top to the toe,
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
And gave him a curious long bow.

“ Thou shalt be an archer, as well as the best,
And range in the green wood with us ;
Where we'll not want gold nor silver, behold,
While bishops have ought in their purse.

We live here like 'squires, or lords of renown,
Without ere a foot of free land ;
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale, and beer,
And ev'ry thing at our command.”

Then musick and dancing did finish the day ;
At length, when the sun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.

And so, ever after, as long as he liv'd,
Altho' he was proper and tall,
Yet, nevertheless, the truth to express,
Still Little John they did him call.





XXII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

THIS excellent ballad, given from the common edition of Aldermay-church-yard (compared with the York copy), is supposed to be modern ; the story, however, seems alluded to in the ballad of "Renowned Robin Hood." The full title is "The Bishop of Hereford's entertainment by Robin Hood and Little John, &c. in merry Barnsdale." The tune is added from an engraved sheet.

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 Here-
When he robb'd him of his gold. [fòrd,

As it befel, in merry Barnsdale,
‘All’ under the green-wood-tree,
The bishop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.

Come, kill [me] a ven’son, 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.

We’ll kill a fat ven’son, said bold Robin Hood,
And dress it by the highway side ;
And we will watch the bishop narrowly,
Lest some other way he should ride.

Robin Hood dress’d himself in shepherd’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 bishòp,
Or for whom do you make this a-do?
Or why do you kill the king’s ven’son,
When your company is so few?

We are shephèrds, 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 bishòp,
And the king of your doings shall know :
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 thee pray ;
For it becomes not your lordships coat
To take so many lives away.

No pardon, no pardon, said the bishòp,
No pardon I thee owe ;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go.

Then Robin set his back against a tree,
And his foot against a thorn,
And from underneath his shepherds coat
He pull'd out a bugle-horn.

He put the little end to his mouth,
And a loud blast did he blow,
Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men
Came running all on a row ;

All making obeysance to bold Robin Hood ;
'Twas a comely sight for to see.
What is the matter, master, said Little John,
That you blow so hastily ?

“ O here is the bishop of Herefòrd,
And no pardon we shall have.”
Cut off his head, master, said Little John,
And throw him into his grave.

O pardon, O pardon, said the bishòp,
O pardon I thee pray ;
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd have gone some other way.

No pardon, no pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
No pardon I thee owe ;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.

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 bishòp,
For methinks it grows wond'rous high.
Lend me your purse, master, said Little John,
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 portmantua
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 bishòp,
Tho' he heartily loveth not me.

Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
And he caused the music to play ;
And he made the [old] bishop to dance in his boots,
And glad he could so get away.





XXIII.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS FROM THE SHERIFF WHEN GOING TO BE EXECUTED.

THIS ballad, from the York edition of "Robin Hood's Garland," is probably one of the oldest extant of which he is the subject. In the more common editions is a modernised copy, in which the "silly old woman" is converted into "a gay lady;" but even this is more ancient than many of the pieces here inserted, and is entitled, by its merit, to a place in the Appendix.

The circumstance of Robin's changing clothes with the palmer is, possibly, taken from an old romance intituled "The noble hystory of the moost excellent and myghty prynce and hygh renowned knyght kynge Ponthus of Galyce and of lytell Brytayne, Enprynted at London in Flete strete at the sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde, In the yere of our lorde god, M.CCCC.XI.," 4to, b. l., sig. l. 6: "And as he [Ponthus] rode he met with a poore palmer beggyng his brede the whiche had his gowne all to clouted and an olde pyllled hatte, so he alyght and sayd to the palmer, frende we shall make a chaunge of all our garmentes, for

ye shall have my gowne and I shall have yours and your hatte. A syr sayd the palmer ye bourde you with me. In good fayth sayd Ponthus I do not, so he dyspoyled hym and cladde hym with all his rayment, and he put vpon hym the poore mannes gowne, his gyrdell, his hosyn, his shone, his hatte, and his bourden.”

THERE are twelve months in all the year,
 As I hear many say,
 But the merriest month in all the year
 Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
 With a link a down, and a day,
 And there he met a silly old woman,
 Was weeping on the way.

“What news? what news? thou silly old woman,
 What news hast thou for me?”
 Said she, There’s three squires in Nottingham town,
 To-day ‘are’¹ condemned to die.

Oh, have they parishes burnt? he said,
 Or have they ministers slain?
 Or have they robbed any virgìn?
 Or with other men’s wives have lain?

“They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
 Nor yet have ministers slain,
 Nor have they robbed any virgìn,
 Nor with other men’s wives have lain.”

¹ Is.

Oh, what have they done? said Robin Hood,
I pray thee tell to me.

“It’s for slaying of the kings fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee.”

Dost thou not mind, old woman, he said,
Since thou made me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body, quoth bold Robin Hood,
You could not tell it in better time.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link, a down, and a ‘day,’¹
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

“What news? what news? thou silly old man,
What news, I do thee pray?”
Said he, Three squires in Nottingham town,
Are condemn’d to die this day.

“Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is forty shillings in good silvèr,
Go drink it in beer or wine.”

Oh, thine apparel is good, he said,
And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh ne’er an old man to scorn.

¹ Down a.

“Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine ;
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine.”

Then he put on the old man’s hat,
It stood full high on the crown ;
“The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down.”

Then he put on the old man’s cloak,
Was patch’d black, blew, and red ;
He thought it no shame, all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man’s breeks,
Was patch’d from ballup to side :
By the truth of my body, bold Robin can say,
This man lov’d little pride.

Then he put on the old man’s hose,
Were patch’d from knee to wrist :
By the truth of my body, said bold Robin Hood,
I’d laugh if I had any list.

Then he put on the old man’s shoes,
Were patch’d both beneath and aboon ;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
It’s good habit that makes a man.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

Oh 'Christ you' save, oh, sheriff, he said,¹
Oh 'Christ you save and' see ;
And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be ?

Some suits, some suits, the sheriff he said,
Some suits, I'll give to thee ;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen,
To-day's a hangman's fee.

Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone :
By the truth of my body, the sheriff he said,
That's well jumpt, thou nimble old man.

I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade ;
But curst be he, said bold Robin,
That first a hangman was made.

I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn ;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

¹ Oh save, oh save, oh sheriff he said,
Oh save and you may see.

I have a horn in my pockèt.
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For 'thee'¹ it blows little good.

“Oh, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,
Of thee I have no doubt ;
I wish that thou give such a blast,
Till both thy eyes fall out.”

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill ;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hoods men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hoods men,
Came shining over the plain.

Oh, who are 'those,' the sheriff he said,
Come tripping over the lee?
They're my attendants, brave Robin did say,
They'll pay a visit to thee.

They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen,
They hang'd the proud sheriff on that,
Releas'd their own three men.

¹ Me.



XXIV.

ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN.

THIS ballad, which has never been inserted in any of the publications intitled “Robin Hood’s Garland” (and, perhaps, was not worth inserting here), is given from an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony a Wood. Its full title is, “A famous battle between Robin Hood and Maid’Marian; declaring their love, life, and liberty. Tune, Robin Hood Reviv’d” (see before, p. 217).

A BONNY fine maid of a noble degree,
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
Maid Marian call’d by name,
Did live in the North, of excellent worth,
For shee was a gallant dame.

For favour and face, and beauty most rare,
Queen Hellen shee did excell :
For Marian then was prais'd of all men,
That did in the country dwell.

'Twas neither Rosamond nor Jane Shore,
Whose beauty was clear and bright,
That could surpass this country lass,
Beloved of lord and knight.

The earl of Huntington, nobly born,
That came of noble blood,
To Marian went, with a good intent,
By the name of Robin Hood.

With kisses sweet their red lips did meet,
For she and the earl did agree ;
In every place, they kindly embrace,
With love and sweet unity.

But fortune bearing these lovers a spight,
That soon they were forced to part :
To the merry green wood then went Robin Hood,
With a sad and sorrowfull heart.

And Marian, poor soul, was troubled in mind,
For the absence of her friend ;
With finger in eye, shee often did cry,
And his person did much comend.

Perplexed and vexed, and troubled in mind,
Shee drest herself like a page,
And ranged the wood, to find Robin Hood,
The bravest of men in that age.

With quiver and bow, sword, buckler, and all,
Thus armed was Marian most bold,
Still wandering about to find Robin out,
Whose person was better then gold.

But Robin Hood, hee himself had disguis'd,
And Marian was strangly attir'd,
That they prov'd foes, and so fell to blowes,
Whose vallour bold Robin admir'd.

They drew out their swords, and to cutting they went,
At least an hour or more,
That the blood ran apace from bold Robins face,
And Marian was wounded sore.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
And thou shalt be one of my string,
To range in the wood with bold Robin Hood,
And hear the sweet nightingall sing.

When Marian did hear the voice of her love,
Herself shee did quickly discover,
And with kisses sweet she did him greet,
Like to a most loyall lover.

When bold Robin Hood his Marian did see,
Good lord, what clipping was there !
With kind embraces, and jobbing of faces,
Providing of gallant cheer.

For Little John took his bow in his hand,
And 'wandred' in the wood,
To kill the deer, and make good chear,
For Marian and Robin Hood.

A stately banquet 'they' had full soon,
All in a shaded bower,
Where venison sweet they had to eat,
And were merry that present hour.

Great flaggons of wine were set on the board,
And merrily they drunk round
Their boules of sack, to strengthen the back,
Whilst their knees did touch the ground.

First Robin Hood began a health
To Marian his onely dear ;
And his yeomen all, both comly and tall,
Did quickly bring up the rear :

For in a brave venie they tost off the bouls,
Whilst thus they did remain ;
And every cup, as they drunk up,
They filled with speed again.

¹ Wandring.

At last they ended their merriment,
And went to walk in the wood,
Where Little John, and Maid Mariàn,
Attended on bold Robin Hood.

In sollid content together they liv'd,
With all their yeomen gay ;
They liv'd by 'their' hands, without any lands,
And so they did many a day.

But now to conclude an end I will make,
In time as I think it good ;
For the people that dwell in the North can tell
Of Marian and bold Robin Hood.





XXV.

THE KING'S DISGUISE, AND FRIENDSHIP
WITH ROBIN HOOD,

from the common collection of Aldermary-church-yard, seems to be taken from the old legend in Part I., and to have been written by some miserable retainer to the press, merely to eke out the book ; being, in fact, a most contemptible performance.

The two concluding lines (the same with those of the next ballad) refer to song xxvii., which they have once immediately preceded.

KING Richard hearing of the pranks
Of Robin Hood and his men,
He much admir'd, and more desired
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,
But had no hopes to speed,
He and his lords, with one accord,
All put on monks weeds.

From Fountain-abbey they did ride,
Down to Barnsdale ;
Where Robin Hood prepared stood
All company to assail.

The king was higher than the rest,
And Robin thought he had
An abbot been whom he had seen,
To rob him he was glad.

He took the king's horse by the head,
Abbot, says he, abide ;
I am bound to rue such knaves as you,
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 cursedst, says the king,
For thou a traitor art.
“ Nay, but that you are his messenger,
I swear you lie in heart.

For I never yet hurt any man
That honest is and true ;
But those who give their minds to live
Upon other mens due.

I never hurt the ‘ husbandmen,’
That use to till the ground :
Nor spill their blood who range the wood,
To follow hawk or hound.

My chiefest spite to clergy is,
Who in these days bear great sway ;
With fryars and monks, with their fine sprunks,
I make my chiefest prey.”

But I am very glad, says Robin Hood,
That I have met you here ;
Come, before we end, you shall, my friend,
Taste of our green-wood cheer.

The king he then 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 kings horse by the head,
And led him to his tent :
Thou wouldst not be so us'd, quoth he,
But that my king thee sent.

Nay, more than that, quoth Robin Hood,
For good king Richards 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 a hundred and ten of Robin Hoods men,
Came marching all of 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 Hoods
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, finely minglèd,
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 never was feasted better.

Then Robin takes a cann of ale :
“ Come, let us now begin ;
And every man shall have his cann :
Here's a health unto the king.”

The king himself drank to the king,
So round about it went ;
Two barrels of ale, both stout and stale,
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 with the grey-goose-wing,
Such sport now show, 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 says the king,
 If I could thy pardon get,
 To serve the king in every thing
 Would'st thou thy mind firm set ?

Yes, 'with all' my heart, bold Robin 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 will be so kind to me,
 Love them again I shall.

The king no longer could forbear,
 For he was mov'd with 'ruth.'

.

"I am the king, 'your' 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 contend,
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 plowman left the plow in the fields,
The smith ran from his shop ;
Old folks also, that scarce could go,
Over their sticks did hop.

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

Then [when] the people they did hear,
And [that] 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 caused to dine,
And serv'd us all with one plate.

Ho, ho, said Robin Hood, 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 beginner,
As well as you give me my due,
For you ne'er paid for that dinner.

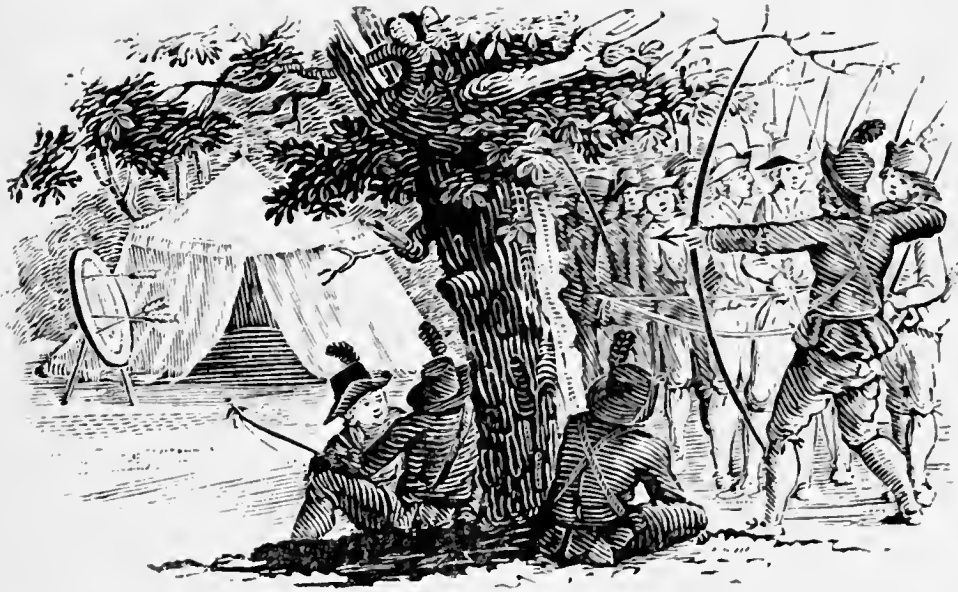
But if 'that it' should please the king,
So much your house to grace,
To sup with you, for, to speak true,
[I] know you ne'er was base.

The sheriff [this] could not gainsay,
For a trick was put upon him ;
A supper was drest, the king was a guest,
But he thought 'twould have outdone 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 brave Robin play'd,
While he liv'd in the green wood :
Now, my friend, attend, and hear an end
Of honest Robin Hood.





XXVI.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE GOLDEN ARROW.

A COMPOSITION of a similar nature with the preceding, and from the same authority.

WHEN as the sheriff of Nottingham
Was come with mickle grief,
He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,
That strong and sturdy thief.
Fal la dal de.

So unto London road he past,
His losses to unfold
To king Richàrd, 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, to take thy course
Of them that injure thee.

Go get thee gone, and by thyself
Devise some tricking game,
For to enthral yon rebels all,
Go take thy course with them.

So away the sheriff he return'd,
And by the way he thought
Of th' words of the king, and how the thing
To pass might well be brought.

For within his mind he imaginèd,
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 on the day should bear away
For his own proper right.

Tidings came to bold Robin Hood,
Under the green-wood tree :
“Come prepare you then, my merry men,
We'll go yon sport to see.”

With that stept forth a brave young man,
David of Doncastèr,
Master, said he, be rul'd by me,
From the green wood we'll not stir.

To tell the truth, I'm well inform'd,
Yon match it is a wile ;
The sheriff, I wiss, devises this
Us archers to beguile.

Thou smells of a coward, said Robin Hood,
Thy words do not please me ;
Come on't what will, I'll try my skill, ✧
At yon 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 ken'd.

Our mantles all 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 insue.

Forth from the green wood they are gone,
With hearts all firm and stout,
Resolving [then] 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 'looked' round about,
Amongst eight hundred men,
But could not see the sight that he
Hād 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.

Ay, quoth the sheriff, and scratch'd his head,
I thought he would have been here ;
I thought he would, but tho' 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 a 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 'report,' 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 good
 Did take effect before,
 So therefore now, if you'll allo
 I will advise once more.

Speak on, speak on, said Robin Hood,
 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 Hood,
 But how must it be sent ?
 " Pugh ! when you please, 'tis done with ease ;
 Master, be you content.

I'll stick it on my arrow's head,
 And shoot it into the town ;
 The mark must show where it must go,
 Whenever it lights down."

The project it was well perform'd,
 The sheriff that letter had,
 Which when he read, he scratch'd his head,
 And rav'd like one that's mad.

So we'll leave him chafing in 'his' grease,
Which will do him no good :
Now, my friends, attend, and hear the end
Of honest Robin Hood.





XXVII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE VALIANT KNIGHT.

“Together with an account of his death and burial, &c. Tune of Robin Hood and the fifteen Foresters.” From the common garland of Aldermay-church-yard ; corrected by the York copy.

* WHEN Robin Hood, and his merry men all,
Derry down, down,
Had reigned many years,
The king was then told that they had been bold
To his bishops and noble peers.
Hey down, derry, derry down.

Therefore they called a council of state,
To know what was best 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 day,
At length it was agreed,
That one should be sent to try the event,
And fetch him away with speed.

Therefore a trusty and most worthy knight
The king was pleased to call,
Sir William by name ; when to him he came,
He told him his pleasure all.

“Go you from hence to bold Robin Hood,
And bid him, without more ado,
Surrender himself, or else the proud elf
Shall suffer with all his crew.

Take here a hundred bowmen brave,
All chosen men of great might,
Of excellent art to take thy part,
In glittering armour most bright.”

Then said the knight, My sovereign liege,
By me they shall be led ;
I'll venture my blood against bold Robin Hood,
And bring him alive or dead.

One hundred men were chosen straight,
As proper as e'er men saw :
On Midsummer-day they marched away,
To conquer that brave outlaw.

With long yew bows, and shining spears,
They march'd with mickle pride,
And never delay'd, nor halted, nor stay'd
Till they came to the green-wood side.

Said he to his archers, Tarry here,
Your bows make ready all,
That if need should be, you may follow me,
And see you observe my call.

I'll go first in person, he cry'd,
With the letters of my good king,
Well sign'd and seal'd, and if he will yield,
We need not to draw one string.

He wander'd about till at length he came
To the tent of Robin Hood ;
The letter he shows ; bold Robin arose,
And there on his guard he stood.

They'd have me surrender, quoth bold Robin
And lie at their mercy then ; [Hood,
But tell them from me, that never shall be,
While I have full seven score men.

Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,
He offer'd to seize him there,
Which William Locksley by fortune did see,
And bid him that trick to forbear.

Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
And blew a blast or twain,
And so did the knight, at which there in sight
The archers came all amain.

Sir William with care he drew up his men,
And plac'd them in battle-array ;
Bold Robin, we find, he was not behind :
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 honour'd knight
Did there bid the world adieu.

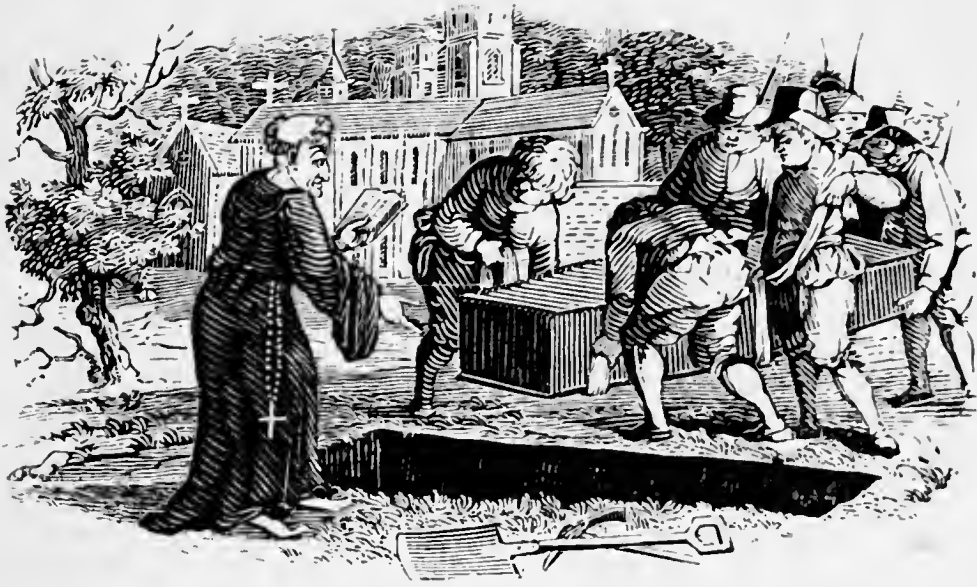
Yet nevertheless their fight did last
From morning till almost noon ;
Both parties were stout, and loth to give out,
This was on the last day of June.

At length they left off : one party they went
To 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, to let him blood,
Who took his life away ;
Now this being done, his archers they run,
It was not a time to stay.

Some got on board, and cross'd the seas,
To Flanders, France, and Spain,
And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,
But soon return'd again.





XXVIII.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL :

“Shewing how he was taken ill, and how he went to his cousin at Kirkley-hall, who let him blood, which was the cause of his death. Tune of Robin Hood's Last Farewel, &c.”

This very old and curious piece is preserved solely in the editions of “Robin Hood's Garland” printed at York (or such as have been taken from them), where it is made to conclude with some foolish lines (adopted from the London copy of the preceding ballad), in order to introduce the epitaph. It is here given from a collation of two different copies, containing numerous variations, a few of which are retained in the margin.

WHEN Robin Hood and Little John,
Down a down, a down, a down,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
We have shot for many a pound :
Hey down, a down, a down.

But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My arrows will not flee ;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please god, she will bleed me.

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
As fast as he can win ;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall,
He knock'd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin, she
And drink some beer with me ? [said,
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee." ¹

Well, I have a room, cousin Robin, she said,
Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be. ²

She took him by the lilly-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

¹ Till I blood letted be.

² You blood shall letted be.



ROBIN HOOD AND HIS BETRAYER.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And lock'd him up in the room ;
There did he bleed all the live-long day,
Untill the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,
Thinking for to be gone ;¹
He was so weak he could not leap,
Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee ;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree,
“ I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearily.”

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dree ;
But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
He broke locks two or three ;

Untill he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee ;
A boon, a boon, cries Little John,
Master, I beg of thee.

¹ Get down.

What is that boon, quoth Robin Hood,
 Little John, thou begs of me ?
 "It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
 And all their nunnery."

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
 That boon I'll not grant thee ;
 I never 'hurt'¹ woman in all my life,
 Nor man in woman's company.

I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
 Nor at my end shall it be ;
 But give me my bent bow in my hand,
 And a broad arrow I'll let flee :
 And where this arrow is taken up,
 There shall my grave digg'd be.

Lay me a green sod under my head,
 And another at my feet ;²
 And lay my bent bow by my side,
 Which was my music sweet ;
 And make my grave of gravel and green,
 Which is most right and meet.

Let me have length and breadth enough,
 With a green sod under my head ;³

¹ Burnt. This stanza is omitted in one edition.

² With verdant sods most neatly put,
 Sweet as the green wood tree.

³ This line is manifestly impertinent and corrupt. We might
 read :

With a stone upon the sod.

That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.

These words they readily promis'd him,
Which did bold Robin please :
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirkleys.





APPENDIX.

I.

THE PLAYE OF ROBYN HODE

is printed by Copland at the end of his edition of the "Mery Geste," &c., inserted in the present volume. It seems to be composed, certainly with little improvement, partly from the ballad of "Robin Hood and the Curtall Frier" (see before, p. 209), or rather, perhaps, some still older piece on the same subject, and partly from the ancient poem of "Robin Hood and the Potter" (see p. 81). The whole title runs—"Here beginnethe the playe of Robyn Hoode, very proper to be played in Maye games." It has here received a few corrections from White's edition, 1634.

ROBYN HODE.

Now stand ye forth, my mery men all,
And harke what I shall say ;
Of an adventure I shal you tell,
The which befell this other day.

As I went by the hygh way,
 With a stout frere I met,
 And a quarter-staffe in his hande,
 Lyghtely to me he lept,
 And styll he bade me stande ;
 There were strypes two or three,
 But I cannot tell who had the worse,
 But well I wote the horeson lept within me,
 And fro me he toke my purse.
 Is there any of my mery men all,
 That to that frere wyll go,
 And bryng him to me forth withall,
 Whether he wyll or no ?

LYTELL JOHN.

Yes, mayster, I make god avowe,
 To that frere wyll I go,
 And bring him to you,
 Whether he wyl or no.

FRYER TUCKE.

Deus hic, deus hic, god be here !
 Is not this a holy worde for a frere ?
 God save all this company !
 But am not I a jolly fryer ?
 For I can shote both farre and nere,
 And handle the sworde and bucklèr,
 And this quarter-staffe also.
 If I mete with a gentyلمان or yemàn,

I am not afrayde to loke hym upon,
 Nor boldly with him to carpe ;
 If he speake any wordes to me,
 He shall have strypes two or thre,
 That shal make his body smarte.
 But, maisters,¹ to shew you the matter,
 Wherefore and why I am come hither,
 In fayth I wyl not spare :
 I am come to seke a good yeman,
 In Bernisdale men sai is his habitacion,
 His name is Robyn Hode.
 And if that he be better man than I,
 His servaunt wyll I be, and serve him truely ;
 But if that I be better man than he,
 By my truth my knave shall he be,
 And leade these dogges all three.

ROBYN HODE.

Yelde the, fryer, in thy long cote.

FRYER TUCKE.

I beshrew thy hart, knave, thou hurtest my throt.

ROBYN HODE.

I trowe, fryer, thou beginnest to dote ;
 Who made the so malapert and so bolde,
 To come into this forest here,
 Amonge my falowe dere ?

¹ Maister. C.

FRYER.

Go louse the, ragged knave,
 If thou make mani wordes, I will geve the on the eare,
 Though I be but a poore fryer.
 To seke Robyn Hode I am com here,
 And to him my hart to breke.

ROBYN HODE.

Thou lousy frer, what wouldest thou with hym?
 He never loved fryer, nor none of freiers kyn.

FRYER.

Avaunt, ye ragged knave!
 Or ye shall have on the skynne.

ROBYN HODE.

Of all the men in the morning thou art the worst,
 To mete with the I have no lust;
 For he that meteth a frere or a fox in the morning,
 To spede ill ¹ that day he standeth in jeoperdy:
 Therefore I had lever mete with the devil of hell,
 Fryer, I tell the as I thinke,
 Then mete with a fryer or a fox
 In a mornyng, or I drynk.

FRYER.

Avaunt, thou ragged knave, this is but a mock,
 If thou make mani words thou ² shal have a knock.

¹ Ell. C.

² You. you. C.

ROBYN HODE.

Harke, frere, what I say here,
Over this water thou shalt me bere,
The brydge is borne away.

FRYER.

To say naye I wyll not,
To let the of thine oth it were great pitie and sin,
But up on a fryers backe, and have even in.

ROBYN HODE.

Nay, have over.

FRYER.

Now am I, frere, within, and thou, Robin, without,
To lay the here I have no great doubt.
Now art thou, Robyn, without, and I, frere, within,
Lye ther, knave ; chose whether thou wilte sinke or
swym.

ROBYN HODE.

Why, thou lowsy frere, what hast thou done ?¹

FRYER.

Mary, set a knave over the shone.

ROBYN HODE.

Therefore thou shalt aby.

¹ Donee. C.

FRYER.

Why, wylt thou fyght a plucke?

ROBYN HODE.

And god send me good lucke.

FRYER.

Than have a stroke for fryer Tucke.

ROBYN HODE.

Holde thy hande, frere, and here me speke.

FRYER.

Saye on, ragged knave,
Me semeth ye begyn to swete.

ROBYN HODE.

In this forest I have a hounde,
I wyl not give him for an hundreth pound,
Geve me leve my horne to blowe,
That my hounde may knowe.

FRYER.

Blowe on, ragged knave, without any doubte,
Untyll bothe thyne eyes starte out,
Here be a sorte of ragged knaves come in,
Clothed all in Kendale grene,
And to the they take their way nowe.

ROBYN HODE.

Peradventure they do so.

FRYER.

I gave the leve to blowe at thy wyll,
Now give me leve to whistell my fyll.

ROBYN HODE.

Whystell, frere, evyll mote thou fare,
Untyll bothe thyne eyes stare.¹

FRYER.

Now Cut and Bause !
Brenge forth the clubbes and staves,
And downe with those ragged knaves !

ROBYN HODE.

How sayest thou, frere, wylt thou be my man,
To do me the best servyse thou can ?
Thou shalt have both golde and fee,
And also here is a lady free,
I wyll geve her unto the,
And her chapplayn I the make,
To serve her for my sake.

FRYER.

Here is a huckle duckle, an inch above the buckle ;

¹ Starte. C.

She is a trul of trust,¹ to serve a frier at his lust,
 A prycker, a pauncer, a terer of shetes,²
 A wagger of buttockes³ when other men slepes.
 Go home, ye knaves, and lay crabbes in the
 fyre,
 For my lady and I wil daunce in the myre, for
 veri pure joye.

ROBYN HODE.

Lysten to [me], my mery men all,
 And harke what I shall say ;
 Of an adventure I shall you tell,
 That befell this other daye.
 With a proude potter I met,
 And a rose garlande on his head,⁴

¹ A trul of trust was a common phrase. So in the ancient morality of the iiii elements (Sig. E. iij 6) :

“ For to satisfye your wanton lust
 I shall apoynt you a trull of trust,
 Not a feyrer in this towne.”

Again, in Warner's Albion's England, 1602 :

“ How cheere you Pan, quoth Pryapus, the shameles god of lust,
 Thus can i fit such friends as you with such a trull of trust.”

² Shefes. C.

³ Ballockes. C.

⁴ How a potter comes to be decked with so elegant and honourable a chaplet, does not seem easy to account for ; unless for the reason given by Chaucer, that

—“ soche araie costnith but lite.”

The poet Gower, as represented on his monument in the church of St. Mary-Overy, hath, according to Stow, “ on his head a chaplet, like a coronet of foure roses ;” and it may be remembered

The floures of it shone marvaylous freshe ;
 This seven yere and more he hath used this
 waye,
 Yet was he never so curteyse a potter,
 As one peny passage to paye.
 Is there any of my mery men all
 That dare be so bolde
 To make the potter paie passage,
 Either silver or golde ?

LYTELL JOHN.

Not I, master, for twenty pound redy tolde,
 For there is not among us al one
 That dare medle with that potter man for man.
 I felt his handes not long agone,
 But I had lever have ben here by the,
 Therefore I knowe what he is.
 Mete him when ye wil, or mete him whan ye
 shal,
 He is as propre a man as ever you medle withal.

that Copland, the printer of this identical May-game, dwelled "at the signe of the rose garlande." We see, likewise, that "a rose garlonde" was set up (to be shot through, it is presumed) in the "Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode," fytte 7, v. 177. Though the fashion of wearing such an ornament was formerly common in France (for which see Chaucer's "Romaunt of the Rose," a close translation from the French), and at a still later period in Germany (see "The Hystorye of Reynarde the Foxe," a translation from the language of that country, and Moryson's Itinerary, 1617 (part 1, p. 25, and part 3, p. 167), no further instance has been met with of its prevalence in this country.

ROBYN HODE.

I will lai with the, Litel John, twenti pound so read,
 If I wyth that potter mete,
 I wil make him pay passage, maugre his head.

LYTELL JOHN.

I consente therto, so eate I bread,
 If he pay passage maugre his head,
 Twenti pound shall ye have of me for your mede.

THE POTTERS BOYE JACKE.

Out alas, that ever I sawe this daye !
 For I am clene out of my waye
 From Notyngham towne ;
 If I hye me not the faster,
 Or I come there the market ¹ wel be done.

ROBYN HODE.

Let me se, are thy ² pottes hole and sounde ?

JACKE.

Yea, meister, but they will not breake the ground.

ROBYN HODE.

I wil them breke, for the cuckold thi maisters sake ;
 And if they will not breake the grounde,
 Thou shalt have thre pence for a pound.³

¹ Maryet. C.

² The. C.

³ Not omitted in W.

JACKE.

Out alas ! what have ye done ?
 If my maister come, he will breke your crown.

THE POTTER.

Why, thou horeson, art thou here yet ?
 Thou shouldest have bene at markèt.

JACKE.

I met with Robin Hode, a good yemàn,
 He hath broken my pottes,
 And called you kuckolde by your name.

THE POTTER.

Thou mayst be a gentyلمان, so god me save,
 But thou semest a noughty knave.
 Thou callest me cuckolde by my name,
 And I swere by god and saynt John
 Wyfe had I never none.
 This cannot I denye,
 But if thou be a good felowe,
 I wil sel mi horse, mi harneis, pottes and paniers to,
 Thou shalt have the one halfe and I will have the
 If thou be not so content, [other ;
 Thou shalt have stripes if thou were my brother.

ROBYN HODE.

Harke, potter, what I shall say :
 This seven yere and more thou hast used this way,

Yet were thou never so curteous to me,
As one penny passage to paye.

THE POTTER.

Why should I paye passage to thee?

ROBYN HODE.

For I am Robyn Hode, chiefe governoure
Under the grene woode tree.

THE POTTER.

This seven yere have I used this way up and downe,
Yet payed I passage to no man,
Nor now I wyl not beginne, so do¹ the worst you can.

ROBYN HODE.

Passage shalt thou pai here under the grene-wode tre,
Or els thou shalt leve a wedde² with me.

THE POTTER.

If thou be a good felowe, as men do the call,
Lay awaye thy bowe,
And take thy sword and buckeler in thy hande,
And se what shall befall.

ROBYN HODE.

Lyttle John, where art thou?

LYTELL [JOHN].

Here, mayster, I make god avowe.

¹ To do. C. to or so omitted in W.

² Wedded. C. wed. W.

I tolde you, mayster, so god me save,
 That you shoulde fynde the ¹ potter a knave.
 Holde your buckeler fast in your hande,
 And I wyll styfly by you stande,
 Ready for to fyghte ;
 Be the knave never so stoute,
 I shall rappe him on the snoute,
 And put hym to flyghte.

II.

A FREEMAN'S SONG,

FOR THREE VOICES.

This strange and whimsical performance is taken from a very rare and curious publication, intituled "Deuteromelia : or the second part of musicks melodie, or melodius musicke. Of pleasant roundelaies ; K. H. mirth, or freemens songs. And such delightfull catches. London : printed for Thomas Adams dwelling in Paules church-yard at the signe of the white lion, 1609." 4to. Freeman's songs is supposed to be a corruption of Three men's songs, from their being generally for three voices. K. H. is King Henry's. See "Ancient Songs," ed. 1829, vol. i. p. lxxix., and vol. ii. p. 54, &c.

In the collection of old printed ballads made by Anthony a Wood is an inaccurate copy of this ancient and singular production, in his own handwriting : "This song," says he, "was esteemed an old song before the rebellion broke out in 1641." It thereby appears that the first line of every stanza was "to be sung thrice." Beside the music here given, there are three parts of "Another way," which it was not thought necessary to insert.

¹ Your. C.

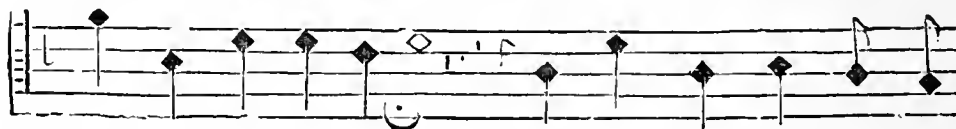
TREBLE.



Y Lands-dale hey ho, by mery Lands-dale



there dwelt a jolly miller, And a very good old man

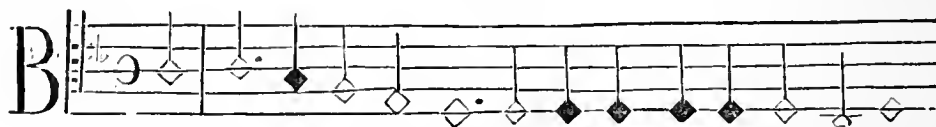


was hee, was he, hey ho He had, he had and a



sonne a. He had, he had and a sonne.

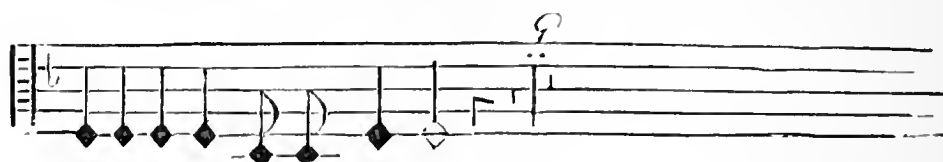
TENOR.



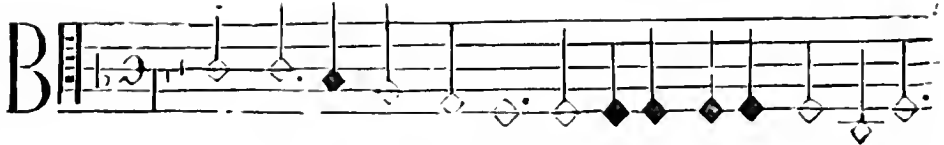
Y Lands-dale hey ho, by mery Lands dale hey ho



was he hey ho. He had, he had and a sonne a



BASSUS.



Y Lands-dale hey ho, by mery Lands-dale, hey ho,



:||: Theredwelt a jolly miller, and a very good old man was



he, hey ho, He had, he had and a sonne a, he had



:||: he had, he had

He had, he had and a sonne a,
 Men called him Renold,
 And mickle of his might
 Was he, was he, hey ho.

And from his father a wode a,
 His fortune for to seeke,
 From mery Landsdale
 Wode he, wode he, hey ho.

His father would him seeke a,
And found him fast asleepe.
Among the leaves greene
Was he, was he, hey ho.

He tooke, he tooke him up a,
All by the lilly-white hand,
And set him on his feet,
And bad him stand, hey ho.

He gave to him a benbow,
Made all of a trusty tree,
And arrowes in his hand,
And bad him let them flee.

And shoote was that that a did a,
Some say he shot a mile,
But halfe a mile and more
Was it, was it, hey ho.

And at the halfe miles end [a],
There stood an armed man ;
The childe he shot him through,
And through, and through, hey 'ho.'

His beard was all on a white a,
As white as whaleis bone,
His eyes they were as cleare
As christall stone, hey ho.

And there of him they made [a]
 Good yeoman Robin Hood,
 Scarlet, and Little John,
 And Little John, hey ho.

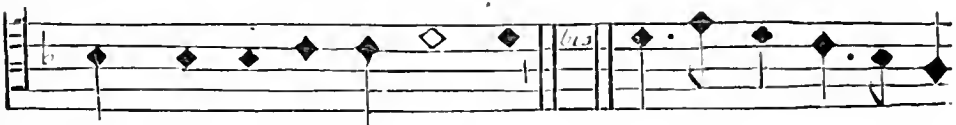
III.

A ROUND

from "Pammelia. Musicks miscellanie. Or, mixed varietie of pleasant roundelays, and delightfull catches, of 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. parts in one. None so ordinarie as musicall, none so musical as not to all very pleasing and acceptable. London Printed by William Barley, for R. B. and H. W. and are to be sold at the Spread Eagle at the great north dore of Paules, 1609," 4to, a work equally scarce and curious with that before cited. This, however, is only the tenor part; but the words of the other parts are very trifling, and relate to different subjects. It is called "A round of three country-dances in one."



ROBIN Hood, Robin Hood, said Little John,



Come dance before the queene a : In a red petticote



and a greene jacket, a white hose and a greene a *ut supra*.

IV.

HEY JOLLY ROBIN.

These stanzas are supplied by "A musicall dreame, or the fourth booke of ayres, &c. Composed by Robert Iones. London, Imprinted by the assignees of William Barley, and are to be solde in Powles church-yard, at the signe of the Crowne, 1609," fo. The music, a composition of little merit or curiosity for the present age, was not transcribed.

IN Sherwood livde stout Robin Hood,
 An archer great, none greater :
 His bow and shafts were sure and good,
 Yet Cupids were much beter.
 Robin could shoot at many a hart and misse,
 Cupid at first could hit a hart of his.
 Hey jolly Robin, hoe jolly Robin, hey jolly Robin
 Hood,
 Love finds out me, as well as thee, to follow me,
 to follow me to the green wood.

A noble thiefe was Robin Hoode,
 Wise was he could deceive him ;
 Yet Marrian, in his bravest mood,
 Could of his heart bereave him.
 No greater thief lies hidden under skies
 Then beauty closely lodgde in womens eyes.
 Hey jolly Robin.

An out-law was this Robin Hood,
 His life free and unruly ;
 Yet to faire Marrian bound he stood,
 And loves debt payed her duely.
 Whom curbe of strickest law could not hold in
 Love with obeyednes and a winke could winne.
 Hey jolly Robin.

Now wend we home, stout Robin Hood,
 Leave we the woods behind us ;
 Love-passions must not be withstood,
 Love every where will find us.
 I livde in fiede and towne, and so did he,
 I got me to the woods, Love followed me.
 Hey jolly Robin.

V.

A MERRY WEDDING ;

OR,

O BRAVE ARTHUR OF BRADLEY.

This old ballad, referred to in p. 158 of the present volume, is given from a black letter copy in a private collection, compared with and very much corrected by "An antidote against melancholy : made up in pills, compounded of witty ballads, jovial songs, and merry catches, 1661." The running title of the volume is "Pills to purge melancholy," which was afterward borrowed by Durfey.

There is a different, but probably much more modern, ballad upon this popular subject, in the same measure, intitled "Arthur o' Bradley," and beginning,

"All in the merry month of May."

In Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," Moon-calf addresses Justice Overdo by this name: "O lord! do you not know him, mistress? 'tis mad Arthur of Bradley that makes the orations. Brave master, old Arthur of Bradley, how do you do? welcome to the fair, when shall we hear you again to handle your matters with your back against a booth, ha? I ha' been one o' your little disciples, i' my days!"

In "The Honest Whore," by Decker, 1604, Bellafront, on the Duke's assurance that Matthio shall make her amends and marry her, replies, "Shall he? O brave Arthur of Bradley then!"

SEE you not Pierce the piper,
 His cheeks as big as a miter,
 A piping among the swains,
 That dance on yonder plains?
 Where Tib and Tom do trip it,
 And youths to the hornpipe nip it,
 With every one his carriage,
 To go to yonder marriage;
 Not one would stay behind,
 But go with Arthur of Bradley,
 Oh fine Arthur of Bradley,
 Oh fine Arthur of Bradley,
 Oh fine Arthur of Bradley, oh, &c.

Arthur had got him a lass,
 A bonnier never was;

The chief youths of the parish
Came dancing of the morris ;
With country lasses trouncing,
And lusty lads bouncing,
Jumping with mickle pride,
And each his wench by his side ;
They all were fine and gay,
 For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
 Oh fine Arthur of Bradley, oh, &c.

And when that Arthur was married,
And his bride home had carried,
The youngsters they did wait
To help to carry up meat ;
Francis carried the furmety,
Michael carried the mince-pye,
Bartholomew the beef and the mustard,
And Christopher carried the custard ;
Thus every one in his array,
 For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
 Oh fine Arthur of Bradley, oh, &c.

And when that dinner was ended,
The maidens they were befriended,
For out steps Dick the draper,
And he bid, Strike up, scraper !
It's best to be dancing a little,
And then to the tavern to tipple :
He call'd for a hornpipe,

That went fine on the bagpipe ;
Then forward, piper, and play,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine, &c.

Richard he did lead it,
And Margery did tread it,
Francis followed them,
And after courteous Jane ;
Thus every one after another,
As if they had been sister and brother ;
That 'twas great joy to see
How well they did agree ;
And then they all did say,
Hay for Arthur of Bradley !
Oh fine Arthur of Bradley, oh, &c.

Then Miles in his motley breeches,
And he the piper beseeches
To play him *Haw-thorn buds*,
That he and his wench might trudge :
But Lawrence liked not that,
No more did lusty Kate ;
For she cry'd, Can'st thou not hit it,
To see how fine Thomas can trip it,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley, &c.

When all the swains did see
This mirth and merry glee,
There was never a man did flinch,

But each one kist his wench ;
 But Giles was greedy of gain,
 For he would needs kiss twain :
 Her lover seeing that,
 Did rap him over the pate,
 That he had nought to say,
 For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
 Oh fine Arthur of Bradley, oh, &c.

The piper lookt aside,
 And there he spied the bride,
 He thought it was a hard chance,
 That none would lead her a dance ;
 But there was none durst touch her,
 Save only Bat the Butcher ;
 He took her by the hand,
 And danced while he could stand :
 The bride was fine and gay,
 For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
 Oh fine Arthur of Bradley, oh, &c.

Then out stept Will the weaver,
 And he swore he'd not leave her,
 He hopp'd it all on one leg,
 For the honour of his Peg :
 But Kister in cambrick ruffe,
 He took that all in snuffe ;
 For he against that day
 Had made himself fine and gay,
 His ruffe was whipt with blew,

And he cried, A new dance, a new,
Then strike up a round-delay,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine, &c.

Then gan the sun decline,
And every one thought it time
To go unto his home,
And leave the bridegroom alone.
Tut, tut, says lusty Ned,
I'le see them both in bed,
For I'le gib at a joynt,
But I'le have his codpeece-point :
Then forward piper and play,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine, &c.

And thus the day was spent,
And no man homeward went,
There was such a crowding and thrusting,
That some were in danger of bursting,
To see them go to bed ;
For all the skill they had,
He was got to his bride,
And lay close to her side :
Then got they his points and his garters,
And cut them in pieces like martyrs ;
And then they all did play
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine, &c.

Then Will and his sweetheart
 Did call for *Loth to depart* ;
 And then they did foot it, and toss it,
 Till the cook brought in the sack-posset.
 The bride-pye was brought forth,
 A thing of mickle worth :
 And so all at the beds side
 Took leave of Arthur and his bride,
 And so went all away
 From the wedding of Arthur of Bradley,
 Oh fine, &c.

VI.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE THREE SQUIRES
 FROM NOTTINGHAM GALLOWS.

This song and its tune, as the editor is informed by his ingenious friend Edward Williams, the Welsh bard, are well known in South Wales by the name of "Marchog glas," *i.e.* Green knight. Though apparently ancient, it is not known to exist in black letter, nor has any better authority been met with than the common collection of Aldermay-church-yard. See before, p. 303.

BOLD Robin Hood ranging the forrest all round,
 The forrest all round ranged he ;
 O there did he meet with a gay lady,
 She came weeping along the highway.

Why weep you, why weep you? bold Robin he said,
 What weep you for gold or fee?
 Or do you weep for your maidenhead,
 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?
 Or with other mens wives have lain?

No church have they robbed, this lady reply'd,
 Nor parish-priest have they slain;
 No maids have they forced against their will,
 Nor with other mens wives have lain.

What have they done then? said jolly Robin,
 Come tell me most speedily.
 "Oh! it is for killing the king's fallow deer,
 'That'¹ they are all condemned to die."

¹ And.

Get you home, get you home, said jolly Robìn,
Get you home most speedily,
And I will unto fair Nottingham go,
For the sake of the 'squires all three.

Then bold Robin Hood for Nottingham goes,
For Nottingham town goes he,
O there did he meet with a poor beggar-man,
He came creeping along the highway.

“What news, what news, thou old beggar-man?
What news, come tell unto me.”
“O there's weeping and wailing in Nottingham [town],
For the death of the 'squires all three.”

This beggar-man had a coat on his back,
'Twas neither green, yellow, nor red;
Bold Robin Hood thought 'twas no disgrace
To be in the beggar-mans stead.

“Come, pull off thy coat, thou old beggar-man,
And thou shalt put on mine;
And forty good shillings I'll give thee to boot,
Besides brandy, good beer, ale and wine.”

Bold Robin Hood then unto Nottingham came,
Unto Nottingham town came he;
O there did he meet with great master sheriff,
And likewise the 'squires all three.

One boon, one boon, says jolly Robìn,
 One boon I beg on my knee ;
 That, as for the death of these three 'squires,
 Their hangman I may be.

Soon granted, soon granted, says master sheriff,
 Soon granted unto thee ;
 And 'thou shalt'¹ have all their gay cloathìng,
 Aye, and all their white monèy.

" O I will have none of their gay cloathìng,
 Nor none of their white monèy,
 But I'll have three blasts on my bugle-horn,
 That their souls to heaven may flee."

' Then '² Robin Hood mounted the gallows so high,
 Where he blew loud and shrill,
 Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hoods men
 Came marching down the green hill.

Whose men are these ? says master sheriff,
 Whose men are they ? tell unto me.³
 " O they are mine, but none of thine,
 And are come for the 'squires all three."

O take them, O take them, says great master sheriff,
 O take them along with thee ;
 For there's never a man in fair Nottinghàm
 Can do the like of thee.

¹ You shall.

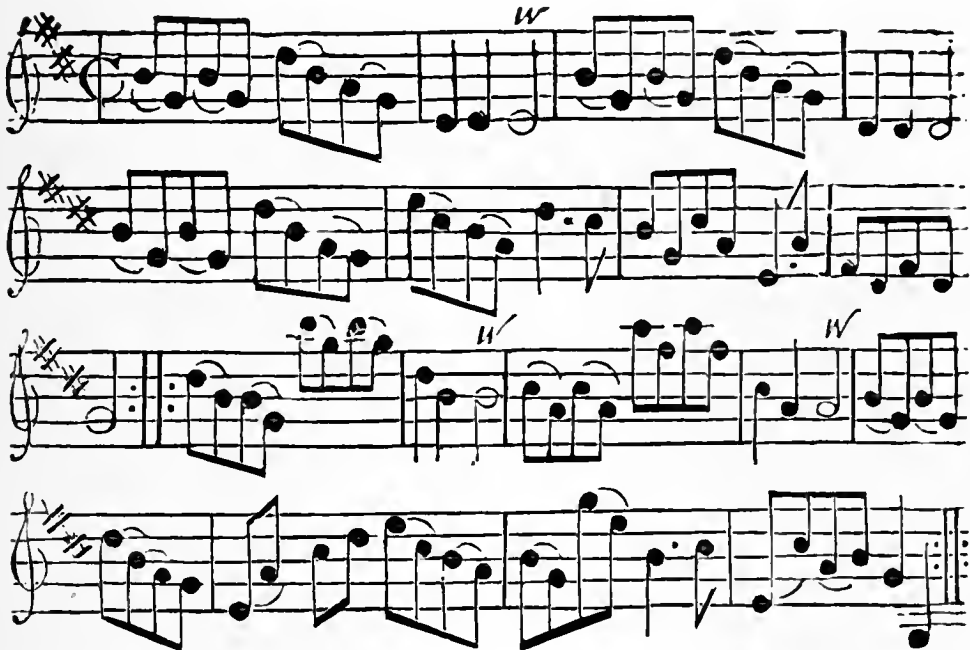
² When.

³ Come tell.

VII.

ROBIN HOOD'S DELIGHT.

Dr. Pepusch, among other very curious articles of ancient English music, was possessed of a MS. folio (supposed to be still extant), which at p. 15 contained a tune intitled "Robin Hood." See Ward's "Lives of the Professors of Gresham College," 1740 (an interleaved copy, corrected and augmented by the author, in the British Museum). "Robene Hude" is likewise the name of a dance in Wedderburn's "Complainte of Scotland," printed in 1549. The following tune is preserved by Oswald in his "Caledonian Pocket Companion."



VIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK.

This singularly curious and excellent poem, which is probably the earliest extant on the subject, was first printed in the "Ancient Metrical Tales," edited by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne (8vo, 1829), from a MS. in the library of University College, Cambridge (F. F. 5. 48), with which it has been since obligingly collated by Frederic Madden, Esq. A few lines are unfortunately rendered illegible by damp.

IN somer when the shawes be sheyne,
 And leves be large and longe,
 Hit is fulle mery in feyre foreste
 To here the foulys song.

To se the dere draw to the dale,
 And leve the hilles hee,
 And shadow hem in the leves grene
 Vndur the grene wode tre.

Hit befel on whitsontide,
 Erly in a may mornyng,
 The son vp fayre can shyne,
 And the briddis mery can syng.

This is a mery mornyng, seid litulle Johne;
 Be hym that dyed on tre,
 A more mery man than I am one
 Lyves not in cristianté.

Pluk vp thi hert my dere mayster,
 Litulle Johne can sey,
 And thynk hit is a fulle fayre tyme
 In a mornynge of may.

Ze on thyngre greves me seid Robyne,
 And does my hert myche woo,
 That I may not so solem day
 To mas nor matyns goo.

Hit is a fourtnet and more, seyde hee,
 Syn I my sauour see ;
 To day wil I to Notyngham, seid Robyn,
 With the myght of mylde Mary.

Then spake Moche the mylner[s] sune,
 Euer more wel hym betyde,
 Take xii of thi wyght zemen
 Welle weppynd be ther side.

Such on wolde thi selfe slon
 That xii dar not abyde,
 Off alle my mery men, seid Robyne,
 Be my feithe I wil non haue.

But litulle Johne shalle beyre my bow
 Til that me list to drawe

.

Thou shalle beyre 'thin own'¹ seid litulle Jon,
 Maister & I wil beyre myne,
 And we wille shete a peny, seid litulle Jon,
 Vnder the grene wode lyne.

I wil not shete a peny, seyde Robyn Hode,
 In feith litulle Johne with thee,
 But euer for on as thou shetes, seid Robyn,
 In feith I hold the thre.

Thus shet thei forth^e these zemen too
 Bothe at buske and brome,
 Til litulle Johne wan of his maister
 V s. to hose and shone.

A ferly strife fel them betwene
 As they went bi the way ;
 Litulle Johne seid he had won v shylyngs,
 And Robyn Hode seid schortly nay.

With that Robyn Hode lyed litul Jone,
 And smote hym with his honde,
 Litul John waxed wroth therwith,
 And pulled out his bright bronde.

Were thou not my maister, seid litulle Johne,
 Thou shuldis by hit ful sore,
 Get the a man where thou wilt, Robyn,
 For thou getes me no more.

¹ Th' now. MS.

Then Robyn goes to Notyngham
 Hymselfe mornyng alone,
 And litulle Johne to mery Scherewode,
 The pathes he knowe alkone.

Whan Robyn came to Notyngham,
 Sertenly withoutene layne,
 He prayed to god and myld Mary
 To bryng hym out saue agayne.

He gos into seynt Mary[s] chirche,
 And knelyd downe before the rode,
 Alle that euer were the church within
 Beheld wel Robyne Hode.

Besyde hym stode a gret hedid munke,
 I pray to god woo he be,
 Ful sone he knew gode Robyn [Hode]
 As sone as he hym se.

Out at the durre he ran
 Ful son and anon,
 Alle the zatis of Notyngham
 He made to be sparred euerychone.

Rise vp, he seid, thou prowde schereff,
 Buske the and make the bowne,
 I haue spyed the kynges felone,
 For sothe he is in this towne.

I haue spyed the false felone
 As he stondes at his masse,
 Hit is longe of the seide the munke,
 And euer he fro vs passe.

This traytur[s] name is Robyn Hode,
 Vndur the grene wode lynde,
 He robberyt me onys of a C pound,
 Hit shalle neuer out of my mynde.

Vp then rose this prowde schereff,
 And zede towarde hym zare ;
 Many was the modur son
 To the kyrk with hym can fare.

In at the dures thei throlly thrast
 With staves ful gode 'ilkone'¹
 Alas, alas, seid Robyn Hode,
 Now mysse I litulle Johne.

But Robyne toke out a too-hond sworde
 That hangit down be his kne,
 Ther as the schereff and his men stode thyckust,
 Thidurward wold he.

Thryes thorow at them he ran,
 Ther for sothe as I yow say,
 And woundyt many a modur sone,
 And xii he slew that day.

¹ Wone. MS.

His sworde vpon the schireff hed
 Sertanly he brake in too ;
 The smyth that the made, seid Robyn,
 I pray god¹ wyrke hym woo.

For now am I weppynlesse, seid Robyne,
 Alasse agayn my wylle ;
 But if I may fle these traytors fro,
 I wot thei wil me kylle.

Robyns men to the churche ran
 Throout hem euer ilkon,
 Sum fel in swonyng as thei were dede,
 And lay still as any stone.

.

 Non of them were in her mynde
 But only litulle Jon.

Let be your rule, seid litulle Jon,
 For his luf that dyed on tre,
 Ze that shulde be duzty men
 Hit is gret shame to se.

Oure maister has bene hard bystode,
 And zet scapyd away,
 Pluk up your hertes and leve this mone,
 And herkyn what I shal say.

¹ I pray *to*. MS.

He has seruyd our lady many a day,
 And zet wil securly,
 Therefore I trust in her specialy
 No wycked deth shal he dye.

Therfor be glad, seid litul Johne,
 And let this mournyng be,
 And I shall be the munkes gyde
 With the myght of mylde Mary.

And I mete hym, seid litull Johne,
 We wille go but we too

Loke that ze kepe wel oure tristil tre
 Vndur the levys smale,
 And spare non of his venyson
 That gose in thys vale.

Forthe thei went these zemen too,
 Litul Johne and Moche onfere,
 And lokid on Moche emys hows
 The hyeway lay fulle nere.

Litul John stode at a window in the mornynge
 And lokid forth at a stage,
 He was war wher the munke came ridynge,
 And with hym a litul page.

Be my feith, seid litul Johne to Moche,
 I can the tel tithyngus gode ;
 I see wher the munk comys rydyng,
 I know hym be his wyde hode.

Thei went into the way these zemen bothe,
 As curtes men and hende,
 Thei spyrrred tithyngus at the munke
 As thei hade bene his frende.

Fro whens come ze, seid litul Johne,
 Tel vs tithyngus I yow pray
 Off a false owtlay [called Robyn Hode]
 Was takyn zisturday.

He robbyt me and my felowes bothe
 Of xx marke in serten ;
 If that false owtlay be takyn,
 For sothe we wolde be fayne.

So did he me, seid the munke,
 Of a C pound and more ;
 I layde furst hande hym apon,
 Ze may thonke me therfore.

I pray god thanke yow, seid litulle Johne,
 And we wil when we may,
 We wil go with yow with your leve,
 And brynge yow on your way.

For Robyn Hode hase many a wilde fellow,
 I telle yow in certen,
 If thei wist ze rode this way,
 In feith ze shulde be slayn.

As thei went talkyng be the way,
 The munke and litulle Johne,
 Johne toke the munkes horse be the hede
 Ful sone and anone.

Johne toke the munkes horse be the hed,
 For sothe as I yow say,
 So did Muche the litulle page,
 For he shulde not stirre away.

Be the golett of the hode
 Johne pulled the munke downe,
 Johne was nothyng of hym agast,
 He lete hym falle on his crowne.

Litulle John was 'sore'¹ agrevyd,
 And drew out his swerde in hye,
 The munke saw he shulde be ded,
 Lowd mercy can he crye.

He was my maister, seid litulle Johne,
 That thou hase browzt in bale,
 Shalle thou neuer cum at oure kyng
 For to telle hym tale.

¹ So. MS.

Johne smote of the munkes hed,
 No longer wolde he dwelle,
 So did Moche, the litulle page,
 For ferd lest he wold tell.

Ther thei beryed hem both
 In nouthur mosse nor lynge,
 And litulle Johne and Muche infere
 Bare the letturs to oure kyng.

.
 He kneled down vpon kis kne,
 God zow saue, my lege lorde,
 Jesus yow saue and se.

God yow saue, my lege kyng,
 To speke Johne was fulle bolde ;
 He gaf hym the letturs in his hond,
 The kyng did hit unfold.

The kyng red the letturs anon,
 And seid so mot I the,
 Ther was neuer zoman in mery Ingland
 I longut so sore to see.

Wher is the munke that these shuld haue
 Oure kyng can say, [browzt,
 Be my trouthe, seid litulle Jone,
 He dyed aftur the way.

The kyng gaf Moche and litul Jon
 xx pound in sertan,
 And made them zemen of the crowne,
 And bade them go agayn.

He gaf Johne the seel in hand,
 The scheref for to bere,
 To brynge Robyn hym to,
 And no man do hym dere.

Johne toke his leve at oure kyng,
 The sothe as I yow say ;
 The next way to Notyngham
 To take he zede the way.

Whan Johne came to Notyngham
 The zatis were sparred ychone,
 Johne callid vp the porter,
 He answerid sone anon.

What is the cause, seid litul John,
 Thou sparris the zates so fast ?
 Because Robyn Hode,¹ seid [the] porter,
 In depe prison is cast.

Johne, and Moche, and Wylle Scathlok,
 For sothe as I yow say,
 Thir slew oure men vpon oure wallis,
 And sawtene vs euey day.

¹ Because of Robyn Hode. MS.

Litulle Johne spyrrid aftur the schereff,
And sone he hym fonde,
He oppyned the kyngus priue seelle,
And gaf hym in his honde.

When the schereff saw the kyngus seelle
He did of his hode anon,
Wher is the munke that bare the letturs?
He seid to litulle Johne.

He is so fayn of him, seid litulle Johne,
For sothe as I yow sey ;
He has made hym abot of Westmynster,
A lorde of that abbay.

The scheref made John gode chere,
And gaf hym wine of the best ;
At nyzt thei went to her bedde,
And euery man to his rest.

When the scheref was on-slepe
Dronken of wine and ale,
Litul Johne and Moche for sothe
Toke the way vnto the gale ;

Litul Johne callid vp the jayler,
And bade hym rise anon ;
He seid Robyn Hode had brokyn preson,
And out of hit was gon.

The portere rose anon sertan,
 As sone as he herd John calle ;
 Litul Johne was redy with a swerd,
 And bare hym to the walle.

Now will I be porter, seid litul Johne,
 And take the keyes in honde ;
 He toke the way to Robyn Hode,
 And sone he hym vnbonde.

He gaf hym a gode swerd in his hond,
 His hed [ther-]with for to kepe,
 And ther as the walle was lowyst
 Anon downe can thei lepe.

Be that the cok began to crow,
 The day began to sprynge,
 The scheref fond the jaylier ded,
 The comyn belle made he rynge.

He made a crye thoroowt al the tow[n],
 Whedur he be zoman or knave,
 That cowthe brynge hym Robyn Hode,
 His warisone he shuld haue.

For I dar neuer, said the scheref,
 Cum before oure kynge ;
 For if I do I wot serten,
 For sothe he wil me henge.

The scheref made to seke Notyngham,
 Bothe be strete and stye,
 And Robyn was in mery Scherwode
 As lizt as lef on lynde.

Then bespake gode litulle Johne
 To Robyn Hode can he say,
 I haue done the a gode turne for an euylle,
 Quyte 'me'¹ whan thou may.

I haue done the a gode turne, said litulle Johne,
 For sothe as I you saie,
 I haue brouzt the vndur [the] grene wode lyne,
 Fare wel, and haue gode day.

Nay be my trouthe, seid Robyn Hode,
 So shalle hit neuer be,
 I make the maister, seid Robyne Hode,
 Off alle my men and me.

Nay be my trouthe, seid litulle Johne,
 So shall hit neuer be,
 But lat me be a felow, seid litulle Johne,
 No nodur kepe I'll be.

Thus Johne gate Robyn Hode out of prisone
 Sertan withoutyn layne,
 When his men saw hym hol and sounde
 For sothe they were ful fayne.

¹ The. MS.

They filled in wyne, and made him glad
 Vndur the levys smale,
 And zete pastes of venysone
 That gode was 'withal.'¹

Than worde came to our kyng,
 How Robyn Hode was gone,
 And how the scheref of Notyngham
 Durst neuer loke hyme vpone.

Then bespake oure cumly kyng,
 In an angur hye,
 Litulle Johne hase begyled the schereff,
 In faith so hase he me.

Litulle Johne has begyled vs bothe,
 And that fulle wel I se,
 Or ellis the schereff of Notyngham
 Hye hongut shuld he be.

I made hem zemen of the crowne,
 And gaf hem fee with my hond,
 I gaf hem grithe, seid oure kyng,
 Thorowout alle mery Ingland.

I gaf hem grithe, then seid oure kyng,
 I say, so mot I the,
 For sothe soche a zeman as he is on
 In alle Ingland ar not thre.

¹ That gode was *with ale*. MS.

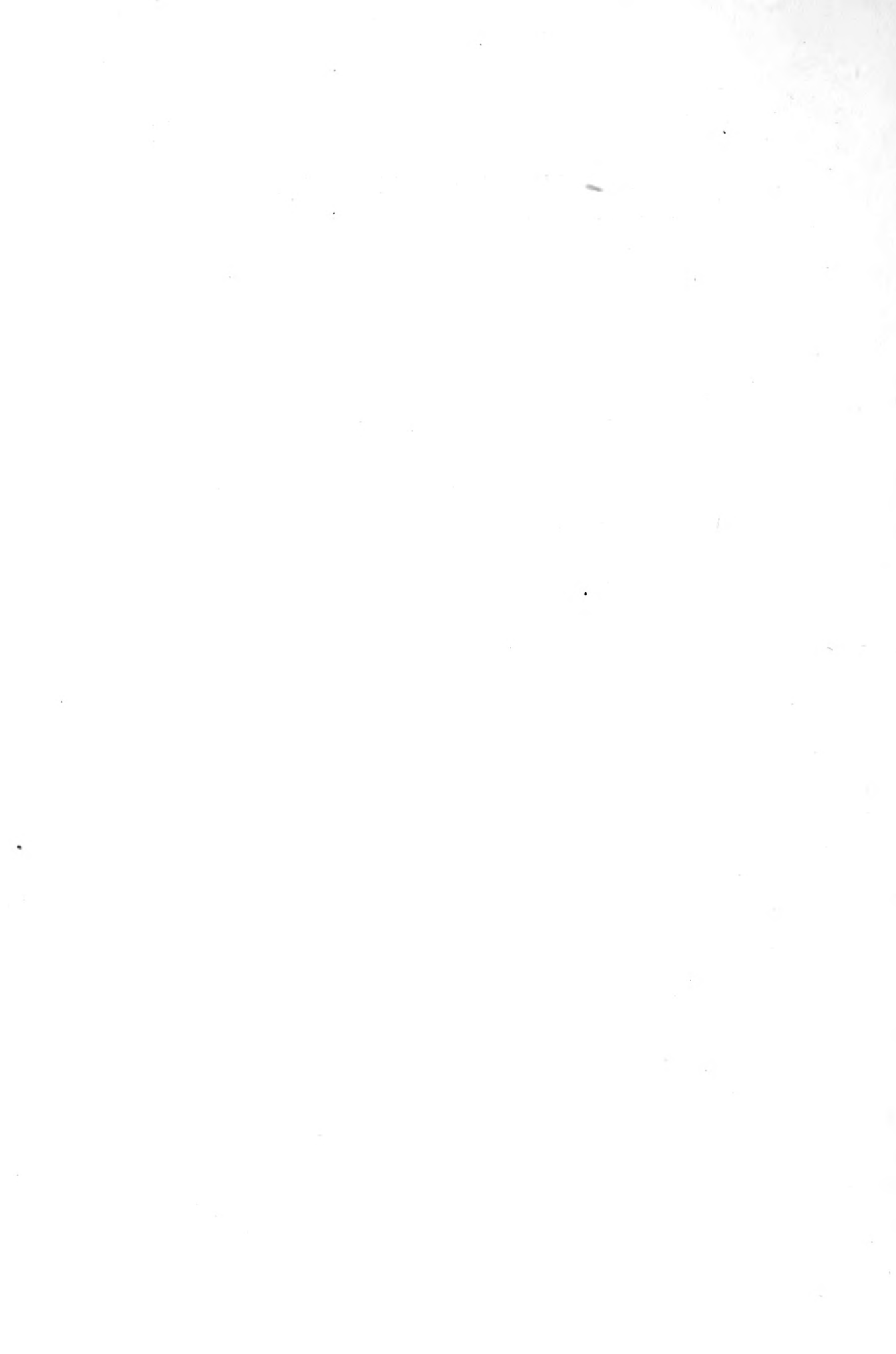
He is trew to his maister, seid oure kyng,
I sey, be swete seynt Johne,
He louys bettur Robyn Hode,
Then he dose vs ychone.

Robyne Hode is euer bond to him,
Bothe in strete and stalle,
Speke no 'more'¹ of this matter, seid our kyng,
But John has begyled vs alle.

Thus endys the talkyng of the munke,
And Robyne Hode I wysse ;
God, that is euer a crowned kyng,
Bryng vs alle to his blisse.

¹ Mere. MS.







GLOSSARY.

ABYE, [to suffer].

Air, early.

Alderbest, best of all. This phrase, which occurs in Chaucer, is corrupted in De Worde's edition to "*al ther*" and "*al theyre*," which Coplande has changed to "*al of the*;" whence it may be inferred that the expression was become already obsolete, and consequently that the poem is of much greater antiquity than 1520: and yet Shakespeare, above half a century after, puts the word *Alderliest* into the mouth of Queen Margaret in his *Second Part of Henry the Sixth*.

Angels, pieces of gold coin, value 10s.

Anker, hermit, anchorite.

Ar, ere.

Asay, *Asayed*, essayed, tried, proved.

A-sound, in a swoon,

Aunsetters, ancestors.

Avow, *Avowe*, protestation, confession. "*I make myn avow to God*," profess to God: from *aveu*, F.

Avowe, maintain, *verbum juris*.

Avowè, founder, patron, protector. See Spelman's *Glossary*, v.

ADVOCATUS.

Awayte, *Awatye me scathe*, lie in wait to do me harm.

Awayted, lay in wait for.

Awet, wit, know,

Awkwarde, backward. *An awkwarde stroke* seems to mean an unusual or out of the way stroke, one which the receiver could not foresee, be aware of, or guard against; a sort of left or back hand stroke. "*An auke stroke*" is a frequent expression in *La Mort d' Arthur*.

Ayent, against.

Baist, *Baste*, basted, belaboured.

Baith, both.

Bale, mischief, woe, sorrow, misery.

Ballup, p. 306.

Banis, bane, destruction,

Bear, moan, lamentation, outcry.

Bearing, arrow.

Bedene, behind, one after another?

Bedyng, asking. *Your bedyng shall be doyn*, your invitation shall be complied with.

Beforen, before.

Begeck, *Give them a begeck*, play them a trick, make fools of them.

Behote, promised.

Benbow, [a bent bow?].

Bent, ii. 84.

Bescro, beshrew.

Bestad, *Ferre and friend bestad*, far from home and without a friend. The passage, however, seems corrupt. Perhaps, indeed, it should be *fren* (*frend* or *frcmd*) *bestad*, i.e. beset or surrounded by strangers. (Fremð. Saxon.) Thus, in Spenser's 4th eclogue :

"So now his friend is changed for a *fren*."

Again, in Florio's *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598 : "*Alieno*, an alien, a stranger, a forraine, a *freme*."

Bestead, beset, put to it.

Beth, are, be.

Blate, sheepish or foolish, as we should now say.

Blive, belive, immediately.

Bloschems, blossoms.

Bluter, p. 105.

Blyve, fast, quickly, briskly.

Bocking, pouring, flowing.

Bode, bidden, invited.

Bolt, *Bolte*, *Boltes*, *Boltys*. A bolt was an arrow of a particular kind, used chiefly for shooting at birds ; having a round or blunt head. Much's object, it has been observed, was not to wound, but stun, the monk, and the bolt from its shape was peculiarly adapted to this purpose. In other passages, however, it seems to mean either an arrow in general, or one used for shooting at a mark. "I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't," which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of M. Slender, appears, from Ray's *Collection*, to have been a common proverb.

Boote, help.

Booting, p. 98.

Borde, table.

Borowe, *Borrow*, pledge, surety, bail.

Borowehode, suretyship.

Boskyd, busked, prepared, got ready.

Bottle, a small vessel, of wood or leather, in the shape of a cask, in which shepherds and others employed abroad in the fields carry or keep their drink.

Bottys, butts.

Bou, bow.

Bound, betook, went. *Boldly bound away*, briskly scampered off.

Bowe, bough.

- Bown*, ready. *Bowne ye*, prepare ye, get ready.
Boyt, both.
Breche, breeches.
Breyde, started, stepped hastily.
Breyde, start, quick or hasty step.
Broke, brook, enjoy, use, keep.
Bronde, brand, sword.
Bushement, ambush.
Buske, *I wyll me buske*, i.e. go, betake myself. *Buske you*, address or prepare yourselves, make ready.
Bydene, one after another.
Can, did.
Carpe, [to speak].
Cankardly, peevishly, with ill-temper.
Capull hyde, horse hide. *Capal* or *Capul* in Irish or Erse is a horse or mare, as *Kephyl* is in Welsh.
Carel, *Carril*, carle, old fellow.
Carward, awkward or backward. See *Awkwarde*.
Cerstyn, Christian.
Chaffur, chaffer, merchandise, commodity.
Chepe, better *chepe*, cheaper; *à meilleur marché*, F. *Gret chepe*, very cheap; *à très bon marché*.
Chepe, cheapen, buy. *Chepyd*, cheapened, bought.
Cheys, choose.
Chiven, p. 219.
Chorle, churl, peasant, clown.
Clad, scratched.
Clock, cloak.
Clouted, patched.
Cole, p. 66.
Come, (pronounced com) came.
Command, warrant, authority.
Commytted, accounted.
Coresed, p. 20.
Cortessey, courteous. Q. *Corteysse*.
Cote a pye, upper garment, short cloke; *courtepy*, Chaucer. See Tyrwhitt's note, iv. 201.
Coud, knew, understood.
Counsell, "*And counsell shall it be*," and it shall be kept secret; in allusion, perhaps, to the oath of a grand juror:—
 "the king's *counsel*, your fellows, and your own you shall keep secret." The phrase is, however, used by Chaucer:
 "Shall it be *conseil*? sayed the firste shrewe;
 And I shall tellen thee in wordes fewe
 What we shall don, and bring it wel aboute."
 —*Pardouneres Tale*.
Covent, convent; whence our Covent Garden.
Cowed, could, knew. *Cowed of curteyse*, understood good manners.

- Crack*, boast.
Craftely, skilfully, *secundum artem*.
Crouse, brisk.
Cun, con, owe, give.
Curn, p. 101.
Curtall, p. 210, 211.
Curteyse, courteous.
Cutters, sharking fellows; such as live by robbery or violence; bravos. So in the old play of *Arden of Feversham*, h. d. b. l.: "And they are cutters, and may cut your throat."
Dame, mother.
Dead, certain; so in the common saying, "As dead as Chelsea;" *i.e.* as certain as a situation in that hospital.
Demed, judged.
Depart, part, separate.
Derne, privy, secret.
Deyell, devil.
Deythe, dight, dressed.
Donne, dun.
Doyt, doth, do.
Dree, hye.
Dreyffe, drive.
Dub, shallow miry pool.
Dung, beaten, overcome.
Durk, dagger.
Dyght, dressed, done.
Dyghtande, p. 69.
Dysgrate, disgraced, degraded. *Hath be dysgrate*, hath fallen into poverty.
Een, eyes.
Eftsones, hereafter, afterward.
Eild, age.
Elephant, p. 263.
Ender, under.
English wood. If *Inglewood Forest* be here intended, the Queen is a little out in her geography: she probably means *Sherwood*, but neither was that in the page's way to Nottingham, and *Barnsdale* was still farther north. See *Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, p. 3.
Ere, before.
Eylde, yield.
Eyr, year.
Eyre, heir.
Fail, *But fail*, without fail, without doubt.
Failyd, wanted, missed.
Fair, fare, ado.
Fare, live.
Farley, fairly, plainly.
Fay, faith.

- Fayne*, glad.
Fe, fee, wages.
Feardest, fearfulest, most frightened or afraid.
Feders, feathers.
Fend, *Fend I godys forbode*.
Fende, defend.
Fered, feared, lived.
Ferre, far. *Ferre dayes*, far in the day; *grand jour*, F. *Ferre gone*, long since.
Fette, fetched.
Fetteled him, made him ready, prepared himself, set about.
Fettled, *Them fettled*, attempted, set about.
Feyffe, five.
Finikin, finical, fine, spruce.
Flee, fly.
Flinders, splinters.
Fone, foes, enemies.
Forbode, *Godys forbode*, 'prohibition or curse.' Florio, in his Italian dictionary, 1598, renders the phrase, *Adio non piaceia*. God forbid, *Godes forbode*. In *A Briefe Conceipte of English Policy*, 1581, it is corrupted to "God swarbote."
Force, care.
Forgone, forego, lose.
Fors, see *Force*.
Forsoyt, forsooth, truly.
Foryete, forgotten.
Fostere, forester.
Fothe, foot.
Frae, from.
Frebore, free-born, gentle.
Frese, p. 39.
Furmety, [*fumenty*].
Frere, [*friar*].
Fynly, goodly.
Gae, go.
Gan, *Gan they gone*, are they gone, did they go.
Gang, *Gange*, go.
Gate, *Gates*, ways, passes, paths, ridings. *Gate* is a common word in the North for way.—*P*.
Geffe, given.
General, perhaps the governor, Nottingham still being a garrison town.
Ger, gear, stuff, goods, property, effects.
Gereamarsey, see *Gramercy*.
Gillore, plenty.
Glen, valley.
God, good, goods, property.
God-a-marsey, God-a-mercy! See *Gramercy*.
Goide, see *God*.

- Godys forbode.* See *Forbode*.
Gorney, journey.
Goy, joy.
Graff, *Oke graff*, oak branch or sapling.
Gramercy, thanks, or many thanks; *grand mercie*, F.
Gree, satisfaction.
Gret, greeted, saluted.
Gripped, grasped, laid hold of.
Grome, a common man.
Hail, *All hai.*, wholly, entirely.
Halds, holds, holding-places, supports.
Halke, perhaps haugh, low ground by the side of a river. See the glossary to Bishop Douglas's *Virgil, v. Harwichis*. *Halke* with Chaucer signifies a corner; but seems here used in opposition to *hill*.
Halfendell, half.
Hals, neck.
Hambellet, ambleth.
Hansell. The vendor of any wares is said to receive *hansel* of his first customer; but the meaning of the text, *Haffe hansell for the mar*, is not understood, unless it can be thought to imply, *Give me hansel, i.e.* buy of my pots.
Hart of Greece means perhaps no more than a fat hart, for the sake of a quibble between Greece and grease.
Hawt, aught, anything, something.
Hayt, hath.
Held, kept preserved.
Hende, gentle, courteous.
Hent, took, caught.
Hepe, hip, haw, the fruit of the white thorn. So in *Gil Morrice*, a Scottish ballad:—
- “ I was once AS FOW of Gill Morrice
 AS THE HIP IS O' THE STEAN.”
- Her*, their.
Het, it.
Het, eat.
Heynd, gentle, courteous.
Heyt war howte, p. 86.
Highed, hyed, hastened.
Hight, *What they hight*, what they are called.
Holde, keep, held, retained of council.
Holy, wholly.
Holy dame, *Our holy dame*, p. 250, the Virgin Mary (so called); unless, for our “holy dame” we should read our halidome, which may mean our holiness, honesty, chastity; haligdome, sanctimonia.
Hos, *Hus*, us.
Hotys, oats.
Husband, *Housbonde*, manager, husbandman, peasant.

- How*, hill.
Howt, out.
Hyght, vowed, promised.
Hynde, knave.
I, ay.
Ibent, bent.
Ibonde, bound.
Ichaunged, changed.
Idyght, dight, dressed, prepared, made ready.
Ifedered, feathered.
Ilke, each.
In-fere, together.
Inocked, nocked, notched.
Ipyght, *Up ipyght*, p. 26.
Iquyt, acquitted, set at liberty,
Isware, sworn.
Itake, taken.
Japes, tricks.
Ken, know.
Kest, cast.
Kirtle, upper petticoat.
Knave, servant, man.
Kod, quod, quoth, said.
Kyrtell, waistcoat.
Kythe nor kin, acquaintance nor kindred.
Lappe, wrap,
Late, lake, play, game.
Launsgay, a sort of lance.
Leasynge, lying, falsehood.
Lede, train, suite.
Ledesman, guide.
Lee, plain.
Lefe, willing. *Whether he were loth or lefe*, whether he would or not.
Leffe, leave, left.
Leffes, leaves.
Lende, meet, encounter.
Lene, lend.
Lere, learn.
Lere, cheek.
Lese, lose.
Let, omit, hinder, hindered.
Leugh, laughed.
Lever, rather.
Lewtè, loyalty, faith, truth ; *leauté*, F.
Leythe, light.
Ligge, lay.
Lin, stop, stay.
Lithe, attend, hear, hearken.

Loffe, love.

Lore, lost.

Lough, *Loughe*, *Low*, laughed.

Lowe, "a little hill."—*P.*

Lown, villain, knave, base fellow.

Lust, desire, inclination.

Lyght, light; or, perhaps, for *lyte*, little.

Lynde, *Lyne*, the lime or linden tree; or collectively lime trees, or trees in general.

Lyth, see *Lithe*.

Lyveray, livery, habit, delivery: the mess, portion, or quantity of provisions delivered out at a time by the butler was called *a livery*.

Masars, cups, vessels.

Masterye, "a trial of skill, high proof of skill."—*P.*

Mair, more.

Maney, see *Meyne*.

May, maid.

Me, *That ever yet sawe I me*, a gallicism; *que jamais j'ai vu moi*.

Meal, oat-meal.

Meal-poke, meal-bag, bag in which oatmeal is put.

Meat-rife.

Mede, *To quyte hym well his mede*, to reward him to some purpose.

Medys, midst, middle.

Meede, reward.

Mesh, *All to mesh*, to a mash or jelly.

Met, *Mete*, measured.

Methe, meat.

Meyne, attendants, retinue; *mesnie*, F.

Meythe, might.

Mickle, much, great, very.

Mister, need. It is *misters* in the original.

Mo, more.

Molde, earth.

Mot, *Mote*, might, may.

Mote, meeting, assembly, court, audit.

Mountenaunce, amount, duration, space.

Mow, mouth.

Mowe, may.

Muckle, see *Mickle*.

Myrthes, mirth, merriment. *A man that myrthes can*, a minstrel, fiddler, juggler, or the like.

Myster, need.

Nane, none.

Nar, nor, than.

Ner, ear. So in "*The Romaunt of the Rose*:"

"He streight up to his *ere* ydrough
The stronge bowe."

Ner, (*ne wer it*), were it not.

Nip, p. 100.

Nips, p. 101.

Nobellys, nobles. The *noble* was a gold coin, value 6s. 8d.

Nombles, *Numbles*, entrails; those parts which are usually baked in a pie: now, corruptly, called *humbles* or *umbles*: *nombles*, F. Thus we say, *an Adder*, *an Apron*, *an Ouche*, instead of *a Nadder*, (*Надодне*), *a Napron*, *a Nouche*: the *n* being, through ignorance, transferred to the article. The reverse has happened in the words *A newt*, which should be written *An ewt*: a mistake the more remarkable as we say and write *An est*; both from the same root: *Ерет*, Saxon.

Obededores, [*obediener*].

Okerer, usurer.

Or, [en].

Os, us.

Outdone, undone.

Owthe, out.

Paid, beat, beaten.

Palmer. A *palmer* was, properly, a pilgrim who had visited the Holy Land, from the palm-branch or cross which he bore as a sign of such visitation: but it is probable that the distinction between *palmers* and other *pilgrims* was never much attended to in this country. The *palmer* in the text seems to be no more than a common beggar; as is, likewise, the one in the romance.

Partakers, assistants, persons to take thy part.

Passe, extent, bounds, limits, district; as the *Pas de Calais*. Copland's edition reads *compas*.

Pauage, *Pavag*, *Pavage*, *Pawage*, a toll or duty payable for the liberty of passing over the soil or territory of another: *paagium*, L.

Pay, content, satisfaction, money.

Peces, p. 32.

Pecocke, *With pecocke well ydight*, handsomely dressed with peacock feathers. Thus Chaucer, describing his "*squire's yeman*:"

"A shefe of *peacocke arwes* bright and kene,
Under his belt he bare ful throtely."

In a little treatise of "*The Hors, the Shepe, and the Ghoos*," printed by Caxton, it is said—

"Thurgh all the londe of Brutes Albyon
For fetherd arowes as I reherce can
Ghoos is the best to make comparison
Excepte fethers of *pecok* and of *swan*."

Pinder. The *pinder* is the *pounder* or *pound-keeper*; the petty officer of a manor, whose duty it is to impound all strange cattle straying upon the common, &c.

Plucke-buffet, p. 75.

Polle, pull.

Poke, bag.

Preke, prick, a piece of wood in the centre of the target.

Prese, company.

Prest, ready, ready to go.

Puding-pricks, skewers that fasten the pudding-bag.

Pyne, *Goddess pyne*, Christ's passion or crucifixion.

Quequer, quiver: **Țocun**, Saxon.

Queyt, quit, recompense.

Qod, quoth, says, said.

Raked, walked apace.

Ray, *Battle ray*, battle-array. The same expression occurs in *The Tragical History of Didaco and Violenta*, 1567:

"To traverse forth his ground, to place
His troupes *in batayle ray*."

Ray, array, put in order.

Raye. *Cloth of ray* was cloth not coloured or dyed. It is mentioned in many old statutes in contradistinction to *cloth of colour*. See 17 E. 3. c. 1, 7 H. 4. c. 10, 11 H. 4. c. 6, 1 R. 3. c. 8. The "*reied or striped cloth*" (Stow's *Survey*, 1598, p. 436, 430) must have been very different.

Reachles, careless, regardless, unobservant.

Red, clear.

Reuth, pity, compassion.

Reve, taken by force.

Reves, bailiffs, receivers.

Ripe, cleanse. *Riped*, cleansed.

Rod, poles, perches. A rod, pole, or perch is usually sixteen feet and a half, but in Sherwood forest (according to Blount) it is 21 feet, the foot there being 18 inches.

Rode, rood, cross.

Rung, staff.

Ryall, royal.

Ryalty, royalty.

Ryghtwys, righteous, just.

Sack, a kind of Spanish wine, perhaps sherry, formerly much drunk in this country; very different, at least, from the sweet (or canary) wine now so called.

Sair, sore.

Salved, (*salued*?) saluted. The word *salwed*, in this sense, occurs repeatedly in *The Hystorye of Reinard the Foxe* (Pinson's edition); and (*vide tamen Salvid* in the *Gesta Romanorum*, MS. Har. 7333, No. 48) in that of "*Kynge Ponthus of Galyce*," 1511. "*Salue*," F. i. "*Salewe*," F. ii. K. Ponthus.

Scathe, harm.

Schetyng, shooting.

Schomer, summer.

- Sclo*, slay.
Scop, scalp, pate.
Scoper, supper.
Scouth, p. 105.
Serefe, *Screffē*, slieriff.
Se, vide *See*.
Seche, seek.
See, regard, protect. The same phrase occurs in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresside*:
 "Madame, quoth Pandare, God you save see."
Seker, sure.
Selerer. The cellarer (*celerier*, *cellararius*, or *cellarius*) was that officer who furnished the convent with provisions, *cui potus et escæ cura est, qui cellæ vinarie et escarie præest, promus* (DU CANGE). He appears to have been a person of considerable trust, and to have had a principal concern in the management of the society's revenues. See Spelman's *Glossary*, Fuller's *Church History*, &c.
Semblaunte, semblance, appearance.
Sene, see.
Sete, p. 25.
Sets. *Sets with Roben Hood such a lass!* probably such a lass would suit or become him well; but the passage is either singular or corrupt.
Sette, mortgaged.
Shawe. *Shaw* is usually explained by *little wood*, but *greenwood little wood* would be ridiculous tautology; it may therefore mean *shade*, which appears its primitive signification: *Scuþa*, Saxon. See p. 327, ver. 5. *Shaws*, "little woods."—P.
Shende, hurt, annoy. *Shente*, hurt, wounded.
Shet, shut.
Shete, shoot.
Shone, [shoes].
Shope, shaped, made.
Shraddes. See the note.
Shrewde, *Shrewed*, unlucky.
Shrift, confession.
Shroggs, "shrubs, thorns, briars. G. Doug. *scroggis*."—P.
Shyt, shut.
Skaith; hurt, harm. *They feared for his skaith, i.e.* for the harm it might do them.
Slack, low ground.
Slade, "a slip of greensward between plow-lands, or woods, &c."—P.
Slawe, *Slone*, slain.
Sle, *Sloo*, slay.
Somers, sumpter-horses.
Sorowe, sorry.

- Sothe*, sooth, truth.
Sound, see *A-sound*.
Soyt, sooth, truth.
Spear, ask. *Speer'd*, asked, inquired.
Stakward, *Stakworthe*, stout, well made.
Stane, stone.
Stark, stiff.
Stede, time.
Steven. *At some unsett-steven*, at some unlooked for time, by some odd accident, by mere chance, voice.
Stime, spark, particle or ray of light.
Stint, stop.
Sto', store, p. 219.
Strang, strong.
Strete, lane, path, way.
Sweaven, dream.
Swecer, p. 100.
Syne, after, afterward, then.
Syth, afterward.
Takles, arrows.
Takyll, arrow.
Tarpe, p. 68.
Tene, grief, sorrow, distress, vexation.
Tene, grieve.
The, thrive, prosper.
Thes, thus, this.
Thos, thus.
Throwe, space.
To-broke, broken.
To-hande staffe, two-hand staff, quarter-staff.
Tortyll, wreathed, twined, twirled, twisted; *tortillé*, F.
Tray, anger.
Tree, staff.
Treyffe, thrive.
Trow, true.
Trowet, troth.
True, trow, believe.
Trystell, *Trystyll*.
Tynde, *Tyndes*, tines, antlers, the pointed branches that issue from the main beam of a stag. "In Ynglond ther ys a shepcote, the wyche schepekote hayt ix dorys, & at yeuery dor stonde ix ramys, & every ram hat ix ewys, & yeuery ewe hathe ix lambys, & yeuery lambe hayt ix hornes, & every horne hayt ix TYNDES: what ys the somm of all thes belle?" (MSS. More, Ec. 4. 35.)
Unketh, uncouth, strange.
Unneth, scarcely.
Up-chaunce, by chance.
Venie, *Brave venie*, merry vein, jovial humour.

Wan, *Wonnynge wan*, dwelling-place.

Wan, got.

Warden-pies. *Wardens* are a species of large pears. In Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, the clown, enumerating the articles he had to provide for the sheep-shearing feast, says he "must have saffron to colour the *warden-pies*."

Warse, worse.

Was, wash. "And afterward the justices arise and *wasse*, and geffe thanks unto the new serjaunts forther gode dyner" (*Origines Juridiciales*, p. 116). This ceremony, which, in former times, was constantly practised as well before as after meat, seems to have fallen into disuse on the introduction of forks, about the year 1620: as before that period our ancestors supplied the place of this necessary utensil with their fingers.

Watchman, a probable mistake for *Waithman*, outlaw. See Notes, &c., p. lxxiii.

Wed, *Wedde*, pawn, pledge, or deposit. *To wedde*, in mortgage. *Lay my life to wedde*, pawn my life.

Weele, well.

Welt, *Welt them at his wyll*, did as he pleased with them, used them at his pleasure.

Wed, *Wende*, go, hye.

Wenest, thinkest.

Wenion, *Marry gep with a wenion!* "He shoulde have bene at home a preaching *with a waniant*," says Bishop Latimer. *Sermons before King Edward VI.*, p. 35. This phrase, *with a wannion*, is common in old plays, but, though its meaning be obvious, even Mr. Steevens is unable to "explain the word at the end of it" (*Shak.* xiii. 440). It is now corrupted to *with a vengeance*.

Went, wended, gone.

Werschep, worshipped, revered, respected.

West, wist, known.

Wete, know.

Whang, *Leathern whang*, leather thong or string

Whereas, where.

Whute, whistle.

Wigger wand, wicker wand.

Wight, *Wighty*, strong. *N.B.* The latter word seems everywhere a mistake for the former.

Wilfulle, doubtful. -

Win, see *Wen*.

Win, get.

Wist, wis, trow, believe.

Wist, knew.

Wode, mad.

Wodys, woods.

Wolwarde, wearing a flannel shirt, by way of penance. See Steeven's *Shakespeare*, 1793, v. 360.

Won, dwell.

Wonest, dwellest.

Woodweele, "the golden ouzle, a bird of the thrush kind."—P.

Worthe, *Wo worthe the*, woe be to thee.

Wrack, ruin, destruction.

Wroken, wreaked, revenged.

Wyght, strong, stout.

Wynne, go.

Wys, trow ; there is no modern word precisely synonymous.

Wyte, *Wytte*, know.

Y, I.

Yede, *Yeed*, went.

Yeff, if.

Yeffell, evil.

Yeft, gift.

Yemenry, yeomanry. *Thow seys god yemenry*, thou speakest honestly, fairly, sensibly, like a good yeoman.

Yend, yon.

Yeomandree, *Yeomandry*, yeomanry, followers.

Verdes, rods.

Yever, ever.

Yfere, together.

Ylke, same. *Ylke same*, very same.

Ynowe, enough.

Yode, went.

Yole, Christmas.

Yonder, under.

Yong men, yeomen (which is every where substituted in Copland's edition). See Spelman's *Glossary* in the wordes *Juniores*, *Yeoman* ; Minshen's *Guide into Tongues*, in the latter word ; Tyrwhitt's edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, iv. 195 ; Shakespeare's *Plays*, 1793, xiv. 347.



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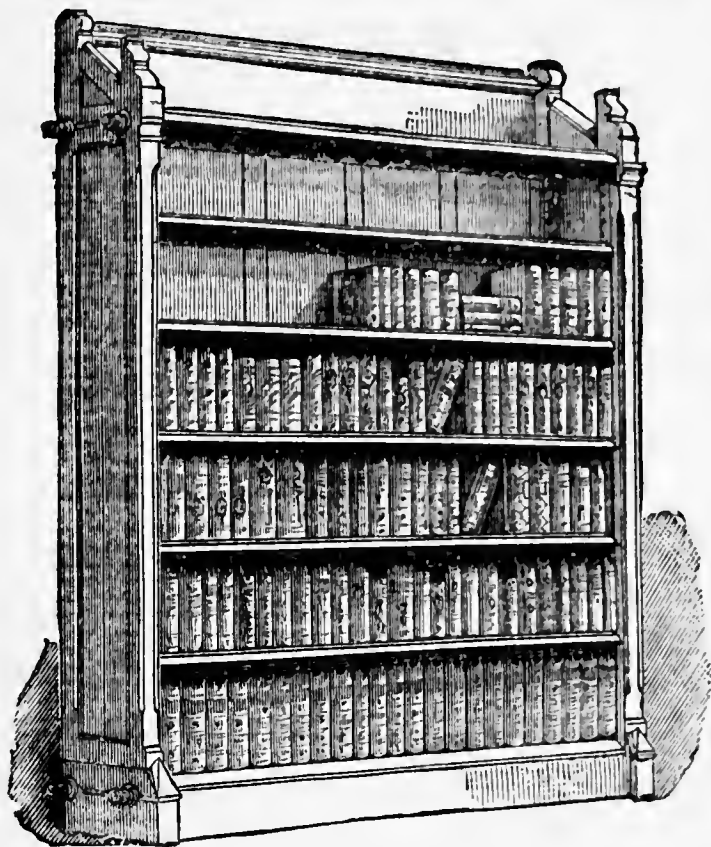
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