

ROBIN HOOD BALLADS



That he would give and lend to them,
To help them in their need ;
This made all poor men pray for him,
And wish he well might speed.

SUNG BY WALLACE HOUSE WITH LUTE

TRUE TALE OF ROBIN HOOD · ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN · ROBIN HOOD
and the CURTALL FRYER · ROBIN HOOD and the TANNER · ROBIN HOOD and
MAID MARIAN · ROBIN HOOD'S MORRIS · ROBIN HOOD and the THREE
SQUIRES · THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD · ROBIN HOOD and the RANGER
ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH and BURIAL

FW 6839

FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP., N. Y.

M
1740
H842
R655
1953

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS FW 6839

Robin
Hood
Ballads

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INTRODUCTION AND NOTES ON THE RECORDINGS

by

Wallace House



Wallace House was born in Guernsey, Channel Islands. His forbears all came from the south of England. His family went to Canada when he was nine years old and settled in Toronto. From his parents and their English friends he learned many English folk songs. As a boy he sang in the choir of St. Alban's Cathedral and later in oratorios, grand opera choruses and in operettas, before taking up his main vocation in life - acting. He came to New York where he played in a number of Broadway shows. Meanwhile he began a study of ballads of all countries and amassed a considerable repertoire of songs which he performed in clubs, theatre productions and radio. He became a member of the faculty of New York University and taught folk song there for ten years. Mr. House has appeared recently in a number of plays on television as a ballad-singing actor and is at present on the faculties of both Columbia and New York Universities.

Mr. House has recorded for FOLKWAYS an album of English Folk Songs in dialect, issue FP 823.

There are probably over fifty authentic Robin Hood ballads which have been handed down and preserved. I have selected the ballads which tell of his life and the well known figures associated with him. It has not always been possible to include all of the famous members of his band of outlaws, and in order to give variety within the space limits of this collection it has also been necessary to condense some of the longer ballads. In checking the authenticity of these ballads which I have collected I have consulted the following important authorities on the subject:

Joseph Ritson Robin Hood, a Collection of Poems, Songs and Ballads Geo. Routledge & Sons - London 1884.

William Chappell Popular Music of the Olden Time Cramer, Beale & Chappell London

Moffat & Kidson "The Minstrelsy of England" Bagley & Ferguson - London 1901 The English Folksong Society Journal

It is my belief that these songs were created and performed by the singers of the countryside; therefore in my singing of them I have attempted to preserve the lusty flavor of the English rustic ballad singer rather than to use the "arty" approach of the formal musician. Although these ballads make interesting reading, they were in general created to be sung. And in selecting the ballads for these recordings I have considered them not only as dramatic stories but also as tuneful songs.

In order to give an authentic 13th Century atmosphere and to suggest the quality of the instruments of the period, the lute and the cithern, I have used to accompany myself a flat-backed, twelve-stringed Spanish lute.

In his authoritative book on Robin Hood, Joseph Ritson gives a biography of the outlaw. I quote the following:

"Robin Hood was born at Locksley in the county of Nottingham in the reign of King Henry the Second, and about the year 1160. . . His true name was Robin Fitzooth, which vulgar pronunciation easily corrupted into Robin Hood. He is frequently styled and commonly reputed to have been Earl of Huntingdon. . . In his youth he was reported to have been of a wild and extravagant disposition, insomuch that, his inheritance being consumed or forfeited by his excesses, and his person outlawed for debt, either from necessity or choice, he sought an asylum in the woods and forest. . . Of these

A TRUE TALE OF ROBIN HOOD

OR

A BRIEF TOUCH OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

THAT RENOWNED OUTLAW

ROBERT EARL OF HUNTINGDON, VULGARLY

CALLED ROBIN HOOD,

WHO LIVED AND DYED IN THE 9TH YEAR OF

KING RICHARD THE FIRST, COMMONLY CALLED

RICHARD COEUR DE LYON

CAREFULLY COLLECTED OUT OF THE TRUEST

WRITERS OF OUR ENGLISH CHRONICLES: AND

PUBLISHED FOR THE SATISFACTION OF THOSE

WHO DESIRE TRUTH FROM FALSEHOOD

BY MARTIN PARKER.

"This poem, given from an edition in black letter, printed for I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger, 1686, remaining in the curious library left by Anthony á Wood, appears to have been first entered on the hall-book of the stationers company, the 29th of February, 1631.

Martin Parker was a great writer of ballads, several of which, with his initials subjoined, are still extant in the Pepysian and other collections."

RITSON.

he chiefly affected Barnsdale in Yorkshire; Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire; and according to some, Plumpton Park, in Cumberland. Here he either found, or was afterwards joined by, a number of persons in similar circumstances; who appear to have considered and obeyed him as their chief or leader, and of whom his principal favourites, or those in whose courage and fidelity he most confided were Little John, William Scadlock (Scathelock, or Scarlet), George A. Green, Pinder (or pound keeper), of Wakefield, Much, a miller's son, and a certain Monk or Fryer named Tuck. He is likewise said to have been accompanied in his retreat by a female, of whom he was enamoured, and whose real or adopted name was Marian.....

"Having, for a long series of years, maintained a sort of independent sovereignty, and set kings, judges, and magistrates at defiance, a proclamation was published offering a considerable reward for bringing him in either dead or alive; which, however, seems to have been productive of no greater success than former attempts for that purpose. At length, the infirmities of old age increasing on him, and desirous to be relieved, in a fit of sickness, by being let blood, he applied for that purpose to the prioress of Kirkleynunnery, in Yorkshire, his relation, . . . by whom he was treacherously suffered to bleed to death. This event happened on the 18th of November, 1247, being the thirty-first year of King Henry III, and (if the date assigned to his birth be correct) about the 87th of his age. He was interred under some trees, at a short distance from the house; a stone being placed over his grave, with an inscription to his memory.

"Such was the end of Robin Hood: a man who, in a barbarous age, and under a complicated tyranny, displayed a spirit of freedom and independence which has endeared him to the common people, whose cause he maintained, . . . and has rendered his name immortal."

A TRUE TALE OF ROBIN HOOD

It is a tale of Robin Hood,
Which I to you will tell;
Which, being rightly understood,
I know will please you well.
This Robin (so much talk-ed on)
Was once a man of fame,
Instil-ed earl of Huntington,
Lord Robin Hood by name.

No archer living in his time
With him might well compare;
He practis'd all his youthful prime
That exercise most rare.
At last, by his profuse expence
He had consum'd his wealth;
And, being outlaw'd by his prince,
In woods he liv'd by stealth

So being outlaw'd (as 'tis told)
He with a crew went forth
Of lusty cutters stout and bold,
And robb-ed in the North.
But Robin Hood so gentle was,
And bore so brave a mind,
If any in distress did pass,
To them he was so kind.

The abbot of Saint Maries then,
Who him undid before,
Was riding with two hundred men,
And gold and silver store:
But Robin Hood upon him set,
With his courageous sparks,
And all the coyn perforce did get,
Which was twelve thousand marks.

The abbot he rode to the king,
With all the haste he could;
And to his grace he everything
Exactly did unfold;
The king protested by and by
Unto the abbot then,
That Robin Hood with speed should dye,
With all his merry men.

The abbot, which before I nam'd,
Sought all the means he could
To have by force this rebel ta'n,
And his adherents bold.
Therefore he arm'd five hundred men,
With furniture compleat;
But the outlaws slew the half of them,
And made the rest retreat.

So that bold Robin and his train
Did live unhurt by them,
Until King Richard came again
From fair Jerusalem:
The king in person, with some lords,
To Nottingham did ride,
To try what strength and skill affords
To crush this outlaws pride.

When Robin Hood heard of the same,
Within a little space,
Into the town of Nottingham
Sent a letter to his grace.
The tenour of this letter was
That Robin would submit,
And be true liegeman to his grace
In anything that's fit.

The king would fain have pardoned him,
But that some lords did say,
This president will much condemn
Your grace another day,
So e're the pardon came to him
This famous archer dy'd:
His death and manner of the same
I'll presently describe.

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. 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." RITSON

ROBIN HOOD, AND LITTLE JOHN

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

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.

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.

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

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which caus-ed the blood to appear;
Then Robin enrag'd more fiercely engaged,
And followed his blows more severe.

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 tumb'l'd him into the brook.

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 echo of which through the vallie did fly,
At which his stout bowmen appear'd,
All cloath-ed in green, most gay to be seen,
So up to their master they steer'd.

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,

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.

With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed;
Brave Stutely came then, with sev'r'l yeomen,
And did in this manner proceed:

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

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTALL FRYER

"From an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony & 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 cordelier, from the cord or rope which they wore round their waist, 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. (Courtault, F.) In fact, he is no fryer at all, but a monk of Fountains abbey, which was of the Cistercian order."

"Douce explains "curtal" to mean "curtailed," or Franciscan friar; because, conformably to the injunction of their founder, they wore short habits. He quotes Stavely's ROMISH HORSELEECH to prove that Franciscans were so called. RITSON

ROBIN HOOD AND CURTALL FRYER

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

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

Robin Hood he 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 on his backe
And stept in to the knee.
'Till he came at the middle streame,
Neither good nor bad spake he,

Andcomming to the middle streame,
There he threw Robin in:
"And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,
Whether thou wilt sink or swim."

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

Robin Hood shot passing well,
'Till his arrows all were gane;
They tooke their swords and steele bucklers,
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.

"If thou'lt forsake fair Fountaines Dale,
And Fountaines-Abbey free,
Every Sunday throwout the yeere,
A noble shall be thy fee:

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

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER or ROBIN HOOD MET HIS MATCH

"A merry and pleasant song relating the gallant and
fierce combate fought between Arthur Bland, a
tanner of Nottingham, and Robin Hood, the greatest
and most noblest archer of England." From an old
black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony á Wood.
RITSON

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER

In Nottingham there lives a jolly tanner,
His name it is Arthur-a-Bland;
There is nere a squire in Nottinghamshire
Dare bid bold Arthur stand,
Aye, dare bid bold Arthur stand.

And as he went forth, in a summers morning,
To the 'forrest of merry' Sherwood,
To view the red deer, that range here and there,
There met he with bold Robin Hood,
Aye, there met he with bold Robin Hood.

Why, what art thou, bold fellow, he cried,
That ranges so boldly here?
In sooth, to be brief, thou lookst like a thief,
That cometh to steal the kings deer.
Aye, that cometh to steal the kings deer.

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

"If thou beest a keeper in this forrest,
And hast such a great command,
'Yet' thou must have more partakers in store,
Before thou canst make me to stand."
Aye, before thou canst make me to stand.
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,
So mend thou thyself where thou can.
Aye, so mend thou thyself where thou can.

Then Robin Hood could no longer forbear,
He gave him such a knock,
That quickly and soon the blood it came doon,
Before it was ten of the clock.
Aye, before it was ten of the clock.

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

And knock for knock they lustily dealt,
Which held two hours and more;
That all the wood rang with every bang,
They ply'd their work so sore.
Aye, they ply'd their work so sore.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin Hood,
And let thy quarrel fall;
For here we may thrash our bones all to mesh,
And get no coyn at all.
Aye, and get no coyn at all.
So 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'll give thee both gold and fee.
Aye, I'll give thee both gold and fee.

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

ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN

"This ballad, which has never been inserted in any of the publications intitled "Robin Hood's garland," 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." RITSON.

ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN

A bonny fine maid of a noble degree,
Derry, derry down.
Maid Marian call'd by name,
Did live in the North, of excellent worth,
For shee was a gallant dame.
Derry down, hey derry, derry down.
The earl of Huntington, nobly born,
That came of a noble blood,
To Marian went, with a good intent,
His name was Robin Hood.

But fortune bearing these lovers a spight,
That soon thy were forc-ed to part:
To the merry green wood then went Robin Hood,
With a sad and a sorrowful heart.

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

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

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

O 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,
Her self shee did quickly discover,
And with kisses sweet she did him greet,
Like to a most loyall lover.

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.



ROBIN HOOD'S MORRIS

"The Helston Furry Dance is one of the most singular customs still retained in England. The dance is a survival of a "morris," and is performed to the tune given above, every old May day, i. e., 8th of May, at Helston, in Cornwall. Parties of ladies and gentlemen dressed in bright attire with a profusion of flowers, trip in couples, to the number of thirty or forty, through the streets, and even through the houses of the little town. While the band plays the historical old tune given above, the couples sing the verses here given under the music. The festival is supposed to be a survival of a very ancient rite dating from an early British period. The air is distinctly an old "morris" dance tune; it seems to have first seen the light of print in Jones' Bardic Museum, 1802, from whence it was taken into Geo. Thomson's Welsh Melodies, vol ii., 1811, and another version is given in Davies Gilbert's Ancient Christmas Carols, 1823. It also found a place in Wm. Chappell's National English Airs, 1838." MOFFAT & KIDSON

Robin Hood and Little John,
They both are gone to the fair, O;
We will to the sweet greenwood
To see what they do there, O.
For to chase the buck and doe,
To chase the buck and doe, O.
For to chase the buck and doe,
With a hal-an-tow and gay, O.

We were up as soon as day
To fetch the summer home, O;
Summer and the sweet May, O,
For summer is a-come, O.
Winter cold is now gone, O,
And summer is a come, O.
Winter cold is now gone, O,
With a hal-an-tow and gay, O.

Good Saint George shall be our song,
Saint George, he was a knight, O;
Of the knights in Christendom,
Saint George he is the right, O.
In each land that ere we go
Sing hal-an-tow and George, O,
In each land that ere we go,
Sing hal-an-tow and George, O.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE THREE SQUIRES or
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 Aldermary-church-yard." RITSON.

Bold Robin Hood ranging the forrest all round,
The forrest all round ranged he;
O there he did meet with a gay lady,
She came weeping along the highway.

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 dee."

What have they done then? said jolly Robin,
Come tell me most speedily.
"Oh! it is for killing the king's fallow deer,
'That' they are all condemned to dee."

Then bold Robin Hood for Nottingham goes,
For Nottingham town goes he,
O there he did meet with a poor beggar-man,
He came creeping along the highway.

"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,
'Sides brandy, good beer, ale and wine."

Bold Robin Hood then to Nottingham came,
To Nottingham town came he;
O there he did meet with great master sheriff,
And likewise the squires all three.

One boon, one boon, says jolly Robin,
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 have all their gay cloathing,
And all their white money.

"O I will have none of their gay cloathing,
Nor none of their white money,
But I'll have three blasts of my bugle-horn,
That their souls to heaven may flee."

Then Robin Hood mounted the gallows so high,
Where he blew loud and shrill,
'Till an hundred 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.
"O they are mine, but none of thine,
And come for the squires all three."

O take them, O take them, says master sheriff,
O take them along with thee;
For there's never a man in fair Nottingham
Can do the like of thee.

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

"From an old black-letter copy in A. a Woods collection, compared with two others in the British museum, one in black letter. It should be sung "To an excellent tune." Several lines of this ballad are quoted in the two old plays of the "Downfall" and "Death of Robert earle o' Huntington," 1601, but acted many years before. It is also alluded to in Shakespeares MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, act 1. scene 1, and again, in his SECOND PART OF K. HEN. IV. act V. scene 3.

In 1557 certain "ballets" are entered on the books of the stationers company "to John Wallye and Mrs. Toye," one of which is entitled "Of Wakefylde and a grene:" meaning apparently the ballad here re-printed." RITSON.

"It is sometimes quoted as "Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;" sometimes as "The Pinder of Wakefield" (a "pinder" being the pen or pound-keeper for impounding stray cattle); and the tune occasionally entitled WAKEFIELD ON A GREEN, from the ditty. Two copies are to be found, under that name, among the lute manuscripts (said to be Dowland's) in the Public Library, Cambridge; a third is contained in a manuscript volume of virginal music of the time of Queen Elizabeth, now in the possession of Dr. Rimbault." W. Chappell.

In Wakefield there lived a jolly pinder,
In Wakefield all on a green,
In Wakefield all on a green:
He was a merry pound-keeper
And his name was George-a-Green
And his name was George-a-Green.

Neither knight nor squire, said the pinder,
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,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold.

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

Now turn again, said the pinder,
For a wrong way you have gone;
For a wrong way you have gone;
For you have forsaken the king's highway,
And made a path over the corn
And made a path over the corn.

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

He leaned his back against a thorn,
And his foot against a stone,
And his foot against a stone,
And there he fought a long summers day,
A summers day so long,
A summers day so long.

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

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

If Michaelmas day was come and gone,
And my master had paid me my fee,
And my master had paid me my fee,
Then will I set as little by him,
And go to the green wood with thee.
And go to the green wood with thee.



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 Hoods Garland,"
printed some years since at York." RITSON.

When Phoebus had melted the 'sickles' of ice,
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 passed,
Where he did behold a forester bold,
Who cried out "Friend, whither so fast?"
"Friend, whither so fast?"
Where he did behold a forester bold,
Who cried 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.
I am head forester here.
Before you shall shoot, the thing I'll dispute,
For I am head forester here.

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 broadsword by his side;
Without more ado, he presently drew,
Declaring the truth shall be tried.
Declaring the truth shall be tried.
Without more ado, he presently drew,
Declaring the truth should be tried.

The very first blow that the forester gave,
He made his broad weapon cry twang;
Twas over the head, Robin fell down for dead,
O that was a damnable bang!
But Robin soon recovered himself,
And bravely fell to it again;
The very next stroke their weapons they broke,
Yet never a man there was slain
Never a man there was slain.
The very next stroke their weapons they broke,
Yet never a man there was slain.

At quarter-staff then they resolv-ed to play,
Because they would have another bout;
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,
Unwilling he was to give out.
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 cried "Let us freely give o'er."
 "Let us freely give o'er".
 That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,
 He cried "Let us freely give o'er."

Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess,
 I never knew any so good;
 Thou'rt fitting to be a yeoman for me,
 And range in the merry green wood.
 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.
 With trusty long bows.
 His yeomen did hear, and strait did appear,
 A hundred with trusty long bows.

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.
 Made a rich supper that night.
 Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,
 And made a rich supper that night.



THE LAST SHOT.

ROBIN HOODS 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.

This very old and curious piece is preserved solely in
 the editions of "Robin Hood's garland," printed at York.
 It is here given from a collation of two different copies,
 containing numerous variations." RITSON.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL

When Robin Hood and Little John.....
 With a Hey down, down a down, down.
 Went o'er yon bank of ground
 Said Robin Hood to Little John,
 We've shot for many a pound;
 Hey down, down a down, down.

But I am not able to shoot one shot more
 With a hey down, down a down, down.
 My arrows they will not flee;
 But I have a cousin that lives down below,
 Please God, she will bleed me
 Hey down, down a down, down.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley Hall
 With a hey down, down a down, down.
 He knock-ed all at the ring,
 But none was so ready as his cousin herself
 For to let bold Robin in
 Hey down, down a down, down.

She took him by the lilly-white hand,
 With a hey down, down a down, down.
 And led him to a private room,
 And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
 Whilst one drop of blood would run
 Hey down, down a down, down.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm
 With a hey down, down a down, down.
 And lock-ed him up in the room.
 And there did he bleed all the live-long day,
 Until the next day at noon
 Hey down, down a down, down.

He bethought him then of his bugle-horn,
 With a hey down, down a down, down.
 Which hung low down to his knee;
 He set his horn unto his mouth,
 And blew out weak blasts three
 Hey down, down a down, down.

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone
 With a hey down, down a down, down.
 As fast as he can dree;
 But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
 He broke locks two or three
 Hey down, down a down, down.

"A boon, a boon," cries Little John
 With a hey down, down a down, down.
 O master, I beg of thee.
 It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
 And all their nunnery"
 Hey down, down a down, down.

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood
 With a hey down, down a down, down.
 That boon I'll not grant to thee;
 I never hurt fair maid in my time,
 Nor at my end shall it be;
 Hey down, down a down, down.

But give me my bent bow in my hand,
 With a hey down, down a down, down.
 And an arrow I will let flee;
 And where this arrow is taken up,
 There shall my grave digg-ed be.
 Hey down, down a down, down.

O, lay me a green sod under my head,
 With a hey down, down a down, down.
 And another at my feet;
 And lay my bent bow by my side,
 Which was my music sweet;
 Hey down, down a down, down.

These words they readily promis-ed him,
 With a hey down, down a down, down.
 Which did bold Robin please;
 And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
 Near to the fair Kirkleys
 Hey down, down a down, down.

ROBIN HOOD

A COLLECTION OF

POEMS, SONGS, AND BALLADS

Relative to that Celebrated English Chief

EDITED BY JOSEPH RITSON



WITH THIRTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON BROWNE

"Amongst the papers of the learned Dr. Gale, late dean of
 Yorke, was found this epitaph of Robin Hood :

Here underneath his little stan
 lies robert earl of Huntington
 near arcei ber ay hit sa geud
 an pipi hauli in robin heud
 sick utlawy ay hi an is men
 bit reglane nibe st agen.
 about 24 [r. 14] kal decembris 1247."

900 of the most remarkable epitaphs." Westminster, 1727, (vol.
 ii. p. 73) thus not inelegantly paraphrased :

"Here, underneath the little stone,
 'Twas Death's assault now both one,
 Known by the name of Robin Hood,
 Who was a thief, and archer good;
 Full thirteen or thirty years, and something more,
 He rob'd the rich to feed the poor:
 Therefore, his grave he lov'd with tears,
 And offer for his soul your prayers."

A ROUND,

from "Pammelia. Musick's Miscellanie. Or, mixed variety of pleasant round-ayes,
 and delightful catches, of 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, parts in one. Note so ordinarie as
 unskill, more so musical as not to all very pl easur and acceptable. London Printed
 by William Kerley, for K. B. and H. W. and are to be sold at the Spread Eagle at
 the great north door of Pauls. 1702." The 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."

R *es* *o* *a*

OBIN Hood, Robin Hood, said little John,
 Come dance before the queen a : In a red petticoate
 and a greene jacket, a white hose and a green a *ut supra*



Wende forthe, syrs, on your waye,
 And doth no more to me,
 Tyll ye wytte our kynges wyll
 What he woll say to the."

The sheref thus had his answer,
 With out ony leasyng,
 Forthe he yode to London toun,
 All for to tel our kyng.

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