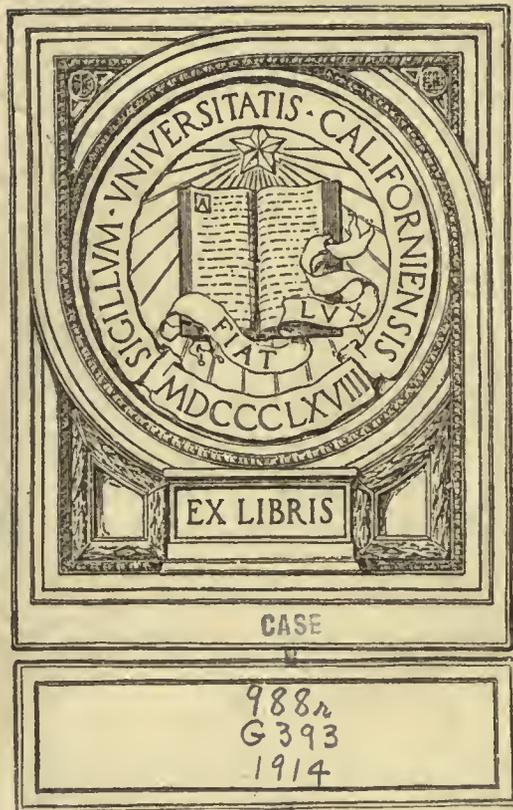


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Robin Hood

Date of earliest known original edition . . . c. 1561—9

[B. M. c. 21, c. 63]

Reproduced in Facsimile 1914

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

A gift of Robyn Hode.

Robin Hood

C. 1561—9



Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIV

Robin Hood

C. 1561—9

This play, from apparently a unique original in the British Museum, is preceded by "A mery geste." The full title is, "A mery geste of Robyn Hoode and of hys lyfe, wyth a newe playe for to be played in Maye games, very plesaunte and full of pastyme."

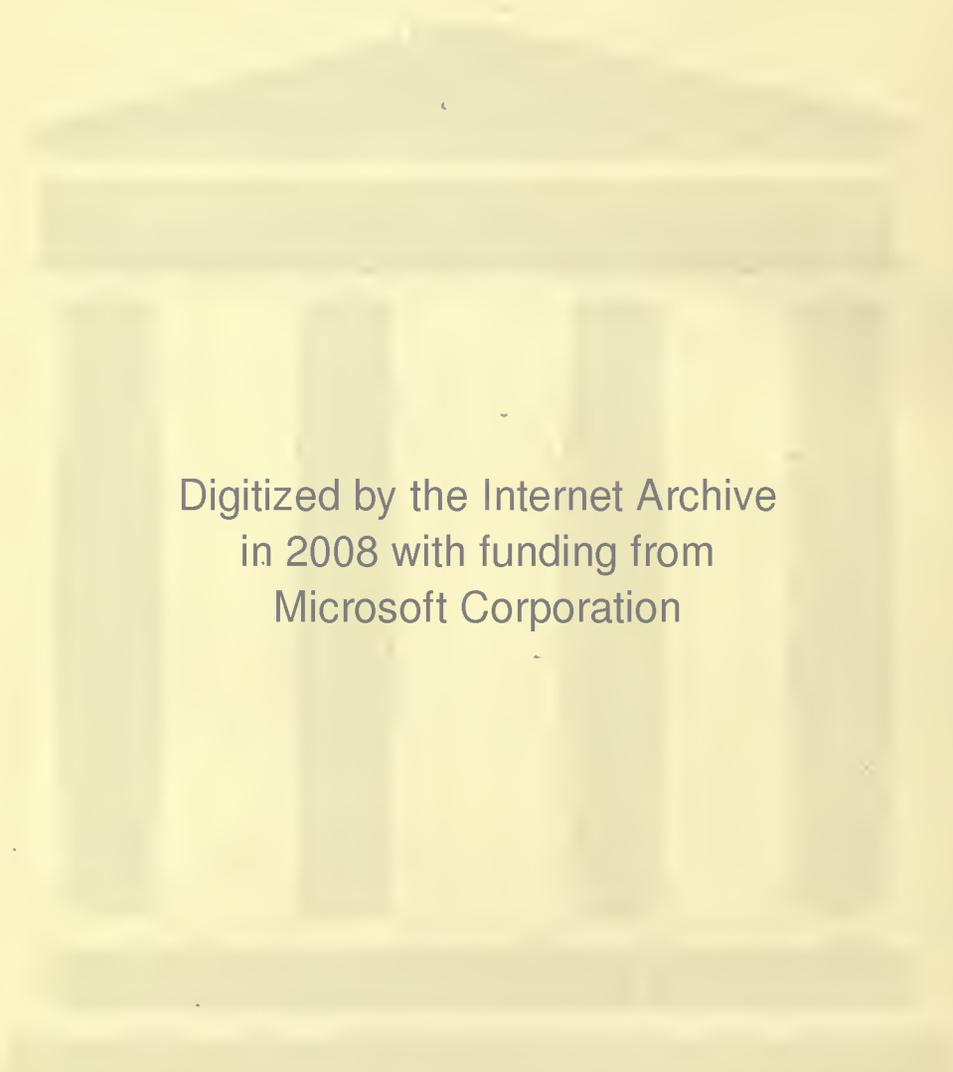
William Copland (see D.N.B.) was located in 1561 "in the Vyntre upon the Three Craned Warfe," and died between July 1568 and July 1569: these times thus approximately fix the date of issue.

Another edition was issued c. 1610 by Edward White, a copy of which, according to Greg, is in the Bodleian, who, however, makes no mention of another example formerly, according to Hazlitt, in the Huth library, who remarked that it was (1867) "the only copy known."

Sir Sidney Lee's article on Robin Hood (see Hood) in "The Dictionary of National Biography" should be consulted.

The reproduction of this play is satisfactory.

JOHN S. FARMER.



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<http://www.archive.org/details/robinhoodc1561900amerrich>

A mery gelle of

Robyn Hoode and of hys lyfe, wyth
a newe playe for to be played
in Maye games very ple-
saunte and full of pastyme.

¶ (••) ¶



Here beynneth a lptell geſte
of Robyn hode and his mery
men, and of the proude
Shryffe of No.
tyngham.

Lyste and lyſten gentyl men
That he of freborne blode
I ſhal you tel of a good yeman
Hys name was Robyn hode
Robyn was a proude outlawe
whyles he walked on grounde
So curteyle an outlawe as he was one
was netter none yfounde
Robyn ſtoode in Bernisdale
And lened h pon a tree
And by him lptle John
A good yeman was hee
and a lso dyd good Scathelocke
and muche the mylners ſonne
There was no enche of hys body
But it was worthe a grome
Than beſpake h ym lptel John
all vnto Robyn hode
Mayſter if ye would dene betyme
it would do you muche good
Than beſpake good Robyn
To drne I haue no luſt
Cyll I haue ſome holde baron
Or ſone vnketh geſt
That may payy ſoz the beſt
Or ſome knyght, or ſome ſouper
That dwelleth here by well

A good maner then had Robyn
Inlande where that he were
Euery daye or he wold dyne
Thre masses woulde he here
The one, in the worshipp of the father
The other of the holy gholste
The thyrde was of our dere ladye
That he leued of all other moſte
Robyn loued our dere lady
For doubte of dedly synne
Woulde he neuer do company harme
That any woman was in
Maister then sayde yt tell John
And we oure boorde shall spede
tell vs which we shall gone
And what lre we shall lre
where we shall take where we shall leue
where we shall abyde behynde
where we shall robbe, where we shall reue
where we shall beate and bynde
Therof no force sayde Robyn
we shall do well ynough
But loke ye do no husbände man harme
that tyllith with the plough
No more ye shall no good yeman
that walketh by grene wood shalwe
Ne no knyght ne no squyer
That woulde be a good felowe
these bysshoppes and these Archebysshoppes
ye shal them beate and bynde
the hve shryffe of Notyngham
Hym holde in your mynde

Thys worde that beholde sayd lytle Jona.
And this lesson shall we lere
It is farre dayes god sende vs a gest
That we were at our dyner
Take thy good bowe in thy hande said Robyn
Let muche wende wyth the
And so shall wylliam Scathelocke
and no man abyde wyth me
Nowe walke ye by vnto the Sayle
and so to watlyng strete
and wayte after some vnketh gest
By chaunce some may remete
Be he Earle or any Baron
abbot or any knyght
Byng hym then to lodge to me
Hys dyner shall be dight
They went anone vnto the Sailes
these yemen all thre
They loked East they loked west
they myght no man see
but as they loked in bernisdale
By ademe strate
then came there a knyght rydyng
full soone they gan hym mete
all droulli than was his semblaunt
and lytle was hys pryde
Hys one foote in the styrope stode
That other wauid besyde
Hys hode haged ouer hys eyes two
He rode in symple aray
a sorryer man than he was one
Kode neuer on sommers day

Xptell

Letell John was curteyse
and set hym on his knee
welcome be ye gentyl knyght
welcome are you to me
welcome be thou to greene wood
Hende knyght and free
My master hath abyden fastyng
for all these houres thre
who is your master sayd the knyght
John sayde, Robyn hode
He is a good yeoman sayd the knyght
Of hym haue I harde muche good
I graunt the he sayd with you to wynde
My brethren all thre
My purpose was to haue bynded to day
at Blythe or Dancastre
forth then went that gentyll knyght
with a carefull chere
the teares out of his eyes rane
And fell downe be his leere
They brought hym vnto the lodge doore
whan Robyn gan hym see
full courttesle ded of his hode
and set hym downe on his knee
welcome for knyght than sayd robyn
welcome thou art to me
I haue abyden fastyng for
all these houres thre
Then answered the gentyll knyght
with wordes fayre and free
God the saue good Robyn
and al thy fayre menye

they washed to gether and wyped bothe
And set to them dynere
B:ead and wyne they had ynough
and nombles of the dere
Swannes and fesautes they had full good
and foules of the ryuere
There sayleth neuer so lytle abynde
that euer was spred on b:ere
Do gladly the knyght sayd Robyn
Gramercy sayd he
suche a dynier had I not
Of all these weekes thre
yf I coule agayne Robyn
Here be this countre
as good a dynier I shall the make
as thou hast made to me
I thanke the knyght then said Robyn
My dynier when I haue
By god I was neuer so greedy
My dynier for to craue
But paye ye wende sayde Robyn
We thynketh it is good ryghte
it was neuer the maner by worthy god
a yeman to paye for a knyght
I haue nought in my cofers sayd the knyght
That I may profer for shame
Lyttel John go loke sayd Robyn hood
He let not for no blame
Tel me trithe sayd Robyn
So god haue parte of thee
I haue more but .x. sayde the knyght
So god haue parte of mee
if thou

If thou haue no more sayd Robyn
I wyll not one peny
And yf thou haue nede of any more
More I shall lende the.
So nowe forth lytle John
The truthe tell thou me.
if there be no more but ten shyllynges
Not any penny that I le
Lytell John spred downe his mantell
Full layre vpon the grounde.
and there he founde in the knyghtes cofre
But enen halfe a pounce.
Lytell John let it lye full sell
and went to his master full lowe
what t ydynges John sayd Robyn
Syr the knyght is true
Fyll of the best wyne sayd Robyn
The knyght shall begynne
Much wonder thynketh me
Thy clothyng is so thynne
Tell me one worde sayde Robyn
and counsayll shallst be
I trowe thou werte made knyght of force
Or els of yemance
Or yls els thou haue by a soyr husbande
and lyued in stroke and stryfe
an of erer or els a techour sayde Robyn
with wroshall thou ledde thy lyfe
I am none of them sayd the knyght
By god that made me
an hundreth thynnter here before
Myne aunseliers knyghtes haue be

But

But of it hath befall Robyn
A man hat be disgrate
But god that lyteth in heauen aboue
May amende his state
Within twoo or thre yerers. Robyn he sayde
Foure hundreth pound of good money
Full well then myght I spende
Now haue I no good sayd y knight
But my chyldren and my wyfe
God hath shopen triche an ende
Eyll god it amende
In what maner saede Robyn
Hast thou lost thy ryches
For my great tolly he sayde
and for my kyndettes
I had a sonne forsothe Robyn
that should haue bene my heyre
whyn he was twentye yenters old
In fyelde would iust full sayre
He slewe a knyght of Lancasthyre
and asquyer bolde
For to saue him in his ryght
My goodes both set and tolde
My landes beset to wedd Robyn
Untyll a tartayn day
to a ryche abbot here helyde
Of saynt Mary abbay
what is the some sayd Robyn
Truth then tell thou me
By he sayd foure hundreth pound
the abbot tolde it to mee

Now

Now and you lose thy land sayd Robyn
What shall fall of thee:
Hastly I will me buske sayd the knyght
ouer the salte sea
And se where Christ was quicke and deade
On the mount of Caluere
Farewell friend and haue good day
It ma no better be
Teares fell oute of his eyes
He would haue gone his waye
Farewell friende I haue good day
I haue no more to pay
where by thy friendes sayd Robyn
Syr neuer one will knowe mee
whyles I was in the prison at whom
Great bolte that would they blowe
and now they runne a waye
as beastes on a waye
They take no more hede of me
Than they neuer me sawe
For ruth than wept I tell John
Scathelocke and Iliche
Fyll of the bell by the sayd Robyn
For here is a temple chere
Hast thou any friende sayd Robyn
Thy borrowes that will be
I haue none sayd the knyght
But god that dyed on a tree
Do away thy sayes sayd Robyn
Wherof will I ryght none
we sell thou I haue god to borrowe
Peter Paule or John

prayd by him that made me for my soule
 and hope both sunne and moone last in day
 fynd a better doore he sayd to the
 O my my gett est ethou none
 I have none other sayd the knyght
 The sothe for to saye I do knowe
 But it be our deare lady
 She sayeth me neuer of this day
 By dere woethy god sayd the knyght
 To seche all England thoro we
 yet found I neuer to my pay
 a myche better bozow
 Come now for the lorde
 and go to my treasure
 and bring me my hound
 and loke it well to be
 forth than we seyth ell John
 and Scathelocke went before
 he tolde out four hundred pound
 By eyghten score
 Is this well sold sayd lorde
 John sayd what greueth the
 it is almes for helpe
 that is fall in pouer
 rather than faide
 his clothing is full
 ye must geue the knyght
 To wrappe his baby
 For ye haue scake
 and muche ryche at aye
 here is no ma
 So ryche I dare
 take

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1.2

Take him the perdes of every colour
 And loke that well mete it be
 Lotell John take none other mesure
 But his bowe tre
 And of every handfull th[at] he nee[de]d
 He lepte ouer footes thre
 what the deuis waper said l[et]tel
 Thynke thou to be
 Scathe locke full till and lought
 And sayd by god almyght
 John may geue him the better mesure
 By god it colt him but light
 Quiller saide l[et]tel John
 All vnto Robynhode
 ye must geue that knight an horse
 To lede home at this good
 take him a gray couerler said Robyn
 And a sable neckle
 He is our ladies messenger
 God lende that it be true
 and a good palfray sayd l[et]tel
 to maintayn him in his right
 and a payre of bootes sayd Scathe locke
 For he is a gentill knight
 what shal thou giue h[im] l[et]tel John
 Say a payre of gonne
 To pray for all this company
 God blyng him of tene
 whan shall am daye be sayd the knyght
 Syr and your wyll he
 this day twelue moneth sayd Robyn
 Under the grene wodetre

B.ii.

It were

It were great shame sayd in obydience
A knyght alone to ryde in the forest
without squire, yoman or page
To walke by hys syde
I shall the rude little John my man
For he shall be thy knave
In a yeman's fere he may stande
If thou great nede haue.

The seconde bytte.

Now is the knyght gone on his way
This game he thought full good
When he loked on Bernisdales
He blessed Robin hood
And when he thought on Bernisdales
On Scathelocke, Muche and John
He blessed them for the best company
That ever he in came
Then spake the gentyll knyght
To lytel John gan he saye
to morowe I must to yorke to be
to saynt Mary abbay
and to the abbot of that place
four hundred pounde I must paye
and but I be there vpon thys nyght
my lande is loste for aye
the abbot sayde to his couerter
There he stode on grounde
this day .xii. monethes came there a knyght
and borrowed four hundred pounde
vpon all his lande and fees
But he come thys yll day
Disherited shall he be.

It is

It is full early sayd the pryour
the day is not yet farre gone
I had leuer to pay an hundreth pounde
And lay it downe anone
the knyght is fare beyonde the sea
In Englande is his right
And suffereth hynger and colde
and many a sore nyght
It were great pitte sayde the pryour
So to haue hys lande
and ye beso lyght of your conscience
ye do to hym muche wronge
thou art euer in my verde sayde the abbot
By god and sarnt Richarde
with that came in a fatte headed monk
The hygh seclerete
He is dead or hanged sayd the monke
By god that bought me drete
and we shal haue to spend in this place
foure hundreth poundes by yete
the abbot and the heygh seclerete
Sterte furth ful bolde
the highe Justise of Englande
the abbot there did holde
the high Justice and many mo
Had taken into their hande
Holv al the knyghtes det
to put that knyght to wronge
they demed the knyght wonderso
the abbot and hys meyne
But he come this ylike day
By hersted shal be he

He wyll come yet sayde the Iudge
I dare well undertake
But in for the tyme to them
The knyght came to the gate
Chan bespake that gentyll knyght
Untyll hys menye
Howe put on yowr simple wedes
That ye brought fro the see
they came to the gates anon
the porter was redy him to see
And welcomed them every chone
welcome syz knyght sayd the porter
My wyde to meate is here
And so is many a gentyll man
For the lord of the
the porter swore a full great othe
By god that made me
Here be the best corse horse
that ever yet sawe
Lede them into the stable he saide
that ealed myght they be
the shal not ebe theri sate
By god that dyed on a tree
Lodes were to meate yfeste
In that abbottes
the knyght went for
And saluted them grea
By gladly syz abbot saide the knyght
I am come to hold on my daye
the first worde that the abbot spake
Hast thou brought me my paye
Not one penny sayd the knyght
By god

By god that hath made me
thou art a shrewd deuter said p abot
Syr justice drinke to me
what dost thou here said the abbot
But thou haddest brought thy part
For god than sayde the knight
to desyre you of a lenger day
thy day is broke sayd the iustice
Land getest thou none
Nowe good syr Justice be my friend
and defend me from my foes
I am hold w p abbot said p justice
Bothe with cloth and fee
Nowe good syr Justice be my friend
May for god sayde he
Nowe good syr abbot be my friend
For thy curtesye
and holde my landes in thy hande
Eyll I haue made the grete
and I will be thy true seruant
and truly serue thee
till ye haue foure hundred pound
Of money good and true
the abbot swaie a full create of the
By god that dyed on a tree
Let the lande where thou may
For thou gettest none of mee
By dere worthy god sayd p knight
that all this world brought
But I haue my lande agayne
Full dere it shal be bought
God that was of a mayden borne

Sende

Sende vs well to spede
For it is good a allye a frende
Or that a man haue nede
The abbot lothly on them gan loke
Out he sayde thou false knyghte
Spede the oute of my hall
thou speest thā sayd gentyll knyght
Abbot in thy hall
False knyght was I neuer
By god that made vs all
Why than stode that gentyll knyght
to the abbot sayde he
to suffer a knyght to tūde to long
thou canst not receyve
In iustes and in tournement
Full farre than I dare
And put my selfe as farre in pēte
as any that ever I see
what wyl ye gyve more to þe iust
and the knyght shall meke a beleste
and elles dare I lafelle swete
ye holde neuer þe lande in pence
an hundreth pounde sayd þe abbot
the Justice sayd þe hym to do
Nay by god sayde the knyght
ye get ye it not so
though ye would gette a thousande more
yet were thou neuer the nede
Shall there neuer be anye hope
abbot Justice newe
He sterre him to a houlde anone
till a table rolle

and there he thoke out a bagge
Euen foure hundreth pounde
Hauie here thi golde syr abbot said the knight
which that thou lentest me
Haddest thou bene curteis at my recomynge
I would haue rewarded thee
The abbot sate still and ate no more
For all hys roppall chere
He cast his head on his shulder
and fast gan to stare
take me my gold agai sayd s^r abbot
Syr Justice that I toke thee
Not a penny sayd the Justice
By god that dyed on a tre
Syr abbot and ye men of lawe
Now haue I hold my day
Now I shall haue my land cagayne
For ought that you can say
The knyght flet out of the doze
away was al his care
and on he put his good clothinge
the other he left there
He went him for the sul merci signing
as men haue to' de in tale
His Lady met him at the gate
at home in Wercysdale
welcome my lorde sayd his Lady
Syr lost is al your good
Be mery dame sayd the knight
and pray for Robyn hoode
That euer his soule be in blyste
He holde me out of tene

He had not be his kynnesse
Beggars had we ben
The abbot and I accorded ten
He serued of hys pay
The good yeman lent it me
As I came by the waye
This knight than dwelled saye at
the sothe for to saye home
Til he had got four hundreth pound
All redy for to paye
he purchaied him an hundreth bowes
the stringes were well dyght
an hundreth shefe of arrowes good
the hedes burnysshed full byght
and euery arowe an ell longe
with pecocke well dyght
and nocke dy were with white silk
It was a semely syght
he purcheyed hym an hundreth men
well harneysed in that stede
and him selfe in that same sute
and clothed in whyte and rede
He bare a launce gay in his hande
and a man ledde his mule
and rode with a light song
Unto Ferrisdale
as he wēt by a brig was a brallig
and there tarped was he
and there was all the best yeman
Of all the west countrey
a ful fayre game ther was vp set
a white bull vp pyght

A great courser with saddle and byddle
with golde burmished full bryght
A payre of gloues, a read golde cyng
a pyper of wyne in good fay
what man bereth him best pwyg
The pyce shal heare away
There was a yeman in that place
and best worthy was he
and for he was fayre and frend besad
yslayne he should haue be
The knyght had ruth of this yeman
In place where that he stode
He said þe yeman shold haue no harme
for the loue of Robyn hode
The knyght presed into the place
an hundreth folowed him in fere
with bowes bent and arrowes sharpe
for to shend that companye
They sholdreth and made hym come
to wete what he would say
He toke the yeman by the hande
and gawe hym all the playe
He gawe him siue mark for his witt
There it lare than on the noble
and had it shold be set abroche
and drinke that who so would
Thus long taried this gentil knight
Till that playe was done
So longe a hode Robyn fastyng
thre houres offer none

¶ The thyrde bytelle

Lii.

Lyth and lysten gentyll men
 Al that now be here
 Of lytell John that was the knyghtes man
 Good myghte ye shall here
 It was vpon a mery day
 That yonge men would go shute
 Lyttell John set his bowe anone
 And sayde he would them mete
 Thre tymes lytel John shot about
 And alway cleit the wandre
 The proude shyrpe of notingham
 By the markes gan stande
 The shirke swoze a full great othe
 By him that dyed on tree
 This man is the best archere
 That euer I dyd see
 Say me thou wight yonge man
 what is now thy name
 In what countrei thou wast borne
 And where is thy wynnig wane
 In holdernesse I was borne
 I wys al of my dame
 When call me Reynold grenelese
 whan I am at home
 Say me Reynold grenelese
 wylt thou dwell with me
 and euery yere I wyl the gvue
 t'wenty marke to thy fee
 I haue a mayster said litel John
 a curteis knight is he
 Say ye get leue of hym, the better may it be
 The shyrpe gate lytell John

Cwelue

Twelue monethes of the knyght
Therefore he gaue to him anone
a good horse and a wyght
Now is littel John þe sheryfes man
He geue vs wel to spede
But alway thought lytell John
To quiete him wel his mede
Now so god helpe sayd lytell John
And he my trewe lewe
I shal be the worst seruaunt to him
That euer he had yete
It befell vpon a wednesday
The shyfte ouhunting was gone
And lytell John lay in his bed
And was forget at home
Therefore he was fasting
Tyl it was past thencone
Good syr steward I pray thee
Belie me meate sayd lytell John
It is to long for grene lese
Fasting so long to be
Therefore I pray the steward
Hy dyner geue thou mee
Thalt þe neuer eat ne drinke sayde þe ste
ward Tyl my lord bedme to town
I make mie auow to god said littel
John I had lere to crack thy crown
the butler was ful vncurties
There he stode on flore
He stert to the buttery and met fast the doore
Lytell John gaue the butler suche a rappe
His backe yede nygh into

Who helpeueth an hundredth wynter
the worse he shoud go
He spurned the doze with his fote
It went by well and fone
and there he made a large lyuetay
Both of all and wyne
Syth yewyl not dyne sayd litel John
I shall geue you to drynke
and though ye litle this hūdrēth witer
Onlytell John shall ye thenke
Lytell John eat and also dronke
the whyle that he would
the shyfite had in his kechin a coke
a stouite man and a bolde
I mak mine a uow to god sayd y coke
thou art a shrewed hynne
In an housholde for to dwell
for to aske thys for to dyne
and there he lent lyttel John
Good strokes thre
I make myne a uowe said lytel John
these strokes do lyke wel me
thou art a bold man and a hardy
and so thinketh me
and or I passe fro this place
as ayde better shalt thou be
Lytell John drew a good sworde
the coke toke a nother in hande
they thought nothyng to flee
But stouy for to stande
there they fought for together
two myle way and more

Myght neyther other hat me done
the moun: exaunce of an houre
I make myne anowe to god said lytel John
and by my trewe lewte
thou art one of the best swardemen
that euer yet sawe I me
Coudest thou shote as wel in a bowe
to arene wood thou shouldeste with me
and.ii. tymes in þe yere thy clothing
I chaunged it shoulde be
and euery yere of Robynhode
I wenty marke to thy fee
But by thy swarde sayd the coke
and felowes wyl we be
than he set to lytel John
the nombles of a Do
Good bread and ful good wyde
they ate and ranke therto
and whan they had dronken well
their trouthes together they plyght
that they would be with Robyn
that ylike same day at nyght
they hred them to the treasor house
as fast as they myght gone
the lockes that were of good sle
they brake them euery chone
they toke away soluce vessel
and all that they myght get
Peces masers and spones
would they non forget
also they toke the good yence
the hund: eth poinde and three
and

And hyed the streyght to Robyn hode
Under the grene wodetree
God the saue my dere mayster
And Chryst the saue and se
And than sayd Robyn to lytle John
Welcome thou art to me
And so is that good yeman
That thou hast brought wyth the
what tydings from Notyngham
Lyttel John tell thou me
well the greteth the proude thyrse
He hath send the here by me
His cope and his syluer vessel
And thre hundreth pound and thre
I make mine aduow to god sad robin
And to the trynete
It was neuer by his good wyll
this good is come to me
Lyttel John hym bethought
On a shrewed wyle. v. myle in the forest he ran
Hym happed at his wyll
than he met the proude thyrse
Huntynge wth hound and horne
Lyttel John coulde his curtepyse
and kyeled hym before
God the saue me dere mayster
and Chryst the saue and se
Reynold grenclere sayd the thyrse
where hast thou now be
I hane nowe be in this forest
a fayre syght can I se
It was one of the fayrest sightes
that

That euer yet sawe I me
ponder I se a ryght fayre harte
Hys coloure is of grene
Seuen score dre vpon a yerde
We wyth hym all bydene
Hys tyndes be so sharpe mayster
Of sxyty and well mo
that I durst not shote for drede
Lest they would me slo
I make myne anowe to god sayd the shyple
that syghte would I seyne se
Buske the thyderwarde my dere mayster
In none and wende with me
The Shytise rode and lytel John
Of sote he was full smart
And whan they came afore Robyn
Lo here is the maister harte
Seyl rode the proude shyple
a sozy man was he
wo worth the Reynolde grenelese
Thou hast now betrayed me
I make mine anowe to god sayd lytel John
Maister ye be to blame
I was molleued of my dnyer
whan I was with you at home
Soone he was to souper se
and serued with soluer whyt
and whan the Shytise sawe his vellell
for sorowe he might not eat e
Make good chet elayd Robyn hode
Shytise for charitie
And for the loue of lyt ell John

thy lyfe is graunted to the
when they had shipped well
the day was a gone
Roben commaunded lytel John
to drawe of his hosen & hys shone
his kiriel and his rote a ppe
that was furred well and spne
And take him a grene mantell
To lappe his body therein
Robyn commaunded his wight yemere
Under the grene wood tree
They shall ye in that sorte
that the shirife might them see
Al nyght lay that proud shirife
In his breche and in his herte
No wonder it was in grene wood
E ho his sydes do smarte
Make glad sayd Robyn hood
Shyryfe for charitte
For this is our orderyng
Under the grene wood tree
This is harder word sayd shirife
Than any ancre or scre
For at the golde in mery Englande
I would not dwell longe here
All these twelue monethes sayd Robyn
Thou shalt dwel to th me
I shall the teache proude shyryfe
An outlawe for to be
Or here another night ye sayd the shyryfe
Robyn noble I pray the
Smyle of my head rather to moine

And

And I forgerre it thee
Let me go than sayd the knyght
For saynt charitie
And I wyl be the best frende
that euer yet hadye
Thou shalt sweare me an othe
On me bryght brande;
thou shalt neuer wayte me skathe
By water nor by lande
and if thou fynde any of my men
By nyght or by daye
Upon thine othe thou shalt sweare
to helpe them that thou may
Now hath the shryfe sworche his othe
and home began to gone
He was as ful of grene wood
as euer was any man

The fourth sytte

The herise dwelled in no ight
He was saynt & he was gone
and Robyn and his mery men
went to wood anone
So we to dynet sayd lytle John
Robyn sayde nay
for I dyede our lady be wroth w me
for he sent me not my pay
Haur no doubt maister said litel John
yet is not the sunne at rest
for I dare say and safely swere
The knyght is true and trust
Take thy bow in thy hande sayd Robyn
Let Duchy wende with thee

And so shall William Scathe Locke
And no man abyde with me
And by into the sayles
and to watlyng strete
and loke for some straunge gell
By chaunce you may them mete
whether he be messengere
Or man that mythes can
Or if he be a poore man
Of my good he shal haue some
Forth than sterre lytell John
Halfe in twayne and tene
And gyrd him w a full good sworde
Under a mantell of grene
They went than vnto the sayles
These yemen all thre
They looked East they looked west
They might no man see
But as he looked in Bathysale
By the hye waye
Than were they ware of two blacke monkes
Eche on a good palfrey
Than bespake lytel John
To muche he can saye
I dare lay my lyf to wedde
That these monkes haue brought our pay
Make glad chere sayde lytel John
And bende we our bowes of the
And loke your harte bespke and laud
your strynges trully and trewe
The monke hath but .lxx. men
and seuen sommers full stronge

There

There rydeth no byshop in this lande
So royall I vnderstande
Brethamesayd lytell John
Here are no more but we thre
But we byng them to dyner
Our maister dare we not se
Wende your bowes sayd lytell John
Make you yonder pryse to stande
The for most monke his lyfe and his deeth
Is closed in my hande
A byde choze monke sayd lytel John
No ferther that thou gonest
If thou doest by dere worthy god
Thy death is in my hande
An euell thyst on thy head sayd lytel John
Ryght vnder the hattes bonde
For thou hast made our maister wroth
He is fallyng so longe
What byght your maister sayd the monke
Lytell John sayd Robyn hode
He is a strong thefe sayd the monke
Of him herd I neuer good
Thou lreth than sayd lytel John
And that shall sore rewe thee
He is a yeman of the forrest
To dyne he hath hode thee
Guche was ready with a bowe
Redy and a none
He set the monke tofore the brest
To the ground he ran gone
Of two and fifty wyght penett
There abode but one

Some

Sate a litle page, and a grome
To lede the somers with litell John
They brought the monke to the looge doore
whither he were lothe or lese
For to speke wyth Robyn hode
Dauger in their teth
Robyn dode downe his hode
The monke whan he did see
The monke was not so tutteple
His hode than let he be
he is a churche maister by dere worthe
Than sayd lytel John
therof no fore sayd Robyn
For curteysye can he now
How many men sayd Robyn
Had this monke John
fifty and two whan that we met
But many of them began
Let blowe we an hore sayd Robyn
that felowshyppe may vs knowe
Seuen score of wyght yemen
Came pilckynge on a rowe
and every che of them a good mistel
Of scarlet and of rype
all they came to good Robyn
to wete what he would saye
the made þ monke to washe & wyppen
and syt at his dyner
Robyn hode and lytel John
They serued them bothe in fere
Do glady monke sayd Robyn
Gramacey syz sayd he
3100. where

Where is your abbay when ye are at home
and who is your attowe
Saynt Mary abbay said the monke
though I be semple here
In what a wyse sayd Robyn
Syz the hys Seletere
ye be the more welcome sayde Robyn
So mote I thyrue of the
fyll of the best wyne sayd Robyn
this monke shall drinke to me
But I haue great marvel said Robyn
Of all this long day
I brede our Ladye be woorth with me
She sent me not my pay
Haue no dought maister sayd Iptell
you nede not so to saye
this mōke hath brought it I dare wel
For he is of her abbay
She was a borewe sayd Robyn
Betwene a knight and me
Of a lptel money that I hym lent
Under the grene wood tree
and if thou hast that syluer broughte
I pray the let me se
and I shall helpe the est agayne
If thou haue nede of me
the monke swore a full great othe
wyth a soyr chere
of the bo:ow hode thou spekest to me
Herde I neuer ere
I make mine auow to god said Robyn
Monke thou art to blame

For god is holde a right wife in
And lois his dame
thou toldest with thine owne tongue
thou mayest not say nay
How thou art her seruicant
and seruest her euery day
And thou art her messenger
My money for to pay
therfore I do the thanke
thou art come at thy day
What is thy name
Syr he sayd to the lady
true than tell thou me
Syr he sayd twenty markes
So more I thynke of the
If there be no more
I wyl not ont one penny
If thou halt neede of any more
Syr more shall I lende thee
and if I fynde more
pys thou shalt it for gone
For of thy spendyng
therof I wyl haue none
Go nowe forth
and the tenth tell thou me
If ther be no more
No penny that I see
Lytell John layd his mantel down
as he had done before
and tolde out of the mynkes male
Eygth hundreth poundes and more
Lytell John let it lye full tyl
and went to his maister in hall

Syr

By he sayde the monke is tte pnowe
Our lady hath doubled your cost
I make myne auowe to god sayd Robyn
Monke that tolde I the
Our lady is the trust woman
That euer yet sounde I me
By ders worthy god sayd Robyn
To seche al england throuwe
yet founde I neuer to my pay
I muche bet ter bozowe
Fill of the best wine & do him drinke sayd robin
And greate well thy ladys hende
And if she haue neede of robyn hod
I frende she shall hym fynde
ad she haue neede of any moze syluer
Come thou agayne to me
And by this token he hath me sent
She shall haue suche thre
the monk was going to Ledd ward
there to holde great mote
the knyght that rode so hy on horse
to bringe him vnder tote
Whether he ye away sayd robyn
By to Ganas in this lande
to reken with our reuers
that haue done muche wrong
Come nowe for the ytell John
and herken to my tale
a better yeman I knowe none
to seke a monkes male
and what is on the other trowler sayd robyn
the tothe we myll se

By our lady sayd the monke
That were no curtesye
To bydde a man to dynen
and sythe hym bete and bynde
It is our olde maner sayd robyn
To leue but litell behynde
The monke toke the hourse with spore
No lenger would abyde
Aske to dynke than sayd robyn
O that ye farther ryde
Nay for god than sayd the monke
Ye rueth I came so nere
For better chepe I myght haue dyned
In Blythe or Dankellere
Gret well your abbot sayd Robyn
and your pryour I you praye
and byd him send me suche a monke
To dynen euery daye
Now let we that monke be stylle
and speke we of that knyght
yet he came to holde his daye
whyle that it was lyght
He did him streyght to Bernisdale
Under the grene wood tree
and he founde there Robyn hode
and all his mery meyne
The knyght light fro his good palfrey
Robyn whan he can se
right curtesly he did a downe his hode
and set him on his kne
God the saue good robyn hode
and al thys company

Welcom

Welcome be thou gentyl knyght
And ryght welcome to me
Than bespake him good Robyn hode
To that knyght so fre
What nede driveth the to greene woode
I pray the syr knyght tell me
And welcome be thou gentyl knyght
Why hast thou be so longe
For the abbot and the hye Jucycc
They would have had my lande
Hast thou thy land agayne sayd Robyn
Truthe than tell thou me
ye for god than sayd the knyght
and thanke I god and the
But take no greife said the knyght
That I have be so longe
I came by a wraillynge
and there I dyd helpe a poore yeman
with wronge was put behynde
Now by my truche than sayd Robyn
For that knyght thanke I the
what man that helpe a good yeman
His frende than wyl I be
Have here .cccc. poundes then said the
The which he broght to me
and there is also a marke for your cur
Nay for god sayd Robyn
Thou broke it well for aye
For our lady she her high selevere
Hath sent to me my paye
and I should take it thyse
a shame it were to me

But truly gentyl knyghte
Welcome thou art to me
And whan robyn had tolde his take
He laughed and made good chere
By my trueth than sayd the knyght
your money is ready here
Broke it well sayd robyn
Thou gentyl knyght so free
And welcome be thou gentill knyghte
Under this trassy tre
But what shall these bowes do sayde
And these arrowes lethered tre
By god than sayde the gentyl knyght
I poore present to thee
Come now forth lytel John
My wyll done that it be
Go and fetch to me foure hundzeth
The monke ouer sold it me
Haue here foure hundzeth pounde
Thou gentyl knyght and true
And bye the a horse and harnes good
and gilt the spoures all newe
and i thou sayle any spendeng
Come to tobyn hode
and by my trueth thou shalt none lasse
the whyles I haue any good
and broke wel thy .iiii. hundred pound
whiche I dyd lendie to the
And make thy selfe no more so bare
By the counsayl of me
thus then holpe him good robyn
the knyght of all his care

God that syt teth in heauen hye
Graunt vs wel to fare

The tenth sytte.

Now hath the knight his leue take

And wente him on his waye

Robyn hode and his mery uien

Dwelled still full many a day

Lyth and lysten gentyl men

and her' en what I shall saye

How the proude knyght of Notinghā

Dyd crye a full saye playe

That all the best archyrs of y North

Should come vpon a daye

and they that shote al of the best

The best shall bere awaye

He that shote al of the best

furthest saye and lowe

at a payre of goodly buttes

Under the grene wood shawe

aryght good as we he shall haue

The shaft of syluer whyte

the head and fethers of riche red gold

In Englande is none lyke

th is then herde good Robyn

Under his trusty tree

Make you ready you wyght yemen

that shotyng wyl I see

Buske you my mery yemen

ye shall go with me

and I shall knowe the knyghtes saythe

true and if he be

When they had their bowes ybende

Their arrows tethere free
Seven score of wyght
Stod by Robyns knee
wher they thynke to
The buttes were capre and longed one
Many was the bolde archers
that shot with bowes stronge
there shall bute sye thote with mo
the other shall kepe my head
And stande with godd bowe bent
that if he not deceyved
the forth bute lawe his bowe can bend
And that was roben hode
and that behelde the proude shirte
all by the butte as he stode
thrise Robyn hode a boue
And alway he clefte the wandes
and so dyd good Gylbert
with the lilly white handes
Lytel John and good Stacheloches
were archers good and true
Lytel Melchys and good Kepholde
the worste would they not be
whan that they had hope aboude
these archers saye and good
Euermore than was the best
Forsoth good Robin hode
to him was deluyted the good
for best worthy was he
He toke the grene wood
to grene wood than would he
they cryed out on Robyn hode

and great hornes gan the blowe
mo worthe the treason sayd Robyn
Full euyl thou art to knowe
and wo be thou, thou proude Gyrlle
Thus chering thy gess
another promyse thou made to me
within the wyld foreest
Brit and I had þ in the grene foreest
Under my trussy tree
thou shuldest me leue a better wed
Than thy trewe lewte
full many a bowe there was bent
And arrowes let they glyde
Many a kyrtel there was rent
And hurte many a syde
The outlawes thofe was so strong
That no man myghe them dyue
and the proude Gyrlles men
they fled a way helyue
robyn sawe the bushment to broke
In grene wod he woulde haue be
Many an arowe ther was shot
amonge the company
Lytel John he was shot ful sore
wyth an arowe in the knee
that he might neyther go nor ryde
It was full great pitie
Mayster then sayd lytel John
If euer thou loues me
and for that ylike lordes loue
That dyed vpon a tree
and for the medes of my seruyces

That I haue ferued the
Let neuer the proude thirles
alyue nowe to synde me
But take out thy browne sworde
and smite thou of my head
and giue me wildes to worde
that I after eate no breade
I would not sayd Robyn
John that thou were slaine
For all the golde in mery England
though I had it all by me
God forbyd that I shold say
that dyed on a tree
that thou shouldest tell John
Depart our company
Up he toke hys bowe
and bare hys bowe
In my atyme he layd hys bowe
and shote another a whyle
Then was there a fayre castell
a lytle within the wood
Double dyched it was aboute
and walled by the rood
and there dweled that genty knyght
Syr Rycharde at the see
That Robyn had sent hys good
Under the grene wood tree
In he toke good Robyn
and all hys company
welcome be thou Robyn hood
welcome art thou me
I do the thankes for thy comfert

and for thy curtesye
and for thy great kindnes
Under the grene wood tree
I loue no man in al the world
So muche as I do thee
For all þy proud shryffe of Nofinghā
Right here shalt thou be
Shutte the gates & drawe the brydge
and let no man come in
and arme you well & make you redy
and to the wall ye wyne
For one thyng Robyn I the hote
If were by saynt Quintine
thou shalt these .x. dayes abide w
to suppe, eate a daine (me
Bordes were laid & clothes were spred
Redye and anone
Robyn hode and his mery men
To meate can they gone

The lyxte lytte.

Lythe and lysten gentyl men
and herken vnto the songe
Howe the proude Shirife began
and men of armes stronge
Full fast came to the hys Shirife
the countrey hy to route
and they beset the knightes castell
The walles all aboute
the proude Shirife loude can crye
and sayd thou traytoire knyght
Thou kepest there þy kinges enemies
agaynll the lawes and ryght

By: I wyll auow that I haue done
The dedes that here be dyght
Upon all the laudes that I haue
As I am true knyght
wende forth syz on your way
and do ye no more vnto me
Tyll you wete our kynges wyl
what he wyl say to the
the Shyrife thus had his answer
without any lesyng
Forth he went to London towne
All for to tell our kyng
there he told him of that knyght
and eke of Robyn hode
and also of the bolde archers
That noble were and good
He wolde auow that he had done
to mayntayne the out lawes strong
he wold be lord & set you at nought
In all the Northlande
I wyll be at Notingham sayd þe king
within this fourte nyght
and take I wyll Robin hode
and so I will that knyght
Go home thou woude Shyrife
And do as I the bydde
and orderne good archers ynow
Of all the wyde countre
the Shyrife had his leue ytake
and went him on his way
and Robyn hode to grene wode
Upon a certayn daye

And

and yf tel John was hole of the arrowe
 That shot was in his kne
 and did him streyght to Robyn hode
 Under the grene wood tree
 Robyn hode walked in the forrest
 Under the leues grene
 The proude Shirife of Notingham
 Therfore he had great tene
 þ̄ Shirife ther he sawled of Robyn hode
 He might not haue his praye
 then he awayted that gentyl knyghte
 Both by nyght and by daye
 Luce he awayted that gentyl knyghte
 Syr richard at the Lee
 as he went on hauking by þ̄ riuer side
 and let his hauke flye
 to be there this gentil knight
 with men of armes stronge
 and lad him home to Notighā warde
 ybound both foote and hande
 the spyrfelwoze a full great othe
 By him that died on a tree
 He had letter then an hūd; eth poude
 that robin hode had he
 then the lady the knyghtes wyfe
 a fayre lady and free
 She set her on a good palfray
 to grenewood anone rode shee
 when she came to the forrest
 Under the grene wood tree
 there found she Robyn hode
 and all his fayre meny

God the laue good Robyn good
And all thy company
foz our dere ladyes loue
A bone graunt thou me
Let thou neuer my wedded lorde
Shamfully slayne to be
He is fast bound to Notinghā warde
foz the loue of the
anone than sayd good Robyn
to that lady fre
what man hath your lorde ytake
The proude shirife than sayd she
He is not yet passed thre myles
you may them ouer take
Up than starte good Robyn
as a man that had be wode
Buske you my mery yemen
foz hym that dyed on a tree
And he that this fozwe forsaketh
By hym that dyed on a tree
And by him that al thinges maketh
No lenger shall dwell with me
soone ther were good bowes ybente
No than seven score
Hedge ne dytche spared they none
that was them before
I make mine auowe to god sayd Robyn
the knight would I sayne see
and yf ye he may him take
yquyte than shall he bee
and whan they came to Notingham
they walked in the strete

And

And with the proude thirite wys
Soone gan the mete
Abyde thou proude shyryfe he sayd
Abyde and speake with me
Of some tydinges of our kinge
I wolde sayn here of the
Thys seuen yere by dere worthy god
Ne yede I so fast on fote
I make myne allowe to god þe proude
That is not for thy good **Thirite**
Robin bente a good bowe
An arrow he drew at his wyll
He hyt so the proude shyryfe
Upon the grounde he lay full still
And o he might by arye
On his fet e to stande
He smote of the shyryfes head
with hys bright bronde
Lye thou there thou proude shyryfe
Eyll may thou thryue
there might no man to the trust
the whyles thou wast alyue
His mē drew out ther bright swordes
that were so sharpe and kene
and layde on the shyryfes men
and dreyed them downe by dene
Robyn start to that knight
And cut into his bande
And toke him in his hande a bowe
and bade him by him stande
Leue thy horse the behynde
and learne for to renne

Thou shalt with me to grene wode
Throug' mye molle and sene
Thou shalt with me to grene wode
wythout any leasyng
tyll that I haue get vs grace
Of Edward our comely kynge

¶ The. vii. fyfte.

The kyng came to Nottingham
with knightes in great aray
For to take that gentyll knight
and Robin hoode if he may
He asked them of that countrei
After Robin hade
and after that gentyll knyght
that was so bolde and stoute
whan they had tolde him the case
Our kynge vnderstode their tale
and ceased in his hande
The knightes landes all
all the countreys of of Lankest' hire
He wend both farre and nere
Tyl he came to Blomton parke
He sayled many of his dere
ther our kynge was wont to se
Herdes many a one
He could vnneth fynde any dere
that bare any good horne
the kyng was wonder wro the wythall
and swore by the trinitie
I would I had Robin hoode
wyth eyes I might him see
and he þ' would smite of the knightes

(heade

And brynge it to mee
He should haue þ' knyghtes landes
Syr Rycharde at theyle
I geue it hym with my charter
and seale it with my hande
To haue and holde for euer more
In al mery Englande
than bespake a fayre old knyght:
that was true in his say
a my lege lord the kynge.
One worde I shall you say
there is no man in this countrey
May haue the knyghtes landes
whyle Robinhode may ride or gon
And beare a bowe in his handes
that he ne shall lose his heade
that is the best ball in his hooode
Giue it to no man my lord þ' kynge
that ye wyll any good
Halfe a yere dwelled our rōly kyng
In Nottingham and well more
Could he not here of Robyn hooode:
In what countre that he were
But alway went god Robyn:
By halte and eke by hyll
And all way slewe the knynges dere
and vsed them at hys wyll
I than bespake a proude fostere
that stode by our knynges kne.
If ye wyll se good Robyn
you must do after me
Take liue of the best knyghtes

That

That we be in your lede
and walked downe by your abbay
and get you monkes wede
and I wyl be your lodes man
and lede you on the waye
and or ye come to Nottingham
my heade then dare I laye
That ye shall mete with good Robin
On lyue yf that he be
or ye come to Nottingham
with eyes ye shall him see
Full hastely our kyng was dyght
So were his knightes fyue
They were all in monkes wede
and hasted them thither blythe
our kyng was great aboute his cole
a wyde hat on his crowne
Right as he were a vbot lyke
They rode vp into the towne
Styffebotes our kyng had one
Forsothe as I you laye
He rode syngyng to grene wood
The couent was clothed in gray
His male horse and his great samers
Folowed our kyng behynde
Tyl they came to grenewood
a mile vnder the lynde
There they met with good Robin
Standinge by the waye
and so dyd many a bolde archere
Forsothe as I you laye
Robyn the kynges horse

Waucey in that stede
And saed Syr abbot by your leue
a whyle you must abyde
we be yemen of this forest
Under the grene wode tree
we leue by our kynges dete
O ther wyfthare not we
And ye haue churches & ceteres both
and good full great plente
Geue vs some of your spendyng
For saynt charite
Than bespake our comely kyng
anone than sayd he
I brought no more to grene wode
But fourty pound with me
I haue layne at Nottingham
This fourtnight with our kyng
and spend I haue muche good
On many a great lordyng
and I haue but fourty pounde
No more than haue I me
But if I had a hundreth pounde
I would geue it to the
Robyn toke the fourty pounde
and deuide it than did he
Halfe he gaue to his mery men
and bad them mery to be
Full curteosly Robyn gan say
Syr haue this for your spendyng
we shall mete an other day
Gramercy than sayd our kyng
But well the greteth Edward our kyng
G. l. he hath

He hath sent to the his sacle
and biddeth the come Nottingham
Both to meate and to mele
He toke out the brode seale
and sore he let me se
Robyn could his curtesye
And set him on his knee
I loue no man in all the world
So well as I do my kynge
welcome is my lordes seale
and monke for thy tydyng
Syr abbot for thy tydynges
to day thou shalt dyne with me
for the loue of my kynge
Under my traky tree
for he had our comely kyng
full fayre by the hande
Many a dere ther was slayne
and full fast was dyghtande
Robyn toke a full great horne
And loude he can it blowe
Seuen score of wight yemen
Came runnyng on a rob
All they kneled on their kne
full fayre befoze Robyn
The kyng said him selfe vntill
And swore by saint Austyn
Here is a wonder semely syghte
He thynketh by goddes pene
His men are more at his byddyng
Than my men be at mine
full halcy was their dyner dyghte

And therto can they gone
They ferried our kyng with all their
Both Robin and lytel John (might
anone befoze our kyng was set
The fatte denyson
The good whit bread & good red win
And therto the fyne ale browne
Make good there sayd Robin
Abbot for charitie
And for this ylike tydyng
Blessed may thou be
Nowe shalt thou se what lyfe we lede
Or that thou hence wende
than thou maiest ensourm our kyng
whan ye together by lente
Up they sterte all in hast
their bowes were smartely bente
Our kyng was neuer so soze agast
He wende to haue ben hente
Two yerdes there werd by set
therto can the gange
Bo fifty space our kyng sayde
the markes were to longe
On euery syde a rose garlande
the shot vnder the lyne
who so faileth of the rose garland said
Hes takyll he shal tyme Robyn
And yelde it to his maister
Be it neuer so frne
For no man wyll spare
So drynke I ale or wyne
A good buffet on his head bare

For that halbe his tyme
and those that sell to Robyns lot:
He smote them wonder sare
Thyse Robyn shot a bout
and euer he cleued the wande
and so did good Gilbert
with the lilly white hande
Lytell John and good Scathelocke
For nothing would they spare
whan they sayled of the garland
Robyn smote them full sare
at the last shot that Robyn shot
For all his frendes fare
yet he sayled the garlande:
Thre syngers and more
than bespake good Elkerre
and than he gan say
Maister he said your takall is lost
Stande forth and take your pay
It shal be so saide Robyn
that may no better be
Syr abbot I delyuer the mine arowe
I pray the serue thou me
It falleth not for mine order saide the
Robyn by thyleue (kyng)
For to smite no good yeman
For doubt I should him greue
Synge on holdly said robin
I geue the largely leue
None our king with that worde
He solded by his leue
And such a buffet he geue Robyn

To ground ye yede full nere
I make mine auow to god said robb
thou art a tall frere
Ther is pith in thine arme said robb
I trowe thou can wel hote
Thus our king and Robin hode
together they gan mete
Robyn behelde our comely kyng
Stedfastly in the face
So did sye Richarde at the Lee
and kneled downe in that place
and so did all the wild outlawes
whan they saue them knele
My lord the kyng of Englande
Now I knowe you wele
Mercy than sayd robin to our king
Under this trusty tree
Of thy goodnesse and thy grace
for my men and for me
and yet sayd good robin
as good god do me saue
I aske the mercy my lord the kyng
and for my men I it craue
yes for god sayd our kyng
Thy petition I graunt the
So þ thou wylt leue the grene woode
and all thy company
and come home to my courte
There to dwell with me
I make mine auowe to god sayd robin
and ryght so shall it be
I wyl come to your court

your seruyce for to le
And byng with me of my men
• Seuen score and thre
But and I lyke not your seruyce
I wyl come agayne full soone
And hote at the diuine dere
as I was wont to done

The. viii. fyfte kyng
Hast þ any grene cloth said our
That þ wylte now sell to me
ye for god sayde Robyn
Thyrti perdes and thre
Robyn sayd our kyng
Now pray I the
To sel to me some of that cloth
To me and my meyny
yes for good than said Robyn
Or els I were a foole
and other day ye wyl me cloth
I trowe agaynst the pole
the kyng cast of his cote than
a grene garment he dyd on
and euery knight had so wyys
they clothed them full soone
whan they were clothed in Lincoln
they cast away ther gray (grene
Now shal we to Notyngham
all this our kyng can say
the bent their bowes and forth they
Shotidg all in fere (went
toward the towne of Notyngham
Outlawes as they were

Our kyng & Robyn rode together:
For soth and as I you say
And all they shot plucke buffet.
As they wente by the way
and many a buffet our kyng wan
Of Robyn hode that daye
and nothyng spared good Robyn:
Our kyng whan he did paye
So god me helpe sayd the kyng
Thy game is nought to lere
I thou'd not get a shote of the
Though I shote all this vere
All the people of Nottingham.
they rode and beheld:
they sawe nothyng but mantels of
That couered all the felde grene
than euery man to the other ca say
I drede our kyng be slone
Come robyn hode to the towne wis
On lyue he leueth not one
full hastely they began to fle:
Both peme and knaues
and olde wytes that might euill go:
They hypped on their slaues
The kyng lough ful fast
and commaunded them to come agayne:
whan they saue our comely kyng:
pys they were full fayne
They ate and dranke and made them glad:
and songe with note s hye
than bespake our comely kyng:
To sye Rycharde of the le:

begans:

He gaue him there his lande agayne
A good man he hadde him be
Robin hode thanked our comely king
And set him on his knee
Robin hode dwelleth in þe kinges court
Both twelue monethes and thre
that he had spent an hundred pound
and all his mennes fee
In euery place where Robins came
Euermore he lay downe
Bothe for knyghtes & squyers
To get him a great renoune
By than the yere was all gone
He hadde no man but twayne
Lytel John and good scathelocke
wyth hym all for to gone
Robin saws yonge men hote
Full fayre vpon a day
alas than said good Robin
My welthe is wend away
Sometime I was an archer good
a swiffe and eke a stronge
I was comended for the best archer
That was in mery Englande
alas than sayd good Robyn
alas what shall I do
If I dwell lenger wyth the kinge
Sorrowe wyll me do
Forth than went Robin hode
Tell he came to our king
My lord the kyng of Englande
Braunt me my askyng

I made a Chapell in Bernisdale
That semely is to se
It is of Mary Magdalene
and there would I faene be
I might no time this seven nightes
No time to slepe ne wyake
Neither all this seven dayes
Noher eate nor drynke
He longeth sore to Bernisdale
I may not be ther fro
Bare fote & wolward haue I hight
thether for to go
If it be so than sayd our kyng
It may no beter be
Seven nyghtes I geue the leue
No lenger to dwell fro me
Oramercy lorde than sayd Robyn
and set him on his kne
He toke his leue full curteesly
To grene wode than went he
whan he came to grene wode
In a mery mo:nyng
There he harde the notes small
Of byrdes mery syngyng
It is sarre gon sayd Robyn
That I was last here
I haue a lyttell lust for to hote
at the doune dere
Robyn slew a full great harte
His horne than can he blowe
that all tise outlawes of that for:est
that hore e could they knowe

H. l.

and

And gadered them together
In a lye tell thow
Seuen score of myght yemen
Came turning on a rowe
and laye dyd of their hodes
and set them on their kne
welcome they sayde our maister
Under the grene wood tre
Robin dwelleth in grene wode
twenty yeres and two
than for bryde of Edward our kyng
Agayne would he not go
yet he was beggled y wys
through a wicked woman
the pryoresse of kyrclesly
that nyce was of his kynne
for the loue of a knight
Syr Roger of Donkester
for euyll mot thou the
they toke together their counsaill
Robin hode for to fle
and howe thei might best do y dede
his banes for to be
than bespake good Robin
In place where as he stode
to morowe I must to kyrclesly
Craftely to be letten bloude
Syr Roger of Donkester
By the pryores he laye
and there they betrayed good Robin hode

By you in their tale playe
Christ haue mercy on his soule
That dyed on the roode
For he was a good outlawe
And dyd poore men muche good.

Thus endeth the lyfe of
Robyn hode

CD

of Robyn hode, herre
proper to be played
in Mayogames.

Robyn hode. (all)



Must stand ye forth my merry men
and hearken what I shall say
Of an adventure I shall you tell
the which I fell this other day
as I went by the hygh way with

a stoute frere I met
and a quarter staffe in his hande
Lyghtely to me he lept
and styll he hade me stande
There were stryppes two or thre
But I can not tell who had the worse
But well I wote the horeson lepte within me
and fro me he toke my purse
As there any of my merry men all
That to that frere wyll go
and byng him to me forth withall whether he
(wyll or no)

¶ Lytell John

yes mayster I make god allowe
To that frere wyll I go
and byng him to you whether he wyl or no

¶ Steret tucke
Deus hic, deus hic, god be here

Is not

And this a holy woꝛde to a litle

God saue all this compayn

But am not I a folly fyre

For I can hoꝛe both sarre and nere

and handle the sworde and buckler

and this quarter staffe also

If I mete with a gentylman or yema

I am not afrayde to loke hym vpon

Nor holdly with him to carpe

If he speake any wordes to me

He shall haue stryppes two or thre

That shal make his body smarte

But maister to shew you the matter

wherfore and why I am come hithe

In sayth I wyl not spare

I am come to seke a good yeman

In Bernisdale me sai is his habitacio

His name is Robyn hode

and if that he be better man than I

His seruaunt wyl I be and serue him truly

But if that I be better man than he

By my truth my knaue shall he be

and leade these dogges all thre

Robyn hode

yelde the sryer in thy long cote

sryer tucke

I be shew thy hart knaue, þ̄ hurtlest my throt

Robyn hode

I trowe sryer thou beginnest to dote

who made the so malapert and so bolde

To come into this forrest here

amonge my salowe dere

H.iii.

sryer

Fryer.

Go louse the ragged knaue
If thou make mani wordes I wil geue þ on þ
Though I be but a pooze fryer (eare
To seke Robyn hode I am com here
And to him my hart to breke

Robyn hode.

Thou lousy scer what wouldest thou W hym
He neuer loued f ryer nor none of frelers kyn

Fryer.

Quaunt ye ragged knaue
D; ye shall haue on the skymie

Robyn hode.

Of all the men in the moynng þ art the worst
To mete with the I haue no lust
For he that meteth a freere or a fox in þ moynng
To spede ell that day he standeth in icoperdy
Therefore I had leuer mete with þ deull of hell
Fryer I tell the as I thinke
Then mete with a fryer or a fox in a moynng
D; I drynke

Fryer.

Quasit thou ragged knaue this is but a mock
If you make m;ll words you shall haue a knock
Robyn hode

Harke freere wha t I say here
Ouer this water thou shalt me bere
The bydge is porne away

Fryer.

To say naye I wyll not
To let the of thine oth it were great pitte & lte
But vpon a fryers backe and haue euentu
Robyn

Robyn hode.

Ray halte ouer

frere

Now am I frere Win ad thou Robi without
Colay the here I hane no great doubt

Now art thou Robyn without, & I frere Win
Lye ther knaue chose whether þy wille synke or

Robyn hode.

(stom)

why thou lowly frere what hast thou done:

frere.

mary set a knaue ouer the shone

Robyn hode

Therfore thou aby

frere

why wilt thou fyght a plucke

Robyn hode.

and god send me good lucke.

frere.

Chan haue a stroke for frere tucke

Robyn hode.

Holde thy hande frere and here me speke:

frere.

Saye on ragged knaue

me semeth ye begyn to swete:

Robyn hode.

In this forest I haue a hounde

I wyl not giue him for an hundreth pound

Geue me leue my horne to blowe.

That my hounde may knowe.

frere:

Blowe on ragged knaue without any doubt:

Untyll bothe thyne eyes starte out.

H.iiii.

Here be a sorte of ragged knaues come in
Clothed all in kendale grene
And to the they take their way nowe

Robyn hode

Peradventure they do so

¶ Fryer.

I gaue the lette to blowe at thy wyll
Now geue me leue to whiffell my syll

¶ Robyn hode.

whiffell freere euyl mote thou face
Un tyll bothe thyne eyes starte

¶ Fryer

Now cut and haue

Bring forth the clubbes and stauess
And downe with those ragged knaues

Robyn hode.

How sayest thou freere wilt thou be my man
To dome the best seruyse thou can
Thou shalt haue both golde and fee
and also here is a Lady free
I wyll geue her vnto the
And her chapplayn I the make
To serue her for my sake

¶ Fryer

Here is an huckle ducklet an inch aboue þ buce
she is a treul of trust, to serue a frier at his iuce
a pycker a pinnert a feret of thefes
a wagger of ballokes when other men sleepes
Go home ye knaues and lay crabbes in þ coze
For my lady & I wil daunce in þ myze for veri

¶ Robyn hode

Lyften to my mery men all
and harke what I shall say

(pure ioye)

that befell this other daye
with a proude potter I met
And arose garlande on his head
the flour es of it shone maruaylous freshe
this seuen yere & moze he hath vled this waye
yet was he neuer so curteyle a potter
as one peny passage to paye
Is there any of my merry men all
That dare be so bolde
to make y^e potter paye passage either siluer oz

¶ Lettell John. (golde

Not I master for twenty pound redy tolde
for there is not among vs al one
that dare medle with that potter man for mā
I felt his handes not long agone
But I had leuer haue ben here by the
Therefore I knowe what he is
Mete him whē ye wil oz mete him whā ye shal
He is as propre a man as euer you medle Wal
Robyn hode.

I will lat with the litel John .xx. pound so read
If I wyth that potter mete
I wil make him pay passage maugre his head.

¶ Lettell John.

I consente thereto so eate I bread
If he pay passage maugre his head
Twenti pouñd hall ye haue of me for your mede.

¶ The potters boye Jacke

Out alas that euer I sawe this daye.

¶ A. ¶ For

From Notingham towne

If I hyc me not the faster

O I come there the maryet wel be done

Robyn hode

Let me se are the pottes hole and sounde

Jacke

yea meiller but they will not breake the ground

Robyn hode

I will the breake for þy cuckold thi maisters sake

And if they will not breake the grounde

thou shalt haue thre pence for a pound

Jacke

Out alas what have ye done

If my maister come he will breake your crowne

the pottes

why thou horse son art thou here yet

thou shouldest haue bene at market

Jacke

I met with robin hode a good yeman

He hath broken my pottes

And called you cuckold by your name

The pottes

Thou mayst be a gentylman so god me save

But thou seemest a noughty knaue

Thou callest me cuckold by my name

and I sweare by God and saynt John

wyse had I neuer none

This cannot I denye

But if thou be a good felawe

I will sel mi horse and harness pottes & paniers

Thou

If thou be not so content (other

Thou shalt haue stripes if þ were my brother

Robyn hode.

Harke potter what I shall say
this seuen yere and more þ shall vsed this way.
yet were thou neuer 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 gouernoure

Under the grene woode tree

the potter.

this seuen yere haue I vsed this way by and
yet payed I passage to no man (downe

No: now I wyll not begiune to do þ worst þ ca

Robyn hode.

passage shalt thou pai here vnder þ grene woode

Or els thou shalt leue a wedded with me (tre

the potter

If thou be a good felowe as men do the call

Laye awaye thy bowe

And take thy sword and buckeler in thy hands.

And se what shall befall

robin hode

Lyttle John where art thou

Lyttell

Here mayster I make god arowe

I tolde your mayster so god me saue

that you shoulde fynde the potter a knaue

holde

And I wyll styll by you stande
Ready for to fyghte
Be the knaue neuer so stoute
I shall rappe him on the snoute
And put hym to flyghte

Thus endeth the play of
Robyn Hode

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