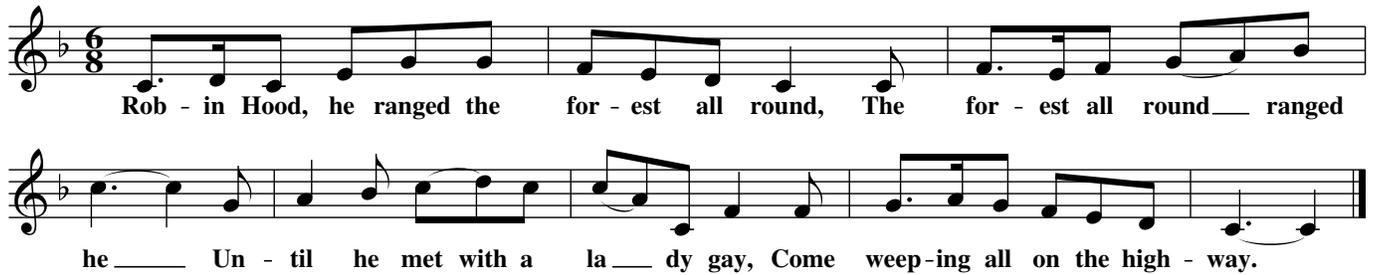


## Robin Hood and the Widow's Three Sons



Rob - in Hood, he ranged the for - est all round, The for - est all round\_\_ ranged  
he \_\_\_\_ Un - til he met with a la\_\_ dy gay, Come weep - ing all on the high - way.

'Oh! why do you weep, my gay ladie?  
Do you weep for gold or fee?  
Or do you weep for anything  
That is stolen from your bodie?'

''Tis I don't weep for gold', said she,  
'Nor I don't weep for fee,  
Nor I don't weep for anything else,  
That is stolen from my bodie.'

'Then why do you weep, my gay ladie?  
I pray thee come tell unto me.'  
'Oh I do weep for my three sons,  
Who are all condemned to die.'

["What parish church have they robbed?  
What parish priest have they slain?  
Or have they forced maidens against their own will  
Or with other men's wives have they slain?"]

["No parish church have the robbed,  
Nor no parish priest have they slain.  
No maidens have they forced against their own will,  
Nor with other men's wives have they lain.]

[They have killed three of the king's fallow deer  
And they're all condemned to die.  
In Nottingham town they are chained and bound  
And in Nottingham prison they lie."]

] "What will you give me in gold?" said he.  
"Or what will you give me in fee?  
If I will go to Nottingham town,  
Get your sons' freedom this day."]

["I will give you all of my gold,  
And a part of my fee  
If you will go to Nottingham town  
And get my sons' freedom, I say."]

[Robin Hood marched the forest along,  
As hard as he could hie  
And there he was aware of an old beggar man  
As he kept drawing so nigh.]

["What news, what news, my old beggar man?  
What news come tell unto me?"  
"There's weeping and wailing in Nottingham town,  
For the loss of the squires all three."]

["Change clothing, change clothing, my old beggar man.  
I'll give you fifteen shillings to boot.  
And now you can drink both brandy or ale,  
Until I see you again.]

He put his whistle unto his lips,  
And blew both loud and shrill,  
Ten thousand men of bold Robin Hood,  
Came tripping over the hill.

"Whose men are these?" said the master sherriff,  
'I pray thee come tell unto me.'  
'They are all of them mine and none of them thine,  
They be come for the squires all three.'

'Go take them, go take them', said the master sherriff,  
'Go take them along with thee,  
There's never a man in fair Nottingham,  
Shall borrow three more of me.'

[Bold Robin Hood he marched the forest along,  
As hard as he could go.  
With his eight score and ten of bold Robin's men,  
And his three squires all in a row.]

Source: Sung by Mrs Cook of Quedgeley. Collected by Henry Hammond (words only, no tune).

Notes: No tune collected with this song. Tune and verses in brackets from Mrs Cole, Hampshire, collected by George Gardiner.