

Robin Hood and the Widow's Three Sons

Robin Hood, he ranged the forest all round,
The forest all round ranged he,
Until he met with a lady gay,
Come a-weeping all on the highway.

'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.'

'Go your way home', said bold Robin Hood,

.

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.'

Note on manuscript "No tune, as far as can be traced."

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