

Robin Hood and Maid Marian

A bonny fine maid of a noble degree,
With a hey down down a down down
Maid Marian called by name,
Did live in the North, of excellent worth,
For she was a gallant dame.

For favour and face, and beauty most rare,
Queen Helen she did excel;
For Marian then was praised of all men
That did in the country dwell.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

But Robin Hood, he himself had disguised,
And Marian was strangely attir'd,
That they proved foes, and so fell to blows,
Whose valor bold Robin admir'd,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

First Robin Hood began a health
To Marian his only dear,
And his yeomen all, both comely and tall,
Did quickly bring up the rear.

For in a brave vein they tossed off their bouls,
Whilst thus they did remain,
And every cup, as they drunk up,
They filled with speed again.

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

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

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