

**Author: Anonymous**

**Text type: Verse, ballad**

**Date of print: 1623-1661**

**Editions: Unknown**

**Source text:**

Anon. 1623-1661. *Robin Hood and the Beggar*. London: Printed for Francis Grove. <<http://www.bodley.ox.ac.uk/ballads/>>.

**e-text:**

Access and transcription: February 2006

Number of words: 982

Dialect represented: Northern/Scots

Produced by Javier Ruano-García

Copyright © 2011– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca



**Anonymous**

***Robin Hood and the Beggar (1623-1661)***

How Robin Hood and the Beggar fought, and how he changed Clothes with the Beggar, and hw he went a begging to Nottingham, and how he saved these Brthren from being hang'd for stealing of Deer.

To the tune of, Robin hood and the Stranger

Come light and listen you Gentleman all,  
*hey down, down, an a down,*  
That mirth no love for to bear,  
and a story true, Ile tell unto you,  
If that you will but draw near.

In elder times when merriment was,  
*hey down, &c.*  
And Archbrey was holden good,  
there was an Out-law, as many did know,  
Which Men called Robin Hood.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Robin Hood and the Beggar* (1623-1661)

Upon a time it chanced so  
*hey down, &c.*  
Bold Robin was merry disposed,  
his time to spend he did intend,  
Either with Fiend or Foe:

Then he got up on a gallant brave Steed,  
*hey down, &c.*  
The witch was worth an'gell ten,  
with a Mantle of green, most brave to be seen,  
He [?] all his merry-men.

And riding towards fair Nottingham,  
*hey down, &c.*  
Some pastime for to spy,  
there was he aware of a jolly Beggar  
As ore he beheld with his eye.

[?] the Beggar had one,  
*hey down, &c.*  
Which he daily did use for to wear,  
And many a bag, about him did wag;  
Which made Robin hood to him repair.

God speed, God speed, said Robin hood,  
*hey down, &c.*  
What Country-man tell to me.  
I am Yorkeshire sir, but ere you go far,  
Some Charity give unto me.

Why what wouldst thou have, said Robin Hood  
*hey down, &c.*  
I pray thee tell unto me,  
no Lands, nor Livings, the Beggar he said,  
But a penny for charitie.

I have no money, said Robin Hood then,  
*hey down, &c.*  
But a Ranger within the Wood:  
I am an Out-law as many do know,  
My name it is Robin Hood,

But yet I must tell the bonny Beggar,  
*hey down, &c.*

The Salamanca Corpus: *Robin Hood and the Beggar* (1623-1661)

That a bout with I must try:  
the Coat of Gray lay down I say.  
And my Mantle of Order shall lye by.

The second part, to the same tune.

Content, content, the Beggar be cry'd,  
*hey down, down, an a down,*  
Thy part it will be the worse,  
for I hope this bout to give thee the rout.  
And then have at thy Purse.

The Beggar he had a mickle long Staffe,  
*hey down, &c.*  
And Robin had a Nut-brown Sword,  
to the Beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,  
But gave him never a word.

Fight on, fight on, said Robin Hood then,  
*hey down, &c.*  
This Game well pleaseth me:  
for every blow that Robin did give,  
The Beggar gave buffets three.

And a fighting there full hard and sore,  
*hey down, &c.*  
Not far from Nottingham Town,  
they never fled, till from Robin head  
The blood came trickling down.

O hold thy hand, said Robin Hood then,  
*hey down, &c.*  
And thou and I will agree:  
if that be true, the Beggar he said  
Thy Mantle come give unto me.

Nay, a change, a change, cri'd Robin hood  
*hey down, &c.*  
Thy Bage and Coat give me,  
and this Mantle of mine, [?] to thee resign,  
My horse and my braverie.

When Robin had got the Beggars clothes,  
*hey down, &c.*

He looked round about,  
Methinks, said he, I seem to be  
A Beggar brave and stout.

For now I have a bag for my Bread,  
*hey down, &c.*  
So have I another for Corn,  
I have one for Salt, another for Malt,  
And one for my little Horn.

And now I will a begging goe  
*hey down, &c.*  
Some charitie for to find  
and if any more of Robin you'l know,  
In this second Part it's behind.

Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,  
*hey down, &c.*  
With his bags hanging down to his knee,  
his staff & his coat, scarce worth a great  
Yet merrilie passed he.

As Robin he passed the Streets along,  
*hey down, &c.*  
he heard a pittiful cry,  
three Brethred deer, as he did hear,  
Condemned were to dye.

Then Robin he highed to the Sheriffs,  
*hey down, &c.*  
Some Reliefe for to seek,  
he skipt, and leapt, and capered full high,  
As he went along the street.

But when to the Sheriffs doore he came  
*hey down, &c.*  
There a Gentleman fine and brave  
thou Beggar, said he, come tell unto me  
What is it that thou wouldest have.

No meat nor drink, said Robin Hood then,  
*hey down, &c.*  
That I come here to crave,  
but to beg the lives of Yeomen three,

And that I fain would have.

That cannot be, thou bold Beggar,  
*hey down, &c.*  
Their Fact is so cleer;  
I tell to thee, hang'd they must be  
For stealing of our Kings Dear.

But when to the Gallows they did come,  
*hey down, &c.*  
There was many a weeping eye  
O hold your peace, said Robin then,  
For certainly they shall not dye.

Then Robin he set his Horn to his mouth,  
*hey down, &c.*  
And blew but blastes three,  
till a hundred bold Archers brave,  
Came kneeling vow to his knee.

What is your will Master, they said,  
*hey down, &c.*  
We are here at your command,  
shoot East, shoot West, said Robin then,  
And look that you spare no man.

Then they shot East, and they shot West,  
*hey down, &c.*  
Their arrows were so keen;  
the Sheriffs he and his companie,  
No longer must be seen.

Then he stept to those Brethren three,  
*hey down, &c.*  
And away he had them tane,  
but the Sheriff was crost & many a man lost;  
That dead lay on the Plain.

& away they went into the merry green-wood,  
*hey down, &c.*  
And sung with a merry glee,  
and Robin took these Brethren good,  
To be of his yomandrie.