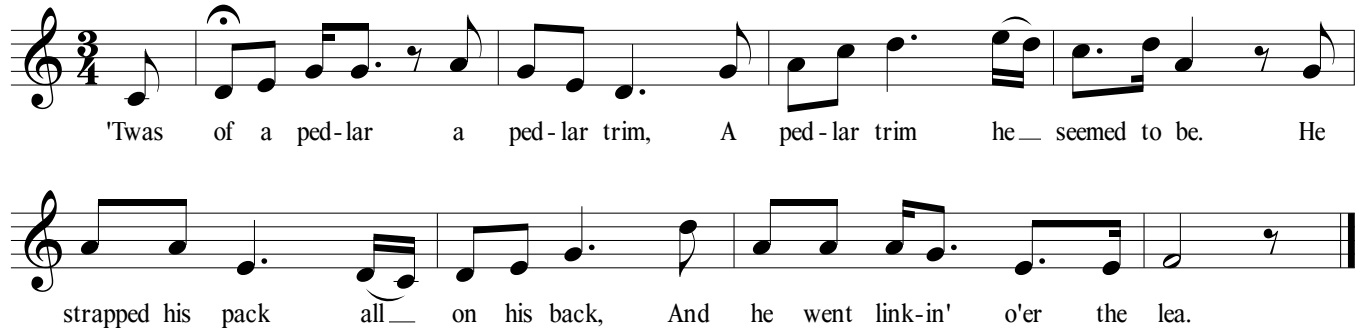


Robin Hood



'Twas of a ped-lar a ped-lar trim, A ped-lar trim he seemed to be. He
strapped his pack all on his back, And he went link-in' o'er the lea.

He met two men, two troublesome men,
Two troublesome men they seemed to be,
And one of them was bold Robin Hood
And the other Little John so free.

“What have you there?” cried bold Robin Hood,
“What have you there, pray tell to me.”
“I have six robes of the gay green silk
And silken bowstrings two or three.”

“If you have six robes of the gay green silk
And silken bowstrings two or three,
Then, by my faith,” cried bold Robin Hood,
“One half of them belong to me.”

The pedlar he took off his pack,
He hung it low down by his knee.
“Oh, he who beats me three feet from that,
The pack and all it shall go free.”

Bold Robin Hood drew his nut-brown sword,
The pedlar he drew out his brand,
They fought until they both did sweat.
“Oh, pedlar, pedlar, stay your hand.”

“Oh, fight him master,” cried Little John,
“Oh, fight him, master, and do not flee.”
“Now, by my faith,” cried the pedlar trim,
“’Tis not either he or thee.”

“What is your name?” cried bold Robin Hood,
“What is your name, pray tell to me.”
“No, not one word,” cried the pedlar trim,
“Till both your names you tell to me.”

“The one of us is bold Robin Hood,
The other Little John so free.”

“Oh, now I have it at my good will
Whether I’ll tell my name to thee.

“I am Gamble Gold of the gay greenwood
Far, far beyond the raging sea.
I killed a man on my father’s land
And was forced to leave my own country.”

“If you’re Gamble Gold of the gay greenwood,
Far, far beyond the raging sea,
Then you and I are sisters’ sons,
What nearer cousins can we be?”

They sheathed their swords with friendly words
And they like brothers did agree.
Then to an ale house in the town
Where they cracked bottles merrily.

Note: This is one of twenty-three of the Robin Hood ballads brought
From Glenmorganshire, Wales, by my great-grandfather, John Davis.