

## Robin 1, Sheriff 0

**Chorus:** Hey bonny, Ho bonny, Merry men in green      July 1998  
As merry a band as I've ever seen  
Hey bonny, Ho bonny, Merry men all  
Who hold their court in Sherwood's hall

I'll sing you a song of bold Robin Hood / And his merry men of the wild greenwood  
And how he came to foil the plan / Of the Lord High Sheriff of Nottingham  
It once befell on a May morning / In the forest fair where the small birds sing  
That the yeomen donned their gowns of green / Full seven score of fellows keen  
The bravest in the land, I ween      Chorus

"Lith and listen", did Robin declare / "Today to Nottingham comes a fair  
And the heralds cried both far and wide, / a shooting match in the countryside."  
"So take ye up your bows of yew / And grey goose shafts that fly so true  
For he that wins the prize will hold / A silver arrow with feathers gold,  
A wondrous treasure to behold"      Chorus

Then Little John said to his master dear / "In the Blue Boar Inn I chanced to hear  
That the Sheriff has laid a trap for you / And after the match he'll capture you!"  
"Buske ye and bowne ye, my merry men all / For nonetheless we will heed his call  
But we shall go in different guise / In varied clothes for our disguise  
And the Sheriff shall be none the wise."      Chorus

When the sun was high up in the sky / Full seven score to the fairground hie  
There were beggars and friars and tinkers lean / But none that wore the outlaw green.  
And the Sheriff looked high, and the Sheriff looked low / "Now where did that curs-ed rebel go?  
I thought for sure he'd come this day / And I'd a chance to catch my prey,  
But the thieving coward's stayed away."      Chorus

But a one-eyed beggar with a ragged patch / Came strolling up to the shooting match  
So keen his eye, so sure his aim / That soon he bested all who came.  
At last he shot 'gainst the Sheriff's man / Who aimed as well as an archer can  
But Robin shot his arrow true / so high it sped and fast it flew  
It split his rival's shaft in two !      Chorus

So the Sheriff granted him the prize / Not penetrating his disguise  
And back they hied to Locksley's town / Where Robin stood there with a frown  
"Melikes it not to be called a thief / And coward craven beyond belief  
So let's contrive to let them know / On whom the Sheriff did bestow  
The prize for winning at the show."      Chorus

When the Sheriff sat down to his feast / Of Malmsey ale and roasted beast  
An arrow and scroll flew by his head / And on the scroll these words he read:  
"May Heaven bless Thy Grace this day / As we of Sherwood all do pray  
For the arrow made of silver wood / you awarded this day to Robin Hood  
To that bold outlaw called Robin Hood."      Chorus

Well the Sheriff he stomped and swore that day / He'd find that Robin and make him pay  
Then he sent his henchmen throughout the land / But they never, no they never, no they never caught  
up with Robin's band.  
I've told you my tale of bold Robin Hood / And his merry men of the wild greenwood  
And if my tale does please you, pray / Come fill my purse with coins today  
Come fill my purse up if you may.      Chorus