

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Robin Hood and Queen Katherine 1

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NOW list you, lithe you, gentlemen,  
A while for a litle space,  
And I shall tell you how Queene Katterine  
Gott Robin Hood his grace.

Gold taken from the kings harbengers  
Seldome times hath beene seene,

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`Queene Katherine, I say to thee;'  
`That's a princly wager,' quoth Queene Katherine,  
`Betweene your grace and me.

`Where must I haue mine archers?' says Queene Katherine;  
`You haue the flower of archery:'  
`Now take your choice, dame,' he sayes,  
`Thorow out all England free.

`Yea from North Wales to Westchester,  
And also to Couentry;  
And when you haue chosen the best you can,  
The wager must goe with mee.'

`If that prooue,' says Queene Katherine,  
`Soone that wilbe tride and knowne;  
Many a man counts of another mans pursse,  
And after looseth his owne.'

The queene is to her palace gone,  
To her page thus shee can say:  
Come hither to me, Dicke Patrinton,  
Trusty and trew this day.

Thou must bring me the names of my archers all,  
All strangers must they bee,  
Yea from North Wales to West Chester,  
And alsoe to Couentrie.

Commend me to Robin Hood, says Queene Katherine,

And alsoe to Litle John,  
And specially to Will Scarlett,  
fryar Tucke and Maid Marryan.

Robin Hood we must call Loxly,  
And Little John the Millers sonne;  
Thus wee then must change their names,  
They must be strangers euery one.

Commend mee to Robin Hood, sayes Queene Katherine,  
And marke, page, what I say;  
In London they must be with me  
Vpon St Georges day.

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`These words hath sent by me;  
Att London you must be with her  
Vpon St Georges day.

`Vpon St Georges day att noone  
Att London needs must you bee;  
Shee wold not misse your companie  
For all the gold in Cristinty.

`Shee hath tane a shooting for your sake,  
The greatest in Christentie,  
And her part you must needs take  
Against her prince, Henery.

`Shee sends you heere her gay gold ring  
A trew token for to bee;  
And, as you are a banisht man,  
Shee trusts to sett you free.'

`And I loose that wager,' says bold Robin Hoode,  
`I'le bring mony to pay for me;  
And wether that I win or loose,  
On my queenes part I will be.'

In sommer time when leaues grow greene,  
And flowers are fresh and gay,  
Then Robin Hood he deckt his men  
Eche one in braue array.

He deckt his men in Lincolne greene,  
Himselfe in scarlett red;  
Fayre of their brest then was it seene  
When his siluer armes were spread.

With hattis white and fethers blacke,  
And bowes and arrowes keene,  
And thus he ietted towards louly London,  
To present Queene Katherine.

But when they cam to louly London,  
They kneeled vpon their knee;  
Sayes, God you saue, Queene Katherine,  
And all your dignitie!

. . . . . of my guard,'  
Thus can King Henry say,  
'And those that wilbe of Queene Katerines side,  
They are welcome to me this day.'

'Then come hither to me, Sir Richard Lee,  
Thou art a knight full good;  
Well it is knowen from thy pedygree  
Thou came from Gawins blood.

'Come hither, Bishopp of Hereford,' quoth Queene Katherine----  
A good preacher I watt was hee----  
'And stand thou heere vpon a odd side,  
On my side for to bee.'

'I like not that,' sayes the bishopp then,  
'By faikine of my body,  
For if I might haue my owne will,  
On the kings I wold bee.'

'What will thou bet against vs,' says Loxly then,  
'And stake it on the ground?'  
'That will I doe, fine fellow,' he says,  
'And it drawes to fiue hundreth pound.'

'There is a bett,' says Loxly then;  
'Wee'le stake it merrily;'  
But Loxly knew full well in his mind  
And whose that gold shold bee.

Then the queenes archers they shot about  
Till it was three and three;  
Then the lady's gaue a merry shout,  
Sayes, Woodcocke, beware thine eye!

'Well, gam and gam,' then quoth our king,  
'The third three payes for all;'

Then Robine rounded with our queene,  
Says, The kings part shall be small.

Loxly puld forth a broad arrowe,  
He shott it vnder hand,

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`For once he vndidd mee;  
If I thought it had beene bold Robin Hoode,  
I wold not haue betted one peny.

`Is this Robin Hood?' says the bishopp againe;  
`Once I knew him to soone;  
He made me say a masse against my will,  
Att two a clocke in the afternoone.

`He bound me fast vnto a tree,  
Soe did he my merry men;  
He borrowed ten pound against my will,  
But he neuer paid me againe.'

`What and if I did?' says bold Robin Hood,  
`Of that masse I was full faine;  
In recompence, befor king and queene  
Take halfe of thy gold againe.'

`I thanke thee for nothing,' says the bishopp,  
`Thy large gift to well is knowne,  
That will borrow a mans mony against his will,  
And pay him againe with his owne.'

`What if he did soe?' says King Henery,  
`For that I loue him neuer the worsse;  
Take vp thy gold againe, bold Robin Hood,  
And put it in thy pursse.

`If thou woldest leaue thy bold outlawes,  
And come and dwell wiirth me,  
Then I wold say thou art welcome, bold Robin Hood,  
The flower of archery.'

`I will not leaue my bold outlawes  
For all the gold in Christentie;  
In merry Sherwood I'le take my end,  
Vnder my trusty tree.

`And gett your shooters, my leeige, where you will,  
For in faith you shall haue none of me;  
And when Queene Katherine puts up her finger  
Att her Graces commandement I'le bee.'

Child #145

Version A in Child

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