

The Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood

There chanced to be a Ped-lar bold, A Ped-lar bold there chanced to be;
He put his pack all on his back, And so mer-ri-ly trudg-ed

There chanced to be a Pedlar bold,
A Pedlar bold there chanced to be;
He put his pack all on his back,
And so merrily trudg-ed he o'er the lea.

By chance he met two troublesome men,
Two troublesome men they chanced to be,
The one of them was bold Robin Hood,
And the other was little John so free.

"O Pedlar, Pedlar, what is in thy pack?
Come speedily and tell to me."
"I've several suits of the gay green silks,
And silken bowstrings by two or three."

"If you have several suits of the gay green silk,
And silken bowstrings by two or three,
Then, by my body," cries little John,
"One half your pack shall belong to me."

"O nay, O nay," says the Pedlar bold,
"O nay, O nay, that can never be,
For there's never a man from fair Nottingham,
Can take one half my pack from me."

Then little John he drew his sword,
The Pedlar by his pack did stand,
They fought until they both did sweat,
Till he cried, "Pedlar, pray hold your hand."

Then Robin Hood he was standing by,
And he did laugh most heartily,
Saying, "I could find a man of smaller scale,
Could thrash the Pedlar and also thee."

"Go you try, master", says little John,
"Go you try, master, most speedily,
For by my body," says little John,
"I am sure this night you will know me."

Then Robin Hood he drew his sword,
And the Pedlar by his pack did stand;
They fought till the blood in streams did flow,
Till he cried "Pedlar, pray hold your hand."

"O Pedlar, Pedlar, what is thy name?
Come speedily and tell to me."
"Come, my name I ne'er will tell,
Till both your names you have told to me."

"The one of us is Robin Hood,
And the other little John so free."
"Now," says the Pedlar, "it lays to my good will,
Whether my name I choose to tell to thee."

"I am Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,
And travelled far beyond the sea,
For killing a man in my father's land,
And from my country was forced to flee."

"If you a Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,
And travelled far beyond the sea,
You are my mother's own sister's son.
What nearer cousins can we be?"

They sheathed their swords, with friendly words,
So merrily they did agree,
They went to a tavern and there they dined,
And cracked bottles most merrily.