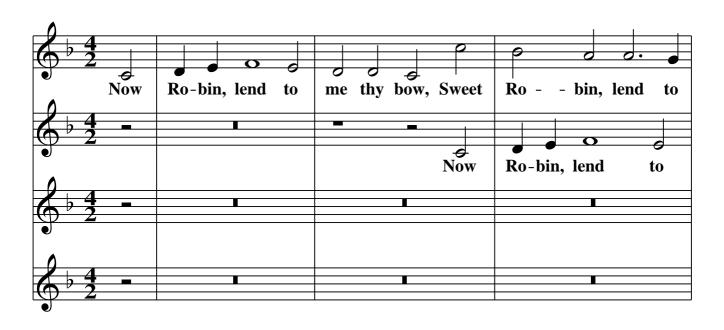
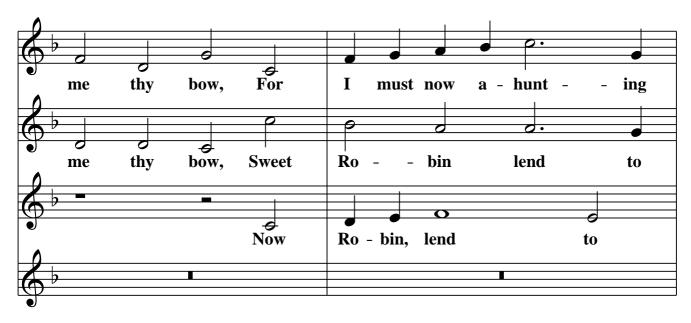
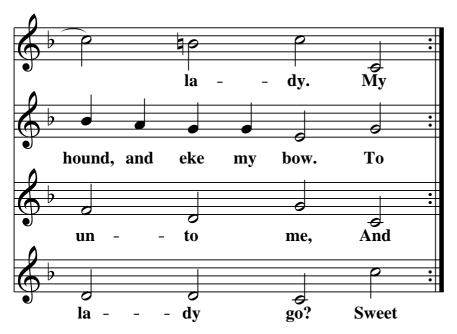
Now Robin, lend to me thy bow











Now Robin, lend to my thy bow, Sweet Robin, lend to me thy bow, For I must now a-hunting with my lady go, With my sweet lady go.

And whither shall my lady go? Sweet Welkin, tell it unto me; And thou shalt have me hawk, my hound, and eke my bow, To wait on thy lady.

My lady will to Uppingham
To Uppingham forsooth will she;
And I myself appointed for to be the man,
To wait upon my lady.

Adieu, good Wilkin, all beshrewed, Thy hunting nothing pleaseth me; But yet beware thy babbling hounds stray not abroad, For angering of thy lady.

My hounds shall be led in the line, So well I can assure it thee; Unless by view of strain some pursue I may find, To please my sweet lady.

With that the lady she came in, And will'd them all for to agree; For honest hunting never was accounted sin, Nor never shall for me.