Now Robin, lend to me thy bow

Now Robin, lend to me thy bow, Sweet Robin, lend to me thy bow, For I must now a-hunting

Now Robin, lend to me thy bow, Sweet Robin lend to
with my lady go, With my sweet lady go, For I must now a-hunting
me thy bow, me thy bow, Sweet Robin, lend to
Now Robin, lend to
dy go. And whither will thy
with my lady go, With my sweet lady go? Sweet Willkin, tell it
dy go, And whither will thy
with my lady go, With my sweet lady go, For I must now a-hunting
me thy bow, me thy bow, Sweet Robin lend to
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.