

## Ballad Text Translation

From TEAMS Text:

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### *Robin Hood's Fishing*

In summer time, when the leaves grow green,  
When they do grow both green and long,  
Robin Hood that bold outlaw  
It is of him I sing my song.

"The thrush and nightingale  
Do chant and sing with merry good cheer;  
I am weary of the woods," said he,  
"And chasing the wild deer.

"The fisherman has more money  
Then any merchant two or three;  
Therefore I will to Scarborough go  
And there a fisherman will be."

He called together his strong men all,  
To whom he gave food or money,  
Paid them their wage for half a year,  
All in gold and good money.

"If any of you lack money to spend  
If you need to speak with me,  
If ever you happen to come to Scarborough,  
Ask for Symon of the Lee."

He took his leave there of them all,  
It was upon a holy day;  
He took up his lodgings at a widow's house,  
Which stood near to the waters gray.

"Where did you come from, you fine fellow,  
A gentleman you seem to be."  
"In the contrary, dame, where I came from  
They call me Symon of the Lee."

"If they call you Symon of the Lee,

I greatly wish you may enjoy your name.”  
The outlaw knew his manners,  
And so replied “Thank you, dame.”

“Symon,” said she, “will be my man,  
I’ll give to you both food and money.”  
“I swear, dame,” bold Robin said,  
“I’ll serve you well for years three.”

“I have as good a ship,” then she said,  
“As any goes upon the sea.  
“Anchors and planks you shall not lack  
Nor masts nor ropes to equip you.

“Oars nor sail you shall not lack,  
Nor hooks be lacking for your lines so long.”  
“Upon my word, dame,” said Symon then,  
“I know there’s nothing shall go wrong.”

They hoist up sail and set out  
Merrily they went to sea  
Till they came to the appointed place  
Where all the fish were to be caught.

Every man baited his line  
And in the sea they did it throw;  
Symon threw in his two lines  
But neither got great nor small.

Then suggested the company,  
“Symon’s part will be but small.”  
“Upon my word,” said the captain,  
“I think he will get none at all.

“Why are you here you lazy fellow,  
Why the devil are you upon the sea?  
You have bankrupted the widow of Scarborough,  
I think for her and her children three.”

Still every day they baited their lines  
And in the sea they did then lay,  
But Symon he scraped his broad arrows,  
I think he sunned them every day.

“If I were in Plumpton Park,” said he,  
“There among my fellows all,

Look so little you set by me,  
I'd set by you twice as small.

“Oh no,” said Symon then,  
“Farewell to the green leaves on the tree,  
If I were in Plumpton Park again,  
A fisherman I would never be.”

Every man had fish enough,  
The ship was loaded to travel home.  
“Fish as you will,” said good Symon,  
“I know I have no fish.”

They lifted up the anchor, away did sail,  
More of one day then two or three,  
But they were aware of a French robber  
Coming toward them most quickly.

“Woe is me,” said the captain,  
“Alas, that ever I was borne,  
For all the fish that we have taken,  
Alas the day, 'tis all lost.

“For all the gold that I have taken  
For the loss of my fish I do not care,  
For we shall go as prisoners into France,  
Not a man of us that they will spare.”

Symon staggered to the hatches high,  
He could not stand up on foot.  
“I would gladly give three hundred pounds  
For three hundred feet of land.”

Symon said, “Then do not dread them,  
Nor captain should you fear.  
Give me my bow in my hand,  
And not a single Frenchman will I spare.”

“Hold thy peace you clumsy landsman,  
For you can do nothing but brag and boast  
If I were to cast you overboard,  
There would be nothing lost but a clumsy landsman.”

Symon said, “Tie me to the main mast  
That at my aim I may stand properly,  
Give me my bent bow in my hand

And not a Frenchman I will spare.”

They bound him fast to the main mast tree,  
They bound Symon firm and tight,  
They gave him a bent bow into his hand,  
And not a French man would he spare.

“Whom shall I shoot at, captain,  
For God’s love indicate to me.”  
“Shoot at the steersman of that ship,  
You lazy fellow now let me see.”

Symon he took his noble bow,  
An arrow that was both large and long;  
The straightest way to the steersman’s heart,  
The broad arrow it did go.

He fell from the hatches high  
From the hatches he fell down below,  
Another took him by the heels,  
And into the sea he did him throw.

Then quickly took the helm in hand,  
And steered the ship most gallantly,  
“Upon my word,” said good Symon then,  
“The same fate shall follow you.”

Symon took his noble bow  
And arrow which was both straight and long,  
The straightest way to the Frenchman’s heart  
The arrow he caused to go.

He fell from the hatches high  
From the hatches he fell down below,  
Another took him by the heel,  
And into the sea did him throw.

The ship was tossed up and down  
Not one dared venture steer her,  
The Scarborough men were very pleased  
When they saw that robber dared not come near.

“Come up captain,” Symon said,  
“Two shoots have I shot for you.  
All the rest are for myself,  
This day for God’s love merry be.”

“God’s blessing on your fingers, Symon,” he said  
“For well I see you have good skill;  
God’s blessing on your noble heart,  
Who has employed your bow so well.

“I vow for fish you shall not lack,  
The best share, Symon, I’ll give you,  
And I shall pray you, good Symon,  
You do not take your aim at me.”

“I had thirty arrows by my side,  
I think I had thirty and three,  
There’s not an arrow that shall go to waste,  
But through a French heart it shall go.

“Untie me from the mast,” he said,  
“The tarred ropes they do pinch me sore,  
Give me a good sword in my hand,  
Not a French man will I spare.”

Together have the two ships ran,  
The fisher and the man of war.  
Symon boarded the noble ship  
Found not a man alive but three.

He took a lamp into his hand  
The ship he searched by the light,  
He found within that ship of war  
Twelve hundred pounds in gold so bright.

“Come up, master,” Symon said  
“This day for God’s love merry be,  
How shall we share this noble ship,  
I pray you master, tell to me.”

“Upon my word,” said the captain,  
“Symon, good counsel I’ll give you:  
You won the ship with your own hands,  
And master of it you shall be.”

“One half,” said Symon, “of this ship,  
I’ll divide among my fellows all;  
The other half I freely give  
Unto my dame and her children small.  
“But if it happens to be my lot,

That I shall get safely to land,  
I'll therefore build a chapel good,  
And it shall stand on Whitby strand.

“And there I'll keep a priest to sing  
The mass until the day I die.  
If Robin Hood comes once on shore,  
He comes no more upon the sea.”