

Hysterical Ballad

The True Story of R. Hood

Now Robbie Hood was quite a sport
When looking out for deer
And there he met his merry men,
All drunken full of beer.
*Which could, might be and just perhaps
The reason they were merry chaps.*

Now one of them was Friar Tuck,
A plucky plump one, he.
He liked to cook and fight and hit
Someone or two or three.
*If wond'ring why that Friar Tuck
Just was that way — 'twas tucky luck.*

They needed some companionship
They traveled far and near,
When yonder comes our Little John —
An evil temper t'fear.
*He loosed it out of his insides
At frequent times when he imbibed.*

*Hmmm, I seem to have a
temperance theme going on here...*

Then next they met Will Scarlet. He
Was all tricked out in red —
They only made a note of him
When he shot their deer dead.
*Their eyes too blinded with their ale
To notice our red nightingale.*

*Yes, it's definitely a
temperance theme...*

Then off in search of grief they went,
For wine and awful trouble,
When someone did these men espy
All stagg'ring, seeing double.
*In sooth to say, their eyes were shot
For all can tell, our own are not.*

The Sheriff, born of Nottingham
Did find them in a trance,
Which started all his troubles, see:
He favored temperance.
*For truly Robbie did not rob
The rich, because he was a snob.*

The Sheriff and the “robbing” hood
Their men they started t'call.
They both envisioned this bold thing:
A drunken, fighting brawl.
*These drunken brawls were Robbie's pastime;
We join again — we're back by half-time.*

Now Robbie-dear was falling down
None 'round could carry him
When suddenly someone came forth.
'Twas but Maid Marian.
*So Mari at his side did kneel
And carried him right off the field.*
Woman to the rescue!

At last our Sheriff raised his fist
Our Robbie soon to smash
When suddenly the King appeared
Our Robbie's hands to wash.
*The good King Rich the Feeble Heart
Did end this tale — now to depart.*

The End