

Leigh Hunt (1784-1859)

3 *Robin Hood an Outlaw*

Robin Hood is an outlaw bold,  
Under the greenwood tree;  
Bird, nor stag, nor morning air,  
Is more at large than he.

They sent against him twenty men, 5  
Who joined him laughing-eyed;  
They sent against him thirty more,  
And they remained beside.

All the stoutest of the train  
That grew in Gamelyn wood, 10  
Whether they came with these or not,  
Are now with Robin Hood.

And not a soul in Locksley town  
Would speak him an ill word;  
The friars raged; but no man's tongue, 15  
Nor even feature stirred;

Except among a very few,  
Who dined in the Abbey halls;  
And then with a sigh bold Robin knew  
His true friends from his false. 20

There was Roger the monk, that used to make  
All monkery his glee;  
And Midge, on whom Robin had never turned  
His face but tenderly;

With one or two, they say, besides — 25  
Lord! that in this life's dream  
Men should abandon one true thing,  
That would abide with them.

We cannot bid our strength remain,  
Our cheeks continue round; 30  
We cannot say to an aged back,  
Stoop not towards the ground:

We cannot bid our dim eyes see  
Things as bright as ever,  
Nor tell our friends, though friends from youth, 35  
That they'll forsake us never:

But we can say, *I* never will,  
False world, be false for thee;  
And, oh Sound Truth and Old Regard,  
Nothing shall part us three. 40

*1855*

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