

## The Makyng of a Merrie Man

O whither are ye going, Will my son, Will my son?  
O whither are ye going, my son Will?  
I'm gone to Sherwoode forest, to hie me to the greenwood,  
Or else the Sheriff's men thy son will kill.

O what will happen when ye've fled and gone, Will my son?  
O what will happen when ye've fled and gone?  
I'll seek the one called Robin, and pledge to him my service,  
And help to fight against usurper John.

O when 'twill be we see thy face once more, Will my son?  
O when twill be we see thy face once more?  
I'll see thee in the summer, when the bloom is on the clover  
And Richard stands again on England's shore.

So fare thee well and dinna weep for me, mother dear  
So fare thee well and dinna weep for me  
I'd rather die a-fighting, then live a life of slavery,  
And never more to taste sweet liberty.

So fare thee well and dinna be ashamed, father dear  
So fare thee well and dinna be ashamed.  
I'll come back when I can, though I'll be a hunted man  
And by Nottingham an outlaw will be named.

So fare thee well, my ain sweet Margery, Margery  
So fare thee well, Margery my sweet  
For my heart is thine alone, kiss our bairns asleep at home ,  
And keep me in thy prayers till next we meet,  
And keep me in thy prayers till next we meet.

*Notes: My first attempt at a rollicking Robin Hood song, took a left turn and is actually rather mournful*