

# Robin Hood

By Barbara Wilton - 2021

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In England the Crusades saw  
The rightful King go off to war  
Prince John stepped up to rule the land  
The Sherriff said he'd lend a hand.

But his laws were most unkind  
He taxed everyone that he could find.  
The poor and weak had nothing to eat  
Except for going out hunting meat.

Maid Marion was the eldest child,  
Her father died out in the wild.  
So, she took her bow into the wood  
And practiced till she was quite good.

She joined up with a local band  
Who despised how Prince John ruled the land.  
Robin liked her hunting flair  
But he also liked her long red hair.

There was Little John and Friar Tuck  
And others who would try their luck  
To rob the rich and feed the poor  
With tragedy behind each door.

These honest men with noble ways  
Stayed in the forest to pass their days.  
But the Sherriff sought them out  
And then there was a turnabout.

Robin Hood and his men were taxed  
Their own resources had been maxed.  
Their money had been used to give  
The poor and needy a chance to live.

The Sherriff rattled his jailer's keys  
And said, 'Come this way if you please?'  
But Robin said 'What about a test  
To see whose team can shoot the best?'

The Sheriff was quite impressed.  
He liked a wager he confessed.  
He would take their team apart  
Shooting for soldiers was an art.

A day was set, the targets placed.  
A crowd turned up, no room to waste.  
The Sheriff selected his three best men,  
And Robin brought his team out then.

First was Robin, as we knew,  
Then Little John was number two.  
The third member that Robin said  
Was Maid Marion with hair of red!

The Sherriff scoffed in disbelief  
And then thought 'It'll be their grief!'  
Soldier One fired straight and true.  
A perfect bullseye as we knew.

Robin answered with the same  
Soldier Two had perfect aim  
Little John had a careful eye  
Between the teams it was a tie!

The Sherriff was getting bold  
'Step aside' his man was told.  
'Might as well give this a whirl  
I won't be beaten by a girl.'

He stepped up full of brag and swank.  
He'd now be the man to thank.  
His aim went well below the bull!  
Now he was looking such a fool.

Marion stepped up with poise and calm  
Pleased to come and chance her arm.  
She stretched the bow, she held her breath.  
And at that moment the arrow left.

It soared into the clear blue sky.  
'Look! that arrow's way too high.'  
But down it came right on track  
And pieced the bullseye with a smack.

The crown gasped in disbelief  
The Sheriff's men were struck with grief.  
Without a word the Sherriff found his horse,  
And was never seen again of course.

Robin Hood had won the day  
The Sherriff's team had lost their way.  
No more taxes, no more jail  
But there is more to this long tale.

The villagers, filled with thanks  
Had been sawing housing planks  
For Robin and Marion no more wood.  
Now they had a house for good.