Robin Hood and the Potter

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IN schomer, when the leves spryng,
The bloschoms on euery bowe,
So merey doyt the berdys syng
Yn wodys merey now.

Herkens, god yemen,
Comley, corteys, and god,
On of the best that yeuer barier bower,
Hes name was Roben Hode.

Roben Hood was the yeman's name,
That was boyt corteys and fre;
for the loffe of owrier ladey,
All wemen werschepyd he.

Bot as the god yeman stod on a day,
Among hes mery maney,
He was warier of a prowd pottierr,
Cam dryfyng owyr the ley.

`Yonder comet a prod pottierr,' seyde Roben,
`That long hayt hantyd thirs wey;
He was neuer so corteys a man
On peney of pawage to pay.'

`Y met hem bot at Went-breg,' seyde Lytyll John,
`And therierforier yeffell mot he the!
Seche thre strokes he me gafe,
Yet by my seydys cleffe they.

`Y ley forty shillings,' seyde Lytyll John,
`To pay het thes same day,
Ther ys nat a man among hus all
A wed schall make hem ley.'

`Herier ys forty shillings,' seyde Roben,
`Morier, and thow dar say,
Rthiart y schall make thiart prowde pottierr,
A wed to me schall he ley.'

Therier thes money they leyde,
They toke het a yeman to kepe;

Roben befforier the pottierr he breyde,
And bad hem stond stell.

Handys apon hes hors he leyde,
And bad the pottierr stonde foll stell;
The pottierr schorteley to hem seyde,
felow, what ys they well?

`All thes thre yer, and morier, pottierr,' he seyde,
`Thow hast hantyd thes wey,
Yet werier tow neuer so cortys a man
On peney of pauage to pay.'

`What ys they name,' seyde the pottierr,
`Ffor pauage thow aske of me?'
`Roben Hod ys mey name,
A wed schall thow leffe me.'

`Wed well y non leffe,' seyde the pottierr,
`Nor pavag well y non pay;
Awey they honde fro mey hors!
Y well the tene eyls, be mey fay.'

The potter to hes cart he went,
He was not to seke;
A god to-hande staffe thierrowt he hent,
Befforier Roben he leppyd.

Roben howt wiirtihr a swerd bent,
A bokeler en hes honde;
The pottierr to Roben he went,
And seyde, felow, let mey hors go.

Togeder then went thes to yemen,
Het was a god seyt to se;
Therierof low Robyn hes men,
Therier they stod onder a tre.

Leytell John to hes felowhes seyde,
`Yend pottierr well steffeley stonde:'
The pottierr, wiirtihr a acward stroke,
Smot the bokeler owt of hes honde.

And ar Roben meyt get het agen
Hes bokeler at hes fette,
The pottierr yn the neke hem toke,
To the gronde sone he yede.
That saw Roben hes men,
As thay stod onder a bow;

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`Let vs helpe owrier mastierr,' seyde Lytell John,
`Yonder pottierr,' seyde he, e:ls well hem slo.'

Thes yemen went wiirtihr a breyde,
To ther master they cam.
Leytell John to hes master seyde,
He haet the wager won?

`Schall y haffe yowrier forty shillings,' seyde Lytl John,
`Or ye, mastierr, schall haffe myne?'
`Yeff they werier a hundred,' seyde Roben,
`Y feythe, they ben all theyne.'

`Het ys fol leytell cortesey,' seyde the potter,
`As y haffe harde weyse men saye,
Yeffe a porier yeman com drywyng on the wey,
To let hem of hes gorney.'

`Be mey trowet, thow seys soyt,' seyde Roben,
`Thow seys god yemenrey;
And thow dreyffe forthe yeuierry day,
Thow schalt neuer be let for me.

`Y well prey the, god pottierr,
A felischepe well thow haffe?
Geffe me they clothyng, and thow schalt hafe myne;
Y well go to Notynggam.'

`Y grant therierto,' seyde the potter,
`Thow schalt feynde me a felow gode;
Bot thow can sell mey pottiysr well,
Com ayen as thow yode.'

`Nay, be mey trowt,' seyde Roben,
`And then y bescro mey hede,
Yeffe y bryng eny pottiysr ayen,
And eney weyffe well hem chepe.'

Than spake Leytell John,
And all hes felowhes heynd,
`Mastierr, be well warier of the screffe of Notynggam,
for he ys leytell howr frende.'

`Heyt war howte!' seyde Roben,
felowhes, let me a lone;
Thorow the helpe of Howr Ladey,
To Notynggam well y gon.'

Robyn went to Notynggam,

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Thes pottiysr for to sell;
The pottierr abode wiirtihr Robens men,
Therier he fered not eylle.

Tho Roben droffe on hes wey,
So merey ower the londe:
Her es morier, and affter ys to saye,
The best ys beheynde.

When Roben cam to Notynggam,
The soyt yef y scholde saye,
He set op hes hors anon,
And gaffe hem hotys and haye.

Yn the medys of the towne,
Therier he schowed hes warier;
`Pottiyrs! pottiyrs!' he gan crey foll sone,
`Haffe hansell for the marier!'

foll effen agenest the screffeys gate
Schowed he hes chaffarier;
Weyffes and wedowes abowt hem drow,
And chepyd fast of hes warier.

Yet, `Pottys, gret chepe!' creyed Robyn,
`Y loffe yeffell thes to stonde;'
And all that say hem sell
Seyde he had be no potter long.

The pottys that werier werthe pens feyffe,
He solde tham for pens thre;
Preveley seyde man and weyffe,
`Ywnder potter schall neuierr the.'

Thos Roben solde foll fast,
Tell he had pottys bot feyffe;
Op he hem toke of hes carier,
And sende hem to the screffeys weyffe.

Therierof sche was foll fayne,
`Gereamarsey, SER,' than seyde sche;
`When ye com to thes contre ayen,
Y schall bey of they pottys, so mot y the.'

`Ye schall haffe of the best,' seyde Roben,
And swarier be the Treneyte:;
foll corteysley sche gan hem call,
`Com deyne wiirtihr the screfe and me.'

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`God amarsey,' seyde Roben,
`Yowrier bedyng schall be doyn;'
A mayden yn the pottys gan berier,
Roben and the screffe weyffe folowed anon.

Whan Roben yn to the hall cam,
The screffe: sone he met;
The pottierr cowed of corteysey,
And sone the screffe he gret.

`Lo, ser, what thes pottierr hayt geffe yow and me;
feyffe pottys smalle and grete!'
`He ys foll wellcom,' seyd the screffe;
`Let os was, and go to mete.'

As they sat at her methe,
Wiirtihr a nobell cherier,
To of the screffes men gan speke
Off a gret wager;

Off a schotyng, was god and feyne,
Was made the thother daye,
Off forty shillings, the soyt to saye,
Who scholde thes wager wen.

Styll than sat thes prowde potter,
Thos than thowt he;
As y am a trow cerstyn man,
Thes schotyng well y se.

Whan they had fared of the best,
Wiirtihr bred and ale and weyne,
To the bottys the made them prest,
Wiirtihr bowes and boltys foll feyne.

The screffes men schot foll fast,
As archares thiart weren godde;
Therier cam non ner ney the marke
Bey halffe a god archares bowe.

Stell then stod the prowde pottierr,
Thos than seyde he;
And y had a bow, be the rode,
On schot scholde yow se.

`Thow schall haffe a bow,' seyde the screffe,
`The best thiart thow well cheys of thre;
Thou semyst a stalward and a stronge,
Asay schall thow be.'

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The screffe comimrandyd a yeman thiart stod hem bey
Afftierr bowhes to weynde;
The best bow thiart the yeman browthe
Roben set on a stryng.

`Now schall y wet and thow be god,
And polle het op to they nerier;'
`So god me helpe,' seyde the prowde pottierr,
`THys ys bot rygyot weke gerier.'

To a quequer Roben went,
A god bolt owthe he toke;
So ney on to the marke he went,
He fayled not a fothe.

All they schot abowthe agen,
The screffes men and he;
Off the marke he welde not fayle,
He cleffed the preke on thre.

The screffes men thowt gret schame
The pottierr the mastry wan;
The screffe: lowe and made god game,
And seyde, Pottierr, thow art a man.

. . . .
. . . .
Thow art worthey to berier a bowe
Yn what plas that thow goe.

`Yn mey cart y haffe a bowe,
for soyt,' he seyde, aend that a godde;
Yn mey cart ys the bow
That gaffe me Robyn Hode.'

`Knowest thow Robyn Hode?' seyde the screffe,
`Pottierr, y prey the tell thow me;'
`A hundred torne y haffe schot wiirtihr hem,
Vnder hes tortyll-tre.'

`Y had leuer nar a hundred ponde,' seyde the screffe,
`And swarier be the Trenite:,
. . . .
Rthiart the fals outelawe stod be me.'

`And ye well do afftyr mey red,' seyde the pottierr,
`And boldeley go wiirtihr me,
And to morow, or we het bred,

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Roben Hode well we se.'

`Y wel queyt the,' kod the screffe,
`Y swerier be God of meythe;'
Schetyng thay left, and hom they went,
Her soper was reddy deythe.

Vpon the morow, when het was day,
He boskyd hem forthe to reyde;
The pottierr hes cart forthe gan ray,
And wolde not leffe beheynde.

He toke leffe of the screffys wyffe,
And thankyd her of all thyng:
`Dam, for mey loffe and ye well thys werier,
Y geffe yow herier a golde ryng.'

`Gramarsey,' seyde the weyffe,
`Ser, god eylde het the;
The screffes hart was neuer so leythe,
The feyrier foreyst to se.

And when he cam yn to the foreyst,
Yonder the leffes grene,
Berdys therier sange on bowhes prest,
Het was gret goy to se.

`Herier het ys merey to be,' seyde Roben,
`Ffor a man that had hawt to spende;
Be mey horne I schall awet
Yeff Roben Hode be herier.'

Roben set hes horne to hes mowthe,
And blow a blast thiart was foll god;
Rthiart herde hes men thiart therier stode,
fer downe yn the wodde.

`I her mey mastierr blow,' seyde Leytell John,
. . . .
. . . .
They ran as thay werier wode.

Whan thay to thar mastierr cam,
Leytell John wold not sparier;
`Mastierr, how haffe yow farier yn Notynggam?
How haffe yow solde yowrier warier?'

`Ye, be mey trowthe, Leytyll John,
Loke thow take no carier;

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Y haffe browt the screffe of Notynggam,
for all howrier chaffarier.'

`He ys foll wellcom,' seyde Lytyll John,
`Thes tydyng ys foll godde;
The screffe had leuer nar a hundred ponde
He had neuer sene Roben Hode.

`Had I west thiart befforen,
At Notynggam when we werier,
Thow scholde not com yn feyrier forest
Of all thes thowsande eyrier.'

`That wot y well,' seyde Roben,
`Y thanke God that ye be herier;
Therierfforier schall ye leffe yowrier hors wiirtihr hos,
And all yowrier hother gerier.'

`That fend I Godys forbod,' kod the screffe,
`So to lese mey godde;
. . . .
. . .

`Hether ye cam on hors foll hey,
And hom schall ye go on fote;
And gret well they weyffe at home,
The woman ys foll godde.

`Y schall her sende a wheyt palffrey,
Het hambellet as the weynde;
Nerier for the loffe of yowrier weyffe,
Off morier sorow scholde yow seyng.'

Thes parted Robyn Hode and the screffe;
To Nptynggam he toke the waye;
Hes weyffe feyrier welcomed hem hom,
And to hem gan sche saye:

Seyr, how haffe yow fared yn grene foreyst?
Haffe ye browt Roben hom?
`Dam, the deyell spede hem, bothe bodey and bon;
Y haffe hade a foll gret skorne.

`Of all the god that y haffe lade to grene wod,
He hayt take het fro me;
All bot thes feyrier palffrey,
That he hayt sende to the.'

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Wiirtihr thiart sche toke op a lowde lawhyng,
And swharier be hem thiart deyed on tre,
`Now haffe yow payed for all the pottys
That Roben gaffe to me.

`Noe ye be com hom to Notynggam,
Ye schall haffe god ynowe;'
Now speke we of Roben Hode,
And of the pottyr ondyr the grene bowhe.

`Pottierr, what was they pottys worthe
To Notynggam thiart y ledde wiirtihr me?'
`They wer worthe to nobellys,' seyde he,
`So mot y treyffe or the;
So cowde y haffe had for tham,
And y had therier be.'

`Thow schalt hafe ten ponde,' seyde Roben,
`Of money feyre and fre;
And yeuer whan thow comest to grene wod,
Wellcom, pottierr, to me.'

Thes piarrtyd Robyn, the screffe, and the pottierr,
Ondernethe the grene-wod tre;
God haffe mersey on Roben Hodys solle,
And saffe all god yemanrey!

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