



An Archer's Farewell

*The news arrived at last today
That Robin Hood is dead;
The surest hand to pull a bow
Lies still upon the ground.*

*My liege and lord commanded this --
The wolfshead's brutal death.
But I recall the archer's skill,
The shaft he split in two.*

*A wolfshead then, in Nottingham,
Yet on that field divine.
The padded paunch and snow-white beard
Hid nought the man within.*

*Disguised he was, in Nottingham,
Yet I'd ever know his mien;
I'll see no more the like of him:
His grace, and wit, and power.*

*My enemy, was he declared,
Outlawed against my King.
But I bow my head in memory
Of an archer without peer.*

-- Deborah M. Walsh