

Robin Hood and the Tenor

am G
Placido went out one summer morning
am em
for a walk in the merry green wood.
C am
To practise a song
D D7
that lasts twelve minutes long.
C am G
T'was there that he met Robin Hood.
C dm E am
Oh, it was there that he met Robin Hood.

»What fellow art though?« quoth bold Robin Hood,
»and what is this terrible noise?
In the woods far and near
all wild beasts shake with fear -
Pray don't tell me this is your voice!
Oh, pray don't tell me this is your voice!«

»Oh, I-hi-hi-hi a-ha-ha-ha-ham
a-te-he-he-he-he-ho-nor!
And I si-hi-hi-hing
that the valleys do ring!
Now go and disturb me no more!
Oh, now go and disturb me no more!«

»That never will be«, quoth bold Robin Hood,
»my forest is no place to wail.«
He bashed Placido's head
and the tenor was dead,
and this is the end of my tale.
Oh, and this is the end of my tale.