

The Outlandish Knight

An outlandish knight from the north lands came
And he came a wooing me
He promised he'd take me
unto the northern lands
And there he'd marry me

"Come fetch me some of your father's gold
And some of your mother's fee
And two of the best horses in
the stable
Where there stand thirty and three"

He mounted on the milk white steed
And she on the dappled gray
And they rode till they came to the salt
water side
An hour before the day

"Light off, light off your steed," he said
"And deliver it unto me
For six pretty maidens I have drowned
here
And you the seventh shall be

"Pull off, pull off thy silken gown,
And deliver it unto me;
Methinks it looks too rich and too gay
To rot in
the salt sea"

"Pull off, pull off thy silken stays,
And deliver it unto me;
Methinks they are too fine and gay
To rot in the
salt sea"

"Take off, take off your Holland smock
And deliver it unto me
For it is too fine and too rich a gear
To rot
with you under the sea"

"If I must take off my Holland smock
Then a turn your face from me
For it is not fitting that such a ruffian
A naked lady should see"

So he's turned his face away from her
To view the leaves so green
And she's caught him by the middle
so small
And she's tumbled him into the stream

Well he swam high and he swam low
Till he came unto the side
"Fetch hold of my hand you pretty fair
maid
And I will make you my bride"

"Lie there, lie there you false hearted man
Lie there instead of me
For if six pretty maidens you have
drowned there
The seventh one hath drowned thee"

She's mounted on the milk white steed
And she's led the dappled gray
And she's rode till she came to her
own father's hall
An hour before the day

The parrot being up in the window so high
And hearing the lady did say
"I'm afraid some ruffian has led
you astray
That you've tarried so long away"

"Don't prittle, don't prattle, my Pretty Polly
Nor tell any tales on me
And your cage shall be made of the
finest beaten gold
And the doors of the best ivory"

The king being sat in the window so high
And hearing the parrot did say
"What makes you cry out my
Pretty Polly
So long before the day"

"It's no laughing matter," the parrot, he said
"That makes me cry out to thee
For the cat he climbed in

the window so high And I feared he would harm me”

“Well done, well done, my Pretty Polly You have tuned your notes well to me Now your cage shall be made of the finest beaten gold And the doors of the best ivory”

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