


# The Outlandish Knight

(False Sir John)

$\text{♩} = 72$



1. An out-land-ish knight\_came from the north west, and he\_came woo-ing to me. He  
pro-mised to take me un - to the north land\_\_ and there would ma\_\_ rry me. He  
pro-mised to take me un - - to the north land\_\_ and there would ma\_\_ rry me

Variant:



2. 'Go fetch me some of your father's gold  
And some of your mother's fee,  
And two of the best nags out of the stable,  
Where there stands thirty and three.'
3. She mounted on her milk-white steed  
And he on the dapple grey,  
They rode till they came unto the seaside,  
Three hours before it was day.
4. 'Mount off, mount off thy milk-white steed  
And deliver it unto me,  
For six pretty maidens I have drowded here,  
And the seventh one thou shalt be.'
5. 'Pull off, pull off thy Holland smock,  
And deliver it unto me  
For I think it too rich and costly  
To rot all in the salt sea.'
6. 'Pull off, pull off thy silken gown  
And deliver it unto me.  
Methinks that's too rich and costly  
To rot all in the salt sea.'

7. 'If I must pull off my silken gown  
Pray turn your back on me  
For it's not fitting that such a ruffian  
A naked woman should see.'
8. He turned his back right unto her  
And gazed on the leaves so green.  
She caught him round the middle so small  
And plugged him into the stream.
9. He grooped [sic] high and he grooped low  
Until he came to the side.  
'Catch hold of my hand, my pretty Polly  
And I'll surely make thee my bride.'
10. 'Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted knight.  
Lie there instead of me.  
For six pretty maidens thou hast drowned here,  
But the seventh hath drowned thee.'
11. She mounted on the milk-white steed  
And led the dapple grey.  
She rode till she came to her own father's hall  
Three hours before it was day.
12. The parrot being up in the window so high  
And hearing his lady did say,  
'I fear that some ruffian hath led thee astray  
That you tarry so long before day.'
13. Her father being up in his chamber so high  
And hearing the parrot did say  
'What ails you, what ails you, my pretty Polly  
That you prattle so long before day?'
14. 'It's no laughing matter,' the parrot did say.  
'So loudly I cry unto thee.  
The cat has got up in the window so high  
And I was afraid he would have me.'
15. 'Well answered, well answered, my pretty Polly,  
Well answered thou back for me.  
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,  
And the door of the best ivory.'

Source: Sung by William Hands, Willersey, and learnt from his father 45 years previously.  
Collected by James Madison Carpenter between 1927 and 1935.