

The Outlandish Knight

$\text{♩} = 56$

1. An out-land-ish knight_came from the north west. He came_a-woo_ing me. He

said he would take me un - - to the north west, and there he would mar-ry me.

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 stand thirty and three.
3. She brought him some of her father's gold,
And some of her mother's fee,
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where there stood thirty and three.
4. She mounted on her lily-white steed.
He on the dapple grey.
They rode till they came unto the seaside
Three hours before it was day.
5. 'Mount off, mount off, thy lily-white steed
And deliver it unto me.
For six pretty maidens I have drowned here,
And the seventh thou shalt be.'
6. 'Take off, take off thy silken dress
And deliver it unto me.
For I thinks it looks too rich by far
to rot all in the salt sea.'
7. 'If I must take off my silken dress
Pray turn your back on me.
For it is not fitting that such a ruffian
A naked woman should see.'
8. He turned his back towards her
And viewed the lakes so green.
She caught him round the middle so small
And bundled him into the sea.
9. He growped [sic] high and he growped low
Until he came to the side.
'Take hold of my hand, my pretty lady
And I will make you my bride.'

10. 'Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man.
Lie there instead of me.
For it's six pretty maidens thou hast drowned here
And the seventh hath drowned thee.'
11. She mounted on her lily-white steed
And led the dapple grey.
She rode till she came to her own father's door
Three hours before it was day.
12. The parrot being up in the window so high
And seeing the lady did say,
'I fear that some ruffian hath led you astray
That you've tarried so long away.'
13. 'Don't prittle nor prattle my pretty Polly
Nor tell no tales of me.
Your cage shall be made of the glittering gold
Although it is made of a tree.'
14. The king 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?'
15. 'It's no laughing matter,' the parrot replied
'That so loudly I called unto thee,
For the cats have got into the window so high
And I'm afraid they will have me.'
16. 'Well turned, well turned, my pretty Polly.
Well turned, well turned for me.
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold
And the door of the best ivory.'

Source: Sung by Sarah Phelps, 7 Council Houses, Avening.
Collected by James Madison Carpenter between 1927 and 1935.