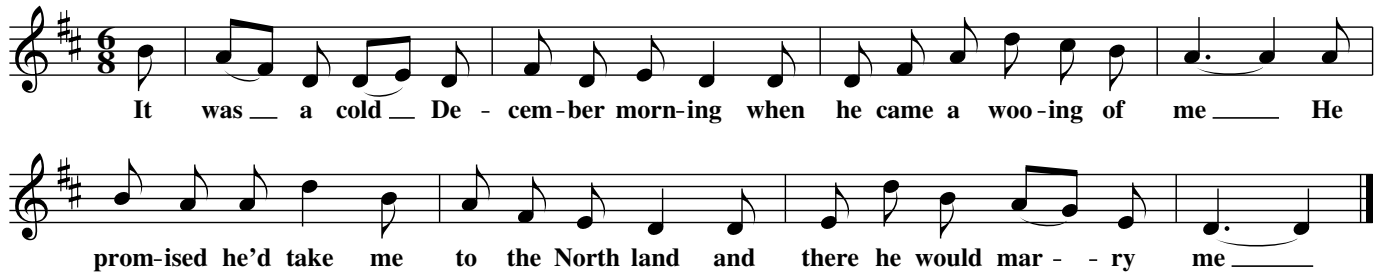


## The Outlandish Knight



The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the lyrics: "It was a cold De - cem - ber morn - ing when he came a woo - ing of me \_\_\_\_ He". The second staff contains the melody for the second line: "prom - ised he'd take me to the North land and there he would mar - - ry me \_\_\_\_". The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

Source: Tune and one verse collected by Cecil Sharp from Mrs Barnard (57), Mitcheldean September 6, 1921

The following verses are taken from the singing of Edward Warren, South Marston, Wilts, collected by Alfred Williams, who reported that the song was "very popular throughout the Thames Valley".

1. There was an outlandish knight,  
And he came wooing to me,  
He told me he'd take me to some northlands  
And there he would marry 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 they stand thirty and three."
3. I fetched him one of my father's gold,  
And some of my mother's fee,  
And two of the best nags out of the stable,  
Where they stood thirty and three.
4. I mounted on my milk-white steed  
And he on the dappled grey,  
We rode till we came unto the seaside  
Six hours before it was day.
5. "Light off, light off thy milk-white steed,  
And deliver it unto me;  
Six pretty maids have I drown'd here,  
And thou the seventh shall be."
6. "Pull off, pull off thy silken gown  
And deliver it unto me;  
For it is not fitting that such gay clothing  
Should rot in the salt, salt sea."
7. "Pull off, pull off thy silken stays,  
And deliver them unto me;  
For it is not fitting that such gay clothing  
Should rot in the salt, salt sea."
8. "Pull off, pull off thy holland smock  
And deliver it unto me;  
For it is not fitting that such gay clothing  
Should rot in the salt, salt sea."

9. "If I am to pull off my holland smock,  
Pray! turn your back towards me;  
For it is not fitting that such a ruffian  
A naked woman should see."
10. He turned his back upon me there,  
And viewed the leaves so green,  
I caught him round the middle so small,  
And tumbled him into the stream.
11. He floated high, he floated low,  
Until he came to the side -  
"Catch hold of my hand, my pretty fair lady  
And I will make thee my bride"
12. "Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,  
Lie there instead of me;  
For six pretty maidens hast thou drown'd here,  
But the seventh has drown'd thee."
13. I mounted on my milk-white steed,  
And led the dappled grey,  
And rode till I came to my father's house  
Three hours before it was day.
14. The parrot was perched high up in his cage,  
And hearing me enter did say,  
"What ails thee, what ails thee, my pretty fair lady?  
You're stirring so long before day."
15. "Don't prittle, don't prattle, my pretty poll parrot,  
Nor tell no tales of me;  
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,  
And the door of the best ivory
16. My father being up in his chamber so high  
And hearing the parrot, did say,  
"What ails thee, what ails thee, my pretty poll parrot?  
Thou'rt talking so long before day!"
17. "O master, O master," replied the old parrot,  
"It's no laughing matter!" cried he,  
"For the cat has just been and caught a poor mouse,  
And I'm afraid that he'll soon have me."
18. "Well turned, well turned my pretty poll parrot,  
Well turned, well turned for me!  
Now thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,  
And the door of the best ivory."