

# 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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