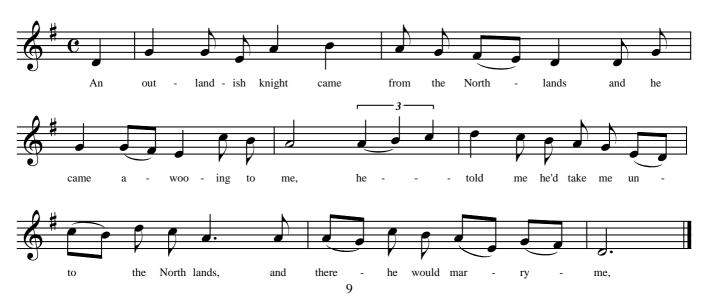
The Outlandish Knight - Mr Hilton



An Outlandish knight came from the North-lands and he came a-wooing to me,

he told me he'd take me unto the North-lands and there he would marry me.

2

Come 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 fetched 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 stand thirty and three.

4

She mounted on her milk white steed he on the dapple grey;

they rode till they came to the sea side three hours before it was day.

5

Light off, light off thy milk white steed and deliver it unto me,

for six pretty maids have I drowned here and thou the seventh shall be.

6

Pull off, pull off thy silken clothes and deliver them unto me, methinks they look too rich and gay to rot all in the salt sea.

7

If I must put off my silken clothes, 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 leaves so green; she caught him round the middle so small and bundled him into the stream He groped high and he groped low until he came to the side,

'Catch 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;

six pretty maidens have you drowned here and the seventh has drowned thee.'

11

She mounted on her 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 in the window so high and hearing the lady did say,

'I'm afraid that some ruffian has led you astray that you've tarried so long away'.

13

'Don't prittle or prattle ny pretty Polly, nor tell no tales of me;

they cage shall be made of the glittering gold although it is made of a tree'.

14

The king being 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 did say, 'that so loudly I call to thee,

for the cats have got into the window so high and I'm afraid that they'll 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'.