

The Outlandish Knight - Mr Hilton

An out - land - ish knight came from the North - lands and he
 came a - woo - ing to me, he - - - told me he'd take me un -
 to the North lands, and there - he would mar - ry - me,

1
 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

9
 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'.