

# 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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