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THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT

Collected and arranged by
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Moderato

VOICE

1. An out-land-ish knight came from the north lands, And he came woo-ing to
 off, light off thy milk - white steed; De - liv-er it up un-to
 cut thou a - way the brim-bles so sharp, The brim-bles from off— the

PIANO

p

me; ————— He said he would take me to for - eign lands, And
 me; ————— For six pret-ty maid - ens have I ——— drown'd here, And
 brim; ————— That they may not tan - gle my cur - ly locks, Nor

there he would mar - ry me. 2. Go fetch me some of your
 thou — the sev-enth shall be. 5. Doff off, doff off thy
 scratch my lil - y - white skin. 8. He turn-ed a - round his

cresc.

fa - ther's gold, And some of your moth - er's fee, _____ And
 silk - en things, De - liv - er them up un - to me; _____ I
 back to her And bent down o - ver the brim. _____ She

two of the best nags from out of the sta - ble, Where there stand thir - ty and
 think that they look — too rich and too gay To rot — all in the salt
 caught him a - round — the mid - dle so small And bun - dled him in - to the

three. 3. She mount - ed up - on her milk-white steed, And he on his dap - ple
 sea. 6. If I must doff off my silk - en things, Pray turn thy back un - to
 stream. 9. He drop - ped high, he drop - ped low, Un - til he came to the

grey;— They rode till they came— un - to the sea - side, Three
 me;— For it is not fit - ting that such a ruf - fian A
 side;— Catch hold of my hand,— my fair pret - ty maid, And

Four times *Last time*
 hours be - fore it was day. 4. Light
 na - ked wo - man should see.. 7. And
 thee I will make— my bride. 10. Lie - ry—

10.

Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,
 Lie there instead of me;
 For six pretty maidens hast thou a-drowned here,
 The seventh hath drown-ed thee.

11.

She mounted on her milk-white steed,
 And led the dapple-grey;
 She rode till she came to her father's house,
 Three hours before it was day.

12.

The parrot hung in the window so high,
 And heard what the lady did say:
 What ails thee, what ails thee, my pretty lady,
 You've tarried so long away?

13.

The king he was up in his bed-room so high,
 And heard what the parrot did say:
 What ails thee, what ails thee, my pretty Polly,
 You prattle so long before day?

14.

It's no laughing matter, the parrot did say,
 That loudly I call unto thee;
 For the cat has a-got in the window so high,
 I fear that she will have me.

15.

Well turn-ed, well turned, my pretty Polly;
 Well turned, well turn-ed for me;
 Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
 And the door of the best ivory.