

# OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.



W Printer,  
Liverpool.

An Outlandish Knight came from the north lands,  
And he came a wooing me,  
He told me he'd take me unto the north lands,  
And there he would marry me.

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 stood thirty and three.

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 stood thirty and three.

She mounted on her milk-white steed,  
He on the dapple grey,  
They rode to till they came to the sea side,  
Three hours before it was day.

Light off, light off thy milk-white steed,  
And deliver it unto me,  
Six pretty maids have I drowned here,  
And the seventh you shall be.

Pull off, pull off thy silken gown,  
And deliver it unto me,  
Methinks it looks too rich and gay,  
To rot in the salt sea.

Pull off, pull off thy silken stays,  
And deliver them unto me,  
Methinks they are too rich and gay,  
To rot in the salt sea.

Pull off, pull off thy Holland smock,  
And deliver it unto me,  
Methinks it looks too rich and gay,  
To rot in the salt sea.

If I must pull off my Holland smock,  
Pray turn thy back unto me,  
For it is not fitting such a ruffian,  
A naked woman should see,

He turned, he turned his back unto me,  
And viewed the leaves so green,  
She caught him round the middle so small,  
And tumbled him into the stream.

He dropped high and he dropped low,  
Until he came to the side,  
Catch hold of my hand my pretty Pelly,  
And I will make you my bride.

So 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.

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.

The parrot being in the window high,  
And hearing the lady did say,  
I'm afraid some ruffian has led you astray,  
That you have tarried so long away.

Don't prattle nor prattle my pretty parrot,  
Nor tell no tales of me,  
Thy cage shall be made of glittering gold,  
Although it is made of a tree.

The King being in his chamber so high,  
And hearing the parrot did say,  
What ails you, what ails you my pretty parrot,  
That you prattle so long before day.

It's no laughing matter the parrot did say,  
That so loudly I call unto thee,  
For the cats have got into the window so high,  
And I'm afraid they will have me,

Well turned, well turned my pretty parrot,  
Well turned, well turned for me,  
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,  
And the door of the best ivory.

## THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard—nor a funeral note,  
As our course to the ramparts we hurried,  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,  
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly; at dead of night,  
The sods our bayonets turning,  
By the glimmering moon-beam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in cloak we wound him;  
But he lay (like a warrior taking his rest)  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spake not a word in sorrow,  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought on the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
How the foe and the stranger might tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,  
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
When the clock told the hour for retiring,  
And we heard by the distant and random gun,  
That the fog was suddenly firing,

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;  
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone to his glory;

