

The Lord From the West

There was a lord lived in the West, A lord of high degree. He
said if I would come to the sea-side that he would marry with me.

Go get 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 stand thirty and three.

She got 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 stood thirty and three.

She mounted on the noble brown
And he on the dapple grey
And they rode till they came to the salt seaside
Three hours before it was day.

"Light off, light off the nut-brown steed
And deliver it unto me,
For six pretty maidens I have drowned here;
The seventh one you shall be.

"Take off, take off that silken gown
And deliver it unto me,
For I'm sure it is too rich and gay
To rot all in the salt sea."

"If I must take off my silken gown
Pray turn your back to me,
For it is a pity for a ruffian like you
An undressed lady to see."

Then as he turned his back around
So bitterly she did weep,
She seized him around the middle so small
And she tumbled him into the deep.

"Lie there, lie there, you ruffian," she cried,
Lie there instead of me.
For if six pretty maidens you have drowned here
The seventh will now drown thee."

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He drooped high, he drooped low
Till he came to the side.
“Oh, give me your hand, my pretty Polly,
And I will make you my bride.”

“Lie there, lie there, you ruffian,” she cried,
“Lie there instead of me.
For if six pretty maidens you have drowned here
The seventh has now drowned thee.”

She mounted on the nut-brown steed
And led the dapple grey
She rode till she came to her father’s hall
Two long hours before it was day.

The parrot being up in the window so high
It unto her did say,
“Oh, where have you been, my pretty Polly,
So long before it is day?”

Her father being up in his chamber so high
These words to her did say,
“Oh, why do you chatter, my pretty Poll-Parrot,
So long before it is day?”

“The cat was around and about my cage
I could not chase her away,
So, I called unto Miss Pretty Polly
To drive the old cat away.”

“Well turned, well turned, my pretty parrot,
You tell no tales on me,
And your cage it shall be of the glittering gold
And the door of the best ivory.