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The Wandering Boy

Henry Kirk White

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THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT

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,

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 they stood thirty and three.

She fetched him some of her father's gold,
And some of the mother's fee,
And two of the best nags out of the stable
Where they stood thirty and three.

She mounted on her milk white steed,
He on the dapple grey,
They rode till they came unto 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 thou 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 them unto me,
Methinks they are too fine and gay
To rot in the salt sea.

Pull off, pull off thy Hollana 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 back unto me,
For it is not fitting that such a ruffian,
A naked woman should see,

He turned his back towards her,
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,
O-uch hold of my hand my pretty Polly,
And I will make you my bride,

Was 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 own father's house
Three hours before it was day.

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 have tarried so long away.

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

The King being in the 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,
But so loudly I call unto thee.
For the cats have got into the window so high,
And I am 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 WANDERING BOY

Written by Henry Kirk White, and sung by Master Freyer, at
the London Concert.

When the winter winds whistle along the wild moor,
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door,
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye
How hard is the fate of the wandering boy.

The winter is cold, I have no place of rest,
And my heart is as cold as it blows in my face;
No father, no mother, no kindred have I,
For I am a parentless wandering boy.

Yet I had a home, and I once had a sire,
A mother who granted each infant desire
Our cottage it stood in a wood embower'd vale,
When the ring dove would warble its sorrowful tale,
But my father and mother were summon'd away,
And they left me to hard hearted strangers a prey;
I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,
And now I am left a poor wandering boy.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,
And no one will list to my innocent tale;
I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,
And death shall befriend the poor wandering boy.