

Lady Isabel And The Elf Knight

Child Ballad 4

 C Dm C Dm
There was a Lord in London town,
 F G7 C
He courted a lady gay,
 F G7 C Am
And all that he courted this lady for
 Dm C Dm
Was to take her sweet life away.

Come give to me of your father's gold,
Likewise your mother's fee,
And two of the best horses in your father's stable,
For there stand thirty and three.

She mounted on her milk-white steed,
And he the fast-traveling grey,
They rode till he came to the seashore side,
Three hours before it was day.

Alight, alight, my pretty Polly,
Alight, alight, said he,
For six pretty maids I have drowned here,
And you the seventh shall be.

Now take off your silken dress,
Likewise your golden stay,
For I think your clothing too rich and too gay
To rot all in the salt sea.

Yes, I'll take off my silken dress,
Likewise my golden stay,
But before I do so, you false young man,
You must face yon willow tree.

Then he turned his back around
And faced yon willow tree,
She caught him around the middle so small
And threw him into the sea.

And as he rose and as he sank,
And as he rose, said he,
Oh, give me your hand, my pretty Polly,
My bride forever you'll be.

Lie there, lie there, you false young man,
Lie there instead of me,
For six pretty maids you've drowned here,
And the seventh one has drowned thee.

She lighted on her milk-white steed
And led the fast-traveling grey,
And rode till she came to her father's house
One hour before it was day.

The parrot in the garret so high
And unto pretty Polly did say,
What's the matter, my pretty Polly,
You're driving before it is day?

No tales, no tales, my pretty Polly,
No tales, no tales, said she.

**Your cage will be made of the glittering gold,
And yours of ivory.**

**No tales, no tales, my pretty Polly,
No tales, no tales, said she.
Your cage will be made of the glittering gold,
And hung on yon willow tree.**