The Outlandish Knight Bellowhead

http://www.bellowhead.co.	uk/
C Dm	C Dm
Lady Margaret she sits in F G7 C	her bower sewing
Ma-ba and the lilly ba	
F G7 When she saw the knight w	C Am
Dm C	Dm
On the very first morning	of May
C Dm	C Dm
Oh I wish that I had that F G7 C	horn I hear blowing
Ma-ba and the lilly ba	
F G7 And that young knight to	C Am
Dm C	Dm
On the very first morning	of May.
C Dm	C Dm
Now the lady she had thes	
F G7 C	-
Ma-ba and a lilly ba	
F G7	C Am
When in at her window the Dm C	knight come a jumping Dm
On the very first morning	
	C Dm
Oh strange it is, oh stra F G7 C	nge young woman
Ma-ba and the lilly ba	
F G7	C Am
_	since I hear you a-calling
Dm C	Dm of Marr
On the very first morning	or may
C Dm	C Dm
Go fetch you gold from yo	ur father's table
F G7 C Deliver it unto me	
F G7	C Am
And the fastest horses in	your father's stable
Dm C	Dm
Where there sat thirty an	d three

C Dm C Dm	1
So he's mounted him on the black black ho F G7 C	orse
And sheâ \in ^M s rode the dapple grey	
F G7 C And they rode til they came to the broad se	Am a-shore
Dm C Dm	51101 0
Just three hours before it was day	
C Dm C Dm	
Lie down, lie down off your horse he says F G7 C	
And deliver it up to me	
F G7 C Am	
For it's six pretty maids I have drowned Dm C Dm	Here
And the seventh one you shall be	
C Dm C Dm	
Take off, take off all your clothes he said F G7 C	
And deliver them unto me	
F G7 C Am	
For they are far too fine and costly robes Dm C Dm	
For to rot in the salt of the sea	
C Dm C Dm	
Lie down, lie down off your horse she said F G7 C	
And turn your back unto me	
F G7 C Am For it's not fitting that any gentleman	
Dm C Dm	
A naked lady should see	
C Dm C	Dm
So he's lighted him down off his horse so F G7 C	high
And he's turned onto she	
F G7 C A And she's catched around the middle so sm	m nall
Dm C Dm	ICLI
And sheâ \in ^m s tumbled him all down in the sea	ı
C Dm C Dm	
Sometimes he sank, sometimes he swam F G7 C	
And it's ma-ba and the lilly ba	
F G7 C Am	
Oh help, oh help me pretty mistress Dm C Dm	
Or drowned I shall be	

C Dm C Dm
Lie there lie there oh you false young man
F G7 C
Lie there instead of me
_
For it's six pretty maids you have drowned there
Dm C Dm
And the seventh one has drowned thee
C Dm C Dm
So she's mounted her on the black black horse
F G7 C
And she's led the dapple grey
F G7 C Am
And she rode til she came to her father's house
Dm C Dm
An hour before it was day
C Dm C Dm
A parrot sitting up at her window side
F G7 C
It's ma-ba and the lilly ba
F G7 C Am
Oh where have you been my pretty mistress
Dm C Dm
An hour before it is day
C Dm C Dm
C Dm C Dm
C Dm C Dm Don't you prattle don't you prattle my pretty polly
Donâ \in ™t you prattle donâ \in ™t you prattle my pretty polly F G7 C
Don't you prattle don't you prattle my pretty polly F G7 C Don't you tell the tales on me
Donâ \in ™t you prattle donâ \in ™t you prattle my pretty polly F G7 C
Don't you prattle don't you prattle my pretty polly F G7 C Don't you tell the tales on me
Don't you prattle don't you prattle my pretty polly F G7 C Don't you tell the tales on me F G7 C Am And your cage shall be made of the best glittering gold
Don't you prattle don't you prattle my pretty polly F G7 Don't you tell the tales on me F G7 C Am And your cage shall be made of the best glittering gold Dm C Dm
Don't you prattle don't you prattle my pretty polly F G7 C Don't you tell the tales on me F G7 C Am And your cage shall be made of the best glittering gold
Don't you prattle don't you prattle my pretty polly F G7 Don't you tell the tales on me F G7 C Am And your cage shall be made of the best glittering gold Dm C Dm
Don't you prattle don't you prattle my pretty polly F G7 C Don't you tell the tales on me F G7 C Am And your cage shall be made of the best glittering gold Dm C Dm And your perch of the best ivory
Don't you prattle don't you prattle my pretty polly F G7 C Don't you tell the tales on me F G7 C Am And your cage shall be made of the best glittering gold Dm C Dm And your perch of the best ivory C Dm C Dm
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Don't you prattle don't you prattle my pretty polly F G7 C Don't you tell the tales on me F G7 C Am And your cage shall be made of the best glittering gold Dm C Dm And your perch of the best ivory C C Dm But her father sitting up at his window side F G7 C On hearing the parrot he did say F G7 C Am Oh what is the matter my pretty polly Dm C Dm That you cry so long before day? C And it's ma-ba and the lilly ba F G7 C Am And I was calling my pretty mistress