

The Baffled Knight

James Beale

Collected by Cecil Sharp, Warehorne, 23rd September 1908

Cecil Sharp MSS, Folk Words CJS2/9/1783, Folk Tunes CJS2/10/1927

Roud 11

Twas of a shep-herd's son, kept sheep all on the hill, And
he went out one May morn- ing To see what he could kill, And it's
stroll aw- ay the morn- ing dew, Blow the winds I- ho
Stroll a- way the morn- ing dew How sweet the winds do blow

1. 'Twas of a shepherd's son

Keep sheep all on the hill

And he went out one May morning

To see what he could kill

Chorus:

And it's stroll away the morning dew

Blow the winds I-ho

Stroll. away the morning dew

How sweet the winds do blow.

2. He look-ed high he look-ed low,

He gave an underlook

And then he saw a pretty maid

A-swimming in the brook

3. O do not touch my mantle
Pray leave my clothes alone
But take me out of the water
And convey me to my home
4. As they were riding along the road
They came to some cocks of hay
Saying: This is a pretty place
For men and maids to play.
5. My father keeps a bantam cock
He would not tread the hen
He flutters his wings and crows
Saying I think you're one of them.
6. O take me to my father's house
And you may sit me down
And you shall have my maidenhead
And fifteen hundred pound.
7. When she got to her father's house
She step-ped boldly in
Saying: You are a fool without delay
And I'm a maid within.
8. So you meet any pretty girl
And your father in the town
O never mind her squalling
Or the rumpling of her gown.