Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight

There was a lord in London town,
He courted a lady gay,
And all that he courted this lady for,
Was to take her sweet life away.

"Come give to me your father's gold,
Likewise your mother's fee,
And two of the best horses in your stable,
For soon my bride you will be."

She mounted on the noble brown,
And her on the fine dappled grey,
They rode til they came to the broad waterside,
Three hours before it was day.

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

"And now, take off your silken gown,
Take off your ribbons," said he,
"For I think your clothing too rich and too gay,
To rot all in the salt sea."

"Yes, I'll take off my silken gown,
Likewise, my red ribbons three,
But before I do so, you false-hearted man,
You must face yon willow tree."

So then he turned his back around,
And faced yon willow tree,
And with all the strength that the fair lady had,
She pushed him into the sea.

She mounted on her noble steed,
And led the fine dappled grey,
And rode til she came to her father's hall,
One hour before it was day.

The parrot in the garret so high,
Unto the fair lady did say,
"O! what is the matter, my fair Isabel?
You're riding 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,
The door of fine 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."