

The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry (Child 113)

- 1 AN eartly nourris sits and sing,
 And aye she sings, Ba, lily wean!
Little ken I my bairnis father,
 Far less the land that he staps in. 5
- 2 Then ane arose at her bed-fit,
 An a grumly guest I 'm sure was he:
'Here am I, thy bairnis father,
 Although that I be not comelie. 10
- 3 'I am a man, upo the lan,
 An I am a silkie in the sea;
And when I 'm far and far frae lan,
 My dwelling is in Sule Skerrie.' 15
- 4 'It was na weel,' quo the maiden fair,
 'It was na weel, indeed,' quo she,
'That the Great Silkie of Sule Skerrie
 Suld hae come and aught a bairn to me.' 20
- 5 Now he has taen a purse of goud,
 And he has pat it upo her knee,
Sayin, Gie to me my little young son,
 An tak thee up thy nourris-fee. 25
- 6 An it sall come to pass on a simmer's day,
 When the sin shines het on evera stane,
That I will tak my little young son,
 An teach him for to swim the faem.
- 7 An thu sall marry a proud gunner,
 An a proud gunner I 'm sure he 'll be,
An the very first schot that ere he schoots,
 He 'll schoot baith my young son and me. 30