

## 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.
- 2 Then ane arose at her bed-fit, 5  
An a grumly guest I 'm sure was he:  
'Here am I, thy bairnis father,  
Although that I be not comelie.
- 3 'I am a man, upo the lan,  
An I am a silkie in the sea; 10  
And when I 'm far and far frae lan,  
My dwelling is in Sule Skerrie.'
- 4 'It was na weel,' quo the maiden fair,  
'It was na weel, indeed,' quo she,  
'That the Great Silkie of Sule Skerrie 15  
Suld hae come and aught a bairn to me.'
- 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. 20
- 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, 25  
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.