

## The Laily Worm and the Machrel of the Sea (Child 36)

- 1 'I WAS but seven year auld  
When my mither she did die;  
My father married the ae warst woman  
The warld did ever see.
- 2 'For she has made me the laily worm,  
That lies at the fit o the tree,  
An my sister Masery she 's made  
The machrel of the sea.
- 3 'An every Saturday at noon  
The machrel comes to me,  
An she takes my laily head  
An lays it on her knee,  
She kaims it wi a siller kaim,  
An washes 't in the sea.
- 4 'Seven knights hae I slain,  
Sin I lay at the fit of the tree,  
An ye war na my ain father,  
The eight ane ye should be.'
- 5 'Sing on your song, ye laily worm,  
That ye did sing to me:'  
'I never sung that song but what  
I would it sing to thee.
- 6 'I was but seven year auld,  
When my mither she did die;  
My father married the ae warst woman  
The warld did ever see.
- 7 'For she changed me to the laily worm,  
That lies at the fit o the tree,  
And my sister Masery  
To the machrel of the sea.
- 8 'And every Saturday at noon  
The machrel comes to me,  
An she takes my laily head

An lays it on her knee,  
An kames it wi a siller kame,  
An washes it i the sea.

- 9 'Seven knights hae I slain,  
Sin I lay at the fit o the tree,  
An ye war na my ain father,  
The eighth ane ye shoud be.'
- 10 He sent for his lady,  
As fast as send could he:  
'Whar is my son that ye sent frae me,  
And my daughter, Lady Masery?'
- 11 'Your son is at our king's court,  
Serving for meat an fee,  
An your daughter 's at our queen's court,  
. . . . .'
- 12 'Ye lie, ye ill woman,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lie;  
My son 's the laily worm,  
That lies at the fit o the tree,  
And my daughter, Lady Masery,  
Is the machrel of the sea!'
- 13 She has tane a siller wan,  
An gien him strokes three,  
And he has started up the bravest knight  
That ever your eyes did see.
- 14 She has taen a small horn,  
An loud an shrill blew she,  
An a' the fish came her untill  
But the proud machrel of the sea:  
'Ye shapeit me ance an unseemly shape,  
An ye 's never mare shape me.'
- 15 He has sent to the wood  
For whins and for hawthorn,  
An he has taen that gay lady,  
An there he did her burn.