

Adria, The Great Silkie

An earthly nurse sits and sings
And aye she sings of lily-wean
Saying "Little ken I my bairn's father
Far less the land that he comes from";
So he came one night to her bed feet
And a grumbly guest I'm sure was he
Saying "Here am I thy bairn's father
Although I be not comely";
And he had taken a purse of gold
And he had placed it on her knee
Saying "Give to me my little young son
And take thee up thy nurse's fee
For I am a man upon the land
And I am a Silkie on the sea
And when I'm far and far from land
My home it is in Sule Skerry
For it shall come to pass on a summer's day
When the sun shines bright on every stone
I'll come and fetch my little young son
And teach him how to swim the foam
And ye shall marry a gunner good
And a right fine gunner I'm sure he'll be
And the very first shot that ever he shoots
Will kill both my young son and me
For I am a man upon the land
And I am a Silkie on the sea
And when I'm far and far from land
My home it is in Sule Skerry";