

Mediaeval Baebes, The "Summerisle"

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In the woods there grew a tree
A fine, fine tree was he
On that tree there was a limb
And on that limb there was a branch
On that branch there was a nest
And in that nest there was an egg
In that egg there was a bird
And from that bird a feather came
Of that feather was a bed
On that bed there was a girl
And on that girl there was a man
From that man there was a seed
And from that seed there was a boy
From that boy there was a man
And for that man there was a grave
On that grave there grew a tree

In Summerisle, Summerisle, Summerisle, Summerisle,
Summerisle

On that tree there was a limb
And on that limb there was a branch
On that branch there was a nest
And in that nest there was an egg
In that egg there was a bird
And from that bird a feather came
Of that feather was a bed

In Summerisle, Summerisle, Summerisle, Summerisle,
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And on that girl there was a man
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From that boy there was a man
For that man there was a grave
From that grave there grew a tree

