Her mother died when she was young, which gave her cause to make great moan; her father married the worst woman that ever lived in Christendom.

She served her with foot and hand, in everything that she could do; till once, in an unlucky time, she threw her into Craigy’s sea.

Says, “Lie there, dove Isabel, and all my sorrows lie with you; till Kemp Owyne comes over the sea, and gives you kisses three, let all the world do what they will, oh, borrowed shall you never be.”

Her breath grew strong, her hair grew long, and twisted thrice around the tree, and all the people, far and near, thought that a savage beast was she. this news did come to Kemp Owyne, where he lived far beyond the sea.

He hastily went to Craigy’s sea, and on the savage beast looked he; her breath was strong, her hair was long, and was twisted around the tree, and with a swing she came around: “Come to Craigy’s sea, and kiss me.

“Here is a royal belt,” she cried, “That I have found in the green sea; and while your body it is on, drawn your blood shall never be; but if you touch me, tail or fin, I vow my belt your death shall be.”

He stepped in, gave her a kiss, the royal belt he brought with him; her breath was strong, her hair was long, and was twisted around the tree,
and with a swing she came around:
“Come to Craigy’s sea, and kiss me.

“Here is a royal ring,” she cried,
“That I have found in the green sea;
and while your finger it is on,
drawn your blood shall never be;
but if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my ring your death shall be.”

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
the royal ring he brought with him;
her breath was strong, her hair was long,
and was twisted around the tree,
and with a swing she came around:
“Come to Craigy’s sea, and kiss me.

“Here is a royal brand,” she cried,
“That I have found in the green sea;
and while your body it is on,
drawn your blood shall never be;
but if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my brand your death shall be.”

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
the royal brand he brought with him;
her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
and did not twist around the tree,
and smilingly she came around:
as fair a woman as fair can be.