

The Grey Selchie

Solas

In Norwa there sits a maid
"Byloo, my baby," she begins
"Little know I my child's father
For if land or sea he's living in"

Then there arose at her bed feet
A grumbly guest, I'm sure it was he
Saying, "Here am I, thy child's father
Although that I am not comely

I am a man upon the land
I am a selchie in the sea
And when I am in my own country
My dwelling is in Suleskerry"

Then he had taken a purse of gold
And he hath put it upon her knee
Saying, "Give to me my little wee son
And take thee up thy nurse's fee

It shall come to pass on a summer's day
When the sun shines hot on every stone
That I shall take my little wee son
And teach him for to swim in the foam

You will marry a gunner good
And a proud good gunner I'm sure he will be
But he'll go out on a May morning
And kill both my wee son and me"

Loath she did marry a gunner good
And a proud good gunner, I'm sure it was he
The very first shot that he did shoot
He killed the son and the gray selchie

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