

**The Play O'De Lathie Odivere**  
(adapted by Kate Fletcher  
and Corwen Broch)

**Part I**

In Norraway a lady lived  
A bonny lass with gold in store  
And it was truly sung and said  
She was a lady sweet and fair

They came from east and west in pride  
And some came sailing o'er the sea  
All to win her for a bride  
But never a bride would the lady be

She bad them go home and mend their clothes  
That they had worn in coming so far  
She called them fools, she called them fleas  
Set stooks on them and gave them a scare

There was a man both stout and strong  
And he was named Odivere  
He loved the sword, he loved the song  
But aye he loved the lasses more

This Odivere fell on his knee  
And vowed a vow upon his life  
And swore by him that hung on tree  
To make this lady fair his wife

He's courted her, he's wedded her  
And they were blithe and blissful both  
And aye he bragged near and far  
He won his wife by Odin's oath

He's left her in his boorly hall  
A grieving sore that doleful day  
To Holy Land he's gone away  
The muckle pagan loons to slay

As he came back from God's own land  
In Micklegard he bade a while  
And foy's and feichtins had to hand  
For ladies fair did him beguile

At Micklegard he tarried long  
Black sight on him, for biding there!  
While sat in dole her maids among  
With tearful eye his lady fair

**THE PLAY O' DE LATHIE ODIVERE.**  
(original text)

**First Fit.**

In Norawa a lathie bed,  
A bonnie lass in muckle gare ;  
An' hid wus soothly sung an' said,  
Shii wus a lathie sweet an' fair.

They cam fae aest an' west i' pride,  
An' some cam sailan ower de sea ;  
An' a' tae win her for a bride ;  
Bit never a bride wade de lathie be

Shii bad dem gang heeme an' mend deir clais,  
Dat dey had worn in comin' sae far ;  
Shii ca'd dem fills, shii ca'd dem flaes,  
Set stooks on dem, an' gae dem a skar.

Der wis a man baith stoor an' strang,  
An' he wus neemed Odivere ;  
He lo'ed de sword, he lo'ed de sang,  
Bit aye he lo'ed de lasses mair.

Dis Odivere fell on his knee,  
An' vooed a voo apo' his life,  
An' swore bae Him dat hang on tree,  
Tae mak dis lathie fair his wife.

He's coorted her, he's waded her ;  
An' dey wiir blyth an' blissfu' baith ;  
An' aye he bragged near an' far,  
He wan his wife bae Odin's aith.

He's left her i' his boorly ha',  
A greetan sare dat dolefu' day ;  
Tae Guthaland he's geen awa',  
Dae muckle pagan loons tae slay.

As he cam back fae Guthaland  
F Muckle Gerth he bed a while ;  
An' foy's an' feichtins hed tae hand  
For lathies fair dud him beguile.

At muckle Gerth he terried lang,  
Black sight on him, for biddan dare !  
While sat i' dool her maids amang  
Wi' tearfu' ee his lathie fair.

And oft she bonnied herself so bright  
And oft her golden hair would comb  
And then look o'er the castle wall  
To see her own good man come home

And aye she looked and waited long  
For many a dowie day and year  
But Odivere he did not come  
Nor word of Odie did she hear.

## **Part II**

One evening in the murky dark  
A stately knight came to her hall  
Full loud he knocked upon the gate  
And loudly at the gate did call

A boon, a boon! You porter loon  
Bed me this night within your hall  
My journey's long, the night is dark  
And home and holding far away

Begone begone, away away!  
To bed you here that may not be  
No stranger lives within this hall  
While my good lord's beyond the sea

Unless you'd feel the weight of my hand  
Go tell your lady mistress fair  
That I have come from Gothaland  
And bear her word of Odivere

The gate was opened at his word  
And boldly strode he in the hall  
And the women all around him said  
A stouter knight they never saw

And he's taken off his silken cap  
And he's gone down upon his knee  
And he's laid a gold ring on the ladies lap  
That she was very glad to see

A token from thy husband dear  
I bring to thee my lady fair  
I left him well in jolly cheer  
They call him now Sir Odivere

And well he wins his knight's degree  
By slaying many a soldier strong  
And making hosts of pagans flee  
Before his sword so sharp and long

An' aft shii boonied hersel sae bra',  
An' aft her gouden hair wad keem,  
An' dan luk ower de castle wa\*  
Tae see her ain gude-man co' heem.

An' aye shii looked an' lipened lang,  
For minay a dowie day an' year;  
Bit Odivere, he dud no come,  
Nor word o' Oddie could shii hear.

## **Second Fit.**

Ae enen i' de mirkin o'd,  
A stately knight cam tae her ha' ;  
Fu lood he chapped on de yet  
An' loodly at de yet diid ca'.

" A boon, a boon ! ye porter loon,  
Bed me this nicht within your ha',  
Me vista's lang, the night is mirk,  
An' heem an' haudin far awa'."

"Begone, begone, awa, awa !  
Tae bed ye here that may no' be ;  
Nae stranger sleeps within dis ha,  
While my gude lord's ayont de sea."

" Gin ye wad no find de weight o' me hand,  
Gae tell your lathie mistress fair,  
Dat I hae come fae Guthaland,  
An' bare her word o' Odivere."

De yet was apened at his word,  
An' baldly strode he i' de ha';  
An\* de wemen roon him said,  
A stoorer knight dey never saw.

An' he's taen aff his silken cap,  
An' he's geen doon apo his knee,  
An\* he's laid a goud ring on de lathie's lap,  
Dat shli was unco fain tae see.

" A token fae dee husband dear,  
I bring tae dee mae lathie fair ;  
I left him weel, i' jolly cheer;  
Dey ca' him noo, Sir Odivere.

" An' weel he's win his knight's degree,  
Bae slaying miny a soldier stoor,  
An' mackan hosts o' pagans flee,  
Afore his sword sae sharp an' door."

When she the golden ring had seen  
She took no heed of what he said  
But drew her kerchief o'er her eyes  
And the colour from her fair face fled

But soon her bonny face grew bright  
And blithely blinked her bonny eye  
Rise up, rise up you valiant knight  
For uncommon good you bring to me

A stately banquet in the hall  
Put out the best of blood red wine  
With plenty of all that's brave and good  
That this brave knight full well may dine

And many a tale he told that night  
Of tourneys fought for ladies fair  
And all about that worthy knight  
In Gothaland, Sir Odivere

He hinted though he never said,  
and skirted aye in every tale  
That Odivere was a roving blade  
And liked the lasses over well

And when the feast was fairly done  
And all the servants gone to bed  
And the two of them were left alone  
The lady to the stranger said:

“Why bring you back that golden ring  
That brings to me sore dole and pain  
That minds me of the blithesome days  
When I of thee was over fain?”

“You know fair dame, to me so dear  
Long since you gave that ring to me  
And on this ring in the moonlight clear  
You swore forever mine to be”

And I in sorrow have gone since then  
A lonely man on land and sea  
And never a face have I seen but thine  
That I could bear my wife to be”

“Away, away, you false tongued knight  
Your words will work me muckle strife  
Full well you know what sundered us  
It was the dowie Odin's oath”

Whin shii de gouden ring hed seen,  
Shii tuk nae tent o' what he said ;  
Bit drew her kerchief ower her een ;  
An' colour fae hir fair face fled.

Bit syne her bonnie face grew bright,  
An' blithely blinked her bonnie ee.  
" Rise up, rise up, ye valyent knight,  
For uncons gude ye bring tae me.

" A stately biilie i' de ha',  
Poo oot de best o' blude reed wine,  
Wi' futh o' a' dats gude an' bra',  
Dat dis brave knight fu' weel may dine."

An' miny a teel he tald dat nicht,  
O' tulyes faucht for lathies fair ;  
An' a' aboot dat worthy wight,  
I' Guthaland, Sir Odivere.

He minted aye, to he never said,  
An' skeeted aye i' ilka teel,  
Dat Odivere wus a rovin' bled,  
An' liked de lasses ower weel.

An' whin de biilie wus fairly dun,  
An' a' de servents gaen tae bed,  
An' de twa dem sels wur left alane,  
De lathie tae de stranger said :

“Why bring ye back dat gouden ring  
Dat brings tae me sare dool an' pain,  
Dat minds me o' de blithsam days,  
Whin I o' dee wiis ower fain ?”

" Ye ken fair dame, tae me aye dear,  
Lang syne ye gae dat ring tae me ;  
An' on dis ring i' de miin-licht clear,  
Ye swiire forever mine tae be.

" An' I i' dool hae geen sin syne,  
A lanely man on land an' sea ;  
An' never a face hae seen bit dine,  
Dat I could speer me wife tae be."

Noo wheesht, noo wheesht, ye faus tongued knight  
Your words will wark me muckle skaith,  
Fu' weel ken ye, what sindered is ;  
Hid wiis de dowie Odin's aith."

He's ta'en her white hand in his stately nave  
And glad was she and glad was he  
What happened next, you need not hear  
In sooth, I was not there to see

The knight's away with the morning grey  
He stayed not for a farewell gift  
What no-one knows no-one can say  
But the lady's left in little joy

Her bonny eyes blinked not so bright  
Her red and white grew white and grey  
And every day she wished for night  
And every night she wished for day

### **Part III**

I heard a lady bore her bairn  
And aye she rocked and aye she sang  
And took so hard upon the verse  
That the heart within her body rang

“Ba loo, ba loo, my bonny bairn  
Ba lo lalie, ba lay lo  
Sleep you, my peerie bonny boy  
Thou little knowst thy mother's woe

Alas! I do not know thy father  
Alas, alas, my woeful sin  
I do not know my baby's father  
Nor yet the land that he lives in

Alas, alas, called I shall be  
A wicked woman by all men  
That I, a married wife should have  
A bairn to him I do not ken”

Then up and spake a grimly guest  
That stood so white at her bed feet  
“Oh here am I, thy bairns father  
Although I'm not thy husband sweet”

“My bairns father I know you are  
No love so sweet I'll ever have  
And yet I have a good good man  
That's far away from me this day”

“I care not for thy wedded carl  
I would his face I'll never see  
But when six months is come and gone  
I'll come and pay the nourrice fee

He's taen her white hand i' his stately nave ;  
An' fain wiis shii, an' fain wiis he ;  
What happened neest, ye need no speer ;  
In sooth I wiis no dare to see.

The knight's awa' i' de mornin gray,  
He bed no for a fare weel foy,  
What nae bothie kens nae bothie can say,  
Bit de lathie's left i' peerie joy.

Her bonnie een blinked so sae bright,  
Her reed an' white grew white an' gray ;  
An' ilka day shii wised for nicht,  
An' ilka nicht shii wised for day.

### **Third Fit.**

I heard a lathie ba'an her bairn ;  
An' aye shii rockit, an' aye shii sang,  
An' teuk sae hard apo' de verse,  
Till de hert within her bothie rang.

" Ba loo, ba loo, me bonnie bairn,  
Ba lo lillie, ba loo lay,  
Sleep du, me peerie bonnie budo !  
Du little kens dee mither's wae.

\* Aloor ! I dinno ken dee faither,  
Aloor, aloor ! me waefu' sin !  
I dinno ken me bairn's faither,  
Nor yet de land dat he lives in."

Aloor, aloor ! ca'd sail I be  
A wicked woman bae a' men,  
Dat I, a married wife, soud hae  
A bairn tae him I diinno ken."

Dan ap an' spak a grimly gest,  
Dat stud sae lech at her bed feet,  
" O here am I, dee bairn's faither,  
Alto I'm no' dee husband sweet."

" Me bairn's faither I ken du are,  
Na luve sae sweet I'll ever hae ;  
An' yet I hae a gude, gude man,  
Dat's far awa' fae me dis day."

I care no for dee wadded carl,  
I wus his face I'll never see,  
Bit whin sax munt is come an' gaen,  
I'll come an' pay de noris fee.

It'll not be said you lost by me  
A penny's worth of worldly gear  
So when I come , you'll get thy fee  
And I a bairn to be my heir

No, for the love I bear for thee  
A love that's brought me muckle shame  
Oh tell me where your home may be  
And tell me true your very name?

“San Imravoe it is my name  
I walk on land and swim on sea  
Among the ranks of selkie folk  
I am an earl of high degree

I am a man upon the land  
I am a selkie in the sea  
My home it is the Soola-skerry  
And all that's there is under me

More than a thousand selkie folk  
To me in willing service go  
And I am king of all the folk  
And law to them is what I say”

Oh how can you my bairnie take  
And how can you my bairnie save  
In thy cold home you'll only make  
The grimly sea my bairnie's grave

My little bairn I'll safely ferry  
Though I have neither ship or skiff  
With muckle care to Soolis-Skerry  
Before the sun's high in the sky”

“But how shall I my young son ken  
And how shall I my bairnie know?”  
“Of all the selkies in Soolis-Skerry  
He'll be the middlemost of them all”

His megs shall be as black as soot  
His croopan white as driven snow  
And I beside him, like the same  
I was to thee in times ago

“My own good man a warrior proud  
And aye a strong strong fist has he  
And he may prick or club my bairn  
When he's a selkie in the sea”

Hids no' be said du tint bae me,  
A bodle wirt o' warly gare,  
Sae whin I come, dus get dee fee,  
An' I me bairn tae be me heir."

Noo, for de luve I bur tae dee,  
A luve dats brought me muckle sheem,  
O tell me whar du heem may be,  
An' tell me true du vera neem ?

" San Imravoe hid is me neem ;  
I gang on land ; an' sweem on sea ;  
Amang de ranks o' selkie folk  
I am a yarl o' hich degree.

I am a man apo' de land,  
I am a selkie i' de sea ;  
Me heem it is de Soola-Skerry,  
An' a' dats dare is under me.

" Mair or a thoosan selkie folk,  
Tae me a willan sarvice gae ;  
An' I am king o' a' de folk,  
An' la' tae dem is what I say."

" O who can du de bairn tak,  
An' who can du de bairn save ?  
I' de cald heem doo'l only mak  
De grimly sea me bairn's grave."

" Me peerie bairn I'll safely ferry,  
To I hae nather ship or skift,  
Wi' muckle care tae Soolis-Skerry,  
Afore de sin's hich i' de lift."

" Bit who sail I me young son ken,  
An' who sail I me bairn know ?  
" O' a' de selkies i' Soolis-Skerry,  
He's be de middlemaist o' dem a'.

His megs sail a' be black as seut,  
His croopan white as driven snaw,  
An\* I beside him, like the sam'  
I wiis tae die i' times awa'."

" Me ain gudeman a warrior prood,  
An' aye a stival nave his he ;  
An' he may prick or club me bairn,  
When he's a selkie i' de sea."

I fear not that, I fear but this  
That cock-crow comes and finds me here  
But come what may, I come again  
And fetch my bairn in half a year

For then he'll be a seventh stream  
And then a man again I'll be  
And take my bonnie peerie bairn  
All to the boons of Soolis-skerry

When those six months were come and gone  
He came to pay the nourrice fee  
The one of his hands was full of gold  
The other of the white money

The lady's ta'en a golden chain  
Her wedding gift from Odivere  
She's tied it in her baby's hair  
It's for her sake she bad him wear

"I'm come to fetch my bairn away  
Farewell for you're another's wife"  
"I'd wed thee with a golden ring  
And bide beside thee all my life"

You would not when I would, good wife  
I will not when you're willing now  
That day you lose you'll never find  
It's late, it's over late to rue

The lady lived a lonely life  
And often looks upon the sea  
Still hoping her first love to find  
But doubting that can never be

#### **Part IV**

Sir Odivere's come home again  
With muckle store of worldly ware  
And he, his lady and his men  
Make holidays with billies rare

They danced and sang, they told their tales  
And then sat down to drink and dine  
With cuts of meat and foaming kegs  
And wallie horns of blood red wine

One day says Odie to his men  
I think that if we linger here  
We'll grow as fat as butter balls  
And die with too much meat and drink

I fear no dat, I fear bit dis,  
Dat cock-era comes an' fiands me here  
Bit come what may, I come agen,  
An fetch me bairn i' ae half year.

" For dan he'll be a seeveneth stream,  
An' dan a man agen I'll be,  
An' tak me bonnie peerie bairn  
A' tae de boons o' Soolis-Skerrie."

Whin de sax munts were come an' geen,  
He cam tae pay de noris fee ;  
The tane o' his hands was fu' o' gowd,  
De tither fu' o' white monie.

De lathie's taen a gowden chain,  
Her wadin boon fae Odivere,  
Shii tied hid roon her bairn's hars,  
Hid for her sake shii bade him wear.

" I'm come tae fetch me bairn awa ;  
Fare weel, for doo'r anither's wife,"  
"I wad dee wi' a gowden ring,  
An' bide beside dee a' me life."

" Doo wad no', whin I wad gudewife  
I winno, whin doo'r willan noo,  
Dat day doo tint doo'l never nand ;  
He's late, he's ower late tae rue."

De lathie lived a lanely life,  
An' aften looks apo de sea,  
Still lipenan her first luve tae fiand,  
Bit jubish that can never be.

#### **Fourth Fit.**

Sae Odivere's come heem ageen,  
Wi' muckle store o' warly gare ;  
An' he, his lathie, an' his men,  
Mak helliedays wi' billies rare.

Dey danced an' sang, dey tald deir teels ;  
An' syne sat doon tae drink an' dine,  
Wi' joles of flesh, fuman cogs,  
An' wallie horns o' blud-reed wine.

Ae day says Oddie tae his men,  
I doobt gin here we langer link,  
We'll a' grow fat as butter bas ;  
An' dee wi' fouth o' maet an' drink.

It's well enough a little while  
I cannot stand it long, I say  
Let's hunt the otters on the shore  
And start the morn at blink of day

They hunted otters on the shore  
A selkie ran from out a hollow  
And Odivere he took not long  
To fell him with a master blow

Then up and spake one of his men  
Far have I sailed and much I've seen  
But never gold on Selkie's hair  
Til now I've seen with both me e'en

They bore the selkie to the hall  
And never a word said Odivere  
His face was black and glowered his eyes  
Though he did neither ban or swear.

Come down, come down, Lady Odivere  
Come down and see this this farly thing  
And read to me this riddle rare  
By all the saints that ever sing

The lady she came down to see  
They made such fuss and muckle steer  
"Here's the gold chain you got from me  
Tell me good wife, how came it here?"

Alas alas, my bonnie bairn  
My bairn, what am I born to see?  
My malisen lie on the hand  
That's wrought this deed of blood on thee!

The lady with her torn hair  
She was a doleful sight to see  
Her crying loud and sobbing sore  
Her arms around the dead silkie

"Your bairn! Good wife, no bairn of mine  
And yet you were my wedded wife  
It seems when I've been far from home  
You led a wicked woman's life"

"And though I be your wedded wife  
A wedded man were you to me  
You left me to a lonely life  
And stayed long years beyond the sea"

" Hid's we'll enough a peerie while ;  
I kinno thole it lang ava,  
Let's hunt de otters on de shore,  
An' start de morn at blink o' da."

Dey hunted otters on de shore,  
A selkie ran oot o' a geo ;  
An' Odivere he teuk no lang  
Tae fell him wi' a mester blow.

Den oot an' spak, een o' his men,  
"Far hae I sailed an' muckle seen,  
Bit never gowd on selkie's hars,  
Till noo I see'd wi' baith me een."

Dae bur de selkie tae de ha' ;  
An' never a word said Odivere,  
His face wiis black an' lowed his een,  
To he dud nather ban or sware.

" Co' doon, co' doon ! Lathie Odivere  
Co' doon, an' see me farly fang,  
Ye's read tae me dis riddle rae,  
Bae a' de sants dat ever sang !

De lathie shii cam doon tae see,  
Dey meed sae muckle steer.  
" Here's de gowd chain ye got fae me,  
Tell me, gudewife, who cam hid here ?

Aloor, aloor ! me bonnie bairn,  
Me bairn ! What am I born to see ?  
Me malisen lie on de hand  
Dats wroucht dis deed o' bliid on dee !

Dat lathie wi' her torn hair,  
Shii wiis a doleful sicht tae see,  
Her greetin' lood an' saban sair,  
Her erms aroond de deed selkie.

" Your bairn ! gudewife, nae bairn o' mine,  
An' yet ye wiir me wedded wife,  
I doobt, when I've been far fae heem,  
Ye'r led a wicked woman's life."

" An' gin I be de wedded wife,  
A wedded man wiir du tae me ;  
Ye left me tae a lanely life,  
An' bed lang years ayont de sea."

“I left you with both land and store  
And made you mistress of them all  
I thought you would be true to me  
As I to thee when far away”

“Black sight upon the land and store  
You little know a woman's heart  
To think the gift of worldly ware  
Is all the loving husband's part”

When doughty deeds were to be done  
It would have been a bonny pass  
Had I stayed home to cuddle thee  
And stir my fingers in the ash

I could not stand a sluggard life  
And lady I would have you ken  
When I took thee to be my wife  
I did not want a clucking hen”

“As I can cluck, so you can crow  
Over all the deeds with women done  
How every bonny wench you saw  
You courted her and called it fun

But one dead bairn alone have I  
And if this deed was wrong of me  
How many bairns have you to show  
How true a man thou's been to me?

Could I not take what came to me  
To tempt me in my lonesome life  
While you were skalan frank and free  
The dearest tocher of a wife?

You lie you lie, you lying limmer  
Where e'er we drank about them all  
Your well fared face I toasted aye  
And fought with him that said me nay

And when in battle's sorest pall  
My heart grew strong when most in strife  
By thinking of my loving wife  
That she was false I little thought

With Selkie folk you've led a life  
Away you limmer slut from me  
A would not have thee for a wife  
For all the gold in Christandie

I left du wi' baith lands an' gare,  
An' meed du mistress o' dem a',  
An' toucht du wad be true tae me,  
As I tae dee whin far awa."

" Black sicht apo' de lands an' gare !  
Du little kens a woman's hert,  
Tae tink de gift o' wardly gare,  
Is a' de lovin' husband's pert."

" Whin doughty deeds wur tae be dun,  
Hid wiid hae been a bonnie pass,  
Hed I line heem to culye dee,  
An' bore me fingers i' de ass.

I could no' thole a slugerd life,  
An' lathie I wiid hae de ken,  
Whin I tiik dee tae be me wife,  
I dud no' want a cluckan hen."

" Gin I can cluck, saul du can craw,  
Ower a' de deeds wi' women dun ;  
Hoo ilka bonliie winch du saw,  
Du coorted her an' ca'd it fun.

" Bit ae deed bairn, aloon hae I !  
An' gif dis deed wiis wrang i' me,  
Hoo miny bairns his doo tae sha,  
Hoo true a man doo's been tae me ?

" Could I no' tak what cam tae me,  
Tae tempt me i' me langsam life,  
While du wiir skalan frank an' free  
De dearest tocher o' a wife ?

" Ye lee, ye yee, ye leean limmer !  
Whar er we drank abune dern a',  
Du weel fard face I toasted aye  
An' foucht wi' him dat said me na.

" An' whin i' battle's sairest pall,  
Me hert grew strang, when mest outmoucht  
Bae tinkin' on me lovin' wife  
Dat shu wiis faus I little toucht.

"Wi'selkiefolkdu'sledalife!  
Awa ye limmer slut fae me !  
I wadno hae dee for a wife,  
For a' de gowd i' Christindee !

She's swiped the chain from the Selkie's hair  
And thrown it hard at Odie's crown  
Go take ye that, you ill tongued tyke  
And keep it for a parting boon

The lady they put in a high high tower  
With no sweet light through hole or bore  
They have given her meal and water there  
And bolted fast the iron door

### **Part V**

The Thing has passed her awful doom  
That for her false and sinful deed  
She should be ta'en and burnt to ash  
Without mercy or remeed

Alas alas the doleful day  
Alas what am I born to see  
In the red hot fire I must be burnt  
O woe's my heart and woe is me

Oh if my father were alive  
He would have dearly fought for me  
Dead mother's ghost, will you not come  
And set thy doleful daughter free?

When I lay on thy cosy breast  
And you the little bairn did raise  
You little thought your bonny bairn  
would be a cinder in the ash

Then up and spake San Imravoe  
And loud and mighty cry gave he  
Ye Selkie folk to Norraway  
Call all the whales in the North Sea

The day before that lady fair  
Was to be burnt with muckle woe  
A cry was raised about the hall  
Whales whales! In every bay and cove

Then Odivere and all his men  
Ran to the call with muckle speed  
And there was rowing, rooting, yowling  
And noise that might have raised the dead

They rowed and rooted all the day  
But never a whale got for their pains  
And in the murkin home they went  
With aching hands and heavy bones

Shii's whiped de chain fae de selkie's hars,  
An' waped hid on Oddie's croon,  
" Gae tak ye that, ye ill-tongued tike,  
An' keep hid for a pertin boon !

De lathie dey pat i' a hich, hich toor,  
Wi' nae sweet licht, trow hole or bore ;  
Dey hae geen her meal an' water dare,  
An' steeked fest de iron door.

### **Fifth Fit.**

The Ting has passed her awfu' doom,  
Dat for her fats an' sinfu' deed,  
Shii s'ud be taen an' brunt tae ass,  
Withoot or mercy, or remeed.

Aloor, aloor ! de doolfu' day !  
Aloor ! what am I born tae see ?  
T de red het fire I man be brunt !  
O waes me hert an' waes me.

"O gin me faither been i' life,  
He wad hae doorly foucht for me.  
Deid mither's ghest wul du no come  
An1 set dy doolfu' dochter free ?

" Whin I lay on dee cother breest  
An' du de peerie bairn dud riis,  
Du little toucht dy bonnie bairn  
Wad be a cinder i' de ass !

Than up an' spak San Imravoe,  
An' a lood an' wallie cry gae he ;  
Ye selkie folk, to Norawa  
Ca' a' de whals i' de Nort Sea !

De day afore dat lathie fair  
Wiis tae be brunt wi' muckle woe,  
A cry wiis raised around de ha' :  
Whals, whals ! i' ilka bay an' voe."

Dan Odivere an' a' his men,  
Ran tae de ca' wi' muckle speed ;  
An\* dare wiis rowin', rootin', yowlin',  
An' noise dat micht hae raised de deed.

Dey rowed an' rooted a' de day,  
Bit never a whal got for der pains,  
An' i' de mirkin heem dey geed,  
Wi' sweean laevis an' tiftan banes.

And when that they came to the hall  
They got a gluff you may be sure  
For every door stood open wide  
And the door of the tower lay on the floor

And they ran up and they ran down  
And glowered about with all their e'en  
The lady fair was clean away  
And never more by mortal seen

And Odivere's a lonely man  
And weary of his doleful fate  
And aye and sore he rues the day  
He ever took the Odin oath

To many singers thanks we give  
To many singers drink we all  
Their foys, they were not worth a straw  
Without their songs and ballads all

An' whin dat dey cam tae de ha',  
Dey got a gluf ye may be siir,  
For ilka door stud open wide,  
An' de door o' de toor lay on de fliir.

An' dey ran ap, and dey ran doon,  
An' glowered aboot wi' a' deir een ;  
De lathie fair wiis clean awa',  
An' never mair bae mortal seen.

An' Odivere's a lanely man  
An' weary o' his sicker skathe ;  
An' aye an' sare he rues de day  
He ever tuk de Odin aith.

Tae menye-singers tanks we gae,  
Tae menye-singers drink we a' ;  
Wiir foys dey wiir no wirt a strae,  
Withoot deir sangs an' ballans bra.