

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* fiechtins 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.