

GIFT

Yince on a suimmer was the last yin
that caad me young as sixteen year,
an juist afore the faa o leaf
made for nae less nor seeventeen year,
“I think ye’ll lyke this,” Guy Love said,
an puit a smaa quair in ma hauns.

“Thanks, Guy,” I said, an lukin at it,
I turned til Chaipster Yin an read
that ‘Ketill Flatnose was the name
of a man.’ I snichert cuddie-nicher,
because *Flatnose* was suddent
twoe ither soonds, *Fletneb*, I mynd.

Yer quair was caad *Laxdaela Saga*,
made ower fae auld Ycelandic speak
bi Muriel A.C. Press, langsyne
in aichteen nynetie-nyne was furder
ayont oor ain bit yuithheid as
gy nearhaun noo yae hunder year.

In daedicatin this til you, Guy,
as *In Memoriam* for thanks,
I think o you in Newarthill
as mibbes three or fower year aulder,
but here thegither, this yince mair
we’re young afore I’m gane lik you.

CONTENTS

Chapter	Page
I	Anent Ketill Fletneb and his Efterkin, 9th Centurie AD
II	Ketill and his Sons busk thursels tae leave Norowaa
III	Ketill's Sons gang til Yceland
IV	Ketill gangs til Scotland, AD 890
V	Unn gangs til Yceland, AD 895
VI	Unn divvies-up her Laund
VII	Anent Olaf Feilin's Waddin, AD 920
VIII	The Birth o Hrut, an Thorgerd's Saecont Weidieheid, AD 923
IX	Hoskuld's Mairriage, AD 935
X	Anent Killer Hrapp
XI	Anent Thord Goddi an Thorbjorn Dwaiblie
XII	Hoo Hoskuld bocht a Bond's-wumman
XIII	Hoskuld gangs hame til Yceland
XIV	The Murder o Hall, Ingjald's Brither
XV	Thorold shoots-the-craw wi Asgaut the Thrall
XVI	Thord becomes Olaf's Foster-faither, AD 950
XVII	Anent Killer Hrapp's Ghaist, AD 950
XVIII	Anent the Droondin o Thorstein Black
XIX	Hrut comes til Yceland
XX	Melkorka's Mairriage, and Olaf-the-Peacock's Traik, AD 955

- XXI Olaf-the-Peacock gangs til Yreland, AD 955
- XXII Olaf-the-Peacock
comes harne til Yceland, AD 957
- XXIII The Mairriage o Olaf Peacock
an Thorgerd, the Dochter o Egil, AD 959
- XXIV The Biggin o Herdshaw, AD 960
- XXV Anent Hoskuld's Sons
- XXVI The Daith o Hoskuld, AD 985
- XXVII The Arval made for Hoskuld
- XXVIII The Birth o Kjartan, Olaf's Son, AD 978
- XXIX Olaf's Saecont Traik til Norowaa, AD 975
- XXX Anent Giermund an Thured, AD 978
- XXXI Thured's Saecont Mairriage, AD 980
- XXXII Anent Osvif Helgison
- XXXIII Anent Gest Oddleifson an Gudrun's Dreams
- XXXIV Gudrun's Furst Mairriage, AD 989
- XXXV Gudrun's Saecont Mairriage, AD 991
- XXXVI Anent Kotkell an Grima
- XXXVII Anent Hrut and Eldgrim, AD 995
- XXXVIII The Daith o Stigandi. Thorleik
leaves Yceland
- XXXIX Anent Kjartan's Freenship wi Bolli
- XL Kjartan an Bolli sail til Norowaa, AD 996
- XLI Bolli retours til Yceland, AD 999
- XLII Bolli's Winshin o Gudrun, AD 1000

- XLIII Kjartan comes hame til Yceland, AD 1001
- XLIV Kjartan comes hame, AD 1001
- XLV Kjartan mairries Hrefna, AD 1002
- XLVI Faest at Herdshaw,
an the Tynin o Kjartan's Sworde, AD 1002
- XLVII Kjartan gangs til Laugar;
and anent the Niffer for Tongue, AD 1003
- XLVIII The Men o Laugar an Gudrun
plan a Loor for Kjartan, AD 1003
- XLIX The Daith o Kjartan
- L The Daith o Hrefna.
Paece Saettlement, AD 1003
- LI Osvif's Sons are fleemit
- LII The Killin o Thorkell o Goatsfells
- LIII Thorgerd's Eggin-on
- LIV Halldor maks ruidie for tae venge Kjartan
- LV The Daith o Bolli
- LVI Bolli Bollison is born, AD 1008
- LVII Anent Thorgils Hallason, AD 1008
- LVIII Anent Thorkell an Grim gaun Norowaa Wy
- LIX Gudrun caas for Vengement
ower Bolli's Daith, AD 1019
- LX Gudrun's Eggin-on
- LXI Anent Thorstein-the-Black an Lambi
- LXII The Thorgils Crew leave Hame
- LXIII The Descryement o his Faes
as brocht til Helgi bi his Hirdlauddie

- LXIV The Daith o Helgi
- LXV Anent Gudrun's Cheatrie
- LXVI Osvif Helgison an Gest Oddliefson dee
- LXVII The Daith o Thorgils Hallason, AD 1020
- LXVIII Gudrun's Mairriage wi Thorkell Eyjolfson
- LXIX The Castin-oot anent Gunnar
- LXX Thorleik Bollison gangs til Norowaa
- LXXI Baurley cried anent
 the Bollisons and Olafsons, AD 1029
- LXXII Bolli an Thorleik tae gang Abraid, AD 1029
- LXXIII Bolli abraid wi Thorleik, AD 1029
- LXXIV Thorkell Eyjolfson gangs til Norowaa
- LXXV Thorkell an Thorstein
 and Halldor Olafson, AD 1026
- LXXVI The Droondin o Thorkell, AD 1026
- LXXVII Bolli's Retour
- LXXVIII The Daith o Snorri, an the End o the Saga,
 AD 1031

Crib in English to THE LAXDALE SAGA
as made over in Scots Verse

THE LAXDALE SAGA

Chapter I

*Anent Ketill Fletneb and his Efterkin,
9th Centurie AD.*

No yince upon a wheesht o tyme
that didnae blether lyke a bard,
thare was a sooch hearsay heard tell
Ketill Fletneb was the name o a man,
at that the son o Bjorn-the-Ungartert.
Ketill was michtie a kinna man
as nae mibbes aboot it, and heech-born
at that, airtit in Norowaa,
an kent thare as highheidyin (hersir).

He badd in Raumsdale, in the airt-grund 10
o that Raumsdale folk that liggs atween
the Soothmere yonner an the Northmere.

Ketill Fletneb haed taen for wyfe
yon Yngvild, dochter o Ketill Wether,
another man o meikle waarth.

They haed five bairns aathegither,
yin o the childer bein caad
Bjorn-the-Aestman, yin caad Helgi Bjolan.

Thorunn-the-Horned was the name 20
o yin o Ketill's dochters, hersel
the wyfe o Helgi-the-Skelfie, son
o Eyvind Aestman and yin caad
Raffertie that was born the dochter
o Kjarval was the Yrish keeng:
some folk, tho, leave her oot the saga.

Unn, that was kent as "Faurben-thocht-yin"
anither o Ketill's dochters, was
the wyfe o Olaf-the-Whyte, the son
o Ingjald whoe was son hissel 30
o yin Frodi-the-Valiant,
thon chiel was duin til daith bi Svertlings.

Jorunn, anither o Ketill's dochters,
kent aften as no bi thon byname
"Men's-Wit-fair-gane-in-Witlessness."

She was the mither o Ketill, the Finn
whoe airtit hissel on til Kirby.
His son was Asbjorn, faither o Thorstein,
faither o Surt, hissel the faither
o Sighat, glib as Speaker-at-Law.

Chapter II

*Ketill and his Sons busk thursels
tae leave Norowaa.*

Whuin Ketill was gettin on a bit,
the pooer o yon Keeng Harald Fairhair
was fairlie in a bizz o dinnle,
in thon wy no yae airtgrun keeng
nor onie ither waarthie bodie
about the place cuid dae awo
in paece unless the Harald yin,
it was, said whoe was whoe an juist
the whoere it was the whoe was whoere.

Whuin Ketill heard that ettlement
 was in thon Harald think-it-dae-it
 tae puit til Ketill that same chyce
 areadies puit til men o micht —
 athooten mibbe ays or naws,
 and in this sorte o mainner ot
 no juist tae puit up wi the shame
 o haein his kinsmen puitten doon,
 but wi the peelslik kinna sklander
 on his ainsel bein made nae better
 nor no juist onie nyaff no waarth
 a bowle o brose, but mair the lyke
 o some paer nyuch no even waarth
 ocht mair nor slabber at a bowle
 o whammlins - Ketill caad thegither
 his kinsmen for a bit collogue,
 syne made a speil lik this for think ont:
 “Aa you folk ken the kinna ongauns
 that thare hae been atween masel
 and Harald, sae nae mair ongaein
 anent thae fashious maitters; ay,
 we maun tak tent o aa the tribbles
 fornent us that are lyker mair
 the muckle fasheries o dreedour.
 It’s I masel hae haed guid coonsel
 anent the wrangeousness o Harald
 no juist til me but til yersels,
 and I can tell ye that yae thing
 that isnae twoe. Tak tent o this:
 free men lik you, at laest here free
 as listen gars ye dae or daenae,
 lippen the-nane on Harald Keeng

and you will dae as I will dae
an that is hae the nocht adae
wi Harald, but an dae the differ,
and you will ken whit Harald daes
is for hissel, hissel alane.

We hae twoe chyces: chaise the yin
is flee the laund still free tae flee,
or byde sae ilka yin be slauchtert
athin his saet he thocht his beild. 50

For ma ainsel, I'd raither byde
the samin daith ma kinsmen thole,
but wuidnae lead ye, thrawartlyke
as thowless, intil fasherie
the lyke o that, for I ken weel
the temper o ma fieres an folk,
that you'd desaert me nane, even tho
it shairlie wuid be sairlik tholin
for you tae follae me ma airtin."

Bjorn, son o Ketill, gied this aunsver: 60
"I tell ye furst that's telt for aye.
It's I will follae the ensample
o highheidys an flee this laund.
This is ma deemin; naebodie
wuid be the waur for bydein laich
alow the keeng, but that bit laicher
nor his ain man, a naebodie.
The bydein here is no haill bydein
wi whit ye hae, but liggin laich
alow in utter daurk wi aa 70
ye hae abuin ye for a happin."

It may be guessed that noo thare were
as monie Hear-hears as Encores,
the wy a Skol is aftentymes
a Slainte in a ceilidh drammin,
for aabodie thocht weel anent
the wy a something Bjorn haed said
haed some thing ither ben it for them.

That was the common gree thon day:
that aabodie suid say fareweel 80
til Norowaa thur auldtimm hame,
Ketill an baith his sons fair for it,
wi no the yae speak made against it.

Bjorn and Helgi were baith fair set
tae gang til Yceland, haein heard
 a rowthe o guidlie wirts anent it,
guid grun thare and nae need tae py
 the best o siller for yae fuit
 upon it, nor the common copper
 for tither fuit doon clappit thare;
thare was a rowthe o creeshie whales,
 as weel as siller saumon soomin,
wi ither fishin aa year thru. 90

But Ketill said, "In this ma eild,
it's no ma ettlement tae gang
ower yonner juist a fishin place.
It's I'd gang waast athorte the swaw,
 for aa ma greinin's liggin ben
 ma kennin o a comelie airt
 will see me oot in byte an sup." 100

He kent guid grun was braid as wyde,
for he haed herriet wyde as braid.

Chapter III

Ketill's Sons gang til Yceland.

Efter that, thon yin Ketill made
a meikle faest was aa guid-aetin
Thorunn-the-Hornit, his ain dochter,
mairriein Helgi caad the Skelfie
 as said afore nae waur nor noo,
 daein wi wurd the whit is duin,
 an no whit folk wuid hae were said,
 the-wy some folk say *skol*, no *sko-ol*,
 or as some folk caa *slainte slanjie*.

And efter that again, lik sayt 10
 yince mair for siccarness, the Ketill
puit graithin til his airtin waast
 that's faur ayont the swaw nae furder
nor Unn his dochter gaed ayont
alang wi him an monie freens:
 they gaed, lik tyme gane bye in stoor
 that neever stops tae say fareweel.

In that same suimmer-dim o licht
baith sons o Ketill gaed awo
til Yceland wi the Helgi Skelfie, 20
guidbrither as he was til thae yins,
 for as is said bi better skalds
 wi naething better for tae dae,
 dae it as weel as able for it.

Bjorn, Ketill's son, brocht roond his ship
til thon waast airt o Yceland, Braidfrith,
an scoored in up alang the frith,
alang the suddroun straund ot whoere
anither wick athin the frith
inbrekks the grun, wi yae heech ben 30
 abuin the ness the benner wick-syde,
 an ysland liggin nearhaun thare.

Bjorn badd them aa tae byde a wee
the-tyme he gaed athorte the grun
wi twoe-three men, an daunnerin
alang the straund, fund thare was nocht
but little enyeuch o laund atween
the fell abuin an foreshore laich,
 tho, as ye ken, a little enyeuch
 is aye the mair nor nocht avaa 40

whuin you're sair puit tae finnd ocht mair.

As you'll can ken, then, Bjorn, nane-glaikit,
thocht this was juist the place tae byde,
sin hereabouts athin a burn
he fund the wuiden totem stabs
fae his auld hoose in Norowaa,
haein cast them oot, as was the custom
in makkin laundfaa in an airt
as freemitlyke as taks the fancie.

Here Bjorn taen a thocht tae bigg 50
his hoose, an syne taen aa the grun
fae Reeve Staff til Lavafrith,
bydein in that place aye sunsyne
caad Bjornhaven liggin tweesh
the Halie Fell an Lavafrith.

He was caad Bjorn-the-Aestman, here
again telt lest ye think he was
anither waast in Yceland here.

His wyfe, yin caad Gjaflaug, was 60
the dochter o yon auld yin Kjallak,
thur sons yin Ottar caad, an Kjallak
whose son was Thorgrim whoe was faither
o Fecht-Steer and anither Vemund;
but the dochter o Kjallak was caad Helga
whoe was wyfe til Vestar o Eyr,
the son o Thorwald "Blether-skull",
whoe saettlt Eyr: thur son was Thorlak
faither o yon Steinthor o Eyr.

Helgi Bjolan (telt twyce for shair 70
sae you will mynd he was nane ither
nor yon yin Ketill Fletneb's son)
brocht his ship til the sooth laundairt,
an thare taen aa Keelness atween
the Kollafrith an Whalefrith, bydein
at Esjiberg til gyan auld.

Helgi-the-Skelfie yin sae caad
(as here caad yince again tae mynd ye
he was the man o yon yin Thorunn-
the-Hornit whoe was Ketill's dochter) 80
brocht his ship til the laundairt north,
an taen Yslefrith and aa alang
atween Mastness an Rowanness,

bydein at whit was caad Kristness.

Frithyslanders the yin and aa
are fae thon Helgi and his Thorunn.

Chapter IV

Ketill gangs til Scotland, AD 890

Noo, Ketill Fletneb brocht his ship
 athorte the wastren swaw til Scotland,
 an was made fairlie waalcome thare
 bi aa the highheidyins aroon,
 wi *Hy thare, man, we're gled tae see ye,*
 for he was as kenspeckle as
 guid faimlie is the best fuit furrit.

The muckle folk thare gied til Ketill
 a place amang them wi the best
 was gaein in the wy o grund, 10
 and aa his companie o kinsfolk
 puit doon thur ruits an saettlt in
 lik ettlement nocht mair tae dae -
 excep for Thorstein, his ain graunson,
 a dochter's lauddie, whoe gaed furth
 at yince that bydes-the-nane for efter,
 tae mak his name in weire, and herriet
 Scotland as faur awo as yonner
 an braid as fae the here til thare,
 and ayeways bore-the-gree, they say. 20
 A whylsin on, that's lang enyeuch
 in fechtin, he and aa the Scots
 thocht fit tae caa a baurley, and
 he taen the yae haill hauf o Scotland.

His wyfe was Thurid, whoe was dochter
 o Eyvind, an the sisterbodie
 o Helgi skinnie as a skelf,
 as some folk say, tho ithers daenae,

The Scots, as caunnie as aye keep
 thur coonsels til thursels, played caurrie 30
 an killt him whuin he wasnae kennin
 whether the whoereaboos he was
 was aiblins no the place tae be.

Ari-the-Wysslik, Thorgil's son,
 scryvin anent thon daith, puit doon
 he taen his stoond athin Caithness.
 Unn, Faurben-thocht-yin, was in Caithness
 whuin her son Thorstein fell, duin doon
 til daith, and hearin he was deid,
 an that her faither tae was gane 40

thon wy the last lang braith is pecht
as dwaiblie as can pech nae mair,
she taen a thocht she'd get nae guid
o bydein thare amang her deid.

Sae ben a wuid in dern lik keep
her ain caum sooch can tell nae lee,
she biggit up a bonnie boat,
an ginn it was as readie as
the wuin wuid wheech her ower the swaw,
she buskit it as brawlie as 50
fou staichit wi the best o graith:
an taen wi her the ilka yin
o aa her kin were still alyve.

Juidge weel you as aa men hae deemit,
that luk ye roond an roond aboot
tae speit intil the ilka nyeuk,
and you will finnd thare's no the yin
amang aa wemenfolk hae gotten
as muckle waalth taen oot o weire
or sic a rowthe o guidlie chiels: 60
fae this ye'll ken lik speir nae mair
hoo heech abuin aa wemen she.

Ye hae tae laern tae lead yer folk
no juist sae you maun laern aboot it,
but sae they ken that they are led
bi yin the waarth the follaein.

Monie the man o meikle waarth
lik siller wechtie ben the pootsh,
an monie mair o heechest bluid
that kent thur mithers, gif no faithers, 70
stuid in wi Unn whoe made her plan,
lik yin caad Koll, as waarthie as
highheidyin heech anuin the lave,
yae chiel aye sat abuin the saut.

An thare was yin wuid gang wi Unn,
a bodie bi the name o Hord
wi waarth as muckle as his name
an faimlie on the lips o skalds.

Ye hae tae laern tae lead yer folk
no juist that you ken whoe ye lead, 80
but thae yins in amang the lave
yae ken are ill enyeuch tae lead.

Whuin she was ruidie as her ship.
 she sailed it nor-aest til the Orkneys,
an badd a wee whyle thare, the-tyme
she saw young Gro wad, she that was
dochter o Thorstein caad The Ruid:
she was the mither o Greilad quyne
whoe'd mairriet Jarl Thorfinn, son
o Jarl Turf-Einar, son again
til yon yin Rognvald Mere-Jarl;
thur son in turn was Hlodvir, faither
o Jarl Sigurd was the faither
o Jarl Thorfinn. Fae aa thaem
come aa the kin o Orkney Jarls:
 some folk say thae things, ithers daenae.

90

Unn sailed awo til Faroe Ysles,
an steyed thare lang enyeuch was tyme
tae see anither Thorstein dochter
 mairriet as snode as byde as bien
 as she and her man Olof made
 the maist o best o Faroese
were later kent abraid as Yett-bairds,
 tho some folk daenae tell us that.

100

Ye hae tae laern tae lead yer folk
sae that they ken that you yersel
can order folk as ordered you
yersel wuid be gif led sae weel.

Chapter V

Unn gangs til Yceland, AD 895.

Unn gat aa ruidie noo tae gang
an yoke upon the swaw ayont
the Faroe Ysles, an telt her freens
Yceland wuid be the laundfaa neist.

Alang wi her gaed Olaf Feilan,
the son o Thorstein; wi them, aa
the Thorstein's dochters still no mairriet.

Syne, puittin oot til sea, the dauphins
on aither bowe as virrfoulyke
as kent they saw a yin waarth seein, 10
an waather on the swaw as kynd
as wuin on sail, she cam at lenth
laundairtit on the sooth o Yceland
til thon place caad the Vikarsheid,
a name anent the pumice rocks.

Here, tho thur ship was wrackit sair
as made for muckle mendin ot,
the folk athin and aa thur graith
were safe as thole anither wrack,
for they were hardie chiels cuid say 20
Gin ower sair fasht as greet wi pain,
greet gin ye lyke but daenae girn.

A whylsin efter, aathing puit
til richt that leaves the nocht til wrang
in case the wrang's the Deil hissel,
she gaed tae finnd her brither Helgi
wi twintie menfolk at her heels,
an comein til him as he cam
til her, he badd her stye wi him
alang wi ten o aa her kinsfolk, 30
(tho mynd ye, ither folk say nyne)
for you'll can ken athoot the tellin
he thocht the scransgy smaa tae scrunch
wi aa thae mouslik gannet bills.

Unn's aunswer was as angersome
as burn the air wi wurdslowes
in sayin she haed neever thocht
the lyke o sic a man a nyaff,
and aff she gaed lik steer the stoor

tae finnd her brither Bjorn in Braidfrith. 40

Whuin Bjorn heard tell that she was comein,
 he gaed tae meet her wi his men
 braw-buskit for tae waalcome her,
 an wi his airms the six-fuit braid
 said, "Here we are for you tae be
 as yin wi us as we wi you
 are aathegither kynlie folk,"
 for weel he kent she thocht faurben
 yont thocht in commonalitie

He telt her she and aa her folk 50
 cuid stye wi him and his wi pleasure,
 and Unn fair lykit whit he said,
 an thankit him for guidliness
 lik greeance o the man an means.

Unn badd thare aa that wintertyme
 as waarm as neever feared the cauld;
 as lauchinlyke as yin wi sang
 that dirlit ruif an raefters roon
 lik sing an owercome yince again;
 as ruchlik as the brode wi maet 60
 aneath fou leeries on the waa:
 ay, aathing thare was aagaets hers
 as weel as for her companie,
 fae muckle siller ruch ben pootshes.

Come voar that puits the fuit abraid
 tae daunner furth an meet the wurld,
 Unn and her folk gaed ower the Braidfrith
 til yae ness whoere they brakk thur fast
 sae that Brekkfastness was the name
 they gied the place for aye and on: 70
 fae thon airt Middisfellstraund streetches
 aestwart fornent the mornin sun.

Sailin her ship til Hvammfrith wy,
 an comein til anither ness,
 they badd a whylie thare whoere Unn
 lik onie ither wumman, tynt
 her kaim, sae that the folk foreever
 caad that place Kaimness, you'll can guess.

Gaein aa attoore the Braidfrith Dales,
 she taen a muckleness o grund, 80
 - as lang as sydiewys, folk say -

sae that ginn she cuid sail her ship
up til the heid o that bit wick,
her wuiden totem stabs fae hame
were cast upon the straund the whoere
she kent the verie place fairdab
for biggin up a bonnie hoose:
caad Hvamm sinsyne, the place she bidd.

In that same voar that saettlt Unn
at Hvamm, Koll up and mairriet Thorgerd, 90
dochter o Thorstein caad The Ruid;
and Unn, as aipen-haundit as
faurben in thocht, gied brydal-faest
for yin and aa, giein for tocher
til Thorgerd, Saumonreeverdale.

Koll set up hoosehaud thare, upon
the sooth syde o the Saumon Reeve.
He was a man o meikle pech.
He and his Thorgerd haed a son,
the lauddie bein caad Hoskuld. 100

Chapter VI

Unn divvies-up her Laund.

Efter that, Unn gied til mair men
 pairts o thon haill grun she haed taen.
 Til Hord she gied the haill Horddale
 as faur as Reeve Skraumuhlaups.
 He badd at Hordabolsteid as
 yae man o meikie merk, an blisst
 wi faimlie bairns gat great renoun.
 His son was Asbjorn, caad Weel-aff,
 whoe leaved in Ornelfsdale, that is,
 at Asbjornsteid, an taen for wyfe 10
 Thorbjorg, dochter o Midfrith-Skeggi.
 Thair ain dochter was Ingibjorg
 whoe mairriet Illugi-the-Black,
 thur sons bein caad yin Hermund,
 the-tither Gunnlaug Worm-tongue.
 They folk were the Gilsbecking clan.

Apairt fae Hord abuin, the lave
 o ither folk thare nummert-aff
 as tho upon a padyane-grund,
 are no athin some ither wark 20
 owersets the saga as furst-telt,
 but thare they are for thair ain sakes
 as weel as for the monie sakes
 that cam fae thaem amang us noo.

Unn spak til aa her men lik this:
 “ It’s tyme an bye the tyme that I
 suid staun ma haun for aa yer wark,
 for noo I’m gy weel-aff and hae
 enyeuch as leave masel gy snode
 yince I hae pyd aa you for darg 30
 o wark an nocht avaa the snash
 the-tyme ye did the whit ye did
 was that bit mair nor haed tae dae,
 and as ye ken that need nae tellin,
 as guid’s ye are at whit ye dae,
 thare is yae tyme sae fangit-fou
 wi lyfe ye cannae dae ocht better,
 and I wuid better that gin able.”

“ Ye aa ken I hae gien the man
 caad Erp, the son o Jarl Meldun, 40

the freedom that nae dacent bodie
suid be athoot, for in ma mynd
I coodnae thole tae think the thocht
that yin was born sae heech as he
suid gang about lik onie nyuch.
He is a man that kens this truith:
thare comes a tyme as laichlie as
the bab-the-powe in sair defaet
will bou ye doon the faur the waur.”

And efter that, Unn gied him grun
caad Sheepfell in atween Tongue Reeve
an thon Mid Reeve. His bairns were
the tin caad Orm, anither Asgeir,
then Gunbjorn, and yin Halldis caad
that Alf o Dales wuid hae for wyfe.

50

Til Sokkolf, Unn gied Sokkolfdale
whoere he wrocht on until auld age
gart him sit quaetlie bi the fyre
an listen as his auncient baens
gaed creikle-crackle wi the bleeze.

60

Hundi was yin o Unn’s ain freedmen.
She gied him Hundidale. He was
as Scots as kin o aa the wurld
as aa the wurld is Scottish kin.

Tho some folk daenae puit the neist
athin the saga wark avaa,
the fowerth man freed bi Unn was Vifil.
She passed ower Vifilsdale til him,
an nae doot, gif no weel-kent then,
lik aa folk else wuid be mair kent
for folk o his cam efter him.

70

Thorstein-the-Ruid’s fowerth dochter was
caad Osk, an she becam the mither
o Thorstein Black-the-Wyss, thon man
that gied til ilka seeventh year
the whit was caad the suimmer week
sae tyme wuid tyne its days nae mair.
(Till Thorstein cam, the yearlie days
were juits three hunder sixtie-fower).

Thorstein-the-Ruid’s fifth dochter was
caad Thorhild whoe becam the mither
o Alf o Dales, an monie men

80

o meikleness can claim thur lyne
richt doon til him. His dochter was
Thorgerd, the wyfe o Ari Marson
o Reekness, son o Atli, son
o Ulf-the-Skellie and o Bjorg
was Eyvond's dochter whoe was sister
til yon yin Helgi caad The Skelfie.

Some folk say nocht anent thae bodies
tho fae them come thae folk were caad
Reeknessings. Vigdis was the name
o thon sixt dochter o Thorstein-the-Ruid.
Fae her come Heidlaund o Yslefrith men.

(An shairlie monie mair as micht
jalouse gif telt the-tither hauf
o aa the stories juist hauf-telt).

90

Chapter VII

Anent Olaf Feilan's Waddin, AD 920

Olaf, caad "Feilan", was the youngest
o Thorstein's childer. Grown gy tall,
strang wi't anaa an buirdlie tae,
a man o meikie stoorieness.

Unn luvit him abuin aa men,
an made it kent til aabodie
that she was myndit for tae saettle
on Olaf aa the graith she haed
at Hvamm whuin her day was as duin
as dae nae mair means nocht tae dae.

10

Unn caad til her the Olaf chiel,
an said til him, "It's in ma myn
lik tak a thocht the furder ben,
ma kinsman that ye are, that you
suid saettle doon an mairrie wysslik."

Olaf taen this gy weel, an said
he'd tak guid tent o her avysement,
for weel he kent he'd hae tae see
her lyke o eild hissel tae ken
ocht better nor her coonsels gien.

20

Unn puit her thocht fornent him then
that she'd haed ben her mynd a whylsin:
"I'm thinkin that yer waddin-faest
wuid be the nane-the-waur for bein
no at the back-end o the year
but better at the end o suimmer,
for aathing then is rowthielyke
an fou o guidliness fae growthe,
and in the bygaun, monie freens
will lyke tae come and hae a hooch
at sic a tyme, for I can tell ye,
this will be sic a brydal-faest
the lyke was neever seen, because
it is the hinmaist yin I'll gie."

30

Olaf gied aunswer: "That is spakken
as weel as nocht can better it,
but let me tell ye this for truith
lik licht athorte the aer-on swaw
a pleasure til oor mornin een,

I'll tak nae wyfe will tak fae you
 yer place an grace an coonsel sage,
 an neever mynd yer siller aither." 40

That suimmertyde saw Olaf mairriet
 til Alfdis, wi the waddin haudit
 at Hvamm in Unn's ain hoose at hame.

Unn fairlie made a splore that day,
 wi meikle siller spent as free
 as tho it flappert lyke the dulse
 amang the seabree on the rocks,
 for she haed speired at monie men 50
 tae come an pree a dram or twoe,
 men roondaboot fae aa the airts,
 highheidyins tae amang the lave
 kenspecklelyke in name an fame.

Wi monie ithers, clan an clannit,
 cam Bjorn and Helgi Bjolan, baith
 her brithers, and alang wi thaem
 cam Koll o Dales, Unn's ain guidkinsman,
 and Hord, thon yin fae Hordadale,
 alang wi monie meikle men. 60

The waddin-faest was thrangitie,
 folk back an furrit lyke the gairies
 attoore amang late suimmer heather;
 the young folk roond and roond aboot
 lik feet can clitter-claitter dauncein;
 the auld menbodies up an doon
 wi *Skol* for this an *Slainte* that
 auld wemen in a connieshonnie,
 clackin anent thae waddin ploys
 they'd seen were better faur nor this yin; 70
 and younger bodies, lassies, lauddies,
 mair fair taen-on wi thair ainsels
 nor oniebodie in the haa.

Ay, fairlie croodit-oot, tho less
 nor Unn haed speired at for tae come,
 lik Yslefrith folk, ower faur awo
 tae tak the tyme tae traik ower thare,
 aye myndin they'd tae traik back hame.

Auld age noo comein doon on Unn
 lik sleepin hauf the day awo 80
 an gangin aer-on intil bed,

no yin avaa did she aloo
tae come for coonsellin atween
the tyme she gaed tae sleep at nicht
an tyme she waukent wearilie:
gy angrie wuid she be gin onie
speired gin her strenth were failin her.

On this parteeclar waddin-day,
Unn slep that bit mair late nor yaisual,
yit, ginn her guestfolk cam, she was 90
abraid as licht upon the fuit
as met her kinsfolk and her freens
as coorteous as caunnilie,
sayin til thaem fornent her thare
that she was fair taen-on wi thaem
for their guidgree til her because
o thair oncomein here fae thonner
sae faur awo, and in especial,
s'she, "I luk at Bjorn and Helgi,
tho still-an-aa, I thank ilk yin 100
for makkin here sic companie.

Syne Unn gaed ben the muckle haa
wi monie folk for companie
alang wi her, an ginn aa saets
athin the haa were taen, ilk bodie
was mair nor fairlie flabrigastit
tae see sic rowthe o ruchness thare.

Unn said amang them aa thare gethert:
"Bjorn here and Helgi, you ma brithers,
and aa ma ither kin an freens, 110
I caa ye roon tae witness this,
the whit I hae tae say the-day
because the-morra's ower late mibbes;
ma hoose and hame and aathing roon,
wi aa the graith an grun fornent us
that you folk ken is myne tae luft
an lay at ma ain pleasure, here
I puit intil the haunds o Olaf
as his alane tae keep an care for
for aa tyme on as he see fit." 120

And efter that, auld Unn stuid up
as straucht as onie totem stab,
an said that she wuid gang inbye
the booer her chaumer-bed athin,
but badd the ilka yin aroon

tak ocht fae aa the laden brodes
wuid cheer the mynd an fou the wame
the-tyme the commonalitie
cuid pree the best o gowden yill.

Sae telt for whit was said, thon Unn, 130
still sonsielyke, weel-puittent-on,
an still as tall as shooters square,
then steppit oot alang the flaer
amang them aa athin the haa,
an smert as straucht fornent her lukin,
ilk said til ilk yin ither thare
hoo graun she gaed, the-nane her lyke,
as sae here said for whit was telt.

The bodies yokit on the scan
lik *Mynd-yersel-for-I'll-myn-me*, 140
until they gaed til bed at last
tae fletten hoveit wames in slaep.

Come morra-morn whuin Olaf gaed
inbye Unn's slaepin-booer, he fund
her sittin up athin her bed,
the pillie-code against her back,
Unn deid as merble-cauld the broo.

Then aff gaed Olaf til the haa
an telt the bodies aa aboot it,
an thare was this, a muckle mervil, 150
lik wunder ben a storie telt,
that aabodie athin the place
thocht Unn anither mervil thare,
her storie ben the wunder ot
until the verie day she deed,
her mynd as straucht as siccarness
made thochtfouness her ither name.

Yae thing was Olaf's waddin noo,
anither Unn's ain yirdin dooce,
the yill abuin the bed for him, 160
the yill abuin the yerd for her,
til on the hinmaist faest-day thare
they taen Unn til her yirdin-howe
and happit up a knowe upon it.

Athin a ship athin a cairn,
wi meikle siller, muckle graith
happit aroond her for a treisure,

the cairn was steekit yince for aye.

Then Olaf Feilan, wi the greeance
o aa his kinsfolk gethert thare, 170
taen ower at Hvamm baith hoose and haud,
and aathing else athin its graithin.

Syne, ginn the ongauns ower an duin,
Olaf gied monie the brawlik giftie
till aa the men maist meikle thocht o,
an then they gaed thur ain gaets hame.

Olaf hissel becam gy michtie,
baith as a man and as a laird,
an that's a thocht that's guid tae think
as weel's the dacent speak tae tell, 180
for monie michtie lairdie chiels
are mair lik nyaffs, no dacent men.

Olaf badd on at Hvamm until
auld age cam hirplin ben at him
wi humphie back as roon's a bool,
and haunshak waek as onie waen's.

Olaf and Alfdis haed fower bairns:
yin was a son Thord Yeller caad
tae be anither man aboot
the hoose; an dochters three tae redd 190
the clart that menfolk spreid aroon.

Thord Yeller mairriet Hrodny, dochter
o Midfrith Skeggi, an thur sons
were Eyjolf Grooyin whyles sae caad,
and thon Thorarin Fylsenni,
alang wi yin caad Thorkell Kuggi.

Yae dochter o the Olaf chiel,
yin Thora caad, was taen for wyfe
bi Thorstein Tarskabyter, son
o thon yin hairie, Thorolf Mucklebaird: 200
thur sons were Bork-the-Stoot, an Thorgrim,
faither til Snorri caad The Praest.

The saecont dochter o oor Olaf
and Alfdis was caad Helga: she
it was becam the wyfe o him
caad Gunnar Hlifarson; thur dochter
was Jofrid, yin that Thorodd, son

o thon Tongue-Orrie, haed for wyfe
and efter, Thorstein, Egil's son;
gien-name o yin o Thorodd's dochters 210
was Thorunn, whoe becam the wyfe
o Herstein myndit as the son
o thon Thorkell Blund-Ketill's son.

Thrid dochter til Alfdis and Olaf
was Thordis: she becam the wyfe
o him Thorarin, Speaker-at-Law,
an brither o yin Ragi caad.

Tho some folk gie the juist fower names
that cam fae Olaf and his Alfdis,
in case ye're yin that cam fae thaem, 220
thare ye can read yer kin abuin,
an gin ye ken then eik til thaem
yer ain name for a faimlie kennin.

At that timm, Olaf bydein thare
at Hvamm, guidbrither Koll o Dales
becam no weel, and thon Auld Daith,
as sleekit as the hinmaist sooch
o pech the naither in nor oot
o kist, cam ben an smoored the fuff ot.

Hoskuld, the son o Koll, tho young 230
the day his faither doon an deed,
was aye aa-thare as neever thonner,
yin aye as furrit as no blate,
an weel-made in the myn, wi ingyne
weel-graithit tae as baen an sinnen,
taen ower the grund an meltith-brode
haed made the Dales his faither's pryde:
the hoose and hame caad efter Koll
becam Hoskuldsteid no lang efter.

As heech abuin as he becam, 240
freens gethert roon tae lauch an sing
whuineer the humph cam up his back
tae haud a ceilidh thru the nicht
in suimmer dim or winter dimmer.

Thorgerd, that Thorstein's dochter was,
an mither tae til Hoskuld, still
the young enyeuch as lukin bonnie,
was no taen-on wi Yceland, naw,
no noo Koll gane athin the yerd,
an telt her son that she wuid gang 250

her ain gaet suin ayont the swaw,
takkin wi her the whit was hers
wuid see her bydein ruch enyeuch
whoereer she nicht weel saettle doon.

Hoskuld, sair puitten oot tae hear
the ploy his mither haed in myn,
for weel ilk looed the-tither yin,
said still-an-aa he'd dae the whit
was richt that nane cuid say was wrang
sae he nicht ser her plan the best. 260
An for tae dae't lik dae it weel
that is the best that can be duin,
he bocht the hauf-share o a ship
for his dear mither, whoere it lay
an badd its wheesht at Brekkfastness
beached thare but no wi gaizent brodes.

Syne Thorgerd berthed hersel aboard,
wi aa the guids an gear she haed,
an puitten oot til sae she sailed
her bowes intil the mornin sun 270
thae lang leagues aest til Norowaa,
yin no at hame awo fae hame:
or sae thocht dauphins aither bowe
as thae taen tent o her aboard,
because they cheetlt ilk til ither,
*Ay, here she comes that nicht weel be
the better gif she styed at hame.*

We growe awo fae whit we are
whuin bydein yont oorsels ower thare.

Thorgerd haed monie kynlie freens 280
in Norowaa, an kinsfolk tae
as guid o bluid as highheidyinlik,
and aa were fair taen-on tae see her
weel-at-hersel for aa the skaith
the deid o Koll haed duin til her:
they said that she cuid hae the whit
was ben thur hauns tae chaise her chyce,
an she was blisst as pleased tae say
her ettlement was thare tae byde.

She haednae been a weidie lang 290
afore a man cam furrit winshin,
bi name yin Herjolf, weel-tae-dae
as coodnae weel dae onie better,

wi monie ells an faas o grund
as puit the maet upon the brode
lik cut-an-come-again for mair;
and he was tall an strauchtlik made
as sterk in kist and haun an fuit,
tho this tae tell, a thochtie juist
upon the aidge o ugsomeness, 300
naw, no lik that, a weething grugous,
but aiblin no that aither, ken,
for he was strang wi't at the wark
that caas for battle-aix an sworde
as made a brawlik fechtin chiel.

Altho the folk colloquit roond
anent the ongauns tween thae twoe,
sin Thorgerd was in weidieheid
the ay or naw anent the maitter
was hers and hers alane tae speil; 310
syne, takkin tent o guid avysement
fae aa the bodies roond aboot,
an kennin that her ain behauf
micht weel be made the mair the haill
alang wi Herjolf, she said "Ay"
tae please hersel as weel as ithers.

She mairriet Herjolf, gangin wi him
intil his hoose at hame thon wy
she thocht the-nane o ither days
yince made for ither kynds o nichts, 320
but made her sittin-doon wi Herjolf
as tho the wurld were made anew,
the baith o thaem juist finndin oot
whit furst was fund oot lang sinsyne.

An no juist that atween thae twoe
fornent ilk ither's mien and een,
but in amang the preein folk
wi kyndliness an guidlie gree
that saw Herjolf as dacentlyke
as onieyin in Norowaa, 330
or eever sat fornent an oar
in onie frith in Norowaa:
weel was he bookeit up this graun
for takkin Thorgerd as his wyfe.

Chapter VIII

*The Birth o Hrut,
an Thorgerd's Saecont Weidieheid, AD 923*

No that lang mairriet as become
gy easie-oasie wi ilk ither,
Thorgerd was bairnt and haed a son
caad Hrut, name gien thon wy
they spaired his broo wi sloosh o watter.

Nae stumpie stoosie as a bairn,
but aer-on growein heech as strang,
whuin he becam a man, thon Hrut
was braid aboot the shooters as
athwartships in a bonnie boat; 10
his middis was as flet's a brode
abuin his twoe stoot stabs o legs;
his hauns were frames o manliness,
his feet were fleet in monie gemmes.

Amang maist men Hrut aye was seen
the maik o onie man abraid,
an wemen thocht his face as fair
as his graunfaither Thorstein's yince,
an betterlyke, it maun be said,
nor yon yin Ketill Fletneb's yince, 20
tho folk said Hrut was gyan lyke him.

Aa things thegither puit for yae thing
that can be said anent them aa:
Hrut aye was brawlik til aa men
as he was bonnielyke til wemen.

Herjolf taen no-weel lyke sae monie
that neever think the day will daw
whuin daith comes ben in tacketies
tae stramp them doon aneath the cly;
an daith indaed did doon on Herjolf 30
thon wy the folk aroon the doores
can dae nocht mair nor shak the powe
an sooch anent the awfie losse.

Her lyfe noo cawed agly, fair baet
as didnae ken the whoere tae turn
nae mair nor dae a haun's turn aither,
Thorgerd then taen an awfie greinin
tae gang til Yceland for tae veesit

Hoskuld her son,for even yit
that is foreever whit was yince, 40
she luvit Hoskuld best o aa,
and efter aa, as she kent weel,
Hrut wuid be weel lukt efter here
in Norowaa amang his kin.

We byde awo fae whit we were
whuin growein yont, lik no aa-thare.

Oot thonner waastlins,Thorgerd sailed
til Yceland middis in the sae,
the bowes o her ain bonnie boat
straucht furrit ben the eenin sun 50
as dauphins lowpt on aither bowe
wi *Here she is for hame again*
whoe nicht weel be the better ot.

Fae whit we were we byde awo
lik growne ayont as no aa-thare.

Lang leagues awo fae Norowaa
was hame furst saw her greinin-tyde,
thon place made Hoskuld luvit maist,
thon son in Saumonreeverdale.

His waalcome til her spreid his airms 60
twoe ell the less yae fuit and hauf,
for weel his mither was beluvit
abuin the lave aroond him thare.

Thorgerd was gyan ruch in siller,
thon wy that naebodie was boun
tae staun-the-haund in cheritie,
naw, naebodie was puittent-oot
yae wy or onie ither wy.

She styed wi Hoskuld til yon day
that saw the nichtin ben her een 70
some winters efter comein hame,
whuin auld daith, quaetlik in her seikness,
neever let dab she was tae dee,
naw, neever let her ken she'd deed.

We're aye for hamewith, even tho
it is oor lang hame hains whit thocht it.

Her dacent yirdin ower an duin,

Hoskuld taen ilka siller bit,
ay, ilka smaa bit maik anaa
that haed belangit her, altho,
as aabodie that thocht ot kent,
the hauf ot suid hae gane til Hrut.

80

Chapter IX

Hoskuld's Mairriage, AD 935

At that timm, Norowaa itsel
was ringit ower bi yon yin Hakon,
yince foster-bairn til Athelstan
the keeng o Wessex ower in England.

Hoskuld, in Hakon's bodieguaird,
badd ower in Norowaa yae year,
the neist hame, turn an turn aboot,
lik eeksie-peeksie aest an waast:
he was a gy kenspeckle man
in Yceland as in Norowaa.

10

Noo, thare was yin, a man caad Bjorn,
whoe leaved at Bjornfrith whoere he'd taen
as muckle grund as gart the frith
be caad bi his name for the kennin.
This frith cuts back intil the laund
northwys fae Steingrimsfrith, a neck
o grund atween the twoe launds rinnin.

Bjorn was a highheidyin at that,
wi's muckle siller in the pootsh
as herrin in a league o sae:
Ljufa gien-name o his wyfe.

20

Thur dochter's name was Jorunn: she
was intil fairheid lyke tae catch
the braith and haud it furst timm seein,
an wi it, prood as luft the broo
an cast the lock asyde gin hearin
the whit she didnae lyke tae hear
or seein ocht no lykit seen;
weel intil cleveralitie
anaa, thon Jorunn dadnae need
tae luft a broo or cast a lock,
for aa folk kent the wy she lukit
shawed gin or no she was in greeance:
for aa that, she was thocht tae be
the marra was the best o chyce
in aa the friths alang the waast.

30

The Hoskuld chiel haed heard o her,
an tho that was the feck enyeuch,
thare was anither feck the mair

that was enyeuch as made the hail,
an that was that her faither Bjorn
was feck-fou his ainsel wi siller,
nae highheidyin oot-thru the Straunds
as weel-aff as thon faither Bjorn. 40

Up and awo fae hame rade Hoskuld,
wi ten guid men for tail tae follae,
tho some folk say they nummert nyne,
an gaed til Bjorn's hoose at Bjornfrith
whoere he was waalcomed lyke a freen,
for Hoskuld and his wys o daein 50
were gy weel kent til Bjorn hissel.

Hoskuld fornent him then puit furrit
his ettlement, that was tae seek
the haund o Jorunn, paum til loof,
an Bjorn said he was gy pleased,
for it was tyme an richtlie tyme
his bonnie dochter suid be mairriet:
but juist the same, he thocht it wyss
that she hersel say ay or naw.

Puittent til Jorunn, she gied aunswer 60
the yae wy thonner, tither thare,
in sayin, "Fae aa I hear tell
anent ye, Hoskuld, whit ye speir at
is no that bad, an that's gy guid,
and I am shair the wummanbodie
that mairries you will no dae bad;
but juist the same, I think it wyss
tae let ma faither hae his say
anent the ploy: gin he say ay,
it's I will be in greeance wi him." 70

The lang an shorte ot aa, that is
as braid as it is sydiewys,
was Jorunn puit hersel in hecht
tae mairrie Hoskuld, tocher guidlie
til Hoskuldsteid whoere she wuid wad.

Aathing anent the maitter duin
lik nae mair need be duin the-noo,
Hoskuld, wi tail o his braw chiels,
gaed hame til Hoskuldsteid tae byde
in paece o myn lik saucht o spreit 80
until the waddin-day wuid come.
The waddin-faest guid-aetin noo,

Bjorn fae the northern airt cam doon
amang a bonnie companie
o muckle bodies, freens o his.

Hoskuld haed speired at monie guests
that they wuid bliss his hoose at hame,
an thae folk cam, baith freens an kin,
 an kin o freens, an freens o kin,
 the nane o thaem clanjamphrie folk, 90
for this was yae graun waddin-faest,
 no juist a luft-an-saut-an-chowe,
 but tichtener lik knyfe-an-forker.

Syne, ginn the ilka brode scoored clean
and ilka dram fair sloocht awo,
the ilka bodie made for hame
wi gifties in alow the oxter
 an freenship buckelt ben the belt.

Bjorn's dochter Jorunn taen her saet
at Hoskuldsteid as wyfie thare 100
wi aa the hoosehaud care in haund
as she in Hoskuld's care hersel.

It wasnae lang or she was seen
as wyss as gy weel-at-hersel,
an furrit aye as whit tae dae
as intil kennin whit was whye,
tho aftentymes lik raise-the-ruif
wi temper, clashin pans thegither.

Altho thae twoe, Hoskuld an Jorunn
were lyke the yae yin whuin thegither, 110
lik luvin yin anither weel,
they were a weething intil blateness
fornent the lave o folk aroon.

Highheidyin syne the Hoskuld chiel,
as michtie as the dunt o nieve
straucht-furrit, wechtie in ahint it,
and haein muckle siller tae,
was nane less nor his faither, Koll,
tho siller ben the pootsh is no
aye maik o wyssness ben the heid. 120

Hoskuld and Jorunn that were twoe
made furder yin bi haein childer
no that lang efter bein mairriet;

a son, the eldest o the bairns,
haed gien-name Thorliek, then yin, Bard,
anither son asyde the ingle
alang wi dochters tae, yin Hallgerd,
gien byname Langshanks syne-an-on,
 tho mynd ye, ithers bodies say
 Langbreeks the paer sowl's byname was: 130
an thare was yin was Thurid caad,
 the naething else, tho, said anent her.
And aa the faimlie, it was said,
 haed aa fornent them chyce for chaisin.

Thorliek was tall as gart plain folk
 luk up at him as he glowered doon,
an strang as gart a waeker chiel
 glunsh as tho soor ploom bree ben mou
 gif Thorliek gied his haund a grup;
and as braw-lukin as cuid gar 140
 the lassies keek at him, een wunnerin
 as see him mibbe lyke perhaps
 or even aiblins tak a chaunce;
but wi it, he was quaet anaa,
 tho roch as onie drumlie swaw
 ye'd sail ayont afore gang thru,
and as til that, men taen a thocht
 tae haud a weething aff his coorse,
 no lukin for tae be taen-in,
 no fair taen-on wi whit he did: 150
Thorliek his son, the faither said,
taen efter aa that race o men,
the clannit folk athorte the Straunds.

Bard, whoe was Hoskuld's ither son,
was braw as manlie in his wy,
 an strang enyeuch the mair nor maist;
 and aesie wi it as was felt
bi yin and aa aroon the place
 whoe kent the lyke o him was seen
the eemage o his faither's folk. 160

Bard was a quaetlik chiel anaa
whuin he was growein-up, thon wy
 as kyndlie as the caumer swaw
 athin a loch fae shore til shore,
 thon wy whuin lukin ben the watter
 ye see the ferlies o the deep;
waanchauncie-nane wi aa his freens
 whoe lukit on him wi respeck,

he lukit doon on naebodie,
sae aa jaloused that Hoskuld luved
the young Bard best o aa his childer. 170

In honour noo lik trumpet blast,
and heech renoun lik stoond o drums,
the hoose o Hoskuld stuid apairt
for tyme tae puit a deemin ont.

Groa was Hoskuld's sister, and
it was aboot the-noo that Hoskuld
gied her in mairriage til Velief
was caad The Auld; an syne they haed
a son was kent as Holmgang-Bersi. 180

Chapter X

Anent Killer Hrapp

Hrapp was the name o a man whoe badd
in Saumonreeverdale, north bank
o the reever fornent the Hoskuldsteid
at thon place later caad Hrappsteid
whoere aathing noo is sailrie tasht,
no even waarth the docken leaf
that's no that lykelie tae be fund thare.

Hrapp was the son o Somerled,
his byname bein Fechter Hrapp,
as some folk caad him, ithers, tho, 10
wi betterlyke name, Killer Hrapp:
he was Scots on his faither's syde,
as thocht he kent the mair nor maist,
his mither's kin the Waastren Ysles folk
whoere thocht the mair nor maist, they thocht:
he was brocht up amang thae folk.

He was an awfie muckle bodie,
as strang as waarsle wi a buhll,
a man that taen nae tent avaa
o whit or whoe stuid up fornent him 20
as lang as he cuid puhsh or puhll;
he was as blooterie in mainner
as gulderie wi aa the lave,
thon wy that did the whit was duin
athooten fash for whoe was skaithit,
sae at the hinner-en the chiel
taen aff the waast ower sae athorte,
til Yceland whoere he bocht the grun
wuid see him saettle doon in lyfe.

Vigdis his wyfe was caad, the dochter 30
o Hallstein, son caad Somerled:
her brither, Thorstein Black-the-Wyss,
badd at Thorsness, as telt afore,
an Somerled was brocht up thare,
an up-an-comein laud o pairts.

Thorstein haed mairriet lang sinsyne,
his wyfe noo deed indaed bi noo
as yin wi tyme in memorie,
altho he haed twoe dochter bodies
tae keep her memorie in tid: 40

the name o yin o thaem was Gudrid,
the-tither dochterbodie, Osk.

Gudrid was mairriet til yin Thorkell,
byname The Fringe, an thae twoe badd
in Svignaskard. He was as heidie
as able for tae let the wurd
come oot as slee as tho they were
on stockin-soles, or yatterin
as rummle in amang the haerns,
forbye bein highheidyin anaa: 50
he was the son o Ruadabjorn,
tho some folk daenae tell us that.

Osk, tither o thon Thorstein's dochters,
was gien in mairriage til a man
fae Braidfrith whose was caad Thorarin.
As brave a bodie as kenspeckle,
he badd wi his guidfaither, Thorstein,
that needit meikle care because
his tyme was dwynin intil eild,
haul-waukrif ilka morn as tho 60
hauf-thinkin "Birl the bowster ower
tae gar me gang til slaep again."

Lykit-the-nane bi aabodie
for bein ower blooterie in mainner
as faur ower gulderie in speak,
Hrapp taen it on hissel tae wecht
the whit he was the wy he was
on aa his neebors, tellin thaem
tae think-the-nane yae ither man
cuid bear the gree against hissel. 70

At that, the neebor bodies roon
colloguit aathegither, gangin
til Hoskuld, tellin him thur tribbles:
and Hoskuld telt them: "Let me ken
gin Hrapp daes oniebodie skaith,
for naebodie lik him is gaun
tae herrie me o men an siller."

Chapter XI

Anent Thord Goddi an Thorbjorn Dwaiblie

Thord Goddi was the name o a man
whoe badd in Saumonreeverdale
upon the norairt o the reever,
his hoose, af coorse, caad Goddisteid.

He was a gyan waalthie man,
tho as ye'll ken, you yins that think it,
weel, pootshes fou o siller arenae
the lyke o wysseid maks ingyne;
he haed nae bairns, and he haed bocht
the grund he badd on, nae herm duin. 10
Hoskuld was lukin efter him,
sae that he leeved in saucht at hame,
for aa Hrapp was his neeborbodie,
whyles takkin thocht tae dae Thord ill
that nicht hae gart him be no weel.

His wyfe was Vigdis Ingjaldsdochter,
graundochter her o Olaf Feilan;
she was Thord Yeller's brither-dochter
her faither's syde, an brither-dochter
o Thorolf Ruidneb o the Sheepfell, 20
that yin upon her mithers syde.

This Thorolf chiel, kenspeckle hero,
was no juist weel abuin the folk,
but aye stuid oot fornent them tae,
sae kinsmen aa wuid gang til him
whuin sair in need o some remeid.

As faur as Vigdis was concaernt,
(for she cuid coont mair nor her fingers),
she mairriet thon Thord Goddi less
for hichtenin hersel nor coontin 30
the siller wi her taes anaa.

Thord haed a bodie wi him come
til Yceland whoe was intil thralldom:
caad Asgaut, he was meikle enyeuch
athorte the kist as wi it michtie
abuin the maist o men aroond,
an tho weel-kent as thrall, no monie
amang the freemen were his maik.
He kent fyne hoo tae ser his maister,

an tho Thord haed the monie thralls, 40
 this yin alane is puittent here
 for aabodie tae ken about him.

Noo, Thorbjorn was the name o a man
 whoe badd in Saumonreeverdale,
 but up the strath tho neist til Thord
 abuin the ferm caad Goddisteid.

And here's a thing that isnae twoe,
 altho caad Thorbjorn Dwaiblie, he
 was intil muckle graith at hame,
 a rowthe o gowd an siller intilt; 50
 and he was awfie meikle made
 as weel as bein strenthie wi it.
 Tho aa the commonalitie
 o paer folk were as rowthie as
 the herrin in a skailin creel,
 Thorbjorn kept ilka back-tuith, him,
 an gied nae paer sowl yae bawbee:
 ach, wyssheid makkin for ingyne
 athin the powe maks siller naething.

Hoskuld, the son o Dalakoll, 60
 was sair puit oot wi's hoose and haud
 an thocht tae tak a luk aroon
 tae see the whit was whaat ayont
 the swaw; an sae he bocht a ship
 fae yin that was a Shetland man.
 It lay at Blandamooth, doon-reever,
 that Sodor folk caa Inverblanda
 an Scots folk funder aestlins wy
 are lyke tae say is Aberblanda.

Whiteever, makkin guid the graith 70
 that foonds a ship upon the watter,
 he telt aa folk he was for aff
 as straucht as intil mornin sun
 abuin the ruid upon the swaw,
 and aff he gaed, leavin his wyfe
 Jorunn tae tent his hoose an bairns.

Til Norowaa then, Norowaa
 acorss the faem til Norowaa,
 wi dauphins on the aither bowe
 squeechn *Come catch me gin ye can,* 80
 soothwartlie they made Hordaland,
 the better kent for mairket-toon
 the thareaboos as Bergen noo.

Hoskuld laid up his ship an gaed
amang his monie kinsfolk thare
 (the saga daesnae gie them names),
but didnae gang tae see Keeng Hakon
whose saet was ower bi Oslofrith,
for sic a waalcome Hoskuld haed
as gart him feel he was as snode
 as hame fornent his inglesyde.

90

Thon winter ower in Norowaa
gaed bye athooten sturt an steer.

Chapter XII

Hoo Hoskuld bocht a Bonds-wumman

Come aer-on suimmer, clash cam on
lik “Wheesht, I’m tellin ye!” that Hakon
the keeng haed sailit aestwart airt
wi aa his ships tae mak a tryst
at Brenn Ysles for tae puit his merk
upon the saucht ower aa his laund,
for as was laid doon in the law
lik here-it-is-for-luft-it-up,
he haed tae dae’t the ilk thrid suimmer.

Amang highheidys aa aroon, 10
colloquin was lik creesh ableeze
upon a fyre tae mak a gleed
wuid let folk see tae mak aa richt
was wrang afore, an gie thae yins
were wrangouslyke sair paiks tae thole,
as is the wy o keengs that mak
the laws for commonalities
as weel as maitters aa anent
haill kintries sic as Norowaa
an Sweden tae as weel as Denmerk. 20

Aabodie gaed til sic a splore,
for it was lyke an ongaun ceilidh
that pleasured tyme itsel tae byde
wi bodies fae as faur awo
as yonner isnae that nearhaun,
as weel as bodies roon the doores
as nearhaund as no yonner faur.

Hoskuld ran oot his bonnie boat
upon a watter chirrickie
as chunnerin along the strakes 30
as tho she were, lik Hoskuld tae,
gy greininlyke tae see Brenn Ysles,
because, as you’ll can aa jalouse,
he haednae been tae see his keeng,
the lyke o laggard laird was he
whoe’d sat fornent his winter ingle
wi lazie tartan cleedin legs.

Forbye, thare was a fair tae see
wi monie ferlies ben its bothies;

an sic a getherin o folk
ye wuidnae see the lyke at hame;
an sic a lauchin, sic a taer
ye neever see amang the dooce;
folk on the ran-dan tae, an gemmes
fae aa the airts ye haednae kent,
ay, thare were things tae see an dae
are neever seen or duin at hame!

40

Apairt fae thae things, naething ither
as muckle as clash on about,
taen place thare efter that, but Hoskuld
met monie o his ither kinsfolk
come up north aa the wy fae Denmark.

50

Yae day, the neebor o the lave
o days the tyme o year puits on
for bonniness or common cleedin,
Hoskuld gaed oot wi ither men
tae tak a turn aroon the bothies
an speir whit ploys were thare tae pree,
an saw ayont the-tither bothies
a brawlik tent o guidlie claith.

60

Up til the tent gaed Hoskuld then,
and ben the faulds as galluslie
as let-me-see-whit-is-tae-see,
an thare fornent him sat a bodie
as weel-puit-on as siller made it,
upon his heid a bunnet, furrie
as eever saw the Rooshian steppes.

Whuin Hoskuld speired the bodie's name,
the furrie-heidit yin said: "Gilli,
but monie caa til myn the man
I am yince hearin byname; I
am caad Gilli-the-Rooshian."

70

Hoskuld said he haed heard hear-tell
o sic a bodie, and he thocht
he was the waalthiest o men
belangin til the chapman chiels
and he gaed on: "I'm shair ye hae
the things tae sell that we wuid coff."

Then Gilli speired at him the whit
he and his companie nicht waant,
and Hoskuld said that he hissel

80

wuid lyke tae see gin he cuid coff
yin whoe was yae bondswummanbodie,
that is, gin he haed yin tae sell.

Gilli gied aunsver: "I am thinkin
ye set me up lik onie stookie
tae plap at me wi dollie-shots
in speirin at me gin I hae
whit you micht think I daenae hae,
but daenae be sae shair I daenae."

90

Hoskuld then saw that richt athorte
the bothie thare was drawn a pand,
an ginn thon pand was luftit up
bi Gilli, Hoskuld saw thare were
twal wemenbodies saetit yont it.

"Gang ben an tak a keek," said Gilli,
tho mynd ye, it's no taste an try
afore ye buy, as some folk say
as tho a wummanbodie were
nae mair nor kitchen for tae pree;
then haein lukit, chaise yer chyce
an we'll be thranglik at the niffer."

100

Juist that did Hoskuld, aa the wemen
thegither saetit ben the bothie
for him tae chaise the chycest yin,
but he taen in the mair nor thaem,
for thare was yae yin wasnae twoe
but aa hersel lik no the yin
amang thae ither common wemen,
an she was saetit at the pand
owerbye fae aa thae wemenbodies:
her claes made-nane the best o her.

110

As faur as he cuid see, tho, Hoskuld
thocht she was bonnie in ahint
the claes, thon wy the orrie wummanbodie
is as byordnar oniegaets
as natur's ainsel left alane.

Said he, a trimmle in his spreit
in case he tyne her at the niffer,
"Hoo muckle is it that ye waant
for that yin sittin bi hersel?"

120

Gilli gied aunsver: "Siller bits

the weibauk wechts as yin, twoe, three,
as muckle as is juist enyeuch
as cannie weel be onie mair.”

“Ye’re haein me on, man,” Hoskuld said,
wi sic a chairge for this bondswumman,
for that’s the whit micht weel be gien
for three the lyke o sic a bodie,
an that wuid be enyeuch as mair 130
wuid be that bit ower muckle, lyke.”

Gilli gied aunsver yince again
wi truith athin his speak as swaet
as hinnie ben a gairie’s byke,
“Ye’re richt, but she is lyke thon gem
that’s caad a pearl bi Scottish folk
an fund athin thur Reeve Tay,
sae you’ll can ken, gif think aroond it,
she’s waarth the mair nor aa the lave.
Chaise onie o the eleeven ithers 140
an gie me juist yae siller merk
as lang’s ye leave this yin for me.”

Said Hoskuld then, “I’ll hae tae see
hoo muckle siller’s in the sporran
here hingin on ma belt; get you
yer scales made ruidie as I pree
the whitlik siller’s in ma aucht.”

Then Gilli said, “As faur as I
am intil this athoot decaet,
Hoskuld, I hae tae tell ye this: 150
aathing anent this wummanbodie
is no as straucht furst as plain sailin
is race alang afore the wuin,
an thare is yae thing you suid ken
afore the niffer back an furrit
lik tack aboot fornent a wuin.”

“An whit wuid that be?” Hoskuld speired,
puit aff a weething, tho no baet,
nae mair nor saumon yince cawed back
whuin lowpin up a watterfaa. 160

Gilli gied aunsver: “She is dumb
as cannae dae the mair avaa
nor gaup an gant - no even mant -
altho it’s I hae duin ma best

tae gar her speak at laest enyeuch
as let us hear the bodie's name:
but no the yae wurd, no enyeuch
as let us hear her say 'Guid morn.'
She cannae speak at aa, at aa.

Nae mair adae nor no dae-'t-nane, 170
said Hoskuld then, "Bring oot yer scales,
an let us ken gif wecht o siller
that I hae ben this sporran here
is waarth this bonnie wumman's wecht."
As swythe as on-wi't naething sweir,
Gilli gart weibauk ryse an faa
wi siller yae wy, wecht the neist
as read the siller yin, twoe, three,
the juist enyeuch as nane-the-mair.

Said Hoskuld then: "The maitter stauns 180
lik nae mair teeter-totterin,
but furrit thru a guidlie rin
efter the waarslin pech an pant
o saumon ower a watterfaa.
Naw, no a differ in the niffer,
as folk micht say gif sae they thocht it:
you tak ma siller for yersel
an that will mynd ye aye o me
as I will tak her for ma ain
tae caa til mynd yersel for aye. 190
I'll tell ye this that you can tell
til aabodie will hear it said,
as honest you, sae I believe
ye're no at cheatrie in the laest."

Hoskuld then gaed til his ain bothie
wi thon bondswumman bonnilyke,
an that same nicht he beddit her
as tho upon a waddin-nicht;
an ginn the morra morn was licht
as no lang efter dawin-tyme, 200
he said til her for pleesure gien
as muckle as for pleesure giein,
"Thae claes the waalthie Gilli gied ye
are no the lyke I lyke upon ye,
tho true enyeuch as tell nae lee,
it's easier for me tae cleed
the yin lik you nor for thon chiel
tae cleed a dizzen wemen brawlie:
ay, tell nae lee, it's true enyeuch."

Sae tuimmin oot a kist o claes, 210
Hoskuld gied her some brawlik gouns,
and aabodie that saw her cled
lik that, as fyne as onie braw,
were heard tae say she lukit lyke
the bonniest in aa the airts.

Weel, no lang efter that, highheidyins
thocht they haed coonselled lang enyeuch,
 wi aa things duin as law said dae,
 and aa wurds said lik say-nae-mair,
sae aa colloquin was puit bye 220
til suimmer three timms come again,
 and aa folk ruidie for the aff.

An tyme an bye the tyme anaa,
Hoskuld gaed roon tae see Keeng Hakon,
an spak the keeng as wurthilie
as yin whoe micht be nane-the-waur
for listenin til Hoskuld's speil
as Hoskuld his ainsel, ye ken,
 was nane-the-better for no caain
 afore the-noo tae see the keeng. 230

Hakon lukt at him, something juist
the thocht the skellielyke at that,
an said, athoot a snirtle, mynd:
“Hoskuld, we're takkin gyan kynlie
til your bit speil, altho I tell ye
 that needs the tellin nane, I'm thinkin,
 ye micht hae come afore the-noo
tae gie us sic a brawlik speak,
but aer or late wi't, I'm for thinkin
 it's I maun thank ye awfie kynlie.” 240

Chapter XIII

Hoskuld gangs hame til Yceland, AD 948

And efter that, the keeng becam
 as pack wi Hoskuld as gy thick,
 lik neebors roon the doores thegither,
 an speired at him gin he wuid come
 aboard Keeng Hakon's ain guid ship,
 sayin wi't "...and you be wi us lang
 as you micht byde in Norowaa."

Hoskuld gied aunsver: "I maun thank
 ye awfie kynlie , but this suimmer,
 as you'll can ken, it's I hae been 10
 as thrangitie as midgie thingies
 aroon the lugs in suimmer eenins,
 an by-the-bye that's noo fornent ye,
 that is the whye I was sae late
 in comein for tae see ye. I
 was efter seekin oot hoose-timmer
 tae bigg a better hoose at hame."

Hakon then telt him for tae bring
 his ain ship til the Wick, and Hoskuld
 badd wi the dacent keeng for sometimm. 20

As faur as thon hoose-timmer gaed
 - an that was no as faur as Hoskuld
 haed muckle ettlement anent it -
 Keeng Hakon, as dacentlyke again
 as dae his devoirs for his freens,
 saw til't thare was a rowthie lade
 o brodes o aa kyns gien til Hoskuld
 as gart his ship ligg laichlie doon
 athin the watters o the Wick.

Noo aa was tiddlie as made snode 30
 as in fair tid the bonnie boat,
 the keeng then made this speil til Hoskuld:
 "Byde here as lang's ye lyke, or gang
 the yonner swythe as oar an sail
 can tak ye til yer waastren airt,
 tho gin ye gang as smertlik as
 the wyss wurd says a gaun fuit is
 aye gettin, mynd ye whit we say,
 that we'll no finnd a guidlie chiel
 the lyke o you tae tak yer place." 40

And Hakon said or Hoskuld gaed,
“As honourable sowl I fund ye,
I tak a sair bit thocht the-noo
that gars me ken that you are sailin
the hinmaist tyme fae Norowaa
the-tyme I’m ringin ower this laund.”

An sayin that, that was lik said
the yince is said for aye and on,
the keeng poued aff fae his ain airm
yae gowden gaud, wecht yae haill merk, 50
tae gie til Hoskuld as a gift,
then gied him for anither gift
as tho the furst were no enyeuch,
a guidlie sworde for him tae weare,
wi hauf a merk o gowd upon it
tae busk it brawlik gauderin
sae fairlie ferlie was thon blade.

Said Hoskuld til his ain liege-lorde,
“I thank ye awfie kynlie, sur,
no juist for thae twoe bonnie gauds 60
but for the honour duin til me
as yin fae yonner waast ower sae
whuin here in your ain Norowaa.”

Twue-sixin then for heave and haul
the pooer ahint the airms an shooters,
Hoskuld and aa his sailorbodies
puit oot til sae and ootwarts ben
the sun ruid-waasterin the swaw
yae muckle ruid baa ower the watters,
an wi yae fair wuin in ahint 70
that garred them scud alang lik stoor,
saw northwartlie the soothairt shore
o Yceland for a kent laundfaa,
wi dauphins on the aither bowe
wi *Here they are fae whoere they gaed til,*
back hame again the betterlyke
for haein gane awo fae here.

Syne furder waast an bye Reekness
lik *Luk ower thare, d’ye myn the day?*
Then Snawfellness an starboard bowe 80
lik *See It thare, we’re nearlie hame!*
Syne ben the Braidfrith, furder ben
lik *Here, noo, Saumonreevermooth!*

Hoskuld taen aathing fae his ship
an beached it somewy up the reever:
he biggit up a shed tae haud it -
the lairach o it on the grun
may still be seen whoere it was biggit.

Thare he set up some bothies tae,
the place the folk caa Bothiedale. 90

Nae boather noo avaa, the wark
o cairtin hame the timmer lade,
for hame was no that faur awo;
Hoskuld, wi twoe-three men alang,
rade hame , jocose as waarmie waalcome,
as was tae be expeckit, lyke.

Hoskuld fund aathing in his aucht
at hame was gyan dacent keepit,
but Jorunn haed anither thocht
nor bits an babs o hamelie graith, 100
an sae she up an speired at Hoskuld,
“Whoe is that wummanbodie cam
wi you an no wi onie ither?”

He gied this aunsver til his wyfe:
“Ye micht think that I gird at ye
gin I maun say I daenae ken
the name she haes at hame, nae mair
nor dae I ken the place she cam fae.”

Said Jorunn then, lik tak it furder
is no tae leave it as it is 110
for saucht, but eggin on for anger
is ben ower muckle switheratioun,
“Thare are a yin or twoe things shair
that cannae be the hauf o aither:
the clash o heard tell roond aboot
is aither lyke a lee for lood,
or else ye maun hae spakken til her
as muckle’s garred ye speir the name
she haes at hame, an whoere she badd
in kintrie hauds her hoose at hame.” 120

“I gainsay that the-nane,” said Hoskuld,
then telt her aa the truith ot, lyke
the lee no lood atween the lips,
an puit his ettlement fornent her

lik here it is whitlyke it luks,
an that was that the wummanbodie
suid be the-nane avaa sair duin til,
an by-the-bye that unnerscarts
whit suid hae first been said, she was
tae byde inwith the hoose in saervice. 130

Said Jorunn - for she haed tae say
the whit she thocht anent his ploy,
an mibbe wuid been fasht the less
gif she haed kept hersel mim-moued -
“I’m no for castin-oot wi her,
this mistress brocht fae Norowaa
suid she finnd-nane a pleasure bydein
wi me athin yer hoose, an laest
o aa that aiblins is the maist
ot aa, it’s I that wuidnae think ot
gif she is deif as weel as dumb.” 140

Efter his comein hame, Hoskuld
slep wi his wyfe the ilka nicht,
and haed as little enyeuch tae say
til thon paer sowl bondswummanbodie
as nocht is roond as bosse ben naething.

But aabodie aboot the place
saw cleirlie, as nae caunnle needit
athin the licht o suimmer-dim,
that thon bondswumman haed a something 150
athin her, no the maik o nithin,
that spak athooten wurd she was
heech-born in thon wy that she stuid
lik straucht bous-nane, and in thon wy
her walk was lythesome as a cheetie,
and ower abuin the bonnie aathing
the wummanbodie was, she was
nae fuil, as aabodie was shair.

The something that the wumman haed
becam a bairn wi bellowses 160
that telt the wurld the whoere he was
was gaun tae be whoere folk wuid ken him,
as he gied purr til’t late that winter.

Hoskuld was telt ot, and he saw
as ither bodies did, and as
they thocht, sae Hoskuld thocht anaa,
that neever was a guidlier,

nane nobler-lukin nor the laud,
an neever was a seemlier,
nane heechbornlyke as this bit laud. 170

Folk speird at Hoskuld: whitten name
was waarth the puitten on this lauddie
tae haud him heech abuin the lave
as he wuid haud the name abuin?
“Olaf,” said Hoskuld, for a myndin
o thon yin Olaf Feilan deid
the no that lang afore: thon man
haed been Hoskuld’s dear mither’s brither.

As faur abuin the ither childer
as neever laich fornent them aither, 180
this lauddie gied as muckle blytheheid
as taen the meikle luve fae Hoskuld.
Come suimmer, Jorunn said, “That wumman
will hae tae dae some wark or ither,
or else gang yonner that is faur
as ithergaets no in ma sicht.”

But Hoskuld said the wummanbodie
suid dae sic devoirs ben the hoose
as wait on him and Jorunn tae
as weel as takkin best o tent 190
o his by-blaw, the lauddie Olaf.

As young as twoe-year auld is no
that faur fae bein juist a waen,
Olaf was yatterin awo
as tho the wurds were sang or storie,
an ran aboot wi ithers aulder
bi twoe-three year upon thur kennin
that made the naething o a differ.

Aer-on yae suimmer mornin, as
Hoskuld gaed roond aboot his ferm 200
tae pree the grund an whit was growein
an see the baess athin the parks,
the waather was as fyne as kittle
the spreit wi pleasure for the mornin,
the sun no heech yit in the luft
but waarm as dicht awo the dew,
he heard a speak was quaet as kynlie
a weething yont the place he stuid.

He gaed doon whoere a burn was rowein

210
 among the parks upon the mains
 somewy alow a srnaa bit brae,
 an thare he saw and heard twoe folk
 he kent as weel the baith his ain;
 yin was son Olaf, listenin
 til whit his mither haed tae say,
 for she was yatterin awo
 as tho the wurdz were singin ballats:
 ay, doot nae doots, nae doot aboot it,
 In talkin til thon lauddie, Olaf,
 she fairlie gied her speilin purr. 220

Tho hauf puit-oot tae hear her speak,
 Hoskuld was that bit fair taen-on
 wi soond o wurdz ilk stoond in haerns,
 that he gaed doon til her an speired
 her gien-name, sayin it was yuissless
 tae hyde her true sel ben a lee.

She said, "Och ay, that's true enyeuch,
 for fauseness bydes in hiddlins aye
 because it is a feartie lyke
 the cooard dernin ben the saul," 230
 an sae sat doon upon the brae
 athin the hame-park gerss tae talk
 at last aboot thur talk-aboots.

"Weel, gin ye waant tae ken ma name,"
 s' she, "at hame I'm caad Melkorka
 on Sundays as on ither days."

Whuin Hoskuld speired anent her kin,
 she said, "Ma faither, whoe's a keeng
 in Yreland sittin, haes the name
 Myr Kjartan: an whuin I was juist 240
 the fifteen winter auld as cauld,
 I was taen preisoner o weire."

Hoskuld said she haed kep ower quaet
 the faur ower lang for yin her lyke,
 whoe yince haed bidd an yit wuid byde
 among highheidys lyke hersel.

And efter that, Hoskuld gaed hame
 lik yin wi storie for tae tell
 fair stappit wi the orrie speak,
 but whuin he telt his wyfie, Jorunn, 250
 the whit he'd fund athin the park

whuin he was takkin his bit daunner,
she said gin aa the snaws were haws
we'd neever see a winter come,
an that was lyke the wunnerment
she haed anent the Yrish quyne:
an that was that, lik say nae mair
is haud-the-wheesht in case o differ.

Jorunn, as weel set in her place
as plankit doon fornent the fyre 260
in lazie-tartan waather, puit
the nae mair kyndness on the quyne
nor she haed duin afore, in fac
thon wyfe said naither eechie nor ochie
anent the bonnie bondswumman
Hoskuld haed bocht in Norowaa,
nae mair nor did the quaetlik bodie
say ocht anent the Jorunn wyfie,
tho as you'll aa can ken, ay, mowt
cuid she the yae wy or the-tither 270
nae maitter whit she micht hae thocht:
but Hoskuld haed the kynder wurd
for her whoe was his Olaf's mither.

But byde a wee, lik haud the wheesht
is mowt-the-nane until ye hear
the whit it was cam efter that
lik mibbes whit ye wuid expeck,
yae nicht whuin Jorunn made for bed
in mood for neither slaep nor dover,
Melkorka was undressin her 280
an puit her shoon upon the flaer
whuin Jorunn taen the stockins aff her
an skelpt her wi them roon the lugs.

Melkorka got her Yrish up
that neever is faur doon at that,
an wi a nieve o hardie knuckles
she beltit Jorunn on the neb
wi stoond that gart the bluid rowe doon.

Hoskuld cam ben thon flytin chaumer,
his eenin quaet fair deeved wi soond 290
o skellochin an lood stramash,
an claucht the yin awo fae tither
tae keep the hair upon thur heids.

And efter that, for paece at hame

lik quaet aroon the ingle-end,
he let Melkorka gang awo
an made a place for her tae byde
in saucht o mynd an bodie baith
athin the Saumonreeverdale,
thon place that later on was caad 300
Melkorkasteid for memorie
that myns whit folk recaa for truith
sae skalds can sing nae lees anent it:
sad, sad the day, lik sangs nae mair,
Melkorkasteid's noo grallocht grun
soothairtit on the Saumonreever.

Hoskuld did weel enyeuch for her
an gied her aathing til her hauns
tae mak her bien as gyan snode,
thon Yrish bodie that she was - 310
ay, as the saw says, she was Yrish
as aa the pigs o Dochertie,
but no lik thaem, she was as bonnie
as suimmer roon the faerie ysles
in thae blue watters o Lough Erne,
as Yrish folk thursels nicht say
gif sae they thocht tae say the saw.

Olaf, her son, Hoskuld's by-blaw,
gaed wi his bonnie Yrish mither,
an suin enyeuch, as no lang efter 320
is wunner whoere the days hae gane,
folk saw the cullan growein up
was faur ayont the-tither men
for fairheid lyke *Hy, luk at him,*
an guidlie mainners lyke *See yon.*

Chapter XIV

The Murder o Hall, Ingjald's Brither.

Noo, Ingjald was the name o a man.
He badd in Sheep Ysles that are thonner
oot-liggin ben the Braidfrith airt.

Ingjald was caad the Sheep Ysles Praest,
a waarthie chiel, an furrit wi it
thon wy he stuid abuin the lave -
och, wyssness ben the heid ingyne
is yont aa siller ben the pootsh.

Hall was the name o Ingjald's brither,
a meikle cullan wi the makkins 10
athin him o a man o nicht,
but for aa that, and *aa that* leaves
as little as can maitter ochtlins,
thare wasnae muckle gaun for him,
folk thinkin thare was nithin til him.

The brithers didnae puhll thegither,
for Ingjald thocht Hall didnae puit
his best fuit furrit tae stravaig,
and Hall thocht Ingjald suid hae gien him 20
the sic a punt as puit him furrit.

Thare was a fishin place in Braidfrith
caad Bjorn Ysles, monie peerie yslands
amang them liggin aathegither,
wi monie fishes in amang them,
the fishin thare for aa the wurd
lik pickin siller pieces up.

At that timm, monie men gaed thare
for fishin, for as aabodie
can tell ye, fishermen gang gyte
as gannets gif the fish are rowthie, 30
sae aa year lang, as you may guess,
thare were as monie men in boats
as fish athin the watter soomin.

Wyss bodies set great store bi folk
bydein in saucht on fishin-gruns,
sayin it wuid be gy waanchauncie
for fishin gin they aye were castin
as muckle as aye castin-oot,

an maist men did tak tent o that.

The tale that's telt yince telt for aye
lik coont the wurd's tae tell the truith o't,
as coont the soonds athin a sang
tae sooch the melodie an meanin,
is this, that yince athin a suimmer
that was a tyme lik merk it doon,
Hall, brither o Ingjald-the-Praest,
cam til the Bjorn Ysles for the fishin
that merkit tyme athin a place.

Hall taen his ain place ben a boat,
a smaa bit faering o a boat,
wi yin caad Thorolf for a neebor
whoe was a Braidfrith man hissel,
tho aften gaun aboot the lyke
o tinklerbodie aa the airts,
but wi it, licht upon the fuit
as swythe as swither-nane at that.

Noo, Hall was thare an thareabouts
as lang as gart the fuhlla think
he kent the whit was whaat as weel
as whye whyles whitforno anent
the fishin o the frith, in fac,
the better nor the ither chiels.

Ach, thare are folk that hae the een
tae see the whit they read, but haenae
the lugs tae hear the soond o whit
is read tae soople up the craichle
ingyne can mak athin the haerns
in soochin soond o ballat-singers.

Yae gloamin, ginn this Hall an Thorolf
cam back an grundit on the straund
tae divvie-up the catch o fish,
Hall taen a thocht as stuipitlyke
as aff-the-heid stramullyochlyke,
that he hissel wuid no juist chaise
the chycest o the fish tae creel
but divvie thaem hissel anaa
tae tak the best as weel's the maist:
ye ken, he thocht the mair the man
hissel, the mair the fishes for him.

Thorolf, as swither-nane as swythe,

wuid hae the-nane ot, sweir-the-nane
tae tell Hall whit he thocht aboot it
til baith were gyan angersome,
takkin nae tent o tither's thocht,
but makkin muckle o the speak.

Sae yokit-on bi Thorolf's wurd
he kent-the-nane the whit he did,
Hall puit his haund upon an aix
(tho some folk say it was a leister)
was faur ower haundie til his nieve, 90
and ettled for tae cast the waepon
at Thorolf's heid (tho ithers say
tae caw it Thorolf's heid ootthru)
but ither menfolk breenged atween
an stoppit Hall, tho juist in tyme:
gyte gane as gy near losst-the-place,
Hall coodnae dae ocht mair aboot it.

The fish were left dividident-nane,
an then, as Thorolf shote-the-craw
that eenin, Hall taen aa the catch 100
because he thocht he bore-the-gree.

Anither haun was no a fuit
in Thorolf's place athin the faering,
and Hall gaed fishin yince again.

Puit-ootent wi his lote as no
inwith a betterment o myn,
Thorolf felt he was inbye shame
mair lyke a sklander on his kyn
because o whit the Hall haed duin,
yit badd he in the yslands, ettlin 110
tae sowther Hall for garrin him
bou laich as doon alow the lave
as tho his will the laichest o them.

The Hall yin, tho, was skowthielyke
as feart-the-nane o skaith avaa,
an thocht that no the yin wuid daur
in his ain airt tae meddle wi him.

Yae day fair-waatherin the wuin
upon a wheesht, thare on a faering
upon the watters o the frith, 120
Hall oared athooten pech or pant
wi twoe new neebors, for the darg

o wark wuid see the fish in creels.

The fish were bytin, no juist pookin
aa thru the day, lik guts the bait
as tho the hinmaist day for aetin,
and as the men oared hame ginn gloamin,
the ilka chiel was mirrie as
anither siccan day tae come.

As watch an ward is eagle ee 130
on ilka baest upon the strath,
sae Thorolf played the ploy on Hall
upon the watter o the frith,
an kept in dern upon the straund
whuin Hall brocht in his fishin-boat.

Hall, oarin at the fish-howff foredeck,
lowpt ower the syde tae stuidie her
as she was grundit on the straund,
and as he lowpit, Thorolf strak 140
a blade upon his hause abuin
the shooter, strak him thru
wi sic a cloore as cawed the heid
cleir aff his bodie lyke a baa.

Thorolf then shote-the-craw lik stoor
that coodnae catch him up tae clart him,
the-tyme that aa the Hall yin's feires
were thrangitie as hurrie-burrie
around his corp a waste o tyme,
wi him duin doon lik get up nane.

The clash anent Hall's murderin 150
was telt fae ysle til ysle, as swythe
as flicht o burds abuin the watter:
an unco thing, thocht aabodie,
for wasnae Hall o dacent birth,
tho that was naither here nor thonner
for yin waanchauncie as hissels.

Efter his daein whit he'd duin
that wuidnae mend the doom intilt,
Thorolf taen aff lik baet the burds,
for he was gy weel shair thare was 160
naebodie whoe wuid keep him lown
amang the lave o ysland folk,
as naebodie the roondaboot
was kin that kent him for hissels

nae mair nor kent him for his faither.

An certain shair as gy weel ken it,
athin that airt were monie folk
no sweir tae puit the hems on Thorolf,
the ilk a man o meikle pooer
lik Ingjald, Sheep Ysles Praest, an brither
til yon yin Hall the murdert chiel. 170

As daurk in dern as heid doon laich
as see the naeyin, nane see him,
Thorolf was ferried ower the frith
tae mak the mainlaund in sic hiddlins
that nane haes heard tell hoo he gaed
nor seen the orrie wy he cam.

No yae smaa cheep tells o his traik
until yae nicht he cam as quaet
til Goddisteid as onie scadda
atween muinlicht an leerie-licht. 180

Here Vigdis, wyfie til Thord Goddi,
an kin til Thorolf, or, some say,
(folk no here noo tae tell the storie)
mair kinnafa lik faur-oot cuizzin,
an that was whye he cam til her,
altho, as ithers say whoe arenae
here nooadays tae tell us, Thorolf
gaed thare til Vigdis, kennin fyne
that she cuid weare the troosers, hauf
the man again nor Thord her man:
she was yae wyfe o stoot courage. 190

As richt awo as daenae byde
in case the morra mak a differ,
that nicht then Thorolf spak his speil
anent the whit was whye he cam
an whye he'd duin the whit he did
that gart him speir for help fae Vigdis.

Vigdis gied aunswer til his speil:
"I ken that you're a freend o myne
as closse as near enyeuch ma kin
as no say naw til that, nor naw
til thinkin you are nane-the-waur
for daein whit ye did. Yit luk
at it this wy that I am speakin,
an no the yon wy ithers nicht, 200

and you will ken that folk that beild ye
will puit thur aathing, lyfe an means,
 upon the chaunce lik puit-an-tak-it;
an mynd anaa the muckle men 210
amang yer faes ye may be shair
will tak bluidwyte in graith an bluid,
 or lyke enyeuch in baith o thaem.”

Then she gaed on tae say as muckle
 as mak the maist o need tae sayt,
“Thon Thord, ma man,” s’ she, “is naething
ye’d caa the lyke o bonnie fechter;
 an still-an-aa, tho wemen talk
wi’s guid a coonsel as maist men,
 whyles thare’s a thochtiness lik sweirt 220
tae mak a kirk ot or a mill ot:
sae I am laith as poued the yae wy
as I am sweirt as puhshed the-tither
tae see ye duin for doom because
 ye cam tae gar a wumman help ye
sin no yae man daured succour ye.”

Wi that, she taen him til a bothie
an telt him thare tae byde for her,
then puit a sneck upon the door.

Til Thord she gaed then, an she said, 230
“We hae a man here as a guest.
His name is Thorolf, and he is
 a faur-oot cuizzin, kinna thing.
I’m thinkin he’ll byde here a whyle,
a gy lang whyle, gin you alloo it.”

Thord said he coodnae dae avaa
wi bodies fae the here and yonner
 comein lik *Here I am tae stye*,
 syne gangin on lik *I’m for aff*
as tho he ran a ludgein-hoose, 240
but telt her, aa the same, tae let
her cuizzin byde the nicht and ower
the neist day gin in tribble nane,
but gin he was in tribble - *Aff*,
 lik caw the stoor aboot his feet!

Vigdis gied aunswer lyke *Here’tis*,
 sae haud yer wheesht anent the maitter,
“Areadies I hae gien ma wurd
tae let the bodie byde; I cannae

tak back that wurd as tho it were
 clish-clash aroond us in the air,
 mynd-nane that he's been castin-oot
 wi ither bodies yont awo." 250

An then she telt Thord o the cloore
 was fell upon the man caad Hall,
 and hoo the haun that wrocht sic fell
 was airmit wi the wecht o Thorolf.

As capernoitit as capootert
 wi whit wuid be wuid be adae
 byordnar as foryet-it-nane, 260
 Thord said he kent fou weel enyeuch
 that was the mair nor certain-shair,
 that Ingjald wuid be efter him
 for siller yont the ordinar
 because areadies they haed gien
 the Thorolf beild ahint a doore
 sneckit tae keep the man in hiddlins.

Here Vigdis said a ferlie thing
 ayont the inwit o her man,
 "Naw, no yae siller bit o yours 270
 will lownlie ludge in Ingjald's pootsh
 for giein Thorolf yae nicht's beild,
 naw, no the yin; an this for shair
 that's no the laest o whit I say,
 Thorolf will byde here winter thru."

Thord aunswert her, as fasht wi fear
 as feart for furder fashin int,
 "By Sursse, I'm fairlie stymied here,
 tho I can tell ye, I'm no wi't:
 it isnae fair that sic a man 280
 as Thorolf, thon waanchauncie yin,
 suid byde here sae waanweirdielyke."
 But juist the same as maks nae differ,
 Thorolf was snode thare aa that winter.

The kintrie clash anent thir things
 gaed widdershins aroon the airt
 lik *Dae ye say*, an deishilwys
 lik *Sayt again*, until in tyme
 that taks nae tent o clash nor cloore,
 Ingjald, Hall's brither, heard o it. 290

Ingjald was intil bluidwyte noo

anent the clooterin o Hall,
sae made aa ruidie for tae speir
athin the Dales come aer-on voar,
an sae wi an eleeven crew
ran oot a ship upon the watter.

They sailit fae the waast afore
a nor-waast wuin that drave them on
lik whitter-whatter ower the swaw,
syne in the hauf-licht o the eenin 300
puit in til Saumonreevermooth.

Thur boat brocht up upon the straund,
they airtit on til Goddisteid
athin the later eenin licht,
and as thur vaigin thare was kent
as naething itherwyse expeckit,
the folk foregethert wi a dram
and *Hoo 're ye daein? Hoo 's it gaun?*

Ingjald taen Thord asyde tae speir
a yaething wasnae twoe anent 310
the wy he cam the thareaboos,
sayin that he heard tell that Thorolf
haed been aboot the place aa winter.

Whit cood Thord say but whit that was
nae truith avaa but lee gy lood?
An whit cuid Ingjald say but "Thord,
lee you nae mair sae lood the lee."
Then sayin on, "We're at the niffer:
gie up thon Thorolf, caunnie as
nae sturt nor steer anent the maitter, 320
for I hae three guid merks o siller
will ligg as lown athin yer pootsh
will gar me think tae fash me nane
anent the fash athin yersel
for giein beild til yon yin Thorolf."

Thord thocht thon siller fair enyeuch
as in his aucht tae mend the fash,
and in especial nane-the-waur
for daein awo wi aa the chairges
haed been sae muckle dreedour til him 330
that weel micht toomed his ilka pootsh
o aa the siller o his ain.

As sae he said, as was his wy

tae play the yae thing gainss the-tither,
“Athooten doot, ay, doot nae doots,
ill-wuin’ll wyle amang the folk
tae blaw nae guid til me amang
the yins I ken aroon ma doores,
but nane the less that’s muckle mair,
I’ll be the better o the differ.”

340

Wi that, the yin wi inwit cleir
as dichtit wi his devoirs duin,
slep lyke a lammie in the fauld,
the-tyme the-tither, wi inwit
as clartie as the glaur o cheatrie
groolyke upon the saul, juist dovered,
hauf-in, hauf-oot o slaep until
an oor afore the day cuid daw.

Chapter XV

Thorolf shoots-the-craw wi Asgaut-the -Thrall

That mornin, or the daw grew ruid
as Hall's bluid yince upon the straund,
Ingjald and aa his men gat up,
buskin thursels tae meet the morn.

Vigdis noo speired at Thord anent
the whit his talk haed been aboot
wi Ingjald on the hindernicht.

“Och that!” said Thord, “Och, monie things
the naither here nor thonner wechtit,
but thare was yae thing in amang them
that wasnae twoe nor hauf-a-dizzen,
an that was that the fermtoun here
wuid be thru-lukit for tae finnd
the Thorolf fuhlla; gin he wasnae
athin the place, that was the end ot.”
And he gaed on, “Sae I telt Asgaut,
the thrall, tae tak Thorolf awo.”

10

Vigdis said she haed nae mair lykin
for leein nor onie kynd o cheatrie,
an tho she was the gyan sweirt
tae hae this Ingjald sneeflin, snooflin
aroond her hoose lik onie messan,
still, let him no be baet but dae't.

20

Then Ingjald gaed aboot the place
gif no lik messan snoofle, sneefle,
then plowterie as traik-in glaur,
but dae the whit he haed tae dae,
he didnae finnd the Thorolf thare.

Whuin this was ongaun hauf-stramash
and hauf a stuishie mak a splore,
back cam the Asgaut thrall, an Vigdis
speired at him whoere was Thorolf noo.
Asgaut gied aunsver he haed taen him
til whoere Thord telt him, thair sheep-bothies.

30

Vigdis lukt doore an thrawnlik as
a messan wurriein a baen,
an said, wi angersomeness ryfe
as chowe-the-fat wi vengement int,

“That puits oor Thorolf ben the airt
that Ingjald taks whuin gangin back
tae boord his ship the straund doon-bye.” 40

An she gaed on, lik rummlin roon
her thochtiness as caunnilie
as gar her tak anither thocht,
sae she speired at hersel, “Were they
yestreen as sleekitlyke as caurrie
tae mak a ploy is mair a plot
tae tak a haud o Thorolf thare?”

An sae she said til Asgaut, “Gang
the gaet I tell ye noo, as swythe 50
as tak nae tent o tyll an trauchle:
you tak oor Thorolf faur enyeuch
as ower the burns and on til Sheepfell
tae finnd his namesake Thorolf Ruidneb,
an gin ye dae’t as noo ye’re telt,
ye’ll get a yae thing coontit twoe,
yin, something free as air, caad freedom,
an twoe, a something lets ye spend
yer tyme as free as air, guid siller:
wi thaem, gang you the whoere ye will.” 60

“That’s fair enyeuch for me,” said Asgaut,
and aff lik stoor that cannae fyle
the fuit that fluffit it aroond,
and on he gaed til thon sheep-bothie
whoere Thorolf was in hiddlins lyke
a coorie-doon alow the licht
in case the folk abraid micht see him;
an finndin him as laich as lownlik,
telt Thorolf, “Up and oot at yince
afore the hunt is at yer heels.” 70

Whuin they gaed on lik hurrie-burrie
juist cannae byde for caw gy caunnie,
Ingjald rade oot fae Goddisteid
waanrestfou as in best o tid
tae get the waarth o siller-niffer
atween hissel and yon yin Thord.

Gangin doon-bye fae Thord’s fermtoun,
and onwarts til the laich o carse,
alang the lenth o reever-syde,
he saw twoe bodies comein furrin 80
whoere thare was naewhoere else tae gang:

an shair enyeuch as luk again
for certaint, yin o thaem was Thorolf,
the-tither yin the thrall caad Asgaut.

This was the mornin aerlie as
the daylight no abuin the fell
nor braid upon the laich o grund,
an Thorolf wi the Asgaut thrall
cuid gang the naither back nor furrit,
for on the yae syde Ingjald stuid 90
lik *Let me get ma haunds on ye*,
and on the-tither, Saumon Reeve
lik *Come on ben and hae a soom*.

The reeve was as fou as drumlie,
wi yce oot-jaggin fae the banks
in meikle dauds baith thick an thin,
whyle in the middis o the melt,
it rowed, terrificatioun ryfe,
a spate o watters melled wi yce,
a ferlie thing tae win athorte. 100

Thorolf lukt furrit Ingjald's wy,
that was lik gangin intil deid,
an lukit ower the cauldri' watters
that were lik soom for deid at that,
then lukin at the thrall caad Asgaut,
he said, "It seems til me we hae
a chyce tae tak, dae this or that,
the yin, tae staund oor grund an fecht
lik deevil tak the yins gang wi us,
for it is certaint Ingjald's men 110
will gar us gang wi onie thaem;
the-tither is tae fecht the watters
an dree the weerd o soom or droon."

Asgaut agreed the Thorolf wy
that whit he did the thrall wuid dae,
an Thorolf said for ettlement
as swythe as swither-nane avaa,
"The reeve be it then," an sae
it was, thur hivvie claes taen aff,
then ower the bankwart yce: yae luk 120
for whoere tae dook, then deidman's plump.

By Sursse, they were the hardie chiels,
for sploonge in thru thon rowein melt,
hetbluidlik ben thae cauldri' watters,

they made the-tither syde, an sprauchelt
upon the bank-yce thare, then ower.

Ginn they were ower the watter, drookit
as chitterin tae hae a byte,
Ingjald and aa his men taen stance
upon the-tither bank fae thaem, 130
and Ingjald said, his fieres amang,
“Whit dae ye think, lads? Ower the reever
as thae twoe did?” His men gied-nane
the aunswer, speirin at the Praest
that he suid mak the chyce for thaem
as for hissel, altho they thocht
the reever no the wy tae gang.

Ingjald said, “Ay, lads, naw, nae wy
tae gang avaa that reever thare,
sae we sall turn awo fae that.” 140

Whuin Thorolf an thrall Asgaut saw
that Ingjald and his sweertie fieres
haed naither pech nor pith tae soom
athorte the reever lyke thursels,
they thocht thursels the nae smaa drink,
as furst they wrang thur sploonge in claes,
then puit them on again an lowpit
tae gar the bluid no coorie doon
but up an rin fae heid til fuit
as het as on a suimmer’s day: 150
an sae thae twoe gy hardie chiels
made ruidie for tae up an gang.

They traikit on an better on
the haill day thru, til gloamin-faa
saw thaem at Sheepfell, waalcome as
the onie guest avaa, for thare,
fornent the Sheepfell doore, the stane
was sklidderie the-nane avaa.

As richt awo as daenae byde
for nicht tae puit the scadda on 160
the face ye puit fornent a freen,
thon thrall caad Asgaut gaed tae see
Thorolf Ruidneb, an telt him aa
thare was tae tell anent his devoir:
“Hoo Vigdis, his kinswummanbodie,
haed sent his namesake here for help.”
An gied him siccan tokens Vigdis

haed sent for truith ot as fae her.

“Ay, ay,” said Thorolf Ruidneb, then,
“As richtlie gars me see nae wrang 170
tae dae whit Vigdis waants anent
ma namesake, sae I’ll gie him help;
but this I’ll tell ye for tae tell
the truith ot lyke nae cairriet storie,
I’m shair that Vigdis did her devoirs
lik dae the whit maun weel be duin
or dae it nocht avaa, but losh,
whittan a peetie sic a wumman
is mairriet til a sumph lik Thord!”

“Asgaut” he said again, “as faur 180
as you’re concaernt, byde here as lang
as you wuid sup the lavriest
o kail, the twoe-or-three-day-auld,
or til the humph comes up yer back
tae gang an chowe the coode o waalcome
some ither gaet or back at hame.”

“Naw, I maun thank ye awfie kynlie,
but I’m for aff,” said Asgaut then,
because athin his myn thare were
a wheen o things he haed tae dae 190
anent the greeance made wi Vigdis.

This was the ploy noo: Thorolf Ruidneb
taen namesake Thorolf in amang
his clannit companie o freens,
an baith said fare-ye-weel til Asgaut
as best o neebors til him as
the morra saw him airtit hamewith.

But here noo is the speil anent
the Ingjald fuhlla was thon Praest
that neever haed the muckle guid 200
o sic a sanctitie o mainner.

Whuin Thorolf wi the Asgaut thrall
haed shote-the-craw athorte the reever,
Ingjald gaed back til Goddisteid
no stotiouslyke as angersome,
but stottin thare no doocelik aither.

Bi that timm, tho, for fend no bend,
some twintie men caad up bi Vigdis

fae aa the fermtoons roond aboot
haed gethert thare at Goddisteid. 210

For aa that, yince the Ingjald chiel
and aa his men cam ben the yett,
he caad the Thord yin til him, sayin,
“Ye did the durtie on us, Thord,
as cooardlyke as clart the truith
sae Thorolf nicht gang clean awo.”

Thord said the whit an whye ot aa
were ootwith ocht he kent aboot,
but syne he kent the mair ot muckle
as aa the ploy atween thae twoe 220
was yowled amang the caller air
whuin Ingjald said, “Gies back ma siller
was gien ye at the nifferin.”

Vigdis was staunin bye, her haunds
upon her hips lik *Luk at me*,
her heid hauf-cockit sydiewys
lik *Ay, I’m listenin til ye tae*,
an guid as stuid, she better said,
lik *Listen you that luk at me*,
“The baith o ye hae gotten waarth 230
that ilka yin gied til the-tither,
an that is naething but sair paiks,
sae Thord, haud back his siller nane,
for you hae taen’t the cooard wy.”

Thord telt her for tae dae the whit
she wuid, for naething else wuid dae her,
sae ben the biggin Vigdis gaed
lik *Kent did she the whit she did*,
and aipent up Thord’s muckle kist:
noo, tho the shottle ot was tuim, 240
in hiddlins at the boddom ot,
she fund yae heftie purse, a poke
she taen ootsyde whoere Ingjald stuid,
an telt him, “Here, you, tak yer siller!”

Whuin Ingjald saw thon wechtie poke,
his face lit up lik Halloween
athin a bairnie’s lanthorn neep,
an sayin, “Here, gie you it me,”
his haun gaed oot lik grab for greed.

“Ay,” Vigdis said, “I’ll gie it you, 250

lik this - an birlid it roond her powe
then drave it haurd on Ingjald's neb,
thon wy the reeshle o the siller
played jingle-jangle ben the dunt:
a bit mair wecht til't and he'd been
the maik o thon auld Ketill Fletneb,
the wy the bluid flew roond aboot him.

O, whit a clooter did she gie him,
athooten let or hinder til't,
as tho she waantit for tae gie him
the neebor o auld Ketill's cooter!

260

Wi that, she gied the gomeril
a flytin fairlie bylt the air
aroond his lugs, and at the end ot,
she telt him for tae gang his gaet
sin he wuid get thon siller nane.

Nae chyce but chynge the whoere he was
til whoere he'd be the better aff,
athin the myn gif no in pootsh,
the Ingjald fuhlla shote-the-craw
lik gang fuit furrit fast bydes-nane
for hindermaist o companie,
until he won til hame at last,
fair puittent-oot ower sic a traikin.

270

Chapter XVI

Thord becomes Olaf's Foster-faither, AD 950

Asgaut cam hame aboot this tyme,
 an Vigdis gied him waalcome lyke
My, gled tae see ye as she speired
 anent his ither Sheepfell waalcome.

He telt her ilka haet, an quotit
 as plainlie as athooten mant
 the virrfou wurd o Thorolf Ruidneb
 anent her devoirs and her man.

Vigdis was gyan taen wi that,
 an said, "Man, Asgaut, you hae duin 10
 as weel as faithfoulyke is waarth
 the wages were ma hecht til you;
 an no juist that, but muckle mair
 nor aa the siller in the wurld,
 yer freedom ben ma hecht anaa;
 sae you fae this day on may say
 freeman ye are lik onieyin
 abuin the saut upon the brode,
 and you sall hae the ilka haet
 o siller that was pyed til Thord 20
 for Thorolf ma ain kinsman's deid.
 That siller coodnae gang a gaet
 as guid as Asgaut's gaet will gang."

The suimmer neist, Asgaut taen berth
 at Brekkfastness, an fairlie scuddit
 afore a wuin haed no the tyme
 tae tak a blaw, but wheecht the ship
 athorte the swaw til Norowaa,
 the dauphins on the aither bowe
 fair pleased tae see a man lik thaem 30
 as free as flee afore the wuin.

Sin efter that, til Denmerk, sooth
 gaed Asgaut for tae saettle thare,
 yae man that ilka bodie thocht
 as leal as brave: an gif that's aa
 the tale can coont o Asgaut's days,
 fareweel says til him, *Gang nane-ill*.

But nae fareweel til Vigdis yit:
 thinkin anent the stuishie wrocht

upon her and her kinsman Thorolf 40
because o thon ill-fuitit niffer
atween Thord Goddi and Ingjald,
the Sheep Ysles Praest, she hovit-up
wi haterent lyke a roch curmurrin
athin the haerns wuid leave her nane
till she wuid brak the mairriage baun
that knottit her til Thord Goddi.

And aff gaed she amang her kinsfolk
tae tell them aa anent the clash
amang the wuins upon the Dales 50
an whit hersel was efter daein.

Thord Yeller, tho, was no that pleased,
but thare was naething cood be duin
tae mak a differ in her ploy.

Nae mair nor whit was hers alane
that she haed taen til her doon-sittin,
did Vigdis tak fae Goddisteid,
but Hvamm menfolk said they wuid tak
for thair ainsels the hauf o waalth
still left ahint at Goddisteid. 60

Heard tell o this athin his lugs
lik *Deevil tak them*, Thord, as feart
as *Deevil, leave you me alane*,
rade ower til Hoskuld for tae tell
that bodie lyfe was yae sair fecht
that gart him be ill-fasht lik this.

Sklintin at Thord lik seein him
the wy a burd keeks at a wurm
afore the jaggin o the bill,
Hoskuld said, "Tyme an tyme again 70
lik owercome ben a ballat sung,
ye hae been feart as fuishonless,
but I can tell ye yae thing noo
that's mair lik hauf-a-dizzen weerds,
ye neever were the waur nor noo
for coorie doon as seen nae mair."

At this, that wasnae onie lee,
but truith no hinnie on the tongue,
Thord said, "Help me as sweirt-the-nane
and I sall gie ye siller lyke 80
the hinnie ben a byke o bees."

Lik seein him the wy a burd
keeks at a wurm afore it jags it,
sae Hoskuld sklintit ower at Thord
an said, "It's kent for ordinar
amang the folk lik sing a sang,
that you are even sweir tae let
the sun keek on the yae bawbee
afore ye wheech it back athin
yer pootsh or ben a laether poke." 90

Forfairn as gy sair duin til, Thord
lukt sydiewys hissel as tho
thare mibbe was a chiel about
wuid tak his braith, no juist his siller,
an said til Hoskuld, "Thare's a differ
the-noo that isnae lyke the wy
I was a whylsin back, a differ tae
amang the folk aroond, as tho
they cannae wait tae see the day
will see-me-nane an thaem aa snirtlin." 100

"Forbye," said Thord again, "I taen
a thocht the lyke no taen afore
bi me. Here'tis. I'd lyke tae puit
the ilka haet o aa ma siller,
and aa that's in ma aucht for graith,
ben your ain hauns tae treisure it
as tho it were yer verie ain;
an that bein duin lik gy weel duin,
then let me foster your son Olaf."

"And here's the baur athin ma ploy,
as I hae naebodie in Yceland
tae tak ma waalth whuin I am deid
as yont the daumert thocht o eild,
the ilka haet ot gangs til Olaf
as herried-nane bi freends o Vigdis." 110

Ay, as the saw says, shair it taks
aa sortes tae mak a wurld o folk.

Hoskuld puit greeance on the ploy
bi witnesses whoe heard the wurds
as soonds they kent for truith tae tell 120
lik scrape an scart o fedder pens
tae mak the soonds o wurds lik truith.
Ay, ay, tho, as the saw nicht say

gif gien the tyme tae think o it,
it taks aa sortes o ither folk
far tae unmak a wurld o man.

And as is fairlie said no fause
but true as tyme haes seen ilk yin,
the folk that mak a wurld are aa
the yin-waan lyke the six that are
the same as hauf-a-dizzen o them.

130

Melkorka, yon yin Yrish as
the grumphies o the Dochertie,
an bonnie as the suimmer roon
the faerie ysles in watters blue
as luft abuin the faur Lough Erne,
was fair puit-oot wi this as lyke
in waanhowp for tae sklim the waas.

“Forbye,” s’she, “as I am Yrish
as dochter o a keeng anaa,
thon Thord yin is ower laich a chiel
for Olaf, graunson o a keeng
tae be brocht up wi. It’s no fair!”

140

“Think you the-nane lik that,” said Hoskuld,
for Thord is growein gyan auld
as aiblins no that lang tae leeve,
and haein no yae bairn hissel,
is gled tae see his siller gang
nae gaet but Olaf’s wy stravaigin:
as I masel an gaun tae see til’t
thon siller’s ben nae ither pootsh
nor Olaf’s for the spendin ot.”

150

“An mynd ye, hen,” said Hoskuld til her,
“it’s no lyke he’s awo for guid
that lyke or no micht mak him ill
as no the faur fae gy no-weel;
and you yersel, lik naebdie else
til him, can tak a daunner whyles
an speir, *Son, are ye daein fyne?*”

Wi that Thord taen young Olaf wi him,
the bairn years seeven, ilk yin better
tae mak an mend his ward at will
wuid see hissel the better for it,
sae Olaf til him sin becam
his treisure faur abuin his siller.

160

Whuin aa this was lik clash-the-air
amang the wuins upon the Dales,
the bodies wi the law ahint them
that thocht Thord's siller up for grabs,
thocht noo nae noo wuid eever be
the tyme o day tae bear-the-gree. 170

And Hoskuld, fly as mibbe thocht
that he cuid walk upon the ceilin,
sent gifties sae Thord Yeller saw him
as no sae bad is gyan guid,
an taen the pynt lik merk in mynd
as Hoskuld said, tae tak the rue
as no that angersome anent
the fac nocht in the law wuid gie them
the yae bawbee fae thon Thord siller; 180
and in especial as nae chairge
was brocht on Thord bi his wyfe Vigdis
because hersel haed shote-the-craw
whuin she micht weel hae bidd at hame.

"An furdermair that mibbe is
as muckle as the nanetheless,"
said Hoskuld, "Thord is nane-the-waur
a man for lukin roon for coonsel
tae redd hissel o sic a chiel
puit on til him for byte an sup, 190
a man that was beset wi guilt
as buss o juiniper wi jags."

Whuin thon Thord Yeller heard thae wurd
lik soond o truith can tell nae lee,
an wi them aa thae meikle gifties,
garred him see Hoskuld lyke hissel,
then yon yin thocht that aathing was
lik no sae bad is gyan guid,
an said the siller was as safe
as tho it were in his ain haund: 200
anent the giftie tae he said,
"It's I maun thank ye awfie kynlie."

Mynd you, gin aa was quaetlik as
Wheesht, daenae mak a claitter, freenship
atween thae twoe was no as waarm
as kep the skin fae bein cauld
whuin shakkin haunds in suimmertyme.

As tyme, that taks nae tent o folk,
gaed on lik *Daenae boather me*,
the folk thursels taen tent o tyme
that saw the Olaf laud growe up
as daein gyan weel wi Thord,
an syne he was a man as tall
as trig wi shooters braid an square. 210

He was sae braw an strappinlyke,
his marra neever neebored him,
and even as a twal-year-auld,
whuin he rade oot wi ither folk
tae gang til Althing for colloquin,
the men in aa the airts aroon
thocht sic a traik was weel waarthwhyle
gif juist tae see thon brawlik cullan. 220

In keepin wi the siccan mainner,
his weire-graith and his cleedin baith
aye buskit him abuin the lave
tae let them ken the whit he was
was as byordnar as a ferlie,
an no the lyke o common bodies.

Thord, sumph or no as daesnae maitter,
did guid enyeuch as no that bad
yince Olaf was his foster-bairn. 230

But here's a baur lik *Daenae tell me*,
Hoskuld gied his son byname "Peacock"
that stuid for him for aye and on
an said a something for the dy
as muckle as it did for Olaf.

Chapter XVII

Anent Killer Hrapp's Ghaist, AD 950

Anent Hrapp caad the Killer chiel,
thare is the speil that tho gy bad
in lyfe, that wasnae hauf the bad
he was in daith, for thon was awfie.

Afore that tyme, as folk wuid tell,
he was a rowster roon the doores,
his neebors in the sic a state
as didnae ken whit wy tae turn
wuid bear-the-gree wi sic a man.

But yae thing that was aa itsel, 10
wi nocht avaa o aathing else,
ginn Olaf was a muckle man,
Hrapp left Thord Goddi weel alane,
for he cuid dae the nocht avaa
wi Thord that was a something else.

Even whuin eild was in upon him
lik coodnae myn whit day it was,
aither the neist-but-yin or else
the-day-afore-the-morn in tyme
tae think the whit he meant tae dae 20
was no whit he was at-the-daein,
his ettlements were still as bad
as gy ill-cankert, deevilish,
an syne he haed tae byde in bed.

At that timm that was noo high-tyme
he kent whit lyfe was aa aboot
was nithin mair nor come til deein
in saucht wi hinmaist greinin gien,
he caad his wyfie Vigdis til him
an said til her, altho she kent it, 30
“Weel-at-masel hae I aye been
aa thru ma lyfe, sae it is certaint
as shair enyeuch says *Sae it is*,
that this curmurrin ben ma spreit
is lyke tae dae me in an doon,
makkin oor lyfe thegither yin
will hae tae be the twoe in twain.”

“That bein sae that cannae be
ocht else nor waarth the thinkin ot,

whuin I am deid as yont the dover, 40
 wi naither pech nor puff ootgiein,
 howk oot ma mools atween the jambs
 alow the thrashel o the haa;
 and yird me doon thare staunin up
 amang the mools as straucht as heech,
 sae in ma deid as in ma quick
 I'll see whit's ongaun roon ma hoose."

Whuin Hrapp was deid as naither pecht
 nor pufft, weel yont the doverin,
 the mools were howkit straucht as deep, 50
 and he was yirdit staunin up
 alow the thrashel o the haa
 atween the jambs sae he cuid see
 the whit was ongaun roon the hoose,
 for Vigdis didnae daur dae else.

As gy ill-cankert, deevilish
 as yince he was whuin he was quick
 aa thru his lyfe in nyafferie,
 the waur-the-mair he was whuin deid
 amang the mools in nyucherie, 60
 for it is said he traikit oot
 an awfie lote, nicht efter nicht,
 waanrestie in amang the mools
 as no-aa-thare is yonner fund.

Wi ghaistliness as grugous groo
 can trimmle grue alang the skin,
 folk said he frichtit monie cullans,
 an killt the fermtoon orriebodies
 cuid staun-the-nane ill-mynditness.

The neebors tae wuid swaarf wi fear, 70
 and Hrappsteid fermtoon at lenth
 was left as toom as soondit bosse
 gin knuckles chap upon the doore
 or fuit step caunnilie on flaer.

Hrapp's wyfe, the Vigdis bodie, gaed
 waastairtit as the faur enyeuch
 fae thon fey hoose as no waanchauncie,
 that is, as near as *Naw, no me*,
 tae stye wi Thorstein Black, her brither,
 an wi her gaed her bits o sticks 80
 and ither hoose-graith o her ain.

Then, as sae aften as for yaissual
is juist whit folk wuid maist expeck,
men gaed til Hoskuld wi the clash
anent whit Hrapp in daith was daein,
indaed-in-troth, in deid was daein,
an speired at Hoskuld for tae dae
indaed the whit was needit duin
tae redd them o the deidlie fash
was weirdit wi the ghaist o Hrapp. 90

Hoskuld said, “Ay, as shair as daith,
I’ll dae the whit is needment quick
as puit the deid yin in sic strunts
will gar him let the leevin leeve
in saucht wi yin anither swaet.

An sae he gaed wi ither chiels
til Hrappsteid, tuin o aa but Hrapp,
and howkit up thon muckle corp
fae in alow the thrashel stane:
syne, cairtit thon fey thing awo 100
and yirdit it ayont the skliff
o auntrin fuitfaa ower the grund
as yont the cluits o lowein kye.

Whuin efter aa was duin an said,
lik efter aa was said an duin,
the ghaist o Hrapp was gyan sweir
tae traik as aften as afore
or as afaur as boather folk.

The waalth that Hrapp haed left ahint
as faur ower bookeit for the mools 110
ower muckle ruchness ben the pootsh,
was aa taen ower bi Somerled,
his son, whoe that neist voartimm, fermed
at Hrappsteid, as waanchauncilie
as puit a feydom on hissel,
for no lang thare he gaed fair gyte
an deed as shorte o braith as sense
that is the saul gane fae the corp
as naewhoere but in memorie.

His mither, Vigdis, whoe was still 120
aa-thare as gyan sweir at that
tae gang til yon fey Hrappsteid place,
was left the waalth o Somerled,
sae Thorstein Black taen aa was gaun

tæ hain it gyan caunnilie.

At that timm he was growne as auld
as wunner whit he'd meant tæ dae
but haednae duin for wunnerin
anent the fash o daein it,
but still-an-aa weel-at-hissel
as hertielyke at wark an brode.

130

Chapter XVIII

Anent the Droondin o Thorstein Black

At that timm, airtit in Thorness,
twoe bodies, Thorstein's kinsmen baith,
the yin caad Bork-the-Stoot, the-tither
his brither, Thorgrim caad, were heezit
as heech abuin the common lave
as thocht thursels the nae-smaa-drink
wuid fou a muckle siller tassie
wi sic a dram wuid skol a slainte.

Misdoot-ye-nane, lik daenae fash
tae finnd a lee ot ben the truith,
thae twoe chiels meant tae be mair heech
nor highheidyins amang the heech.

10

An this was whye the Thorstein Black,
whoe wuidnae lowt til sic a breed,
but didnae waant tae taigle wi them,
telt folk aroond he was for aff
tae saettle doon at Hrappsteid yonner:
sae he was makkin for tae flit
owerbye ben Saumonreeverdale.

His kye aa cawed aroon the straund
tae mak thur wy til thon Hrappsteid
that wasnae bettert yit as bien
but still waanchauncielyke as fey,
come voar Althing a wee bit efter,
an Thorstein Black was yokit on
the wark wuid mak his flittin ruidie.

20

Thorstein taen on a ferrie-boat
tae tak his graith athorte the watter:
(some say a dizzen men gaed wi him,
and ithers say eleeven thare
gif coontin his ain dochter Osk,
his guidson whoe was caad Thorarin
wi thair ain dochter Hild whoe was
as auld as juist the three year young,
while ithers say Thorarin was
guidbrither til him, makkin three
abuin the twal wi Osk and Hild).
Thorarin was guidbrither nane
but guidson, makkin differ richt.

30

As rowsterie as ranterie, 40
 lik three-pairts-cut athorte the swaw,
 the sou-waast wuin cam gowlin on
 lik yae ill-dreedour on the ship,
 an drivv her in amang the roosts
 and in especial ben the yin
 caad Coalkistroost, maist meikle o them
 athorte the airt o Braidfrith watter.

They made nae mair the saewy thare
 nor furrir ocht againss the ebb,
 the watter blooterie in scuds 50
 that brak the sae aroond thur hochs,
 then deed awo lik pech nae mair
 as ben trochs left them waalterin.

Thorstein was steerin: roond his shooters
 the braces o the sail were rowed
 because thare wasnae muckle room,
 the ship sae fou o graith, wi kists
 on tap o yin anither, heech
 as made for little furrir sicht,
 and hivvie made for little luff. 60

Laundfaa was near enyeuch as naet
 is faur ower faur wi nae saewy
 in sic a roost wi ebb o tyde.

Aathing as wrang as richt-the-nane,
 they sailed upon a reef in dern
 alow the drumlie watter-laevel,
 enyeuch tae stoond them wi the dunt
 but no as muckle's mak a wrack.

As swythe as *Think nae mair anent it*,
 Thorstein haed thon sail taen doon quick 70
 as *Dae it, think aboot it later*,
 then telt his men tae tak lang poles
 an punt the ship doon aff the reef.

But that was naither here for guid
 nor yonner for the feck o better,
 but wrang as aither waur at that
 or waarse as *Lae the thing alane*,
 for thon swaw was as larboard deep
 as starboard peels wi sic a daipth
 thur lang poles coodnae boddom doon. 80

As cauld as drookit wi the sloongein,
 they haed tae byde no wheesht but tyde
 tae luft them up abuin the reef,
 for noo the watter ebbid awo
 tae straund them heech as weel as waat.

Noo, here's a ferlie maks for wunder
 lik tell the whit is ferliest,
 thae folk whoe see it or are seen
 bi whit they think is ferlie seen,
 for here in Braidfrith aa thon day 90
 they saw a selkie in the swaw
 as muckle as byordinar
 the faur ayont the-tither baess,
 as roond and roond aboot the boat
 it soomit in thon wy it seemed
 tae say *I'm lukin at you folk*
sae I sall ken ye for yersels
an no some ither bodies syne.

Tho he haed flippers muckle mair
 nor maist o selkies in the sae, 100
 his een were mair lik mankynd's een
 that ken the whit they're lukin at
 is aither ferlie maks for wunder
 or wunder whit maks for a ferlie.

Then Thorstein did an unco thing
 that aiblins was as gyte a ploy
 as no the richt-haun syde o thocht
 nor caurrie syde o think-again:
 he telt his men tae puit a leister
 as deep athin the muckle baest 110
 as kill it cauld amang the watters;
 but tho thur ettlement was straucht
 as caw the waepon ben thon selkie,
 thur een were skellielyke tae see't
 and haunds as caurrie as thur castin.
 Some folk say Thorstein telt his men
 tae shoot the selkie: chaise yer chyce.

Aa duin as no-that-richt is wrang,
 the tyde cam in, and thon paer ship
 was no that wrang as aamaist richt 120
 an babbin up abuin the reef,
 whuin gowlin o the sou-waast wuin
 cam on again lik stoond o hert,
 terrificatioun strak the folk
 as sydiewys as erselins cowpin

thur bodies in jurmummelment
athin the drumlie swaw in deid
yince they taen watter ben the braith
that neever wuid tak air again:
them aa, that is, excep for yin 130
caad Gudmund, were cast on the straund
wi bits o timmer fae the wrack,
alang wi bits o sticks o splechrie;
the place whoere he was waasht ashore
sinsyne caad Gudmund's Ysles for him.

Gudrid, wyfie til Thorkell Fringe,
the Thorkell Black's yae ither dochter,
was heir til aa that Thorstein left.

The wurd anent the droondin gaed
ower aa the airts the wuins played pec 140
lik sing a sang or sooch a stave
fae bellowses o man or wumman,
the owercome ot the bodies droont
lik neever sook the braith again
ben ilka kist sae fou o watter.

Nae hunker-slydin tho wi Thorkell,
for at-the-toot as swaet as hinnie,
he sent for Gudmund waasht ashore
as luckie as the Twal Apostles,
an made a niffer wi the chiel 150
that Gudmund's speil anent the wrack
suid be the wy that Thorkell telt him.

Gudmund agreed, but whye he did
the saga daesnae say avaa,
and aiblins gin it did, the whye
he did nicht tak as lang tae tell
as whitforno the-tither speil.

Thorkell noo speired at him tae tell
abraid amang as monie folk
as turn a lug upon the clash 160
tae hear him nummer aff ilk daith
as true as caain zeentie-peentie
made magical in bairnies' gemmes.

An that is hoo thon Gudmund speiled
as tho amang the gowlin swaw
an clitter-claitter o the wrack
noo on the reef, syne ben the frith

lik rummel-tummelin aroon,
 he haed tae thole the devoirs on him
 tae coont the weird o ilka yin
 but his ainsel telt aff for deid
 as magicallie nummert aff
 as onie bairn whuin playin gemmes.

170

“The furst yin droont was Thorstein Black,”
 he said, “as swep oot-ower an doon
 as companie for muckle selkie,
 the neist his guidson, thon Thorarin
 as companie for baith o thaem.”
 (The siller noo and aathing else
 wuld gang til Hild, the wee bit bairn
 whoe was the dochter o Thorarin).

180

“An then,” he said, “the bairn was droont
 wi haurdlie tyme enyeuch tae greet.”
 (As sae she haed tae droon juist then,
 because she was the neist in lyne
 til her paer mither, yon yin Osk).

Wi that, af coorse, it was as certaint
 as swither-nane anent it, aathing
 wuid gang til Thorkell Fringe because
 his ain wyfe Gudrid haed tae hae
 the aathing that haed been her sister’s,
 nane ither nor thon paer sowl Osk.

190

Ower aa the airts the wuin can pech
 lik ballat sung or saga telt,
 the Thorkell Fringe and aa his men
 puit bellowses ahint the speil,
 but monie folk were no taen-in,
 because the Gudmund chiel haed mowtit
 anither kinna sooch o sang,
 wi owercome ot a differ tae.

200

Misdoot lik *Daenae tell me that*
 gaed in amang Thorarin’s kinsmen,
 thon wy they stuid wi nebs as heech
 as tho the speil gaed stinkin bye.

And as they stuid, they said they’d byde
 for caller air tae come upon them
 tae waff them wi a speil o pruif
 anent the tellin, lee or truth:
 the burthen o baith truth an pruif

was that Thorarin haed tae hae
the hauf o whit was gaun for grabs. 210

The ilka haet o aa was gaun
fae whit was yince Thorarin Black's,
was aa his ain and his alane,
said Thorkell, and he wuidnae see
Thorarin's kinsmen in his purritch;
an gin they thocht tae bear-the-gree,
then let them saettle it in ordeal
as was the wy they aye haed duin it.

At that timm, that is noo langsyne 220
as tells us no enyeuch anent it
tae think ot widdershins or deishil,
the ordeal was tae waarsle thru
alow a lang an waablie airch
o sward cut greenlie fae the grund,
a strip ot wi the ends ot fast.

Noo, Thorkell Fringe aboot this tyme
haed some misgieins ben his mynd
anent the tymin o the daiths
that he an Gudmund puit abraid, 230
an whitforno, because he kent
as Gudmund kent hissel anaa:
weel, takkin thocht anent it, hoo
the ordeal made the ay or naw,
tummlin-the-wulkies gaed his haerns
wi feartiness that neebored dreedour.

The Christian an the haethen bodies
were aa the yin-waan takkin ordeal
as Thorkell six-and-hauf-a-dizzen,
whoe wasnae richtlie shair avaa 240
that he cuid walk alow the strip
o turf athooten skaith ot drappin
upon his powe as leear lood.

Sae this is whit he did: he made
a niffer wi twoe cullans, nocht
the differ fae the yin he'd made
wi Gudmund no that lang afore,
that they wuid be nearhaun the-tyme
the ordeal was aboot tae stert,
an they wuid then cast-oot lik messans 250
sae they wuid tuitch the sward-strip airch
an caw it doon aroon thur feet.

This wuid be duin mishanterlyke
as furrit cam the ordeal bodie,
an sae it was, the airch doon-dungit
as baith thae cullans set aboot
tae thwack ilka ither wi thur weire-graith -
but no sae haurd at that, for neebors
pairtit the pair lik shaefs o breid
 upon a flet at denner-tyme. 260

Then Thorkell Fringe speired at the folk
whit thair opeenoun was anent
the whit haed happent at the ordeal:
 and as was certain shair at that
 athooten switheratioun ont,
his men said aathing wuid been richt
gif naebdie'd puit his fuit in it.

Thorkell taen aa thare was tae tak
 o whit was thare tae get for grabs,
but aa the grund at Hrappsteid liggit 270
 as tho it taen a blaw fae wark
 lik Hrapp's ghaist takkin soondless pech.

Chapter XIX

Hrut comes til Yceland

The tellin noo lik telt again
 for makkin siccar whit is telt
 athin the Saga is the truith
 that lees nae lee lik leears lood,
 an says thon Hoskuld yin was bookeit
 as faur abuin the lave o folk
 as muckle as highheidyin caad.

Intil his aucht for cooterin
 as caunnilie as keep it snode,
 he haed an awfie lote o siller 10
 belangin til his ain hauf-brither,
 the yin caad Hrut was Herjolf's son.

As monie men as gar folk gulder
Aa thaem! thocht Hoskuld's income
 wuid be ootgien as wi nae hauns
 gin he wuid hae tae py til Hrut
 whit Hrut was due fae his deid mither.

Hrut was byordnarlyke as braw,
 an graitht for weire amang the chyce
 o chaisen in the bodieguaird 20
 o Gunnhild's son in Norowaa,
 Keeng Harald, an weel thocht o thare
 as heech abuin the lave in fecht,
 an strappinlyke as best o aa
 that "lap an sprang an flew an flang"
 afore the keeng in Norowaa.

An Queen Gunnhild anaa, folk said,
 was that taen-on wi him, she speiled
 thare was nae marra neebort him
 amang the bodieguaird o men 30
 as braw as breenge in battle furrin,
 and ilka yin as strang at that
 as kill a bear wi twoe bare haunds.

An no juist that, she said, in coort
 his maik cood no be fund for speak
 and ease o mainner, nor indaed
 for ocht else dacentlyke in men.

Ay, seek the lyke, gif lyke o Hrut

were tae be seen amang a wheen,
 and in amang a wheen a curn
 o thae highheidys staunin thare
 lik *See the lyke o us, no monie*,
 aabodie wi the een tae see
 the whit fae whaat fae whaat was whit,
 kent Gunnhild thocht that no the yin
 was peels wi Hrut, an thae that thocht
 an auntrin yin was gyan lyke him,
 haed ill-will ben the thocht at laest,
 or gif no that was hauflins gyte:
 ay, she cuid tell ye, cood she no,
 Hrut was the wale o waarthiest.

Sin ower in Yceland Hrut haed siller
 as rowthielyke as jingle-jangle
 that he cuid tak an cooter caunnie
 athin his pootshes for the pleasure,
 an sin he haed a wheen o kin
 aa gangin gaets he'd lyke tae traik,
 he thocht tae sail as faur ben waast
 as see the sun sink yont Braidfrith.

As Hrut made ruidie for tae gang,
 Keeng Harald hansellt in the wark
 bi giein him a guidlie ship
 wuid see him yonner waast awo
 as bien as neever weet a sark,
 an swythe as skliff oot-thru the swaw
 as virrfoulyke as dauphinlyke
 a blissin for the een tae see.

Keeng Harald gied him sic a ship
 because Hrut was as leal a man
 as bravelie fechtie aye as gaun
 as furrit as the fuit wuid tak him,
 an neever sweir wi nieve and airm
 tae bear-the-gree for keeng an kintrie.

Queen Gunnhild, Harald's mither, cam
 tae say, "Fareweel, fareweel awo
 as I can sayt wi soonds as cleir
 as ring aroon the tapmaist riggin
 sae nane can say I haud ma wheesht
 anent ma finndin you the bravest
 that eever taen ma haund in his;
 an maik o aa the lave aroond
 in Norowaa fae north til sooth

laich ben the friths or heech on bens,
ay, sae ye are, but your ingyne
is faur ayont the best o thairs
fund north til sooth in Norowaa
heech on the bens or laich ben friths.”

A wechtie ring, o gowd as ruid
as bonniest o wumman’s hair,
far gaun-awo gift gied she him 90
tae weare upon his wrist for myndin
o whit she said he was til her,
then, she gaed on, “I’m for awo,”
puittin her heid in dern aneath
the cleedin o her cloak about her,
sae nane nicht see her chafts were weet,
begruttent fae her een abuin:
an sae she gaed awo for hame
whoere she nicht be in dern hersel.

Hrut gaed aboard his ship, an puit 100
til sae tae sail fornent a wuin
was no a wechtie yin, but skelpt
the swaw wi pech that soved them hame
til Braidfrith, nor-waast ower in Yceland
as dauphins on the aither bowe
said *Here, this fairlie will be something
the nithin lyke a nocht in Yceland.*

Inbye the frith, lik *Here we are,*
atween the ysles lik *No faur noo,*
ben Braidsoond lyke *We’re nearlie thare,* 110
then Kaimsness in alow the gangwy,
and Yceland is alow the feet.

A new ship thare, an news o it
a clash oot-thru the ilka airt,
but naething lyke the claik o tongues
said Herjolf’s son, Hrut, was the skipper.

Och ay, and as we’ll aa can ken
whuin aathing isnae rinnin for us,
wi no a pook tae tell the differ,
(and Hoskuld was nae saumon aither), 120
thare’s whyles a something lyker naething
we’d eever waant tae see avaa,
an sae wi Hoskuld, puittent-oot
tae hear the clash, wuid meet Hrut nane,
but badd his wheesht bi Saumonreever.

An wasnae that an awfie jobe, sur?
But mak the maist o whit is bad
til no-sae-bad is guid enyeuch
tae gar ye mak a better ot,
an sae did Hrut, whoe wasnae yin 130
awo wi Wee Folk caad the faeries,
but made his guid ship tiddlie snode
upon the straund, an biggit-up
a hoose caad Hrutsteid at Kaimsness.

But furst things furst, lik leave the lave
tae catch up saecontlie or waur,
yince saettlt-in lik kinnle ingle
tae draw the damp fae his new hoose,
Hrut gied his naig its heid tae gang
its clootie pad til Hoskuldsteid, 140
his ain hauf-brither for tae see
an get the whit was his bi richt
left him bi Thorgerd Thorstein's dochter,
the feck ot still in Hoskuld's aucht.

Hoskuld, whoe kep the ilka maik
a preesoner athin the pootsh
in case it kent thare was a stiver
in hiddlins ben a spleuchan tae,
said no a tosser wuid he gie him,
an ach, forbye, whuin Thorgerd gaed 150
til Norowaa athorte the faem,
she'd taen as muckle wi her as
the lyke no here fae Norowaa
fae thon timm growein pack wi Herjolf.

Hrut lykit this the-nane avaa,
and in the strunts wi Hoskuld as
wi angersomeness cawed the melt oot,
he rade awo in sic a birr
the stoor was left ahint the heels
o thon paer faithfou naig o his 160
that neever thocht tae see the day
o siccan skelpin on the rump:
an thare the maitter stuid that then,
an badd its wheesht for syne-tae-come.

Aa wrang haes whyles a taet athin it
a weething wechtit til the richt,
for maist o Hrut's ain kinsfolk thare
taen him for whit he was hissel

an folk said-nane they kent his faither.

Three winters lang that greined for voar 170
 tae come lik *Waather's on the turn*,
 Hrut styed at Kaimsness, aa that tyme
 priggin at Althing for the siller
 in Hoskuld's aucht was no that chiel's
 tae jingle-jangle ben the pootsh,
 but Hrut's ain fae his mither Thorgerd
 tae kirk it, mill it or tae dram it:
 an folk said that he spak his speil
 as straucht along the lyne o truith
 as his ainsel was straucht as bous 180
 the back til nane whuin truith is weire.

Hoskuld puit furrit his ain speil
 that skytit caurrielyke a weething
 ayont the truith, bi sayin Thorgerd
 haed mairriet Herjolf true enyeuch
 as taen the lyne she did, but no
 as richt enyeuch as taen avysement
 fae Hoskuld, seein that he was
 her guairdian in law an she
 haed wad athooten his guid coonsel: 190
 an thare the maitter drapt, no lyke
 the soond o siller jingle-jangle,
 for Hoskuld still made plain til Hrut
 nae yae bress faurdin wuid he gie him.

Athin the faa o that same year
 as groo as onie girnie puhss,
 whuin folk tak thocht tae hae a burst
 afore the winter snecks the doore,
 Hoskuld gaed owerbye til a faest
 Thord Goddi gied for *Weet yer whistle*, 200
 and hearin ot, Hrut taen a thocht
 was no anent the drammin ot,
 for ower til Hoskuldsteid gaed he,
 as some folk say, wi twal men, tho
 some ithers say the juist eleeven,
 and herried twintie owsen fae't,
 tho lettin twintie ithers byde.

Fae thare Hrut sent til Hoskuld wurd
 whoere aa his owsen nicht be fund
 gin he wuid lyke tae pree the place 210
 was no sae faur awo avaa.

Wi that, that was lik skreech o pibroch,
or fierie corss gaun ower the maer
amang the heather an the broom,
the hoose-carles ben the Hoskuldsteid
lowpit lik lauddies daein doakies,
taen haud o weire-graith, sworde or aix,
speired at thur neebors for tae gie
a haun that wasnae lyke a fuit,
an syne a baund some fifteen strang 220
rade oot as swythe as taen nae thocht
the whit it was they meant tae dae
againss a fechtie chiel lik Hrut.

Hrut and his reivers didnae see
thae het-trode hoose-carles on his heels
lik messans yowpin for the kill
til no that faur fae Kaimsness ferm.

At yince, lik *Ay, aboot tyme tae,*
Hrut and his reivers lowpit aff
thur horse an tethert ilka baest 230
afore he and his men gaed furrin
an sklimmed upon a saundie knowe,
tho some folk say a grushie bank.

Here Hrut said they wuid mak thur staund,
am mowtit, gin his claim for siller
gaed slaw as coodnae baet gy caunnie,
aa noo micht see his furrin feet
cuid thole-the-nane tae rin awo
as swythe as caw the saund attoore
afore the feet o Hoskuld's thralls. 240

Hrut's reivers said the odds were mair
nor let them keep the upper haun,
but he said, "Tak nae tent o that:
the monie mair thare are tae fecht,
the monie mair thare are tae kill,
sae let the wark gang even-on
lik pech the mair tae gie ye pith."

The men o Saumonreeverdale
cam up an lowpit aff thur naigs
an sorteit oot thursels for fecht, 250
and aiblins thocht that they wuid kill
as let the wark gang bonnilie
as gie them pith tae pech the mair.

And Hrut, as swythe as neever sweir,
said til his chiels, “Ach, fash-the-nane,
anent the odds, for aa thae carles
are in a boorie,” an wi that,
he breenged doon on them fae the knowe
wi helmet on his heid tae guaird
his haerns asotterin alow, 260
a sworde athin his strang richt haun
that neever gied a caurrie cut,
an tairge wi caurrie elbuck ben
tae guaird against a deidlie cloore.

Hrut was as skeelie wi the sworde
as hame fae hame wi’t ben his grup,
an kent the wy tae wecht his tairge
as tho a fecht were wapenschaw
an naither ding o steel on steel
nor dunt o stoond o steel on tairge. 270

He was nearhaun berserkerlyke
as eever stuid barescud in weire,
sae wuid wi angersomeness, nane
cuid haud him aff nor byde the wecht
o sic a waalterin he wrocht.

Baith reivers and hoose-carles focht weel
afore the slauchter made it plain
as coont the odds mair even noo,
the men o Saumonreeverdale
kennin that Hrut was sic a bodie 280
thare wasnae yin amang them aa
his neebor maik in battle-graith,
for ilka onslaucht that he made,
twoe slauchtert liggit at his feet.

The men fae Saumonreeverdale
noo cried a baurley in the fecht
and Hrut was ruidie for thur paece
as dacentlyke as taen a blaw.

Aa thae hoose-carles fae Hoskuldsteid
that were alyve were gy sair skaitht 290
as kent whit fechtin was aboot,
an fower o thae Hoskuldsteid carles
were deid as didnae ken or care
gif that sair fecht were still ongaun,
or ower an duin lik thair ainsels
as still as ower an duin for aye.

Aff hame gaed Hrut, skaitht his ainsel
but no that waur as boathert him,
an wi him gaed his reivin bodies
as lichtlie skaitht as boathert-nane, 300
but gled that thare was nane for aa that
amang thursels as deid as duin:
and efter aa, they still were quick
as kent they were the wy they were
for Hrut it was haed wrocht the wark.

Yit, as for thae yins killt kent-nane
the wy they were nor whoere they were,
were they no as heroic as
the hero Hrut still staunin heech
abuin the cly that made thur mools 310
gaun intil tyme athooten name,
tho Hrut hissel wuid neebor thaem
in tyme tae come wuid ken nae differ
tween hero did and heroes duin
as aa the yin-waan but for name?

Whoere aa thae heroes focht thegither
in tulyie made for straks o doom
as tho they coodnae byde thur wheesht
for folk tae tell the storie ot,
the place sinsyne haes aye been caad 320
Fechtdale in case folk micht forget
an tyme itsel no myn the storie.

And efter aa the slauchter made
ower aa the owsen haed been reivit,
Hrut slauchtert ilka paer bit bruit
cuid dae nae mair nor chowe the coode,
as unheroical a ploy
as gars us wunner whye he did it,
for naebodie haes telt us yit.

Whit is telt is the hurrie-burrie 330
the Hoskuld yin was in on hearin
whit Hrut haed duin wi sic stramash;
sae Hoskuld and his men rade hame,
and as he rade he thocht, "Ay, ay,
whuin I kent Hrut haed come ower here,
I kent whit he'd be at was no
whit I'd be at gin he'd no come."

Whuin he gat hame, as tetchitie

as tho hauf-tuitcht lik hauflins wuid,
it was a gyan draiglie tail 340
o hoose-carles he saw sklifterin
an sklooterin back hame again
tae tell him sic a sairie traik
an trauchle they haed haed wi Hrut.

At this, as gyte as mair nor hauflins,
ay, mair lik muinbrunt throch-an-thru,
Hoskuld was angersome as rant
the air aroond him ruid as bluid,
an said he wuidnae thole sic wark
o reivin an sic slauchterin 350
fae Hrut again, for onie sake:
and aa day lang (that seemed nae tyme
avaa), tae tak the place o thinkin
the whit it was was ongaun int,
he gethert aa his men aboot him.

Seein whit was ongaun roond aboot her
lik oose aa ower the place no redd,
wi men an graith in fanklement
lik naething whoere it suid hae been
and aathing else whoere it was yuisless, 360
Jorunn, the wyfe o Hoskuld, gaed
and haed a quaetlik wurd or twoe,
speirin at him anent whit was
athin his myn that made for this,
an was his myn made up for that.

Said Hoskuld: “No that muckle yit
hae I made up ma myn tae dae,
but I’m for thinkin I nicht dae
as muckle as is juist enyeuch
tae gar the folk ower aa the airts 370
the wuin can blaw the clash aroon,
think something else nor sic a thing
as made for slauchter o ma hoose-carles.

Jorunn gied aunsver in a speil
he neever thocht tae hear the lyke o
no juist in aa his born days
but aa the days afore, an days
tae come wuid clash the whit she said,
or gif no clash it, sing the speil.

S’she, “Gin you wuid think tae kill 380
the sic a man as your hauf-brither,

yin heech as faur abuin the lave,
ye're awo wi the faeries, sae ye are,
for you ken weel as daenae need
tae nod the heid, that monie folk
wuid say that he was in the richt
as naething wrang avaa aboot it,
tae tak thae owsen langsinsyne."

"An noo, that shairlie is the day
afore the morn, an no the neist
ye're on the wy tae makkin lyke
duag's brekkfast mixter-maxterie,
Hrut staunds afore us lyke the best
o aa his forefolk gied him pith,
ay, made him whit he is the-noo,
yae man that weel can tak his ain,
and he's no gaun tae staund as blate
as some bit paerlik bastart gett
will neever git the whit is his."

"An no juist that, that is the wale
o whit ye micht expect o him,
he's no sae gyte as haesnae speired
aroon the airts o meikle men
as hereaboots as no ower yonner,
ay, hereawo as hereanent,
for I hae heard no juist hearsay
but ettlements anent the maitter
soochin tween him and thon Thord Yeller:
I'm thinkin you suid think on that
afore ye cairrie on wi this."

"Doot you the-nane aboot it noo,
Thord Yeller will be no that sweir
tae puit his wecht ahint his shooother,
his fuit a stell athin the glaur
tae gar Hrut's ain wecht gurrie on
tae win the heech grun for his staund:
and aabodie can see whoere that is,
sin you byde that wee bit the laicher."

"An mynd, I'm tellin you, no me,
for this is your ain plot, no mynes,
ye hae tae myn, sin castin-oot
wi Thord Goddi and his wyfe Vigdis,
ye haenae been as pack an thick
wi thon Thord Yeller as were yince
lik surturbrand in lava laevels,

altho ye think he and his folk
were pyed aff wi yer gifties gien
tae let them see ye lyke thursels
or let you thaem see lyke yersel.”

“And I can tell ye this for skelps 430
that leaves ye flush as neednae py
for onie coonsel lyke avysement,
or avizandum o it aither,
ay, Hoskuld, I am tellin you,
sae listen, daenae gie a cheep:
thae bodies arenae sweir tae think
they’re faur the waur for aa the graith
an betterin ye’re aye for giein
til your hauf-Yrish bastart Olaf.”

“And here’s ma coonsel, juist yae thing 440
that isnae twoe but muckle mair
as rowed aroon lik butter-baa
upon a piece upon a piece-flett
for you tae pree or leave alane;
ye’d be as wyss as gyte-the-nane
tae mak as dacentlyke a niffer
wi your hauf-brither Hrut, for as
the saw says, wolf can wolf
lik greedie-guts the-nane less grup:
shair Hrut will no byde angersome 450
sin he is gyte-the-nane but wyss
as ken a niffer dacentlyke
as betterin the baith o ye
in your ain een and aabodie’s.”

At that, the Hoskuld yin was quaet
as didnae mowt lik splooterin,
as didnae mant lik spelsh the spit,
as didnae mump lik slaiger speak,
an was in greeance wi the coonsel
because he thocht that Jorunn’s speil 460
was lyke whit he haed neever thocht
tae hear in aa his born days,
for he kent fyne it was a sooch
that wuid be clasht in days tae come,
or gif no clasht, wuid sing it lyke
a ballat or mak verses o it.

Aa quaet then, lyke a wheesht for bairns,
an men gaed furrin, quaet thursels
as nithin say till in colloque

yae syde wi tither, kinsmanlyke 470
 as tak a bit o byte an sup,
 an slooch a dram or twoe thegither
 wi *Skol* for this lik *Slainte* that,
 tae mak a wark o paece was wrocht
 tae byde for aye tween Hrut and Hoskuld.

For his pairt, Hrut was at his ease
 tae sit then at his ingle-en
 the-tyme he said he wasnae sweir
 tae be as freenlie as fause-nane
 wi Hoskuld, an was it no tyme 480
 an bye the tyme kinsmen agreed,
 as he wuid dae, that is, gin Hoskuld
 gied him the whit was his bi richt?

“An by-the-bye,” he said, “that bydes
 an better bydes for naething waur,
 lik *Wait until I tell ye*, I
 can say this tae can no be bettert,
 I sall be makkin up til Hoskuld
 for onie wrang that I hae duin him.”

Aathing made guid as no that bad 490
 atween the bodies, Hrut and Hoskuld
 were intil britherheid at last
 the no sae bad as guid enyeuch,
 an fae then on were best o neebors.

The upshot ot cam doon til yirth
 whoere Hrut becam a hamewith bodie
 gy thrang aboot the ferm at that,
 an wi it, highheidynlik as
 gied coonsel til the neebors roon.

But juist the same, that isnae ayeways 500
 lik six-and-hauf-a-dizzen, Hrut
 left naething mixterie-maxterie
 as naething in parteeclar ocht
 waarth thinkin ot, til ither folk;
 but juist the same, that whyles may be
 lik aa the yin-waan as nocht else,
 gin he was intil oniething
 was his parteeclar, he haed nocht
 for oniebodie else athin it,
 an was awo oot on his ain wi’t, 510
 an naebodie wuid daur say *Naw*.

Hrut flittit hoose at this timm, gangin
a bit awo, ower til the place
that's noo caad Hrutsteid, and he badd
til auld age thare, wi muckle pleasure.

An no juist that, tho that wuid be
enyeuch for common folk lik us,
he biggit-up a prayer-hoose
athin the hame-park o the ferm;
the lairach o the biggin may 520
be seen upon the grun thare yit:
we ken it nooadays as Trows' Traik,
oor main gaet gangin throch-a-thru it.

Thir trows are no the same as thae yins
ower thonner Lesmahaigie wy
in Scotland, tho they're little kent
the nooadays, an folk that ken
a flech is mair a flae nor flei,
as folk athin the Gow will tell ye,
are aften heard tae say anaa 530
til onie ootlan bodie come
amang them lukin gyan gallus,
Ach, sur, ye daenae ken the Trows.

An juist the same, as you'll jalouse,
gin eer ye gang til Auchterarder,
nae doot ye'll hear some fuhlla say
til onie ootlan bodie come
ower furrit naething backwardlyke,
Ach, sur, ye daenae ken hoo faur
the Feus rin doon the brae awo. 540

Mynd you, langsyne whuin Trows were kent
in Yceland as in Lesmahaigie,
the Feus in Auchterarder werenae
the auld Norse udal, neever mynd
as feudal as fair Frenchified
the wy the Norsemen taen ower laws
tae pen thur names til English grun,
then alienate the Scottish erd.

Mairriet the three tymes ower was Hrut,
but gif three is a luckie nummer, 550
he was waanchauncie wi his furst,
the dochter o Mord Fiddle, Unn,
whoe shote-the-craw fae him, a ploy
that made for castin-oot atween

the men o Saumonreeverdale
an bodies ower bi Fleetlythe wy:
 an that is aa anent Unn here,
 altho thare's muckle mair is kent.

But that is mair nor can be said
for Thorbjorg, Armod's dochter, whoe
becam the saecont wyfe til Hrut. 560

The thrid timm's luckie, says the saw,
 am mibbe Hrut's thrid wyfe was that,
but gif she was, thare is nae speil
that tells us whit the bodie's name was.

For aa that, tho, or for as muckle
 as maist ot gy near aathing til't,
the hinner twoe o thae three wyfies
gied yon yin Hrut sixteen braw sons
an bonnie dochters hauf-a score. 570

Anent thae sons the tale is telt
 that shairlie is nae cairriet storie,
that yince upon a suimmertyme,
Hrut, wi yae dizzen and yae twain,
rade owerbye til the Althing meetin,
 as furrit as *Ay, luk at us*.

The Saga tells it here because,
in lukin at thae muckle bodies,
folk said thur lyke was neever gotten
at ten-a-pennie in a packet, 580
for aa his sons were guidlie chiels,
the ilka yin the maik o tithers.

Chapter XX

Melkorka's Mairriage and Olaf-the-Peacock's Traik, AD 955

Hoskuld at that timm bydein quaet
 at hame as fonde o inglesyde,
 was growein intil his auld age
 the wy a biggin seems tae growe
 the laicher ben the grund it sits on,
 saw ilk yin o his sons growe up
 and intil manheid lyke a tree
 that raxes til the luft abuin.

Whuin yae son, Thorliek, fund his feet
 becam as yeukie as step oot 10
 an finnd the airt that scartit thaem
 wi pleasure yince upon a day,
 he made his hamesteid at Kaimsness,
 and Hoskuld gied him for his aucht
 as meikle as was richtlie his.

And efter that, lik sorte the place
 as mak the biggin dacentlyke,
 Thorliek puit intil't his new wyfe
 he'd mairriet for her bonniness 20
 as weel as her brochtupness: she
 was caad Gjaflaug, an was the dochter
 o Arnbjorn, son o Sleitu Bjorn,
 an Thorduag, dochter o thon Thord
 fae that place that is caad the Heidlaund:
 tho some folk daenae tell us whoe
 she cam fae, nor the place her hame was.

Mynd you (for naebodie can mynd ye
 but your ainsel), this mairriage was
 as heech an michtielyke as baith 30
 the man that made the wumman wyfe
 an wumman wuid remak the man,
 for Gjaflaug was as bonnie as
 heech-myndit wi it tae at that;
 an Thorliek, strappinlyke indaed,
 was ill tae please unless the humph
 cam up his back, ay, contarlyke
 as caurrie whuin gy angersome,
 but wi his weire-graith on, nae feartie.

Kinsman or no, Thorliek, the son
 o Hoskuld, got on nane wi Hrut 40

his faither's brither; and thon Hrut yin
no easie-oasielyke wi Thorliek.

Anither yin o Hoskuld's sons,
Bard, badd athin the fermtoon
tae gie his faither a haun wi't, daein
a fair whack o the wark hissel.

No yin o Hoskuld's dochters' names
is gien here, for the saga says
they werenae wrocht athin the speil
as haein nocht adae wi it, 50
but they were forebears o some folk
weel-kent for whit they were thursels
as thaem they cam fae, juist the same.

Olaf-the-Peacock, Hoskuld's by-blaw,
was growne up noo, lik onie tree
that raxes for the luft abuin
tae be amang the caller air
lik freedom ben the mynd o men;
and he was brawest o the braw
("Och, ay," folk said, "a brawlik sodger") 60
as eever buskit weire-graith on
as he did, waepons clean an bricht
as tho athin a wapenschaw.

Melkorka, at Melkorkasteid
bydein, was Olaf's mither, yince
the bonniest o Yrish colleens
fae Mourne mountains in the aest
til Lough Erne yonner in the waast
wi aa its Faerie Ysles that soom
alow the luelie gloamin thare 70
for men tae dree wi thaem thur weird;
ay, she was bonniest o aa
the colleens eever leeved as sooth
as faur Kinsale or Skibbereen,
or north as Inishowen thonner
atween Lough Swilly an Lough Foyle.

At this timm, that was no lik yon timm
in Norowaa athorte the faem
whuin Hoskuld bocht the bonnie lass,
he wasnae takkin tent avaa 80
anent the whyes an whits she did,
because, as Hoskuld said hissel,
thon was mair lyke young Olaf's wark.

Olaf said he wuid dae as weel
for his dear mither as he did
for his ainsel as weel or better,
an that was guid as no that bad.

Melkorka was a weething aff
wi Hoskuld, in the strunts wi him
as mibbes wi hersel anaa, 90
for she thocht Hoskuld slichtit her
as sklanderous as onie freit
upon her lyke a ferlie haunt.

An sae she thocht tae dae her devoirs
tae puit him in the strunts wi her
lik play the gemme's the gemme tae play,
an no a bogie, wheels are mynes.

Daein awo aroond her ferm
as did the graft was thare tae dae,
yin Thorbjorn, Dwaiblie caad, was thare 100
as thareaboos is taen for grauntit,
and he haed priggit her for mairriage
sin she becam teind-free fae Hoskuld:
Melkorka, tho, aye said, "Naw, naw,"
for nane thocht him a man o micht,
indaed, maist folk were heard tae say
he was mair lyke micht-no at that.

Noo, at Broad Aerie in Ramfrith,
thare was a ship, the skipper, Orn,
yince yin amang the bodieguaird 110
haed kep Keeng Harald free fae skaith.

Anent that noo, Melkorka said
a wurd or twoe as roondaboot
as say the last the furst because
the furst thing maitters is the last.

She said til Olaf she'd be gled
tae see him traik awo abraid
tae finnd his kinsfolk doon in Yreland,
"Indaed," s' she, "I telt ye truith,
an no a weeble-waable lee 120
that yon yin keeng amang the Yrish,
Myrkjartan caad, is ma ain faither:
thon ship in Ramfrith at Broad Aerie
can see ye thonner, boather-nane."

Said Olaf, “I haed wurd or twoe
strauchrfurrityke as no cawed roond
anent yer ploy wi ma ain faither,
but he thinks little o it as
will no dae muckle noo anent it:
and as for siller ben the aucht
o ma ain foster-faither, naw,
his waalth is mair in grund an kye
nor ocht that’s maerkitit roond here
wuid mak a muckle o a taet.”

130

Melkorka said, “Weel, I’m no gaun
tae mak a taet oot o a muckle,
or deil-the-haet ot something less,
for this I tell ye for a fac,
I’m no a common fancie-wumman
lik dae the turn for bein kept,
and I juist cannae thole the thocht
that you are caad the by-blaw gett
o yin as thrall as less at that
nor onie freeborn Yrish quyne
atween Lough Swilly an Lough Foyle
in Inishowen Ulster wy,
or in Kinsale or Skibbereen
soo-waast awo in Munster thonner,
or whoere Lough Erne’s Faerie Ysles
are luelie in the gloamin as
they dree thur weird wi Yrish folk.”

140

150

“Forbye,” s’she, “gif whit I am,
an whit they caa you tae, suid mak
yer traik til Yreland lyke a dwaum
athin the aidge o waukenin
that puits ye ben a place no thare
whoere you slep deep the nicht afore,
think you the-nane the lack o siller
is gaun tae keep the dream a dwaum
lik Yreland tint athin a haur
fae Inishowen til Kinsale,
fae Drogheda til Connemara;
for I can tell ye for nae lee
as caurrie as a duag’s hinlaeg,
but for the truith strauchtfurrit as
a setter’s neb upon a burd,
it’s I will up an pynt masel
at Thorbjorn, Dwaiblie as he is,
an mairrie him for guid or ill

160

gif sic a thing gies you a haun
no lyke a fuit, but fits ye oot
tae mak yer wy til Yreland thonner.” 170

“Indaed,” s’ she, “he’ll no be sweir,
tae gie ye whit yer needment is
for graith upon yer back as braw
as siccan lyke ot neever seen,
as weel as siller in yer pootsh
or jingle-janglin ben a sporran;
that is, gin he still fancies me,
and I say Ay an mairrie him.” 180

“An mynd ye,” said Melkorka then,
for I’m no lyklie tae forget it,
nor, for that maitter o it, Hoskuld,
whuin he hears telt yae dooble truith
that daesnae dooble as a lee,
that you are gane lik shote-the-craw,
and I am mairriet, thrall nae mair.”

“Juist dae’s ye lyke,” said Olaf til her,
nae doot the thocht ahint it bein
that whit wuid come ot wuidnae gang,
as wuid wuid gang wi’t haed tae come. 190

Ongaun wi’t then as throch-an-thru
mells aathegither in the preein,
Olaf noo speired at Thorbjorn Dwaiblie
as muckle waalth aff Thorbjorn’s grund
as gie him siller gaun abraid.

Said Thorbjorn til him (an gif dwaiblie
he wasnae something shorte-the-shullin,
“I’ll dae the whit ye waant, but mynd,
Melkorka’s got tae mairrie me, 200
altho till noo, I’m gyan shair
she wuidnae gie me hoose-room wi her:
an gif she daes, in onie case,
the siller an the graith fae grund
I hae will then be yin wi you
as I am yin wi her as you.”

Olaf an Thorbjorn noo in greeance
lik spit upon the haunds an clap them,
they puit colloquin heids thegither
wi nod at this *Uh-huh* at that,
or *Hmn?* for switheratioun ont, 210

or shak-the-powe for *Naw, och, naw*:
syne whit was said was whit agreed
was kep doon deep in dern as quaet
as mowt-the-nane says no a cheep.

Noo bein tyme tae gang the gaet
til Yceland's Althing meetin whoere
the neebor bodies gaed tae speil
anent the laws an wys o daein,
Hoskuld was speirin at young Olaf 220
tae saiddle naig an gang alang
wi him for companie an crack.

But Olaf said, wi mooth hauf-set
a wee bit caurrielyke wi lees
til him was his ain faither Hoskuld,
that he was awfie thrang wi wark
about the hoose, and ower ootbye
he waantit for tae puit a fence
aroud a paddock for his lambs
nearhaun the Saumonreever thonner: 230
he didnae lyke tae puit his faither
in boatheratioun for a fash
athin the myn for aa the wurd
lik some curmurrin ben the guts.

Hoskuld was fair taen-on tae think
that Olaf was sae thrangitie
aroon the hoose as ower the parks,
sae aff gaed he hissel tae meet
the ither bodies at the Althing.

Whuin Thorbjorn mairriet his Melkorka 240
at Lammiesteid on Saumonreever,
the waddin was as knyfe-an-forker
as garred the greedie-gutsies rift
wi pleasure for the saecont gou,
but for the lave ot yont the beddin,
young Olaf made the mairriege-greeance
anent the whit was int for him,
thon wy the clash anent him was
the Wee Folk maun be michtie chiels
gin he's awo wi siccan bodies. 250

For his ainsel, lik kirk or mill it,
Olaf wuid gang upon his traik
as bien an snode in pootsh an poke
wi siller that wuid come til him

fae sellin thrittie hunder ellswarth
 he gat fae Thorbjorn as his ain,
 for that is whit the Saga tells us.

And here's yae thing that isnae twoe
 unless it's faces for tae pree,
 Bard, Hoskuld's son, was at the waddin 260
 an kent the ploys athin it were
 whitlyke they were the wy they were,
 for mynd ye, he was Hoskuld' son:
 the Saga daesnae tell us whye
 he didnae tell his faither, naw,
 it daesnae; think anent it, tho.

As rift again in memorie
 is no the same as saecont gou,
 the faest was ower an duin wi, lyke
Weel, here we are for whoere we're gaun, 270
 sae aff rade Olaf whoere thon ship
 sweed in the Ramfrith at Broad Aerie,
 Orn skipper o it kent maindeep:
 and Olaf taen a berth in her,
 sortein whit he wuid luft an lay,
 an whoere the py-aff wuid be made.

Afore he gaed, tho, young enyeuch
 as no tak tyme tae think anent it,
 but auld enyeuch at that tae think
 tyme wasnae warth the waste ot, thinkin, 280
 Melkorka gied her son a ring,
 a meikle thick yin, braw anaa,
 that she said was her tithin-ring
 he faither gied her as a waen,
 an said til Olaf that her faither,
 whoe was his ain graunfaither, myn,
 wuid ken it for the whit it was
 an no a geegaw geggerie.

A knyfe an belt she gied him tae,
 an telt him: "See ma nourice sees them, 290
 for she will ken them as ma ain
 an no as fause as geggerie."

An then she said the whit she said
 was said the yince that is for aye,
 an that was that she'd buskit him
 as braw as ken the wy tae staun
 was no hauf-boued lik *I'm juist gaun*;

but gin he haed tae gang, he'd gang
 wi best fuit furrir, even breenge
 gin onie stuid as thick fornent him
 as made it plain they wuidnae moodge. 300

“But mair nor that,” Melkorka said,
 I brocht ye up tae speak the Gaelic
 - tearein-the-tartan, Scotsmen caa it -
 sae whoere ye puit yer fuit on straund
 o Yreland (blissins on the place),
 the folk ye meet will ken ye are,
 as lyke as no, lik yin o thaem,
 or near enyeuch as maks nae differ.”

“And Olaf, son, gin you gang thare,
 as I ken fyne ye're gaun tae gang,
 and yince ye come awo again,
 as you'll ken fyne yince you come hame,
 the Ireland o a bodie's luv
 may weel be Oireland on the tongue,
 but Ireland that's ma ain true luv
 is Yreland, and I'm tellin you,
 it's on ma tongue as ben ma hert:
 the peerie taet o that same luv,
 as styterlyke as hauf-kent ayeways,
 will byde athin yer ain hert tae,
 even gif neever on yer tongue.” 310 320

“Tho mynd ye this,” s'she, “the Scots
 that taen oor tongue fae Ulster airt
 amang the Picts an Sassunach
 soothlins the Frith o Forth, aye caa
 oor leid *The Gahlick* that oorsels
 ken is *The Gaelick*, as ye'll hear.”

At that, they said fareweel, lik staund
 a meenute thare as quaet as think
 a taet, no muckle mair, that gangin
 nicht be for aye come-nane again. 330

Olaf on board the ship at last,
 a wuin cam on fae furth o yonner,
 and aff gaed they lik feddert flane
 athorte the swaw, the dauphins lowpin
 lik *My, we lyke tae luk at ye.*

Melkorka saw the boat growe peerie
 as tho it dwyned lik her ain thochts

anent the lyfe she yince haed leaved
athorte the faem in Yreland thonner. 340

And as she stuid an lukt ayont,
she myndit that yae wyfie here
said o her, "She's a blade is yon yin,
ay, sae she is: that tongue o hers,
sherp as clip cloots, is neever blint."

But nane o that is in the Saga,
nae mair nor said her hair was gowden
as baurlie in the parks come hairst;
and ithers said, "Naw, naw, it was 350
lik sun on fyre alow the swaw
as waast awo as yonner doon."

Tho thare again, lik tell it true
mibbe they said it was the lyke
o yon daurk ben the ferlie scad
alow the siller o the muin:
the Saga tells us ane o that.

But still it's said lik tell nae lee,
her hair-sheen was atween the twoe
lik licht athin the gossamer 360
o ettercap waabs dew-begemmit
ower ilka buss bi ilka pad
come back-end o the tyme o year:
but nane o that the Saga tells.

Some folk micht say her een were blue
as luft atween the suimmer clouds,
and ithers, "Och, man, naw, they werenae,
but mair lik watter ben the frith
deep-soondin on a suimmer's day!"
Nithin o this athin the Saga. 370

Myn, tell it true, lik *Thare again*,
tak you anither thocht anent it,
an shair her een were groolie scad
lik haur athorte the braes a braith
o wuin can caw awo until
a memorie alane o scad:
athin the Saga naething o it.

But tell nae lee avaa, think you,
her een were broon as aumer powns
amang the burns along the hauchs, 380

een lyke a wunnerment o ferlies
athin the mynd ahint the broo
that was itsel as roond as whyte
as tho a skliff fae sister muin.

Think you anent it for a fact
as cauld as cleed the tongue wi lees,
or think anent it fancie as
a ferlie singin on the tongue,
and you will wunner whye the Saga
was no mair furrit wi the truith ot.

390

Chapter XXI

Olaf-the-Peacock gangs til Yreland, AD 955

Aa said an duin lik daein said
 was whyles no hauf-duin at Althing,
 as in maist places wyss-the-nane,
 and Hoskuld's guid naig taen him hame
 tae hear the ploy was aa the crack
 anent Melkorka and her son
 that was his ain altho a by-blaw:
 but as aa intilt skin-for-skin
 lik his, he juist let things abee,
 as quaet as kept ain coonsel wyss.

10

As dacent wuins abuin the swaw
 can wheech a ship as bonnilie
 as gie it purr lik sing a sang,
 Olaf an companie sped on
 acorss the faem til Norowaa,
 as dauphins on the aither bowe
 yittert *My, thon's the brawlik cullan!*

Orn priggitt noo wi younger Olaf
 that he suid gang tae see Keeng Harald,
 for thon yin wasnae sweir avaa
 tae gie men nae mair heech nor Olaf
 the honours o the waarthiest.

20

Nae dult, altho he was gy young,
 Olaf said he wuid dae juist that,
 and aff they gaed til Harald's coort
 whoere they were made as waalcome as
 airms raxin oot fae here til thare.

For whit he was fae whoere he cam,
 young Olaf was weel-kent bi Harald,
 sae thon guid keeng was pleased enyeuch
 as telt the chiel tae byde thare wi him;
 an Gunnhild was gy tentie tae
 til Olaf, kennin that he was
 Hrut's brither-son, tho it is said
 bi some folk, thinkin that they ken
 faur mair nor oniebodie else,
 that Gunnhild wasnae blate avaa
 in pleesurin hersel in speak
 wi Olaf, neever myn the kinship.

30

Ay, Olaf was the buskit chiel,
 as brawlie cled as skinkle whyles
 lik stukkie in the mornin sun;
 or whyles as brawlie cled as gowden
 as hymie gairie on a flooer;
 or aiblins tartan-cled lik heather
 and ither flooers upon the braes;
 my, he was braw as stuid apairt,
 alane lik onie muckle staig:
 the Saga nicht hae telt us mair.

40

Och, man, thon Olaf gaed abraid
 as braw an lythe as onie saumon
 lowpin an waarslin in the watter
 tae win abuin the hicht ot faain
 glesslyke as slither furrit, then
 faem-tasht an taigl in a freith
 that gurries in the pown alow:
 whye did the Saga no say that?

50

And ach, sur, he was aither seen
 lik wunnerment says *My, oh, my,*
 in lukin at the bonnie luft,
 or ben the hills in rain or sheen,
 or ower the braes upon a day
 that maks the day yae tyme tae mynd,
 altho the Saga daesnae tell ot.

60

That his ain faither, Hoskuld, caad
 his ain son Olaf, Peacock, says
 a something no a nithin aither
 anent the faither that the Saga
 haes nocht tae say anent itsel.

At that timm, tho, the Saga daes say
 that winter wearein on, young Olaf
 grew dowie as the nichts were lang,
 and Orn speired at him tae ken
 the whit was't gart him sych an sigh.

70

And Olaf telt him for the fact ot
 wuid cleed the tongue wi lees the-nane,
 an no the fancie ot wuid sing
 a ferlie on the tongue anent it,
 that he wuid airt hisselt awo
 oot waast ower yonner on the swaw,
 and it was sic a darg tae tak
 that shairlie Orn wuid gie a haun

80

come suimmer neist an dacent waather.

“Daenae tak on sae, Olaf, man,”
said Orn, “anent yer sailin waast,
for I hae heard the-nane avaa
that onie ship is boond for gangin.”

Gunnhild, in gangin bye, hersel
lik some braw ship upon the swaw,
stoppit as tho bi anchor wecht, 90
an said, “Ye’re argie-bargiein
the mair lik chowe-the-fat thegither
as I hae neever heard afore.”

At this, the twoe chiels spak her weel,
but didnae let the maitter drap,
syne Orn up an gaed awo
the-tyme that Gunnhild and young Olaf
gaed furder wi the burthen ot.

Olaf then gied Gunnhild his speil
anent desyre byordinar 100
athin his breist as lyke tae Brust,
an telt her that the pith o it
was that he kent thon Yrish keeng,
Myrkjartan, was his mither’s faither,
an shair his ettlement in sailin
til Yreland was the makkin siccar.

Said Gunnhild, “I’ll gie you a haun
that’s no a fuit, tae set ye up
for sailin waast awo oot yonner,
an mair nor that that’s nithin less, 110
ye’ll hae the whit ye waant will be
lik ocht the less wuid leave ye waantin.”

“Ma’am, I maun thank ye awfie kynlie,”
said Olaf, in yon wy that shawed
he kent his place as weel as placement.

Gunnhild then saw til’t that a ship,
as guidlie as the men wuid man her,
was gotten ruidie, an she speired
at Olaf juist hoo monie men
as guidlie as the ship wuid man her. 120

And Olaf said, “I’ll tak threescore
the ilka yin lik neebor fechter

an no the yin lik neebor chapman.”

An Gunnhild said, “Threescore ye’ll hae,
the ilk yin neebor o the-tither
lik fechter chiel, no chapman billie.”

An sae it was, lik nae way ither
cuid be the maik o sic a thing,
and yae thing else, lik nithin ither
cuid be lik sic a thing the marra, 130
Orn bi name was singlt-oot
alane o aa thae threescore men,
as neeborin the Olaf laud.

That companie o guidlie men
aboard the sic a guidlie ship
was graithit weel as buskit braw
gart folk see thaem as chycest chaisen.

Thae dacent bodies, Harald, Keeng,
an Queen Ma’am Gunnhild, sae kenspeckle, 140
gaed til the watter wi young Olaf,
because, they said, thur ettlement
was puittin thair guid luck upon him
lik bookein on guidwill areadies
gien him for blissins on his heid,
for “Ay,” said Harald, “weel we ken
the whit ye are is whit ye were
an whit ye were was whit was gien ye
fae whit the kinna kynd ahint ye.”
And “Ay,” quo Harald, “we can tell ye,
in aa oor days thare’s no been yin 150
as guidlie as yersel fae Yceland.”

Gunnhild, ye’ll mynd, haed lykit Hrut,
and Olaf was Hrut’s brither-son.

Then Harald lukt at Olaf, speirin
hoo auld a man he was, and Olaf
gied aunsver, “I am aichteen winters
as young as waits anither suimmer
upon me maks me nyneteen auld.”

At that, Keeng Harald said, “My, my,
the lyke o you is no seen aften, 160
aither amang highheidys here
or in the commonalitie,
for your bairnheid’s no faur awo

as thinks the suimmer days langsyne
 were better nor they are the-noo:
 yince you are airtit hame again,
 be shair tae come an see us, son."

"As fare-ye-weel as furth gang fair,"
 quo Harald at the wattersyde;
 an "Furth gang fair for fare-ye-weel," 170
 Gunnhild said, een as saut as sae.

And aa aboard, as ticht a ship
 as eever skoosht abuin the faem,
 young Olaf and his threescore crew
 sailed yonner waast fae Norowaa,
 wi dauphins on the aither bowe
 as smert as lowp or skoosh or scoor
 the-tyme they said *He's here again,*
but this is no the last timm aither.

That suimmertyme was waather-wearie 180
 as tho the winter yokit on it
 wi haur as groo as mortclaith roon them,
 an wuin as wishie as nae braith int,
 sae monie were the orrie oors
 the oars played plaff upon the swaw
 the-tyme the sail was trimmlin sleek
 as cairriet no yae puff o wuin,
 till gy near ilka chiel on board
 was tint intil yae swaw-bumbaizment,
 lik roondaboot an roondaboot 190
 can catch-a-wee-moose in the rhyme.

But swythe as dae it daesnae wunner
 the whye ot was yince thocht maun swither,
 the haur gied ower lik wheecht awo,
 the watter reeshlin bye the strakes
 alow the whitterin o wuin
 until the sail was bookeit-oot
 lik bellowses fair fou o air
 tae gar the boatie rowe fou weel,
 until athin a brace o shakes 200
 the dauphins skelpit thru the swaw
 noo stabbord wy, the labbord neist,
 as tho tae say, *Come on, ma sons!*

But aa was no as richt juist yit
 as caurrie-nane avaa at that,
 for as they gaed lik *Here we come,*

the neebor o lik *Here we gang*,
 they didnae ken the whoere aboot
 was Yreland yonner ben the waast
 as green as sookin-up the rain, 210
 as whyte as faith that neebors *fate*,
 an gowden as the sangs o bards,
 thae scads o hue wuid dree a weird.

Gin argie-bargie were a finger
 tae pynt the wy they haed tae sail,
 it's threescore airtins they haed gane:
 syne Orn said, "It's furrit thare",
 maist ither sayin, "Naw, it's no",
 then "Puit it til the vote" said they,
 "sae aa maun gang as maist wuid gang, 220
 for Orn is faur ower swaw-bumbaized."

Then, for tae puit a stopper int,
 they speired at Olaf whit tae dae,
 and he, ingyne no pooterie
 an slicht as some bit warks o verse
 are bittockie anent wee things
 as peerielyke anent smaa maitters,
 said, "Ay, ye ken that thare are coonsels,
 an some o thaem are guid enyeuch
 as no that bad, an some are bad 230
 as neever can be guid enyeuch,
 but some are wyss as best o aa
 because they're gien us bi the wyssest:
 gie gyte folk aa the tyme tae gabble,
 and you'll no even hae the tyme
 tae ken the whit they dae because
 the mair gyte coonsellors thare are,
 the mair gyte is thur coonsellin,
 gin you suid ken it ben thur gabble."

An that was that that wasnae this 240
 an that, nae mair nor this an thon,
 for fyne they kent whit Olaf meant
 was Orn was nae dult avaa
 and he wuid set the coorse tae sail
 wi nae mair o the hunker-slydin
 nor whit was duin whuin oarin waast.

An thare they were for whoere they gaed,
 thae yins belanged in Norowaa
 aest ower the faem fae Yceland thonner,
 alang wi thae belangit Yceland 250

waast ower the faem fae Norowaa,
as on they sailed wi wishie wuin
for days on en wi little braith
as even less for nichts on en
lik hauf the wecht in puff an pech.

Yae nicht, the lyke o nane the-tithers,
the lukoots lowpit up an skellocht
a *Wakey, wakey, rise and shine*
laund-lubbers neever hear avaa,
an said they saw a scad o laund
as gy nearhaund as caunnie-daes-it,
because they aamaist duntit on it.

260

At this timm, tho the sail was up,
it trimmlt, makkin little heidwy,
and as the ilka bodie waukent,
Orn then badd them haud awo
fae laund, gif wark the ship they cood.

But Olaf said, "Man, Orn, haud on ye!
I see reefs aa astarn o us
wuid sink us, skail us in the swaw,
sae let the sail doon richt awo
an let us byde oor wheesht till daylight
sae we may see the whoere we are
is some place we may ken, at that.
Let doon the sail! Haud on ye, man!"

270

Anchors cast ower an boddomin,
the sailors spent the nicht in talk
anent the airtin o thur ship,
but shair enyeuch as tell truith yince
can neever soond lik lees twyce telt,
whuin daylight cam ahint the owercome
the burds can mak upon the daw,
the folk that kent whoere Yreland was
kent whit they saw was naething ither.

280

"I'm no for thinkin," Orn said,
that whoere we are is hauf as guid
as no that bad, for hereaboos
we're faur awo fae maerket-toon
or herbour whoere we seem lik chiels
as freemitlyke as come fae thonner,
but are in baurley wi the folk;
yit here we are fae whoere we cam
fae thonner freemitlyke the-nane,

290

left high lik heech an dry lik drooth
as jaggie sticklies fae a burn:

but that's no aa, the taet the mair
that Yrish laws claim ocht on board
as flotsam gif the sae haes ebbit
the hauf the whit it haes fae here."

Said Olaf, "I'm for thinkin skaith 300
will come the-nane til us juist yit.

I see inlaund a getherin
o monie men is takkin place,
sae you may guess as I hae duin
the Yrish see us for a ploy
will mak them snode wi plenishment:
but I can say as you yersels

may guess gin you hae seen the-day
at ebb-tyde, that thare is a sit
ayont us here that haesnae tuimmed, 310
sae gin oor ship haes taen nae skaith,
we'll yaise oor boat tae towe oorsels
an puit us yonner ben the sit."

A boddomin o loamie cly
liggit alow the anchort ship,
sae skaithit-nane was onie strake
as Olaf and his guidlie crew
towed ower the ship til middis sit
and anchort her the better thare.

The day ootwith the daw as folk 320
ootwith thur beds, bodies abraid
were getherin upon the straund
as tho aa gangin til the Fair.

At lenth, that wasnae lang as taen
an awfie tyme aboot it, ken,
twoe Yrishmen cam skullin ower
nearhaun the ship tae speir awo
at whoe were maister-bodies thare,
and Olaf gied them aunswer, speakin
the Gaelic laerit fae his mither: 330
an daenae hae yer doots, thae Yrish
were fair dumfoonert hearin him.

At lenth, an awfie tyme aboot it,
the Yrishmen were no lang kennin
the sailors Norsemen, and at that
they puit thur law fornent the sailors,

the burthen ot, “Gie us yer gear,
an gin ye dae, we winnae skaith ye
until sic tyme as oor ain keeng
can puit a deemin on baith you
and aa the graith athin yer ship.” 340

“Ay, thare’ll be skaithin gaun,” thocht Olaf,
an whoere it gangs a gaun fuit’s lyke
tae get it,” but he kept his wheesht,
an said instead thur law was guid
gif maerchants coodnae shuffle-the-brogue
lik daunce a jig til Gaelic airs,
or, mynd as said in Scotland yonner,
cuid teare-the-tartan nane thursels.
“An by-the-bye,” he said, “that’s no 350
sae faur awo but here fornent ye,
it’s I can say indaed-in-trothe
lik your ainsels, and as ma mither
hersel wuid say, the wy she telt me
that I nicht sayt til you yersels,
thir men wi me are paecefou bodies
an quaet as caw gy caunnilie,
but gin they hae tae, they can caw
heids aff the better men nor you:
no yin o thaem is lyke tae moodge 360
unless it’s you folk dae the moodgein.”

At that, an Yrish slogan skirled
alang the straund an skytit aff
the watter roon the ship, tae gie
the Norse a clip aboot the lugs,
an ben the swaw the Yrish gaed,
ettlin tae puhll the ship ashore;
but gin an ettlement’s desyre,
whyles that desyre haes bellowses
that cannae pech enyeuch tae gae 370
the devoirs baet the doakers:
the watter fae the straund was shalla
as ben the oxters o the smaaest
or roon the waists o thaem the tallest,
but whoere the ship sat ower the sit,
the watter made a pown sae deep
the Yrishmen were oot thur daipth,
babbín aboot lik dauds o wuid,
ootdoakiet in thur ettlement
altho still pechin wi desyre. 380

“Get oot yer battle-graith,” said Olaf,

“an lyne the gunnels o the ship
sydieforsydie stem til starn.”
An sae they did, the ilka tairge
owerlappin yin, wi yin owerlappit,
whoere doon alow the ilka tairge
was could steel o the lang spear tangs.

Olaf gaed furrit til the bowe:
he was as buirdlie ower the kist
as buskit bonnilie tae shaw it, 390
an stuid thare sic a sicht tae see
in coat o mail, and at his waist
a sworde wi guaird and hilt inlaid
wi gowd was glinkie in the licht;
he haudit in his haund a spear,
the blade ot barbit and inwrocht
as caunnilie as glinkit lyke
the licht upon the brawlik sworde.

Fornent him, for a merk an guaird,
a meikie ruid tairge on his airm 400
was pentit wi a gowden leeon
that seemed tae gurl at his faes.

The sicht o sic a battle-lyne
endlang fae stem til starn made
bi Olaf and his graithit crew,
puir feartiness amang the Yrish
abuin thur greed for pickerie,
and hear them as they brekk awo
an gang intil a boorie yonner:
“For onie sake, juist luk at thon! 410
We’ll neever brekk the lyke o thaem!”

“An no juist that,” the Yrish said
amang thursels in tirrivee
lik think it thru in skellochin,
“it’s lykelie as the shair enyeuch
thon ship is yin o weire, an no
a maerchant ship avaa; an lyklie
as siccar shair at that, thare’ll be
a wheen o ither siccan craft
fornent us here nae tyme avaa.” 420

As happent as thir things ongaed,
the Yrish keeng was near at haund
haein a tichtener wi some freens,
sae wurd was sent til him as swythe

as wheech along the gaet tae tell him;
an richt awo, wi hunker-slydin
nae mair nor on his saiddlt naig,
he rade an better rade, ay, skelpit
in companie wi monie kerns
til whoere the ship sat ben her pown. 430

The Norsemen in thur battle-graith
a sicht tae sair the een o faemen,
and aa the bodies on the straund
were near enyeuch for skellochin
thur challances athorte the watter,
an tho the Yrish flanes played skyte
acorss the tairges lyke the slogans,
nae skaith was taen bi onie Norseman.

As furrir thare as at the bowe,
still heech abuin the guidlie lave, 440
Olaf was lyke a pictur drawn
againss the luft abuin the deck;
and aabodie wi een tae see
an tongue tae tell whitlyke he lukit,
thocht thare was mervel for a sang
tae sing the wy he stuid afore them,
that skipper o thon bonnie ship.

Luk thare, noo, tho, as Olaf's shipmates
saw horse an fuit oncomein lyke
the chycest o the chaisen, baith 450
in thae highheidys on the horse
and aa thae kerns as swythe on fuit,
a sicht for sair een companie
that gart ilka Norsemen haud his wheesht,
kennin nae wy tae even odds:
noo hear them efter takkin braith,
"Juist luk at thon, for onie sake!
We'll brekk the lyke o thaem the neever!"

Whuin Olaf heard the murmuratioun
gang thru his men lik cauld jyle kail, 460
he telt them, "Keep a caum sooch, freens,
for things are no sae bad avaa;
the Yrish thare are skellochin
a waalcome til thur keeng Myrkjartan."

Bi this timm, aa the companie
o horse an kerns was near enyeuch
tae cry a baurley til the fecht,

whit tyme the Yrish keeng hissel
speired whoe was maister o the ship,
tho thare was little need tae speir
gif luks were oniething tae gang bi. 470

Olaf puit his name furrir lyke
a stramp upon the deck, an speired
whoe was the guidlie-lukin knicht
spak wi him fae the Yrish straund?

Thon bodie gied for aunswer, “I
am caad Myrkjartan.” Olaf speired,
“Are you keeng o the Yrish, then?”

Myrkjartan said he was, then speired
for clash was clakit roondaboot
as aagaets tuitchin ither straunds;
and Olaf gied him aa the news,
or juist as muckle as was waarth
the tellin til a keenglie bodie. 480

Myrkjartan then speired furderyke
anent the whoere they puit til sae fae,
whose men they were fae whitna airt,
an furdurmair, as speirie as
the folk ower yonner intil Fyfe
norlins along the Frith o Forth
in Caledonia ower the faem,
he priggitt caunnilie as quaetlie
anent young Olaf’s kindred tae
as weel as his brochtupness, thinkin
the younglin’s neb was pepperie
as lyke tae sneefle stinkin bye,
an wi’t wuid gie the aunswer nane
nor whit the keeng hissel wuid speir. 490

Said Olaf til the keeng, “We cam
fae Norowaa acorss the faem,
and aa thir bodies that ye see
wi tairges up fornent thur kists
are fae the bodieguaird o Harald, Keeng,
the son o Gunnhild, dacent queen.
And as for whoe ma kindred are,
it’s I can say I’m sweir-the-nane
tae let ye ken a thing anent them
that’s no the yae thing but a twoe:
the furst o thae things twoe-fauldlyke
is that ma faither bydes at hame 500
510

as norlins as awo up yonner
in Yceland o the suimmer-dim
an lang, lang daurk o winter nichts;
his name is Hoskuld, and he is
highheidyin thare abuin the lave,
and as kenspeckle Norowaa
as lyke enyeuch as will be myndit
gif no in sang then ben a saga.”

“The saecont o thae things I tell ye
that maks me as twoe-fauldit as 520
anither me athin masel,
is that I’m efter thinkin you
hae seen the faur ower mair yersel
o aa ma mither’s kindred here
nor I hae seen until the-day,
for she is caad Melkorka, and
as she hersel wuid say til me,
indaed-in-trothe she is yer dochter.”

“As you’ll can ken, gif thocht can birl
the samin bluid ben you an me, 530
that is the raesoun cawed me ower
the lang leagues o the watter wys
tae set me here abuin the sit
that maks this pown fornent yer straund:
the whit the aunsver you may gie
will let me luk athin the luft
or gar me glower at the grund.”

At this, Myrkjartan was as quaet
as haud-the-wheesht is think anent it,
an gaed intil a coonsel boorie, 540
the wysser bodies in convene
aa speirin at him was the truith
the naething but a storie ot
or was the storie truith itsel.

The keeng gied aunsver, naething sweir,
but furrin in thon wy that says
a something mair aboot the man
nor ocht the Saga says itsel:
“As cleirlie seen as scaddit-nane
anent the Olaf is the fac 550
that he is heech-born, daed-in-trothe,
Awo oot on his ain, as folk say.
Kinsman or no, braw-lukin cullan
he is, no monie neeborin;

forbye, he speaks as guid a Gaelic
 as oniebodie in atween
 Lough Swilly and Lough Foyle up thonner
 bi Inishowen, or as sooth
 as Skibbereen or faur Kinsale,
 ay, aestwys at the Mourne mountains
 or waastwys til Lough Erne yonner.” 560

The coonsel ower, the keeng stuid up
 an said til Olaf, “Here’s ma speil:
 furst, let us byde oor wheesht in paece
 that taks a haun but no a sworde,
 that taks a dram but aix-the-nane,
 that taks a shaef o breid, spear-nane,
 that flichts a sang, flane-nane avaa;
 but saecont, we maun tak a thocht
 anent oor kinship, better thocht
 athooten sworde, aix, spear or flane.” 570

Altho twoe-fauldit as *Let’s think ont*,
 thon wasnae lyke a yae-haun waalcome,
 sae doon the gangwys fae the ship
 and Olaf and his Norsemen aa
 set fuit upon the Yrish straund

And as they stuid upon the straund,
 as buirdlie chiels as brawlie buskit,
 the Yrish thocht the bonnie sicht
 a meikle mervel ben the een
 wuid gart a Merlin sing a sang
 or seannachie puit ben a saga,
 sae fechterlyke thae Norsemen lukit. 580

As kynlie as leal-lykin is
 a haund athin a haund in paece,
 or as the een can spae ben een
 leal-lykin kynlie, freenlielyke,
 Olaf steppt furrit, takkin aff
 his helmet that was gowd-inwrocht
 an boued afore his gutcher keeng
 whoe waalcomed him as fondelie as
 leal-lykin kynlie ben the een
 as ben a freen’s een lykin kynlie. 590

The aulder gettin, mair we ken
 that we hae aa tyme in the wurld
 tae dae the whit we waant tae dae,
 an that was whit was ben the speak

Myrkjartan haed wi Olaf then,
even as Olaf ben his speak
wi thon Myrkjartan was the lyke 600
o aa the bodies young can ken
the whit they hae nae tyme tae dae
wuid fou the tyme afore the deid
aa thonner ben the-tither wurd.

Olaf was giein sooch for suhch
anent the whit he haed tae speil
in makkin siccar thon Myrkjartan
wuid ken no juist the whit was whaat,
but whitforno believe the speil,
syne, for a stopper ben his speak, 610
he telt the keeng he haed a ring
the keeng haed gien til his ain bairn,
Melkorka, in her tithin-tyme
tae slaver on an weet her gooms;
it was upon his finger, merk
as gowden as the eenin sun.
Melkorka, Olaf said, haed gien him
the ring whuin he was gaun fae Yceland,
“Sae you, ma lorde, wuid ken the merk
here gowden in the mornin sun.” 620

The keeng was fair taen-on wi this,
an lukit at the ring, ruid-gowd
athin the sheenin licht o sun
as his ain face ruid-gowd anaa
wi wunnerment was mervel seen.

An sae Myrkjartan said, “This ring
is merk enyeuch is richt enyeuch,
but for that maitter ot, it is
nae mair yae mervel in itsel
nor your ainsel yer face the neebor 630
o monie things were in Melkorka’s
that oniebodie kennin baith
wuid see for witness yin til tither:
for as ye are a brawlik cullan,
whoe sees ye noo that kent yer mither
whuin she was taen a preesoner
as juist a bittock lassockie
wuid ken the baith a ye thegither;
aabodie here that kent her then
kent fyne she’d growe a richt wee stoater.” 640

“Because o thae things,” said the keeng,

“it pleases me tae caa ye kin,
the witnesses o whit I say
the bodies roondaboot us here
that cannae weel say ocht but Ay
whoe else micht say nocht else but *Naw*.”

This mair the keeng then: “On ye come
wi aa yer men an veesit me
at hame at hame athin ma coort,
but bear in myn ginn you are wi me, 650
I’ll finnd the man ye are the mair
the mair ma devoirs finnd ye oot,
yer devoirs neeborin ma ain.”

The keeng gart naigs be gien the crew,
for lang the gaet they’d hae tae gang,
an gart his ain men guaird the ship
and aa the plenishin an graith
sae skaith wuid come til naething thare.

The rockie road til Dublin was
the gaet the keeng and Olaf gaed, 660
wi aa the Norsemen at thur tails
alang wi thon keeng’s companie:
byordnarlyke the news afore them,
that Olaf was the brawlik graunson
o Keeng Myrkjartan fae his dochter
Melkorka yince was preesoner
whuin she was fifteen winters auld
as no yit sixteen suimmers young.

Nane was mair stracken wi the stoond
o sic a dunt fae siccan tydins 670
nor yan auld nourice o Melkorka,
her foster-mither, noo sair hippit,
bed-ridden as she was an seik
as intil eild is sair on baens:
but here is yae thing isnae three
but twoe, she needit kent the-nane
tae haud her gaun as she gaed oot
tae meet young Olaf an the keeng.

Myrkjartan said til Olaf, “Here
is thon auld bodie was the nourice 680
an foster-mither til Melkorka,
and I can tell ye for a fac
that’s nithin lyke a ferlie, she
will gar ye fuhll her fou o clash,

pangfou wi facts as weel as ferlies,
anent the daurlin o her hert
that was Melkorka as a bairn.”

Young Olaf taen her in his airms,
an cooried her as caunnilie
as kyndlie on his knee the-tyme 690
he telt her that her foster-dochter
was daein gy weel for hersel
whoere she haed saettlt doon in Yceland,
laund o the lang, lang suimmer-dim,
laund o the lang, lang winter daurk.

Whuin Olaf puit the knyfe an belt
Melkorka’d gein him for tae gie
til this auld nourice as twoe merks
as whit she yince haed gien Melkorka,
that dacent bodie noo in eild 700
saw thaem for whit they were, and haed
a wee bit greet for blytheheid as
she said, “My, it is gyan easie
tae ken Melkorka’s son, young Olaf,
nae dult avaa, an naither wunner,
seein the stock he cam fae maks
as braw a tree as eer can growe.”

As auld enyeuch as intil eild
she coodnae be the meikle mair,
yit aa that winter thon auld nourice 710
was gy weel-at-hersel at that,
as heal in bodie as in spreit.

At this timm, ilka waastren kintrie
was at the weires wi viking reivers,
Myrkjartan thranglik at the wark
that cawed them back fae Yrish straunds
the onie tyme they socht tae herrie.

Olaf was intilt tae, his men
a crew athin the keeng’s ain ship,
an whoe cam up againss them thocht 720
gif thare was baetin tae be duin,
baith he and aa his crew were men
tae baet gin oniebodie was.

And you’ll ken whye, gin you’ll can ken
this was whit Olaf telt his crew:
“For onie sake gif no yer ain,

mak siccar noo or else in tyrne
ye'll mak nae soond can tell the storie
hoo square ye stuid fornent the fae,
as boostie aa as steerin bairns, 730
an no as roond as boued in dooble,
yer heids athin yer oxters cooried
lik waens alow thur mithers' shawls."

In battle, as ye'll be jalousin,
Olaf was no berserkerlyke
as losse-the-heid or chowe-a-tairge,
but kep the heid in furrit gaun,
nae need tae screw-the-heid, no him.

Aften wi Olaf and his crew,
the keeng taen coonsel and avysement, 740
for Olaf was as wyss in weire
as gomeril-the-nane in paece,
ingyne lik his no aften fund
in paece, as seenlins in a weire.

The hin-end o the winter on them,
the keeng caad coonsel yont an furder,
as caad in Yceland thonner, Althing,
an monie, monie bodies cam til't.

The keeng stuid up an spak at lenth
that was as braid as gart the folk 750
around him haud the braith a bit,
an this the wecht an burthen ot.
Said he, "I'm thinkin you'll be kennin
hoo in the faa last year thare cam
amang us lyke a licht tae see wi,
a man whoe is ma dochter's son,
his faither highheidyn in Yceland.
He's Olaf here, ma graunson, ken,
the sic a man as siccan men
are no fund here tae neebor him 760
in rinnin furrit chairgein ben
a boorie o the fechter carles,
or staunin square tae haud a chairge
a fechter carles in battle-graith."

"An furdermair," gaed on Myrkjartan,
"that says the maist wi aathing int,
ma kinrik I wuid lyke tae gie him
whuin I am deid an gane the yonner,
far nane a ma ain sons can staund

as keenglik as young Olaf here.” 770

“It’s I maun thank ye awfie kynlie,”
 said Olaf til his Yrish dy,
 makkin his thanks wi skeelie wurd
 that babbed an boued upon the tongue
 as tho a makar made the speil,
 sayin he wasnae sic a fuil
 as chaunce-it wi Myrkjartan’s sons
 yince they haed seen thur faither gang
 ayont the licht inbye the daurk
 or ben the licht ayont the daurk 780
 as makars say in deevilment
 whuin makkin speils for fuils tae say.

Ongaun at lenth that was as braid
 as gart the folk aroon pech-oot
 far aeseement o the bellowses,
 Olaf gaed on tae say it was
 faur better, as some say, tae gain
swift honour than (a) lasting shame,
 or, as some ither bodies say,
brief honour than a lasting shame, 790
 but yae wy or the-tither ot,
 he said he’d gang til Norowaa
 whuin ships nicht sail wi skaith-the-nane,
 forbye, as aabodie wuid ken,
 his mither wuid be sair puit-oot
 gin he wuid neever mair retour.

He kent the folk that gied him kin
 thru thon Melkorka was his minnie
 wuid taigle wi him, he wi thaem,
 aither in ructioun or in rumptioun, 800
 because o bluid Melkorka’d gien him.

“Dae whit ye think best,” said the keeng,
 “lik takkin it til avizandum,”
 an that said was the coonsel-stopper.

Whuin Olaf’s ship was made shipshape
 as bend the watter roond its bowes,
 an trig an ticht as rin afore
 the wuin lik onie muckle groo
 athorte the parks whuin coorsein mawkins,
 the keeng gaed wi him til the straund 810
 an gied the young man for a gift
 a spear was chased in guid ruid gowd,

a brawlik sworde wi gowd inwrocht,
as weel as for his treisure-kist
as muckle siller as oot-brustin.

Here Olaf priggitt wi Myrkjartan
that he micht tak on board the nourice
was foster-mither til Melkorka,
but he was telt thare was nae need,
an naething mair was duin about it. 820
Sae Olaf gaed an board hissel,
baith he an Keeng Myrkjartan pairtin
as kinsfolk dae, wi hauns thegither
can feel the waarmth a neebor bluid.

Olaf turned richt an roondaboot
upon the Yrish shore, did he,
wi “Fare-ye-weel, Graundy,” said he,
“Fareweel for eevermair and aye,”
an then sailed oot upon the sae,
the dauphins lowpin oot the watter 830
on aither syde fornent the bowes,
ongaun lik fare-ye-weel foreever
until they were athorte the faem
in Norowaa whoere whit was telt
was telt lik sagas roon the ingle
made Olaf namelie eevermair.

Thur ship ashore lik some sae-baest
wuid pech nae mair upon the swaw,
Olaf and aa his crew thegither
taen horse and aff they gaed tae finnd 840
Keeng Harald an Queen Gunnhild thonner.

Chapter XXII

Olaf-the-Peacock comes Hame til Yceland, AD 957

Yonner til Harald's coort gaed Olaf,
 yince Peacock caad but namelie noo
 as onie eagle ben the luft,
 Olaf that was the son o Hoskuld
 belangit Yceland, an Melkorka
 yae tyme bondswumman haed been herried
 fae whoere she haed belangit, Yreland,
 her faither thare the Keeng Myrkjartan.

Keeng Harald gied young Olaf waalcome
 was no yae-haundit waffin air, 10
 but *Better hame as guid ye gaed*,
 an Queen Gunnhild, wi een as saut
 as gret wi meikle blytheheid, gied him
 a waalcome wi twoe airms aroon
 the hause, *Fair hame as braw ye gaed*.

Wi wurd as fair as tho were sung
 bi skalds growne skeelie at the wark,
 or bards amang the melodies,
 or makars hamelie wi the ferlies,
 the ryals priggitt at young Olaf 20
 and Orn for tae byde a whyle
 at coort wi thaem, an sae it was,
 the keeng an queen faur mair taen-on
 wi Olaf nor the onie bodie
 haed eever come fae freemit places.

For merk o whit he thocht o thaem,
 Olaf gied Gunnhild an Keeng Harald
 braw gifts the lyke were rarelie seen
 that he haed gotten waast in Yreland,
 syne, Yuil then comein on, the keeng 30
 for merk o whit he thocht o him,
 gied Olaf yae braw staund o claes
 as crammasie as cloore the een
 athorte the braidth o muckle chaumers.

As quaet as onie sooch is kept
 as caum as cannae fankle thocht,
 Olaf styed ben the coort aa winter,
 syen, ginn the voar was wearein on
 lik cannae wait for suimmertyme,
 Olaf and Harald were colloquin, 40

and Olaf said that he'd lyke fyne
tae gang til Yceland in the suimmer,
that is, gin Harald wasnae sweir at that
tae let him gang oot waast again,
"For as ye ken," said Olaf, "I
hae kinsfolk thare I grein tae see,
highheidyins lyke masel, ye ken."

The keeng, as eever dacentlyke
a man as wore highheidyin croun,
said, "I haed liefer hae ye byde 50
alang wi us here at the coort
an puit yersel in saervice wi us
in whittanlikken place wuid please ye."

"Ma lorde," said Olaf, "I maun thank
ye awfie kynlie for the chaunce
ye gie me, juist as tho I were
a laud o pairts pangfou at that,
but I hae sic a greinin ben me
tae gang til Yceland, I'm for weeshin
ye daenae waant tae haud me here." 60

The keeng, as dacentlyke a man
as eever scroggit croun on heid,
said, "I'm for makkin nocht o this
a faut atween baith you an me,
because it's muckle mair nor ocht
til you, and aesie for tae see
yer hert is set oot lyke the neb
a gull puits on a fish at sae;
and I can tell ye for a fac
that haesnae onie ferlie in it, 70
that you need fash yersel the-nane
in makkin ruidie for tae sail,
sin I'm for takkin tent o that."

An gif that was the en for noo
o that collogue atween thae twoe,
it was the stert o whit was duin
bi Harald as the voar wore on
lik kennin suimmer was upon it,
for Harald biggit sic a ship
as blisst the watter wi its bowes, 80
sae that the swaw gaed whitterin
alang ilk strake ot lyke a cheetie
alang the flaer tae nab a moose:
a maerchantman it was, an muckle

as whittert thru the swaw as swythe
as onie dauphin ben the faem.

The ship was riggit fore and aft
ayont aa need, nae need for mair,
and Harald haed her ladent fou
wi wuid enyeuch wuid mak for biggins 90
lik need nae mair, ayont aa need,
an caain Olaf til him, said,
“This ship is yours, because I’m thinkin
I wuidnae lyke tae see ye gang
athorte the faem fae Norowaa
as juist yae bodie ben a berth
an no the maister o the ship.”

In wurd as fair as tho were wrocht
athin the wark o skeelie skalds,
or ben the melodies o bards 100
or ferlies o the hamelie makars,
Olaf said, “I’m for thankin you
as awfie kynlie yince again
for this ship as for aathing else,”
and efter sayin that, made ruidie
as whisslt for a wuin as dacent
as Harald as they said fareweel
lik waalcome ower-the-back again.

The dauphins, kynlie on the bowes,
pyntit the ship ben eenin sun 110
as they gaed waasterin hame til Yceland,
that suimmer sailin seein Olaf
in Bord Aerie ben Hrutafrith.

The news anent the bonnie ship
ben Hrutafrith was lyke heard-tell
a storie *Ay, ye tell me that!*
An whoe the skipper o it, lyke
I’m tellin ye, young Olaf’s hame!

Hoskuld, lik aa the lave, heard tell
his by-blaw son was hame again, 120
an fair taen-on was he wi pleasure
he haednae kent sin he haed bairnt
the bonnie young Melkorka lass
wi Olaf noo a muckle cullan.

And aff gaed Hoskuld on his naig
an rade til Hrutafrith up north

alang wi twoe-three ither chieles
tae waalcome Olaf hame again,
a waalcome blythe as daudin hauns
can luft the stoor fae neebor's claes. 130

Ay, hame again the by-blaw son
yince Peacock caad bi his ain faither,
Hoskuld, but noo the better kent,
namelie enyeuch tae wecht a saga.

Hoskuld gied Olaf waalcome invyte
tae come an byde wi him as suin
as aa was furrit wi the wark;
and Olaf said he wuid, wi "Ay,
I'll juist be daein that. An faither,
it's I maun thank ye awfie kynlie." 140

At lenth, the wark aa wrocht, lik cleir
the decks an mak a happie ship
as trig ootwith as snode an clean
alow the yairds, young Olaf saw her
laid-up, and haed his plenishin
and aa his ither graith taen sooth
(some say bi horse) an we jalouse,
tho telt bi nane, bi cairts anaa.

Aa duin as smert as pech wi pleasure
for sic a jobe o wark weel duin, 150
Olaf, as some folk say, rade sooth
wi twal men hame til Hoskuldsteid,
(tho ithers say wi juist eleeven)
and Hoskuld gied his son a waarmer
for waalcome, as did ilka brither
and ither kinsfolk; aa agree
nae waalcome was as kynlie as
atween Bard and young Olaf thare.

For traikin ower the sae lik thon,
and airtin Yreland on his wy, 160
Olaf becam as namelie as
the folk he cam fae, neever myn
brochtupness here at hame anaa,
sae aabodie that didnae ken
were telt *Weel, you ken noo* Melkorka
was thon Myrkjartan's dochter, Olaf
hauf-ryal as hauf-highheidyinlik
sin he was Hoskuld's son as weel.

Nae storie was a cairriet storie
lik this yin ower the ilka airt
anent no juist the whit he was,
but whit the namelie yins haed gien him
no juist for whit he was til thaem,
but whit he was hissel, forbye
the whit it was that he haed duin.

170

Here some folk say whit ithers daenae,
that Olaf brocht hame meikle siller
an spent the winter wi his faither.

Aa this ongaun, Melkorka cam
tae see her son, and airms braid
as airtit finger-tips the north
an sooth or aest an waast as face
Melkorka as she cam, young Olaf
gied her thon waalcome that's mair lyke
a blytheheid beildit ben the een
an no on wurd upon the tongue.

180

Mynd you, that reads thir lynes alood
lik gulderin a crood abuin,
or soochs them ower as quaetlie as
the wy ma keelivyne can scart them
upon the page fornent me here,
the auntrin bodie lyke yersel,
or come tae think ont, me masel,
micht wunner whye thon cullan Olaf
saw fit the-nane tae tak-the-hook
an gang an see Melkorka furst:
but naebodie haes telt us whye.

190

Melkorka speired at this an that
anent the ongauns o her son
in Yreland yonner ower the faem,
hoo gaed it wi her faither dear,
his faimlie and her ain at hame
aa thonner ower the faem in Yreland,
alang wi aa her kissin-cuizzins
she haednae seen for aa thae years:
and Olaf gied her verse an chaipiter.

200

An then Melkorka speired anent
the nourice was her foster-mither,
an was she leevin yit and heal
as still weel-at-hersel at that?

210

Olaf said, “Ay, indaed she is
as she hersel wuid say, lik you,
indaed-in-trothe she’s daein bravelie.”

“Then whye,” Melkorka said, as speirie
as onie Fyfer ben thon kinrik,
“did you no fetch her wi ye, giein
baith her an ma ainsel the pleasure
o haein a crack thegither here?”

Said Olaf, “As ye ken yersel,
you Yrish are as clannish as
aye keepin your ain kin in ken
lik kennin kin are nane the-tither,
sae as ye’ll be jalousin, mither,
the Yrish wuidnae let me tak
yer nourice here awo as faur
as faur ower faur at that tae ken
the kynd o folk kenspeckle here.” 220

“I ken, I ken,” Melkorka said,
as sherp as tho she didnae waant
tae ken, but Olaf kent she was
fair puit-oot wi’t ayont the powe
as faur in thocht as back in Yreland. 230

An by-the-bye, for whit it’s waarth,
Melkorka an Thorbjorn-the-Dwaible
haed juist the yae son, Lambi caad.
and he becam his faither’s merk,
heech fae the feet til heid, an strang
athorte the kist, a muckle man
in tid an spreit juist lyke his faither.

Olaf a month or sae in Yceland
an winter sowthert wi the cauld,
the voar o that new year cam on
lik sing a sang o suimmertyme
or tak a rin athorte the braes,
sae Hoskuld and young Olaf haed
a crack thegither, coonsel takkin. 240

“It’s tyme ye taen a wyfe,” said Hoskuld,
an tyme anaa the hoose at Goddisteid,
yer foster-faither’s, was taen ower
bi your ainsel, for thareaboots
thare’s muckle siller tae be made,
and in especial gin it’s duin 250

the wy that I'd be takkin tent
tae see that aa gaed weel for you."

Olaf gied aunsver til the speil:

"I haenae thocht anent the maitter
altho I'm thinkin noo ye hae
yersel duin aa ma thinkin for me
anent the maitter; an forbye,
as faur as mairriage is concaernt,
I daenae ken whoere onie wumman
is bydein as near enyeuch as haundie,
or guid luck for me faur awo
is bydein for ma speirin at her."

260

"And yince again, I'm thinkin, ken,
that you hae duin yer thinkin thru
anent the wumman I micht wad,
but let me tell ye this, afore
the thinkin sees the daein duin,
I'm lukin heech as luft the een
tae see the wumman I sall wad,
no laich as luk aroon the feet
for yin athin the kailyaird howkin."

270

Said Hoskuld, "Son, I guess ye're richt
tae think that I hae thocht it thru
lik luk the yince, an keek the twyce
tae see the whit ye're lukin at
is whit ye thocht the luk was lyke,
ay, whitlyke as ye thocht the luk."

"The son o Skallagrim (hissel
as guid a skald as eever skolled
a dram til daith or skailed a sang
tae gar it leeve foreevermair)

280

is thon guid bodie Egil caad
that bydes at Borg in Borgarfrith,
is faither o a dochter, Thorgerd,
whoe is the wumman ben ma myn
wuid be the verie wyfe for you
lik siller ben the pootsh for keeps,
and I'll be at the nifferin
tae mak her yours foreevermair
lik gowd athin a waddin-ring:
thare's nane her maik in Borgarfrith
nor oniegaet ayont, I'm thinkin.
An furdermair, yer mairriage yonner
wuid gie ye freens in Myrar mair."

290

Said Olaf, "I'm for puittin traist
in aa yer foresicht, faither, kennin
the wark that you hae wrocht anent it,
for sic a mairriage wuid be lyke 300
an ettlement the furth o greinin,
tho mynd ye, gin aa cam til nocht,
lik greinin furth o ettlement,
it wuid be mair sad, sad the day
as dowie nicht that we suid ken
the lyke o that as ill as ocht."

Hoskuld til Olaf then, "I'm gaun for't
lik sie's a haund ot seizes it."

And Olaf til his faither then,
"Dae it is dae the mair nor that 310
as daenae dae is less nor that,
sae dae the whit ye will or winnae."

Tyme wearein on lik tell the days
the coont the wearein on o tyme
lik Althing's wearein on for wurd
tae tell the folk the whit they kent,
and Hoskuld traikt til't, wi his tail
a meikle companie o men
wi Olaf in the boorie wi him:
thur bothies sat amang the lave. 320

Bodies fae aa the airts were thare,
the Althing place tae gang for news,
as place tae be tae mak the news,
and in amang them aa was Egil,
thon yin the son o Skallagrim.

And aabodie that saw young Olaf
said, "My, and he is braw at that,
and is he no a fair highheidyin
wi sic a graith o waepons on him,
an sic a staund o bonnie claes!" 330

Olaf was gled tae be whoere kent
for whit he was an whit he wasnae,
an no for whit he micht hae been
gin yonner mibbes made a keeng.

Chapter XXIII

*The Mairriage o Olaf Peacock an Thorgerd,
the Dochter o Egil, AD 959*

Noo, yince upon a day the lyke
o monie mair were wheeshts o tyme
wuid gar a man an wumman think
tae be the yin were twoe afore,
Hoskuld and Olaf left thur bothie
tae gang an finnd the Egil bodie.

On meetin up wi Egil, yon yin
said, “Hoo’s it gaun wi you, ma fuhllas?”
as kynlie’s aa gaun fyne wi him,
for he was weel acquaaant wi Hoskuld 10
as Hoskuld was wi him, that is,
bi wurd o mooth gif no tongue-taigl.

Hoskuld was blate the-nane, no him,
tae speir at Egil noo, “Wuid Thorgerd,
yer bonnie dochter, lyke tae wad
wi Olaf, brawlie ma ain son?”

As Egil thocht it no sae badlik
tae hae the Hoskuld folk in towe,
he said the speak gaun roondaboot
anent baith Hoskuld and his son 20
puit thaem abuin the lave; an then
gaed on tae mak a speil as fou
o creesh as eever fried a haddie,
sayin: “I ken anaa that you,
Hoskuld, are as highheidyinlyke
as onie man o muckle waarth;
and as for Olaf, he is noo

a namelie chiel anaa for haein
gane yonner on the sic a traik
that gars us say it’s naither wunner 30
that sic a bodie’s lukin heech
as see the luft abuin his een
an no the grund alow his feet,
tae finnd a wyfe he sees his lyke;
he’s no athooten dacent faimlie,
an for the furder maitter o it,
he’s gy guid-lukin, is he no!

We ken aa that, but here’s a fac
some folk wuid aiblins think a ferlie,
I’ll hae tae tak this up wi Thorgerd, 40

for no masel nor onie ither
 is gaun tae mak a darg o wark
 tae get oor Thorgerd set tae mairrie
 gif no her ain will tae be wad.”

And Hoskuld mowtit little as
 nae mair wuid be enyeuch at that
 tae weesh that Egil talk it ower
 wi Thorgerd for tae let her ken:
 and Egil said he’d dae juist that,
 syne socht his dochter oot an telt her 50
 as muckle as enyeuch at that
 o aathing Hoskuld haed been sayin.

An furder, that is muckle mair
 as need be said tae tell it haill,
 said Egil, “Olaf, whoe is Hoskuld’s son,
 is hereabouts lik aa folk else,
 but lyke nae ither bodie here,
 he is kenspecklelyke as namelie.”

“His faither, speakin for his son,
 haes speired at me gin you’d agree 60
 tae let young Olaf tak yer haund
 an puit a gowd ring on yer finger;
 but as I telt the Hoskuld fuhlla,
 yer haund is no mynes for tae gie,
 nor Olaf’s for tae tak avaa
 but aa yer ain for you tae haud,
 or waff athin the air *Naw, naw*:
 it’s noo I waant tae ken yer thocht ont,
 wi *Naw, he neednae boather me*,
 or *Ay, nae boather, da, I’ll dae it.*” 70

“An furdermair, that is as meikle
 as tell it haill sae aa is said,
 think on it weel as no that bad
 afore ye gie an aunswer til it,
 for I can tell ye I’m for thinkin
 the sic a mairriage wuid be heech
 abuin the lave as speir the luft,
 no pree the grund alow yer shoon.”

Thorgerd gied aunswer til him lyke
 he mibbe thocht the better said 80
 is tell-me-nane says nocht foreever,
 bi speilin at him: “I hae heard
 folk say ye loe me best o aa

yer bairns aroon the ingle-en,
 but noo it seems yer tongue is fause
 an lood as tho ye lee, ye lee
 as in some ballat makars sing,
 bi sayin you waant me tae wad
 the son o sic a wummanbodie
 as yin in bond lik yon Melkorka,
 nae maitter gin her son is braw
 as staund o claes flagairielyke.”

90

And Egil said: “Ma hen, in this
 ye daenae ken as meikle as
 ye ken in ither dibs an dabs.
 But ken maun you the clash aroond
 anent the fact he is the son
 o yon Melkorka whoe’s the dochter
 o yin Myrkjartan, keeng o Yreland?
 I tell ye noo says ocht foreever,
 he’s ryal on his mither’s syde
 an that is heecher faur the mair
 nor on his faither’s syde, sae that
 itsel wuid be as guid for us
 as no that bad noo, wuid it no?

100

But Thorgerd wuidnae hae it sae,
 nor onie ither wy, it seemed,
 sae ilk til ither mowtit-nane
 lik tell me noo or tell me neever.

The neist day, lyke a wheesht o tyme
 micht gar a man an wummanbodie
 were twoe afore think they’d be yin,
 Egil gaed roon til Hoskuld’s bothie
 an gat a waalcome guid enyeuch
 as daud richt hauns thegither lyke
See, nane-the-waepon ben the grup
 wi baith thae bodies in colloque.

110

Hoskuld speired hoo the maitter gaed,
 or wuid be gangin suin enyeuch,
 but Egil was gy sair puit-oot
 tae tell him naething furrit thare
 but whit Thorgerd haed said aboot it.

120

Hoskuld was sairlye puit-oot tae
 tae hear whit Egil telt him then
 inbye the sooch o sic a tellin,
 an said, “It luks lik that is that,

an no lik *this* or even *thon*,
 but gin it maitters ocht avaa
 lik tell it noo or tell-it-nane,
 I'm thinkin you hae duin yer devoirs." 130

Olaf was no the thareaboos
 sae heard-the-nane the speak anent it,
 but efter Egil gaed awo,
 ticht-lippit as cuid mowt nae mair,
 the young yin speired, "And hoo's it gaun, then?
 As swythe as hurl doon the hill
 wi naething for tae stope the gaun?"

But Hoskuld telt him hoo it gaed
 lik skraichle til a stope hauf-doon,
 for Thorgerd ben the birlin wheel 140
 haed wheecht the snibble o her speak
 oot-thru the spokes athin the roond.

At that, "Juist as I thocht!" said Olaf,
 "Did I no tell ye, faither, I
 wuid be gy angersomelie inwrocht
 wi sic a shamin as I'm gien!
 Ye taen it on yersel tae dae this,
 an no masel, naw, no masel
 haed eever thocht tae speir lik thon,
 but I'm for tellin you I'm gaun 150
 tae dae the whit is tae be duin
 gif bein duin is dae it richt."

"Ay, as the saw says, weel ye ken
 that *Groobairds cannae ootrin groos*,
 or nearer hame as bunnetit,
Groobairds can rin-the-nane lik groos
nor chowe-the-fat wi lyart wolfs!
 Noo, I'm for aff til Egil's bothie."

Hoskuld said, "Dae it your ain wy,"
 but neever lettin bug he thocht 160
 whit Olaf wuidnae lyke tae ken
 for kennin this wuid mak nae differ:
 whuin no-be-telt is saecont natur
 lik *Dae it ma wy or be damnt*,
 it's damnt the siccan bodie is,
 as het as brander his ainsel
 lik saecont natur damnt as dae it.

An syne he thocht an better thocht

lik some smaa comfort ben the mynd,
“I ken that I am gettin auld,
as groolik on the powe abuin
as aathing chynge intil eild,
but yae thing laerit folk whyles caa
perceptioun that is no juist seein
is ben ma myn the-noo tae ken
no juist whit’s in ahint us gane,
but whit’s fornent us yonnermaist
as faur awo as seen-the-nane
bi oniebodie but oorsels
in eild tae gar us be mair wyss,
even as young yins syne will be
whuin they can see the whit we see
whuin they growe auld an groo lik us
as kennin whit we winnae see
is whit haes neer been seen afore
nor eever will be waarth a keek.”

Aa this timm, Olaf was hauf-gyte
wi anger, steamin, no wi drams,
but wi the whit he thocht anent
the ploy haed made him sic a fuil,
an sae he soocht intil hissel:
“The whit we hae tae dae we dae
wi whit we hae tae dae it wi.
Ay, sae we dae, but gin we cannae,
we leave alane for thaem that can dae.
Shair naebodie haes onie mair
for onie ploy nor whit is fund
as muckle as can be nae less,
or less as whit’s no muckleness.”

The up he gat an cled hissel
athin thon cramassie o claes
Keeng Harald gied him for tae weare
lik onie burd o paradise,
wi gowden helmet on his heid
made gowden buch sheen roond his powe,
and in his haun the brawlik sworde
inwrocht wi gowd in blade and hilt
was gien him leavin Yrish straund
bi Keeng Myrkjartan, his ain graundy.

Och ay, whit some folk were is no
the lyke o whit they are the-noo.

As buskit noo as weel-puit-on

gif no lik onie peacock burd,
 Olaf gaed wi his faither, Hoskuld,
 ower yonner intil Egil's bothie,
 Hoskuld furst furril as the aulder
 but Olaf closse upon his heels
 lik *See me! I'm here wi him tae!*

Egil puit on a freenlie face
 bi takkin aff his fashious froon, 220
 an waalcomed thaem as dacent neebors,
 wi Hoskuld dowpit on the saet
 asyde him, tho the Olaf chiel
 stuid up lik *I'm no gaun tae bou,*
 an lukit speirie roondaboot him.

Ach naw, whit some folk are is no
 the lyke o whit they were afore.

Upon a bink athin the bothie,
 he saw a wummanbodie sittin,
 an she was ben her fairheid bonnie 230
 thon wy a man cuid see her yince
 as he wuid see her neevermair,
 nae maitter gif she werenae laich
 as aa the commonalitie,
 but heech abuin her kinsfolk tae
 nae maitter gif the claes that cled her
 were buskin her lik chycest chaisen.

Noo Olaf maun hae taen a thocht
 that maun hae taen a thocht o him,
 that lukin at her he was seein 240
 nane ither nor the lass whose name
 maun be Thorgerd was Egil's dochter.

No hauf as skinklin ben the gloam
 the sailclaith beildit for a bothie,
 as in the sunlicht glinkin bonnie,
 Olaf gaed furril til the bink
 an plappit doup upon the saet
 as Thorgerd greetit him an speired,
 "An whoe are you whuin you're at hame?"
 altho she kent fyne whoe he was 250
 woere nane was lyke tae neebor him.

Then Olaf telt her whoe he was,
 altho she didnae need the tellin,
 an whoe his faither was anaa

altho til her no here nor thonner,
an said til her, "Ay, I'm for thinkin
ye think yersel that I'm no blate,
but gyan furrit sittin here
an claikin wi ye, yin whoese mither
was yince in bond, no lyke yersel
aye free as wuin abuin the heather." 260

Said she, "It's I am efter thinkin
that you yersel are lyke tae think
thare's muckle mair in daein doakies
wi ither men nor sittin claikin
wi juist anither wummanbodie
lik me athin an Althing bothie."

Then, aa the smaa talk janglin ower
lik smaa chynge jinglin ower in pootshes,
they made a waalth o speak thegither 270
lik siller seellables o soond
amang wurd's gowden coinage;
an sae they spak the lee-lang day
lik sooch the oors awo in quaet
sae nane nicht hear the whit was said
in dern athin the bothie gloam.

Efter thae twoe were yin in mynd
as laith tae pairt lik twain again,
they caad thur faithers baith thegither
tae talk yince mair anent the ploy 280
wuid gie young Olaf Thorgerd's haun
tae puit a ring upon her finger
as tho she were in greeance noo
wi her ainsel as weel's her faither.

Aathing noo naet as nynepence is
juist thruppence less the shullin bit,
the plans were saettlt aesilie
that made betrothal o the pair
as naething shorte the shullin aither,
sae aa the folk aroon cuid ken 290
that thare wuid be a waddin syne.

Seein they were the whoe they were
as men o Saumonreeverdale,
the greeance was the bryde be brocht
til thaem, no tither wy aboot
lik Olaf gaun til Borgarfrith:
for yaisual, bi the common law,

the brydegroom gaed tae wad his bryde
in her ain hoose at hame, no his.

As some say, scatter at the waddin 300
wuid tak place seeven weeks afore
the winter, ower at Hoskuldsteid,
tho ithers say, as you nicht guess,
the scrammle at the waddin was
whuin seeven suimmer weeks haed gane.

The plans made ruidie for the ploy
that's aye in ilka mairriage made,
Egil and Hoskuld shote-the-craw,
yin Borgarfrith awo and yin
back yonner hame til Hoskuldsteid 310

The faither and his son rade back
til Hoskuldsteid as caunnilie
as kept a caum sooch thinkin ont,
as quaetlik as the lave o suimmer.

The waddin ongauns then made speed
at Hoskulsteid as thrangitie
as aathing int is naething spared,
an naething spared is mak the maist
o whit thare is at haun tae tak.

The waddin set, the weeks gaed roon 320
lik coont them yin til ongaun seeven,
the days gane bye lik coont the neist
wuid be anither yin the nearer,
syne guests cam roon til Hoskuldsteid;
the Borgarfrith men in a boorie
wi Egil and his son caad Thorstein,
alang wi Thorgerd, Olaf's bryde,
amang a companie was chaisen
fae aa the airts her kintrisyde.

Puit-oot-nane wi sic companie, 330
Hoskuld haed monie mair at hame
tae waalcome aa wi *Hoo's it gaun?*
or else wi *Hoo're ye gettin on?*
the-tyme they heard the aunsver gien
lik *No that badlik!* or *Man, fyne!*

The aetin at the waddin was
a tichtener lik lowsse the belt
an rift a bit ahint the haund,

and aathing efter as was said,
 Man, we were bravelie, were we no? 340
syne aabodie was seen aff hame
 wi gifties brave as naething better
 cuid see them aff upon thur gaets.

Olaf gied Egil for a myndin
the sworde Myrkjartan gied til him,
 thon waepon inwrocht bonnilie
 as ruid gowd gart it skinkle bricht,
and Egil brichtened lyke the blade
 wi “I maun thank ye awfie kynlie
 for giein me the sic a brow.” 350

Naething byordnarlyke taen place
as aabodie gaed hame, fair baet
 wi daunce is lowsse the baens an sinnens,
 wi sang is soople-up the thrapple,
 wi drams for kittle the ingyne,
 and aetin for tae lowsse the belt.

Chapter XXIV

The Biggin o Herdshaw, AD 960

Olaf, an Thorgerd his young wyfe,
taen hoose at Hoskuldsteid thegither,
an loued ilk ither gyan dearlie;
and aabodie wi een tae see

the whit was waarth the lukin at
cuid see, tho she was mettlesome,
she wasnae meddlesome avaa
wi whit was ither bodie's daein;
but mynd ye, whit she did hersel,
was duin the wy it haed tae be duin.

10

The bonnie lass that Thorgerd was,
an brawlik laud was Olaf wi her,
spent winter turn an turn aboot
at Hoskuldsteid thur hoose at hame,
or ower at Goddisteid wi Thord
that was his foster-faither thonner.

Olaf taen ower the fermin wark
at Goddisteid yince hoose at hame:
an syne, the suimmer wearein on
lik dae the wark for hairst an winter,
Thord wasnae weel at aa an dwynit
til daith that bydes in hiddlins, doore
as neebors us duin doon in daurk.

20

Yirdit in thon Draffness that jags
the Saumonreever, young Olaf biggit
a cairn abuin the mools, wi waa
around it for a beild, thon place
that's kent as Howesgarth noo.

Sin efter that, tae witness merk
the man haed made o his ainsel,
liegemen cam booriein til Olaf
until he was the maik o micht
that maks highheidys oniewhoere.

30

Hoskuld was chawed-the-nane bi this,
because it aye haed been his weesh
that folk wi maitters for avysement
cuid speir at Olaf for the greeance.

The muckle place that Olaf fermed

was in the Saumonreeverdale,
an men o his lik name the names
tae ken the whoe they were for waarth
were twoe that were lik shepherd tartan,
for yin was An-the-Whyte sae-caad,
an tither An-the-Black, baith brithers,
alang wi Beinir caad the-Strang,
and ilka yin o thaem was brave
as strappin wi't at that, an blacksmiths.

40

Thorgerd and Olaf haed a dochter
caad Thurid, here the furst timm telt,
an some folk say a man's nae man
until he bairns his wyfe a dochter,
as some folk say nae wyfe is wumman
until she's bairnt tae hae a son:
mynd, thae things hae been telt afore.

50

The grun that yince belangit Hrapp
that Hrapp belangit ginn he deed,
was aa laid waste, as telt afore,
and Olaf thocht it lay fair dab,
sae telt his faither whit he thocht
tae avizandum it wi him.

60

This was the plan: that they wuid speir
at Thorkell Fringe that they wuid coff
the Hrappsteid fermgrund and aa
the biggins nicht be on the place.

No muckle differ in the niffer
and aa was saettlt, spit-on-haun,
for Thorkell Fringe, as some folk say,
thocht it was better that yae craw
was ben the haun nor in shaw twoe,
tho ithers say that Thorkell thocht
it better for tae hae yae burd
athin the haun nor twoe in buss,
but didnae say whit kynd o burd.

70

The niffer was that Olaf gie
three merks o siller for the grund,
an that was chaep as chaet the pryce,
for thae launds, braid as sydiewys
as muckle as thur furdest lenth,
were bonnie wi it, rowthie tae
in yuissfou craiturs sic as saumon
sae soople soomin up the burns,

80

an selkies in the neebor sae
sae soople slitherin ben troches
whit tyme the swaws sweed up an doon.

The grun was gy weel wuidit tae,
and up the wy fae Hoskuldsteid
the norlins fae the Saumonreever,
a clearance in amang the shaws
was lown as faur awo fae fash;
and unce o siller til a taet 90
o saut, the Olaf baestial
wuid beild thursels thegither thare
in waather saft as sloongein doon
or ruckielyke as cranruch cauld.

On that same beildie swaatch o grund,
yae autumn comein on til hairst,
Olaf made ravagement o timmer
whuin cuttin shaws aroon the place
eikit til driftwuid fae the straunds,
an biggit-up a bonnie steidin 100
as braid as sydiewys as heech.

Thon wintertyme a wheesht o pech,
the biggins stuid as toom as soondit
as bosse as daud the doore tae ken,
but come voartyme for oot, lik mak
aa ruidie for the suimmertyme,
Olaf made ruidie for a flittin.

Furst, aa his baestial were gethert
wi bèh, mèh-mèh, looe, nicher, bark,
a boorie o his animals 110
as rowthie on the grund as made
Olaf mair ruch athin the pootshes
nor oniebodie roon Braidfrith.

Olaf noo sent wurd til his faither
tae staun fornent the Hoskuld steidin,
an tak a swaatch at aa the graith
an baestial that Olaf haed,
as it gaed traikin bye the place
sae Hoskuld nicht puit blissins on it:
and Hoskuld said, "Ay, shair I'll dae that." 120

An this was Olaf's traikin ploy:
the maist blate o his sheep, the yowes
(as some say, ithers say the kye)

suid be cawed on the furst, an then
melk-coos, then heifers, stirks and owsen;
pack-horses syne, hinmaist wi graith;
orra-bodies and orra-loons
as whippers-in alang the traik
wuid keep the baestial in lyne.

Aa gaun as straucht as nane gane lowsse, 130
whuin thaem maist furrit were as faur
as at the steidin ben the shaws,
Olaf rade oot upon his naig
fae Goddisteid, wi nane the gap
alang the lenth o thon lang lyne.

Wi aa his hoosehaud carles aroond him,
Hoskuldsteid stuid ootwith Hoskuldsteid,
an gied young Olaf waalcome as
thon bodie rade fornent his yett,
wi aa was guid for his new hame 140
and aa wuid be athin it wi him.
“And I can tell ye,” Hoskuld said,
“yae day ye’ll be abuin them aa
lik drammed for Slainte as a man
as Skolled kenspecklelyke at that
for whit ye’ll dae as yince ye’d duin,
yer name as namelie as be myndit
for lang as tongue can tell the tale
as skald may sooch it, makar sing it.”

Jorunn, that wasnae sib wi Olaf, 150
but siblik in anither wy
wi Hoskuld as his wyfie, stuid
alangsyde Hoskuld as she mowtit,
“Ay, he’ll be myndit weel enyeuch
as lang as siller sings his sang,
bondswumman’s son as that yin is.”

But naebodie haes thocht tae spae
the thocht she haed ahint her speak
was no the Olaf chiel avaa
but thon Melkorka yin his mither, 160
and yince a jag in Jorunn’s mynd
as yince her skivvie, bond at that.
Keeng’s dochter her! Yince naething mair
nor weel-faured scudgie at the best,
whosee Yrish tongue wuid no be blinnt
gin it were clippin cloots aa day
as neever wuid need sherpenin;

ay, sherper yit gif clippin cloots
the haill day lang as neever blinnt
at clip-clip-clippin cloots aa day 170
as neever wuid need sherpenin,
thon Yrish tongue o hers no blinnt
an neever wuid be blinntit, naw.
Thon yin! Naw, blinnt-the-nane her tongue
gif clippin cloots wi't aa day lang!

Haterent is waarth a thocht the-nane:
we luft an lay it even-on
for dowie pleasure, doolie pain.

Dislyke, tho, is lang-tholein as
gangs even-on crake-crake athin 180
as need in baith the hert an mynd,
an weares a girn lik bare the teeth
wi dreeblie slavers that wuid dree
the weirds o mynds allutterlie
ondeemas ben the powes o aa
the muckle sumphs an groofs hae bealed
on brander bours abuin the lowes
that bleeze sae hellishlie alow.

Aa said was thocht was said an duin
an no as thocht was aiblins thocht, 190
juist as his carles and orra-men
were takkin aff the happit lades
fae aa the horses' backs, young Olaf
rade ben the yaird forment the steidin,
an said, "Weel noo, I'll let ye ken
the name I'm gaun tae gie this place
sae you can redd it fae yer myns
whoere it's been ludgein this past winter:
I'm gaun tae caa the place *Herdshaw*."

Aabodie thocht thon was a name 200
as gyan blye as no waanchauncie,
for did it no say whit haed been
wuid still be sic a beild again?

His hoosehaud, noo hamewith at Herdshaw,
becam a graunlik, guidlie ferm,
and Olaf and aa wi him thare
were bydein rucher ben the kyte
nor aa the lave in aa the airts
the wuin cuid blaw lik blaw the stoor
or sooch a sang amang the leafs. 210

A gaun fuit's gettin aye, the saw says,
and Olaf's gangin furth and hame
an noo til Herdshaw highheidynlik,
gart Olaf get faur mair nor maist,
kenspeckle as the saw itsel;
guid reasoun for it, myn, because
he was weel-lykit for hissel
as weel as his avysement gien
as dacentlyke as taen the same,
a thing no caunnie for tae dae 220
as you'll can ken gin you'll can speir,
or you'll can say til bodies speirin.

His faither Hoskuld gied a haun
was no a fuit in shauchle shae
that coodnae punt a blether baa;
an meikle mair for Thorgerd's sake
cam Olaf's wy fae Myrar men,
for aabodie thocht Olaf was
the wale o aa the sons were bred
bi Hoskuld, namelie man hissel. 230

Winter ongaun at Herdshaw, doore
as daud the snaw fae shuin,
Olaf haed monie scudgie folk
as weel as orra-men at wark,
some lukin efter siccan nowt
as stirks and heifers, buhlls and owsen,
and ither bodies lukin efter
the lyke o melkin cous an caufs.

Somewy ayont the steidin waas,
the byre was biggit ben the wuids 240
and yince athin an eenin oor
still aer enyeuch as at the graft,
a carle that wrocht the nowt in byre,
the owsen, buhlls, an stirks and heifers,
cam up til Olaf, speirin at him,
"Gie me anither darg o wark."

Olaf gied aunswer, plain as plap
athin the lugs a daud o speak:
"Ye'll dae the whit I'm tellin you,
an no the whit you're tellin me." 250

At this, the chiel said, "Naw, nor no!
Gif that's the wy ot, I'm for aff

anither gaet nor ben thon byre.”

“Gif that’s the wy ot, gaet ayont,
said Olaf, “no the gaet ben byre,
thare’s something wrang as caurrie cawed
an no as richt as naething wrang.”

And he gaed on, “This eenin I
sall gang wi you the-tyme ye sorte
the nowt athin thur ilka staw, 260
an gin I think ye hae excyuiss
for whit ye’ll dae an whit ye’ll no dae,
lik devoirs duin-the-nane avaa,
I’ll haud ma wheesht anent yer maen,
but gin I finnd thare’s nae excyuiss
for whit ye’ll no dae or ye will dae,
lik nane-avaa yer devoirs duin,
I’ll mak gy shair ye get yer paiks.”

Thon spear that was the keeng’s ain gift,
as gowd-inwrocht as glinkit brawlie 270
athin his haun for wecht it sherp,
Olaf gaed furrit, feart-the-nane,
wi thon paer orra-man in fleg,
an left the hoose tae mak thur ploy
inbye thon byre athin the snaw
was poodert on the grun fornent it.

The doore gaun ben the byre was aipen
as gantit gyan blackerlyke
nor thon hauf-daurk aroon the place,
and Olaf telt the orra-man, 280
“Gang ben, and I sall caw the nowt
inbye, the-tyme ye tie them up.”

Atween the doore-jambs gaed the carle,
hauf-in as no haill-oot at that,
or haufwys oot as no haill ben,
an swythe as nae tyme for tae speir
the whoereaboos he was for gaun,
the chiel was wheecht awo ootbye
as haillwys oot was no hauf ben,
nor for that maitter ot, hauf-oot: 290
but Olaf kent then chiel haed lowpit
straucht intil Olaf’s aipent airms.

“By Sursse,” said Olaf til the carle,
“here is taerrificatioun, man!

An whit avaa gars you be feart
as trimmlin lyke a lammie's tail?

The fleggit chiel gied aunsver lyke
the haill wurd in a dwaum, no him,
for naebodie but he haed seen
the whit it was that he haed seen, 300
an naebodie but he haed been
the whoere the whit he'd seen haed been,
an this is whit he said: "Thon Hrapp,
as muckle ghaist as eever was
a killer deid as no alyve,
stauns ben the doore athin the byre
haill in it thare as no hauf-oot.
He claucht at me! That's whye I'm feart!
I'll waarsle neever mair wi him!"

Olaf at yince ben thon black doore 310
as daurk as daith amang the mools,
strack straucht as ticht wi his braw spear
at Hrapp as black as daurksome daith
amang the mools alow the grund,
Hrapp, killer-ghaist as eever was
the killer he haed ayeways been.

Hrapp taen the socket o the spear
in baith his ghaistlie haunds, as groo
as licht athin the wee, smaa oors,
an wrocht it back an furrit lyke 320
a tarrier that shaks a rattan,
until the shank brak throch-an-thru
againss thon steel was gowd-inwrocht.

Wi naething left but shank in haund
as Hrapp the spearheid ben his nieve,
Olaf was set tae breenge at Hrapp
as tho tae caw the killer doon,
whuin suddentlie as *Whoere's he gane?*
Hrapp wheecht awo fae whoere he'd stuid,
the nowt the-nane puit-oot avaa, 330
but snoofle-sneeflt at the hy.

Olaf and thon paer orra-man
made aa the nowt athin the byre
as naet an snode as chowe-the-coode,
an syne, athorte the yaird, gaed hame,
the orra-man at faut the-nane
for aa his maen, as Olaf saw,

for that was whit he'd haed tae see.

Neist mornin, efter sic a nicht
as birlled the thocht anent the fecht
around his heid for think again,
Olaf was aff til whoere Hrapp-Killer
was yirdit for his ugsome weird,
and howkit-up the muckle corp
was haill as deid that verie morn:
and here's the awfie ferlie ot,
his ilka cauld haun gruppit licht
that skinklt steel inwrocht wi gowd,
the spearheid that belangit Olaf.

340

Aa duin that cood be duin for een
tae see, and haerns tae tell the myn
the wunner o it as a ferlie,
Olaf puit Hrapp upon a pyre
that happt the corp aroon wi lowes
that brunt it throch-an-thru the baens
til nocht was left but aise was cast
upon the swaw tae slooch aroond
until at yin wi faem an freith:
and Hrapp's ghaist gaed nae mair abraid.

350

Chapter XXV

Anent Hoskuld's Sons

It's tyme the-noo as yince afore
 was no the tyme tae mak a speil
 anent the sons o Hoskuld's bluid,
 ay, tyme the-noo, no efterwarts
 that maks a speil on ither bodies.

Thorliek was yin o Hoskuld's sons,
 kenspeckle yince on maindeep thonner
 wi dauphins jookin up an doon
 on ilka bowe for companie
 that pleasured thaem as weel as folk. 10

Thorliek was yin haed seen lang saervice
 in statiouns gyan bad as weel's
 amang highheidyins here an thare
 as bad as weel as guid anaa
 whuin he was vaigin on the saes
 afore he saettlt doon an fermed,
 kenspeckle as a man o merk.

Nae quaistioun but folk thocht he stuid
 superior abuin the self
 lik dacencie o mynd abuin
 inferioritie o greed. 20

Thorliek haed been on Viking raids
 lik steppin oot wi stoot courage,
 and aften thocht, lik monie mair
 whuin gangin berserk intil killin,
 that he was haein the tyme o his lyfe,
 but thocht no better ot nor waur
 whuin yince mair buskin serk roon shootthers,
 mibbes mair lyker tyme o daith.

Bard, Hoskuld's son, a sailor tae 30
 ye'll myn was pack wi Olaf yince,
 weel thocht o for hissel, was brave
 as brawlik wi't, a dacent man
 as easie-oasie wi the lave
 as boathert nane, faur less hissel.

Bard made a Braidfrith wumman wyfe
 caad Astrid, guidlie bluid anaa,
 whoe gied her man a son Thorarin,

and efter that, a dochter Gudney
whoe mairriet Hall, the son o Styr 40
caad Fechter; syne fae thaem cam monie
the faimlie mibbe thocht thursels
the nae smaa drink whuin sloochin drams,
but whoere they gaed or whit they did
is no telt here nor yonner aither:
an no juist that, thare are some folk
say no the yae wurd in the Saga
anent Thorarin, Gudney, Hall
that was the son o Styr caad Fechter.

Noo, thare was yin bi name o Hrut, 50
a chiel was Herjolf's son, whoe gied
a bond-slave, yin caad Hrolf, his freedom
that's waarth the mair nor onie siller,
but gied him siller tae tae staun,
gif no his haun, then on his feet,
an wi it, for a place tae puit
his feet whuin no awo fae hame,
a hoose nearhaun the merk was drawn
tae witness Hoskuld's grun was thare.

Sae near the merk it was til Hrutsteid, 60
that Hrut's folk haed mistaen the merk,
the freedman for a fac noo saettlt
on Hoskuld's grun, no on his ain
nor Hrut's whoe'd plappt him doon upon it.

For aa that, Hrolf was thrangitie
as wrocht the haund an fuit thegether
lik dae the yae darg at the yince,
an no the twoe lik mixer-maxter,
til he was daein gyan weel
as stack the shottle o the kist 70
wi siller bits yin tap o tither.

Hoskuld was fair puit-oot wi Hrut,
that yon yin haed seen fit tae plant
his freedman, as some say, richt up
against his lug, or, say some ithers,
richt in alow his neb; an telt
the freedman for tae py him siller
because the grund he badd on wasnae
his ain but Hoskuld's, doot nae doots.

The freedman, Hrolf, gaed ower til Hrut, 80
an telt him whit the speak haed been

atween hissel and Hoskuld. Hrut
telt him tae tak nae tent avaa
an gie thon Hoskuld no yae maik:
“It’s I’m for tellin you,” he said,
“I ken the-nane athin whose aucht
is thon grund haudin hoose and hame.”

Aff hame gaed thon paer sowl caad Hrolf,
an wrocht awo as eydentlie
as aye he’d duin that kent the-nane
hoo dae-awo was caunnier
lik aese the baens nor at the wark
doon-boued as baestin at it aye
wuid sair the baens lik gie ye paiks. 90

A wee bit on fae then, lik haud
the braith for yince upon a wheesht
o braith the hinmaist ben the kist,
Thorliek, the son a Hoskuld, gaed
lik wheesht athin the kist the braith,
an wi avysement fae his faither,
he chappit on the freedman’s doore:
an clickitie as luft the sneck,
oot cam the freedman ben his yaird. 100

An ben the freedman’s graith o baens
haudin the bluid that fed the haerns
that telt the myn the spreit at hame,
Thorliek drave throch-an-thru a blade
that skailt the bluid an lowsst the spreit
fae graith o baens and haerns an myn
tae gar it gang as free as yont
the freedom thon paer Hrolf haed haed,
gif freedom was the gaet he gaed
tae meet thon blade Thorliek drave hame
tae slauchter him wi sic a melt
gaed throch-an-thru him for his deid. 110

Wi that fell strack made Thorliek yin
wi Hrolf the freedman ben this Saga
that taks accoont a loonderin,
the Thorliek fuhlla made the speil
that his and his ain faither’s richt
was aa the siller made bi Hrolf,
bluid-siller thon, as some wuid say. 120

And here, nae quaistioun Thorliek boued
as laich as no superior

til self anaa, but doon alow
the dacencie o mynd at yin
wi greed's inferioritie.

Ach, some folk think the best o things
is no that guid whuin ither folk
hae sic a best athin thur aucht, 130
but gif the samin thing suid be
athin thur ain aucht, naething else
is hauf the guid o that avaa.

Whuin Hrut heard tell whit Thorliek did,
baith he and aa his sons were lyke
tae be as gyte as fairlie stoatin,
an seein maist o thaem were buirdlie
as onie chiels aroon the airt,
they were a faimlie ill tae skaith
an get nae loonderin for daein't 140

But hotter-stoater tribble trimmle
ben haerns lik purritch in a pat,
whuin Hrut made speil wi't ben the law,
an encauldation wafft upon it
thon wy law-bodies blaw an sooch:
the end ot was that Hrut an kin
haed nocht was waarth a chowe -the-fat
because the freedman haed been gien
a bit o grun was Hoskuld's ain,
an that athooten leave a Hoskuld; 150
an mair nor that that made the feck
o whit was int as fou as haill,
Thorliek haed skailt the freedman's bluid
til deid on his and Hoskuld's grund.

Hrut was as fair puit oot wi that
as styter-stoater wi the tongue
the marra o a stotious fuit,
but thare was naething left tae dae
but caum the sooch lik byde the wheesht.

Syne Thorliek biggit his ain hoose 160
nearhaun the merk was drawn as witness
the grun was Hrut's yae syde o it,
an tither syde ot Hoskuld's ain:
Kaimsness the name was gien the place.

Thorliek, as haes been telt afore,
badd for a tyme thare at Kaimsness.

Whuin something is twoe-fauldit as
no juist the yae thing its ainsel
the lyke o nithin ither, tyme
haes come lik yince upon a wheesht 170
a thocht will neever come again,
that you will gang wi't faur enyeuch
as see ye gang naewhoere avaa
but ben yer ainsel, thare tae byde
the-tyme the-tither bodies gang
the gaet they ken far ayeways agaets
whoere they may keek at you at hame
at hame whoere they wuid neever be
as snode thursels the whoere they are.

Ach, wurlds that are the wy they are 180
because they cannae be ocht else,
an wurlds that will be whit they will be
because ocht else they cannae be,
play tig wi wurlds were yince lik thaem,
even as this wurld ben thir wurd
rins in and oot a aulden Yceland
as faur awo as Yreland singin
the sangs were aye for singin thare,
an faur as ower in Scotland thonner
that made the ballats sing thursels. 190

Thorliek's wyfe gied the man a son
was watter-spairged for gien name Bolli.
Aer-on as keek at whit was comein,
folk saw him as a laud-o-pairts.

Chapter XXVI

The Daith o Hoskuld, AD 985

Mair sweir the ilka year for sturt,
 an neever myn the steer at that,
 Hoskuld, the son o Koll o Dales,
 becam at lenth in eild no weel
 that haed nae betterin athin it,
 an sae he sent for his three sons,
 Bard, Thorliek, Olaf, kin anaa,
 an said for aabodie tae witness
 sae naebodie cuid say the differ:
 “I’m tribblt noo wi meikle seikness 10
 as awfielyke as no lik me,
 for as ye ken, I neever was
 the lyke o man at hame wi seikness,
 nae mair wi me seikness at hame;
 sae I’m for tellin you I’m kennin
 daith that is seikness’s hauf-brither
 is comein til me in yon wy
 it’s speirin no *And hoo’s it gaun?*
 but something mair lik *Are ye gane?*
 altho it wuidnae need tae speir 20
 gin I cuid gie it aunsver nane.”

“Thorliek an Bard, you twoe ken fyne
 that you were born for siccarness
 that made ye bairns o mairriage names
 that mak yer ain aa ben ma aucht
 yince I am deid as pech an pant
 nae mair the air, kist bellowses:
 again, as aabodie kens fyne,
 I hae anither son caad Olaf
 was born a by-blaw, and ootwith 30
 a mairriage name the lyke o yours,
 sae I’m for speirin at ye noo
 as brithers or hauf-brithers, let him
 be yin wi you as gien yae thrid
 o aa is bookeit ben ma aucht.”

Bard, yin haed aye been chief wi Olaf,
 gied aunsver furst lik no haud wheesht,
 sayin he’d dae whit Hoskuld waantit,
 because, “The rucher Olaf is
 in pootsh wi siller jingle-jangle, 40
 or heech in pooer, highheidyinlyke,
 he’ll see me sowthert aa the wy

lik reeshle siller, speak in coonsel.”

Then Thorliek made his speil, “I’m thinkin
I’m no for haein Olaf gien
a pairt the peels wi Bard’s an myne,
for he is ruch enyeuch wi siller
a reeshle jinglin ben the pootsh;
naw, sic a weesh as three-wy split
is faur awo as thon furst braith
I taen whuin I was born a bairn
wi mairriage name the lyke o yours,
ma mither no an Yrish bond-slave.” 50

“An faither, think anent it noo:
it’s you hae gien him meikle mair
oot-thru the years, no even-haundit
the wy ye micht hae been wi us.
Sae I’m for keepin whit is mynes
bi richt, an giein Olaf nocht.”

“Shairlie it’s no that I’m tae be
styed intil chawsomeness,” said Hoskuld, 60
“as gien-the-nane the common richt
that lets me gie awo twal unce
til Olaf, tho ma by-blaw son,
for aa that, mynd ye, heech abuin
the lave because his mither’s syde
gied him for gutcher Yreland’s keeng.”

“Gie Olaf his twal unce,” said Thorliek,
wi chawsomeness hissel as green
aroon the gills as onie ysle 70
as emerald as folk caa Yreland
whyles caad the laund o saunts an bards.
Thocht Thorliek, “Saunts an bards bedamnt!
Thare’s no yae dacent skald o wurds
was eever crowned wi laurel leafs
wuid see the onie Yrish keeng
athin his purritch, even crowned
lik wechtit ower the broo wi gowd!
And as for saunts, whoe waants thae bodies?”

Then Hoskuld taen the gowden ring 80
Keeng Hakon yince haed gien til him,
ring wechtit yae merk, peels aicht unce,
then taen his sworde inwrocht wi gowd
gien til him yince bi Hakon, Keeng,
sworde wechtit hauf-merk, peels fower unce,

and haundit baith o thaem til Olaf,
his son, wi blissins on his heid
for nae mischaunce but best o luck;
altho, in sayin that, he speiled
he kent guid luck an nae mischaunce 90
haed traikit wi him tho the gaet
 they'd gane haed naither draggit fuit
 nor hunkerslid excep whuin oarin
 tae keep abreist wi dauphins lowpin
 for luck an nae rnischaunce at sae.

Olaf taen ilka giftie gien
 in ilka haun tae wecht the waarth,
 an said for tak his ilka wurd
 as mowtit for the wy it was
 an no for think it something ither, 100
that he wuid naither fleech nor fleer
anent whit Thorliek did or thocht
yae wy or tither on the ploy.

 Thorliek, ye'll guess, an guessin, ken,
lykit the ploy as little as
 his purritch made athooten saut
 or saut wi smaa grush saund in pap,
an thocht that Hoskuld haed been slee
 as wecht the weibauk Olaf's wy
 wi unces gowd, no unces siller 110
 as common richt for by-blaw bairns.

 "Thorliek is no for lykin this,"
said Olaf, "onie mair nor I am
for carein whit he thinks about it.
 Ay, fash or fash-the-nane about it,
it's I'm for haudin ben ma grup
the ilka unce o gowd was gien me
fornent the witnesses aroond,
 and I sall keep whit's ben ma grup
til men hae pooer tae herrie me." 120

Bard, aye as pack wi Olaf as
 hear stories in a dram for lauchin
 or listen til them for a mervel,
said til his faither he wuid dae
his devoirs for his faither's weeshes.

Suin efter that, auld Hoskuld deed
 athin thon swarff that syne can puit
 a stopper in the braith, blae gloze

athorte the een for hinmaist nicht,
a daith that gart folk greet a taet 130
the here an thare amang his sons
an kin, tho ithers mibbe muckle's
the deil-the-haet amang his faes.

His sons saw Hoskuld yirdit doon
and happit ower wi siccan stanes
and yirth as made a muckle cairn
sae aabodie wuid ken the place
the corp o Hoskuld liggit quaetlie:
for aa that, tho, that was gy meikle,
little enyeuch was yirdit wi him 140
aither in siller or in graith,
for he wuid leave faur mair ahint him
in saga for the things he'd duin
nor ocht alow a cairn cuid tell.

Some folk are puit intil a saga
that ithers puit intil a laegend:
ye ken, it's no anent the graith
sic bodies weare, but hoo they weare it,
and even then, it daesnae maitter
gin yin is muckle as a sumph 150
but swythe wi't, no a gomeril,
or smaa but smert as thon Cuchulain;
some folk will sing big yins in ceilidh
lik garrin feet stramp on the flaer
tae daud the haerns athin the heid,
an seannachies will saga wee yins
lik picturs ben the ingle lowes
tae gar the haerns growe ruid as branders.

And as for wemen, makars sing them,
ingyne athin the haerns fair bleezin 160
wi memorie a lowe can leam
on mixer-maxterie lik tartan
as tho cled bonnilie in scaddas
o aathing in alow the sun
fae heid til fuit as blue as sae;
or lyke the greens in shaws can baiver;
or lyke the whin an broom braw yallae;
or lyke the gowd nearhaun the hairst
haed shoogled in the suimmer wuin;
or black as brammles fairlie howdlin, 170
bankit alow Septemmer sun;
my, aa are bonnie: makars mynd them.

In sagas, tho, thare is, lik lyfe
the-day, and eever was, an will be,
this that is mak that is tae dae,
an lack that is lik no tae dae,
tho mynd ye, you as positive
as dae nae maitter whit ye dae,
ye dae't because the negative
can dae ocht-nane wi nocht tae dae't, 180
lik naething mair nor yin whoe speirs
Whit dae I dae? and yin whoe says,
Whit you maun dae, an dae it noo!

Mynd you, gif wemen were lik poems,
an poems were lik gowd an siller
athin a kist, nae makar bodie
wuid need an immortalitie.

His yirdin ower was saga-man
as thae that were his sons wuid be,
the brithers coonselled yin wi tither 190
whitlikken arval they wuid haud
tae merk the man thur faither yince,
as was the wy o daein then.

Olaf spak oot, "It's I'm for thinkin
we tak oor tyme, nae hurrie-burrie
wi Hoskuld's arval, gin we waant
tae mak it graund as fits the man
he was, as weel as us oorsels
nane ither nor the men he made us."

"As you can ken, lik tak a thocht 200
that daesnae tak a lend o you,
the year is liggin wi the leaf
upon the grund alow the trees,
sae aa the scan an drams we need
are ill tae get as no that guid."

"As weel as that, folk roondaboot
as haundielyke micht finnd it haurd
tae come an tak a dram in autumn,
an thaem that byde as faur awo
as no that roondaboot as haundie, 210
will haurdlie come as faur as this
in autumn for tae tak a dram;
forbye, folk we maist waant tae come
micht finnd they coodnae tak the gaet."

“Leave ilka thing til me,” said Olaf,
 “an come the suimmer at the Althing,
 I’ll speir at bodies for tae come
 til Hoskuld’s arval, and I’ll meet
 yae thridd the lawin, scrann an dram.”

The brithers were in greeance noo 220
 as in guid tid as *Fyne, man, fyne*,
 and Olaf taen the gaet for hame.
 Bard an Thorliek divvied-oot
 whit Hoskuld haednae taen for graith
 alow the cairn wi his deid.

Bard, dacentlyke in aa his wys,
 kenspeckle tae as lykit weel,
 gat aa the grund an staunin steidins
 as aabodie was gled tae see;
 an Thorliek gat the feck o graith 230
 was thare for him tae luft an lay.

As telt afore (tho micht be guessed
 gif telt-the-nane athin the Saga)
 Olaf an Bard were gyan chief,
 but Olaf and thon Thorliek chiel
 wuid neever tak a dram cap-oot:
 they were capootert yin wi tither.

Oncomein winter gane at last,
 whit tyme the broom haed buskit lyke
 a lassie wi the yallae coatie, 240
 an suimmer wearein in anaa
 whit tyme the brammles croodit howdlin
 for pick an plook an sook awo,
 even as tyme was wearein on
 lik coodnae dae ocht less or mair
 wi neever myn the growein waather,
 folk haed tae think o coonsellin
 an claikin at the Althing comein.

An wi them, thae three brither bodies,
 the sons o Hoskuld, made aa ruidie 250
 for gangin til the Althing, folk
 suin seein Olaf bore-the-gree.

Some say, on gettin til the Althing,
 the brithers puit three bothies thare,
 and ithers say yae bothie juist,
 but neever mynd, aa folk agree

yae bothie or the three thegither
made for a fyne an dandie sicht.

Chapter XXVII

The Arval made for Hoskuld

Sae this noo yince upon a day
 as folk were yaupin thrangitie
 aroon Law Rock the Althing foond,
 Olaf, heid-billie-dawkuslyke,
 was up and on his feet tae speir
 a hearin for a meikle speil.

“As maist folk here may ken bi noo,”
 said he bi wy o hear-me-oot,
 “ma faither Hoskuld’s deid an gane
 faur yonner ben the daurk whoere licht 10
 is furder yonnermaist nor kent,
 and as the feck o aa his freens
 are here for haundiness o clash,
 it’s I’m for tellin aabodie
 ma brithers twoe and I masel
 are gaun tae mak an arval for him;
 sae aabodie athin the licht
 is kent no yonnermaist but here,
 will see it for the pleesurin
 it yae timm gied til Hoskuld tae; 20
 an for tae merk him no juist man
 he was, but as he thocht tae be,
 and aiblins as he micht hae been,
 we’re speirin at highheidyins here
 tae come for scran an drammin wi us
 tae merk the kynd o men ye are,
 or men ye mibbes think ye are,
 or men ye micht weel think tae be:
 and I’m for tellin aabodie
 as heech as aa you staundin here 30
 are neever laich as cooriein,
 that ilka yin will come will tak
 awo wi him a braw haundoot.”

“An furdermair as nane-the-less,
 til aa smaa fermers, and the lave
 micht think tae come alang anaa,
 this invyte’s aipen-haundit as
 the twoe loofs lukin at the luft;
 an nane-the-less but furdermair,
 the ilka yin, baith paer an waalthie, 40
 that taks the gaet til Hoskuldsteid,
 will hae a fortnicht’s arval spree

ten weeks afore the winter-tyde.”

Seen cleirlie as a keek’s enyeuch,
and heard lik clairshach melodie
an no for blarney kissed a stane
ayont the Ysles o Skye an Man
in Yreland for the gift o gab,
whuin Olaf gied his speil a wheesht
for need o braith in bellowses, 50
the folk were raisedlyke, giein purr
wi yellochin an skellochin
the lyke is seenlins heard avaa,
for aabodie was fair taen-on
wi sic a man an sic a speil.

Back ben the bothie wi his brithers,
Olaf then telt them whit he’d said
was ben his mynd as whit tae dae
tae mak whit said maun syne be duin,
an they were baith puit-oot wi that, 60
the contar o the folk taen-on wi’t:
they thocht he’d gane ower faur, naw, furder.

The Althing ower as aathing duin
tae gar the lieges byde in saucht,
the brithers rade awo for hame
whoere saucht aye gars the lieges byde
as suimmer’s wearein on for wark
and autumn sees the darg aa duin
for saucht aroon the winter ingle.

Tyme noo the brithers made aa ruidie 70
tae gar the arval soond abraid
wi clash-the-pans for meikle scan,
an gar the maut rin siller cleir
or broon or yallae ben the yill,
wi Olaf’s thrid o whit was coft
puit furrit fuhll athooten stent.

Sae monie bodies were expeckit,
the best o scan the grun cuid growe
was bocht in stanes an no in punds
tae mak the lavriest o kail 80
that eever gart the cooter blaw
as lavrie kail can gar it blaw;
the baxters made the best o breid
is thriteen til the ilka dizzen
that maks a batch athin an oven,

breid whyte as sookin up the bree
atween the maet on meikle flets,
or broon as dentie wi the whangs
o guid strang kebbock hotterin
whuin roastin on the muckle shaef
fornent the ruid-het brander bours.

90

An thare were girdle scones as saft
as kitchen butter or broon hinnie
whuin cut lik skliffit thru the middis
tae mak the caunniest o beds
can gar the teeth growe watterie
as lowsse a dreeble fae the lips,
folk soochin-in tae stope the slaver:
folk, whyles as dentie in the mou
as sooch a gou tae savour it,
wuid speir a scone was birsslt haurd
oot-thru the flet ot snippie-snap,
the whaeten scones thur wale o chyce.

100

Some lykit bere-mael in a scone
as chycsst chaisen; ithers said
no bad at that but reekielyke
as tho the smeeke haed gotten intilt,
but aa agreed the aiten cake
the bonniest o bakes on brode
as thick as hauf a pinkie thru
an gentie broon as gentie boued
fornent the branders o a fyre
thon wy they'd snaup lik wuiden tweigs
lang droothie tuim o growein saup:
folk said guid yill and aiten cake
weel-buttert, taen wi kebbock whangs,
was kitchen faur ayont the lave.

110

Some folk, tho, lykit weel-fyred baps
or ither bakes lik sodie-breid
kent aa the airts fae Norowaa
thru Shetland, Orkney, Waastren Ysles
fae Lewis doon til Colonsay
an Mull for sang, Islay for swordeplay,
syne doon thru Yreland aa the wy
fae thae blue watters o Lough Erne
til thonner faur as Skibbereen.

120

The muckle pats were hotterin
wi purritch sautit juist the dab
fae mael as coorse as hauf-wy cruddle

that sat athin a wuiden bowle 130
 an badd its wheesht for cream fae cous
 or fae the yowies cawed til knowes
 tae gar it growe againss the bowle
 as groosie as a clootie dumplin:
 sic purritch focht the mornin could
 the wy it baet the gloamin chill,
 as tho it were a benner serk.

An mynd ye tae, thare were drap-scones,
 as thick as cauf's lugs, wi the cream
 tuimmed on them skailin ower the aidges 140
 lik lochans liggin on the flets.

For aa that, and it micht hae been
 enyeuch at that, folk micht hae thocht
 saumon an troot and aa the lave
 o fishie freens fae frith an loch
 haed soomit intil Hoskuldsteid
 tae mak a waarmer for the wame
 wuid keep folk snode aa winter thru.

The arval on, guid aetin thare,
 maist thae highheidyins wi invyte 150
 haed taen thur place wi *Ay, we're here, then*,
 and ither bodies no sae heech
 were thare anaa wi *Sae are we*,
 in fac, that's gy nearhaun a ferlie,
 thare were as monie as ower meikle
 tae coont an be mistaen the-nane;
 some say thare werenae monie shorte
 o hunders nyne, tho mibbes mair,
 ay, aichtie mair nor thoosan yin;
 some said, for *Luk ye here at this*, 160
 as weel as *Luk ye thare at thon*,
 the arval at the Hoskuldsteid
 was no the meiklemaist but saecont,
 ahint yin gien bi Hialti's sons
 for myndin o the man thur faither:
 yin thoosan, fower an fowertie bodies
 were yokit at the aetin thare.

This Hoskuld arval, tho, was brave
 itsel as bravelies duin at that,
 in thon wy puit as meikle honour 170
 on Hoskuld's sons as on hissel,
 wi Olaf heech abuin his brithers
 because o evenhaunditness

in pyin for the haundoots gien
til aa the highheidyins were thare.

Ye ken, it wasnae juist a tyme
o guts-the-fuhll an pech-the-rift,
it was a wheesht o braith anaa
lik yince upon a sooch o sang
weel-suitit til the singer's thrapple, 180
even as singer suitit sang
tae gar the folk aroon jyne owercome.

Whuin aa were gane haed gutst thur fuhll,
Olaf haed yae bit crack wi Thorliek,
sayin, "Man, Thorliek, weel ye ken
gy bad at that was whit we thocht
o yin anither this whyle back,
but noo I'm thinkin we suid be
as better kin as kynd at that."

"I ken that you were no for lykin 190
the wy I taen thae gowden gifts
ma faither gied me juist afore
he gaed fae licht til benner licht
inbye the daurk athin the mools."

"Gin you still think ye're wranged bi thon,
I'll dae yae thing is mair nor twoe
lik gowden ring an gowden sworde,
for I'm for fosterin yer son:
ye'll ken the saw that says the man
that fosters is the less the man 200
nor him that made the son tae foster."

This gaed doon weel wi Thorliek as
the man that made the son tae foster,
an said for truith is daed-in-trothe
whit Olaf did was gy weel duin.

Thorliek's son, Bolli, three year auld
in winters bydein voar tae come,
gaed hame wi Olaf Herdshaw wy
as baith thae brithers said farweel
lik *Will ye no come back again?* 210

Thorgerd, thon dacent bodie,
as wyfe til Olaf, taen the lauddie
an loued him lyke her ain, did she,
an saw til't he was nane the waur

for his brochtupness nor her ain.

Chapter XXVIII

The Birth o Kjartan, Olaf's Son, AD 978

Olaf an Thorgerd haed a son
 was spairgit ower wi halie watter,
 and Olaf caad the lauddie Kjartan,
 efter Melkorka's Yrish faither,
 Myrkjartan, keeng in Yreland thonner,
 an tharefore Olaf's Yrish gutcher.

Bolli an Kjartan were as peels
 in age as nane the differ tween them.

No juist the yae bairn, tho, was gotten
 bi Olaf fae his Thorgerd, naw, 10
 they haed a wheen o ither childer,
 five sons in aa, the-tither fower
 caad Steinthor, Halldor, Helgi, Hoskuld,
 the hinmaist yin the youngest o them
 caad efter Hoskuld was his gutcher;
 Thorgerd was bairnt tae wi dochters
 were caad Bergthora, Thorgerd, Thorbjorg,
 and ilka yin, baith sons an dochters,
 was lyklie as the-tither yin:
 muckle-bechildert wumman Thorgerd, 20
 but nane the waur for that was she.

At that timm, thon yin Holmgang Bersi,
 whoe badd in Saurby on a ferm
 caad Tongue, cam ower the airt tae see
 his cuizzin Olaf Hoskuldson;
 he speired at Olaf for tae foster
 yin o his sons, thon yin caad Halldor,
 and Olaf taen him at his wurd
 an gied him Halldor in his airms,
 the bairn juist the yae year auld, 30
 juist haein seen a winter thru.

Suimmer oncomein saw paer Bersi
 as no that weel was awfie bad,
 thon wy the seikness gart him ligg
 upon his back athin his bed,
 no fit tae puit a fuit on flaer,
 the-tyme the bairnie Halldor liggitt
 athin his credde till thon day
 it cowpit ower an left the lauddie
 no juist nae fuit upon the flaer 40

but on his back an yellochin,
 wi nane tae help baith paer bit craiturs
 sin aa were yont, oot makkin hy
 for winter comein on fornent.

His ettlement tae help the bairn
 as ill tae mak as sair tae mend,
 left Bersi lyke a bairn hissel
 upon the bed an gart him say
 a verse as shorte as this yin here.

Here we are liggin, _ 50
the baith o us as helpless
as you a bairnie,
masel in eild, but yae thing
twoe tae, mend you, waur I, tho.

Och, whit it is tae be as young
 as tak nae tent o whit is eild!

Ach, whit it is tae be as auld
 as ken the bairnies tak nae tent!

The day onwearein for the lowssin,
 the fermer bodies hame at last 60
 pickit-up Halldor fae the flaer
 as nane the waur for cowpin oot,
 an Bersi at the hinner-end
 as haill at that as waured the-nane,
 was yokit nane wi deid juist yit.

Halldor grew up no lyke the saw
 says haudin-doon is no brocht-up,
 for he becam a man as stoore
 fae heid til fuit a dacent lenth
 an muckle as athorte the kist 70
 a dacent braidth for bellowses.

Kjartan grew up at Herdshaw ferm,
 brocht-up lik haudit-doon the-nane,
 and he becam the brawest chiel
 o aa men eever born in Yceland;
 his face was see-it-yince-was-mynd-it,
 an fair at that, whyte scaddit ower
 wi ruid an broon fae sun an wuin,
 his een haed nane thur lyke in men
 an licht in hue as intil gray 80
 was whyles as blue as luk-again;

his hair was fair as silken sheen,
an rowed in curls abuin his broo
and ower his heid weel-thackit wi them;
a muckle man he was, an strang
as staund athin the maist o men
an furrit wi the best at that,
lik Egil was his mither's faither
or Thorold whoe was Egil's brither;
Kjartan was puit thegither lyke 90
manheid was neever seen afore,
as ticht aroon the kist an shooters
as gart folk wunner at the sicht,
an no juist that, as man-at-airms
he was as skeelie at the wark
as made folk laith tae taigle wi him,
a craftsman at it; and, juist think,
Kjartan, barescud athin the swaw,
was fairlie lyke a saumin soomin.

Tho he was faur abuin the lave 100
in gemmes o strenth, an lap an sprang
an flew an flang afore the folk
thon wy he doakied ilka man,
he haed thae easie-oasie wys
as weel's thon kynliness o myn
that gart the bairnies loe him weel;
forbye, he was as licht o hert
as free wi siller in his aucht:
Olaf loued Kjartan best o aa
his bairns, or oniebodie else's. 110

Bolli, that was the foster-brither
o Kjartan, was a stoore man tae,
and in aa gemmes lik cast a stane
as haundie as a meikle wecht,
or humph a stane as wechtie as
no haundie for the humphin, Bolli
was saecont as the neist til near
Kjartan in doakiein the lave.
He was as strang as kynlie wi't,
and as a fechter-chiel at that, 120
was buskit aye in guidlie graith.

Ay, they grew up thegither lyke
twoe deevilockie nickums, thaem,
lauddies oot-doakiein the lave,
tho Kjartan ayeways bore-the-gree,
wi Bolli no that faur ahint.

Thae foster-brithers were as fonde
as freens thegither clappin hauns
lik loof til loof or daud-the-back.

Olaf hissel badd quaet at hame
as byde his wheesht for monie years.

130

Chapter XXIX

Olaf's Saecont Traik til Norowaa, AD 975

As gaun-fuit aye is gettin, says
 the saw, sae gangs the speak in sagas
 tae tak aa til itsel on tongue,
 yae voar cam on lik wecht o waarmth
 tae brekk the back o dooresome winter,
 Olaf telt Thorgerd ettlement
 was on him for a caunnie greinin
 tae gang abraid til Norowaa
 athorte the maindeep yince again,
 and, as he said for tell it yince 10
 tell me nae mair lik tell the truith
 is no *Ay, but...* "An listen, hen,
 it's you'll byde here tae tak guid tent
 o aathing, hoose and hame an childer."

"I'm no for lykin that," s'she,
 tho naething tells us whye for ay
 nor whitforno anent her lyke
 the nithin-in-it, or mislyke
 the aathing bealin in alow.

"Lyke it or no," said Olaf til her, 20
 "it's I'm for aff, lik yeukieness
 athin the fuit tae scart the grund,
 or tichtenin athin the kist
 tae gie the bellowses a braith
 o caller air abuin the swaw."

Wi that, aff Olaf gaed an bocht
 a ship was liggin waastawys
 at Vadill for a caunnie skipper,
 syne in the licht o suimmer waather
 (tho wi a lowerin luft abuin) 30
 he brocht the ship til Hordaland
 in Norowaa acorss the faem,
 misluckielyke, tho, in thon wy
 nae dauphins skelpit up in blytheheid
 on aither bowe as gled tae be thare.

Giermund-the-Gulderer bidd thare,
 a bittock landwart fae the frith,
 a man as michtie wi the nieve
 aroond a sworde-hilt or a haund
 athin a meikle pootsh o siller; 40

a man haed been kenspeckle as
a Viking in amang the ysles,
 but kent anither wy anaa
 as ill-tae-mend as gy ill-faured,
tho, mynd ye, quaet enyeuch the-noo
at hame, amang the bodieguaird
o Jarl Hakon, michtie tae.

This grooflik bodie, Giermund, gaed
doon til the straund tae see the ship,
 and hoo it rade the watter thare, 50
 an whoereawofae it haed come,
 an whit it brocht was waarth the wecht,
 an whit wuid wecht it ginn it gaed:
 but mair nor that for tell it aa,
 whoe was the skipper o the craft.

And as til that, the Olaf name
was as kenspeckle as his ain,
an Giermund kent the Olaf name
 weel waarth a saga roondaboot it,
 ay, or a screed o wurds fae yin 60
 was guid a makar as cuid slooch
 his pynt o yill wuid gar a sang
 sooch ower the maer amang the heather.

Giermund said, “Hoo’re ye daein, sur?”
til Olaf, Olaf sayin til him,
 “Och, no that bad, sur; and yersel?”
An thae things ower for dacencie
in common clash atween twoe bodies,
an no for onie evilness
 mair lyke a clooter on the puhss, 70
Giermund badd Olaf come an byde
at Giermund’s hoose, an bring wi him
as monie men as he micht waant
 for companie o his ain kynd.

 “It’s I maun thank ye awfie kynlie,”
 said Olaf “for the invyte,” takkin,
as some say, seeven men alang,
 tho ithers say he taen juist five:
the lave was Olaf’s crew fund ludgeins
aa roondaboot in Hordaland. 80

The best o aathing gaun that winter
was gien til Olaf and his men
for skelps, an gien athin a hoose

was biggit braw as buskit bonnie
wi aathing made a caunnie beild
againss the winter waather thare.

The winter growein wabbit as
a hoast in eild the merk o voar
a rin-aff for incomein saumon,
Olaf telt Giermund whye he'd come 90
til Norowaa acorss the faem,
an that was for a lade o timmer
tae bigg a new hoose ower in Yceland,
timmer that was the chycest chaisen.

Said Giermund, "Jarl Hakon haes
the wale o wuids for best o timmer,
and I'm for tellin you I ken
gin you suid gang an speir at him,
he'll let ye chaise yer best o pick,
an no juist that, he'll mak ye waalcome 100
as tak yer haunds atween his ain
an dram wi you a dacent skoll.
Olaf, it's I'm for tellin you,
he gies a dacent kinna haun
til bodies no weel-braed lik you,
the onie tyme they gang tae see him."

The voar oncomein puntin winter
athorte the laich alow the heech
tae mak a bree for voartimm saumon
soomin alang the grushie burns, 110
Olaf made ruidie for tae seek
an finnd the Hakon Jarl, whoe fund,
gied Olaf waalcome as a chiel
become kenspeckle for the stories
telt roondaboot the ingle-ens
fae here til yonner: Hakon said
Olaf cuid stye as lang's he lykit.

Wi that, that was said dacentlie
as nae need for tae say ocht mair,
Olaf telt Hakon whye he'd come 120
til Norowaa athorte the faem,
an that was for tae speir gin Hakon
wuid gie him leave tae cut some trees
wuid mak the best o wuid for biggin
a meikle hoose in Yceland thonner.

Jarl Hakon gied him aunswer, sayin

“Ye’re waalcome for tae cut an lade
 as muckle timmer ben yer ship
 as it can haud as you see fit,
 because it’s I’m for tellin you
 I’m thinkin no sae monie bodies
 lik you yersel come here fae Yceland
 tae veesit me an weesh me weel.”

130

Aa duin was duin as needit duin
 tae mak needcessitie nocht mair,
 Olaf and Hakon said fareweel
 lik daud the back as freenlie as
Gleg as we were in companie,
we’d be mair gleg again tae meet.

And, for tae shaw the wy he thocht,
 Jarl Hakon puit in Olaf’s haund
 a wechtie aix inwrocht wi gowd
 that gart it skinkle in the sun
 tae blinn the ee in wunnerment
 sic treisure trove was made bi man.

140

An tho the Saga daesnae say it,
 man, think it thru till thocht is true,
 and you will tak anither thocht
 as true as neednae tak anither,
 that Olaf’s gaun-fuit aye was gettin
 faur mair nor he was eever giein.

150

Aa this ongaun, the Gulderer
 caad Giermund, quaet this tyme as caunnie,
 puit stewarts ower his grun, say some,
 or as some ithers say, sellt-aff
 his launds in dern as caunnilie
 as quaetlik, for he’d made his mynd up
 tae gang athorte the swaw til Yceland,
 an bertht at that ben Olaf’s ship:
 but let naebodie ken aboot it.

160

Olaf hissel kent nocht aboot it
 till Giermund brocht his guids an siller
 til Olaf’s ship, as some folk say,
 or as some ithers say, until
 Giermund haed puittent thaem aboard:
 yae wy or tither, tho, the waarth
 o graith an siller was byordnar.

“Gin I haed kent o this afore,

ye wuidnae be the whoere ye are,”
said Olaf, “and it’s I can tell ye,
thare are some folk in Yceland thonner
wuid be the nane-the-waur at that
gif neever settin een upon ye;
but sin ye’re here wi ilka haet
ye hae that maks for meikle waarth,
I’m no for cawin you awo
lik onie messan in ma road:
an that’s a thocht that’s thocht oot-thru
as true as neednae tak anither.”

170

Said Giermund then, no gulderin
but lettin wurds sooch roond his teeth
and oot fae in atween his teeth
as sooplelyke as quaet an caunnie,
“I’m gaun tae py ma wy wi siller
that aye can speak for its ainsel,
sae neever myn the whit ye say,
it’s I am no for castin-oot
sin I am gaun til Yceland wi ye.”

180

An that was that for speak nae mair
but byde yer wheesht till spakken til,
and on the ship gaed aabodie
was gaun tae gang til Yceland thonner
whoere faur ayont the sun gaed doon
ayont the gloamin ben the swaw.

190

The gaun was guid, gif guid it was
athooten dauphins aither bowe
skelpin an sklimmin thru the swaw
for nae mischauncieness at sae
or little o it whoere ye’re gaun;
an sae they made Braidfrith at lenth,
an puit thur gangwys on the straund
at Saumonreevermooth, as some
in England thonner nicht weel caa it,
or ithers ower in Wales or Scotland
nicht say is Abersaumonreever,
or in some airts o Scotland, mibbes
mair Inversaumonreever caad,
tho here in Yceland as in Lewis
athin the Waastren Ysles o Scotland,
it nicht be Laxdalereever Frith.

200

210

Olaf then haed his timmer-lade
taen aff the ship, an poued the craft

athin the shed his faither Hoskuld
haed biggit thare sae langsinsyne.

Aa duin was duin need dae nae mair,
Olaf gied Giermund his invyte
tae gang wi him an byde at Herdshaw.

Whyles, man, aa that is thocht is duin
is lyke enyeuch hauf-duin at that,
but whyles at that faur better left 220
no duin avaa nor hauf-duin aither,
but left alane athooten thocht
nae wy or tither for the daein.

That suimmer, tyme o year the best
no juist for mendin but for makkin,
Olaf at Herdshaw made a biggin
the lyke ot neever seen afore
as roondaboot as airtit yonner,
wi laegends pentit on wainscottin
as weel as in alow the ruif 230
for folk tae speir at, pleesurin,
an wrocht sae braw that aabodie
thocht sic a haa was bonniest
athooten drapes upon the waas.

Aa this gaun on lik graft awo
an neever tak a keek aboot ye,
tae see whiteever else was ongaun,
Giermund left aathing weel alane,
eechie nor ochie sayin thare
anent the ups an doons o daein 240
around him, but amang the folk
tae let his byname play the groof
kenspeckle as the Gulderer.

And here is whitlik yon yin lukit:
ootwith, he wore a fur cloak, grugous
as groo as onie wolf in wuids;
and inwith wore a rorie kirtle
as crammasie as onie face
ower fonde o slainte-usquabaes
or skolls for sloochin yills in pynts; 250
and on his heid a bearskin bunnet
as tho man clannit wi the baest;
and in his haund a meikle sworde -
but wait until ye're telt aboot it.

A meikle waepon thon, a guid yin,
the hilt ot wrocht fae walrus tith,
athooten siller gauderin;
the blade was sherp, athooten roost,
 a blade cuid shear a hair in twoe,
 or cleave the thickest skull in twain: 260
some say the sworde was caad Fuitbyter,
and ithers say Legbyter better,
 but yae wy or the-tither ot,
oot o his sicht he let it neever.

Giermund haed no been thare ower lang
afore he fell in luve wi Thured,
Olaf's young dochter, and he speired
at Olaf for her haund in mairriage:
 said Olaf, "I hae taen a thocht
 that's true as thocht oot-thru at that, 270
and I'm for tellin you ye're aff
as no juist on tae mairrie Thured,
 an that's as straucht an aunsver as
 nae jinkin lyke a jookerie."

But thare are ither folk can jink
an jook in cheatrie juist the verie dab,
an thare were twoe the lyke o that,
yin giein siller, tither takkin't
for nifferin anent the mairriage:
the gier was the Gulderer, 280
the takker Thorgerd, Olaf's wyfe,
an she was intilt, twoe hauns fuhll
tae fou the shottle o her kist.

The siller ben the shottle as
the merk o whit her ploy wuid be,
Thorgerd taen Olaf ben a nyeuk
an priggitt at him for a waddin
atween the Gulderer an Thured,
because, she said, "Giermund is brave
 as bare the breist in onie battle; 290
an waalthie as the kynd o bodie
 can tig-toy aa the day wi siller;
and aipen-haundit wi it tae,
 lik jingle-jangle it aroond."

Af coorse, she didnae tell her man
whoere her haundoot o siller was
as quaet as haud its wheesht athin
the shottle o her cleedin kist.

Said Olaf, as his dowie hert
 puit dool athin his ilka wurd, 300
“Thorgerd, it’s I am nane the mair
for castin-oot wi you anent
this maitter in atween us twoe
nor I hae duin anent some ithers,
tho, mynd ye, I wuid raither see
oor Thured mairrie someyin else.
 Och, wae be til me gin I dae
 lik deevil tak me gin I daenae,
 I’m ben mischaunce as no that luckie.”

Aff gaed thon wyfie Thorgerd then, 310
 fair kittled wi the ploy she played,
tae tell Giermund-the-Gulderer
 whit she haed duin sae he cuid dae,
 an neever thocht, as weel she micht,
 “Noo, wae be til me that I did
 lik deevil tak me gin I didnae,
 it’s I’m no luckie, ben mischaunce.”

Giermund said then he haed tae thank her
for helpin him the wy she haed,
an for the wy she’d duin awo 320
as thrawnilk as was doore tae byde
 sae he cuid dae sin she haed duin,
 an sayin sae, said no as muckle
 as thank her awfie kynlie, but;
syne, haein said it, speired at Olaf
anent the haund o dochter Thured:
an this timm, Giermund bore-the-gree,
 tho Olaf, thon paer bodie, thocht
 the baa, gif no upon the sklates,
 was on the thack aroon the lum. 330

Giermund an Thured were betrothit,
 tho naebdie kens whit Thured thocht,
thur waddin at the winter’s end
 as tyme nid-noddit inglesyde
 an thowed the bluid aroon the baens;
the waddin place the Herdshaw biggin
wuid haud the bodies snode an waarm
 tae hae thur fuhll o maet for aetin
 afore they hoocht nicht thru in daunce,
 whyles drammin usquabae in slaintes 340
 sae sillerie athin the gless,
 rinnin wi licht can please the ee,

or sluchin yill the aumer broon
athin the tankart for a drooth.

Ay, thare they were for whye they cam,
yowffin the tichteners an riftin
afore they yaffled mair tae boke.

An tho the dauncein was as het
as hooch the mornin oors awo,
thon paer sowl Olaf Hoskuldson
was aff-the-byle as hotter-nane.

350

Amang the bodies ben the haa
was yin was caad Ulf Uggason,
a skald whoe was as skeelie as
the onie bard can eever tuim
a dram o maut made usquabae
wi slaintes for a sang anaa.

Ulf made a poem, *Hoose Sang* caad,
anent baith Olaf Hoskuldson
and aa the laegends that were pentit
aroon the waas tae busk the timmer,
ay, made it even-on as kent
is ben the leid that plays the air ot,
whit we may ken is oors whuin made
was langsyne ben the leid we laerit
amang the bairns in streets an parks
ootwith the waas o aa the schuil;
ay, it is wurd that sing thursels
an no oorsels that sing the wurd:
whuin makars think they sing a sang,
it is the sang is singin thaem.

360

370

The sang the Ulf yin made, an sang,
sang his ainsel as weel as Olaf,
and Olaf thocht it made sae weel
he taen sae muckle fae his pootsh
an skailed it ben Ulf's aipen hauns,
that aabodie aroon said *Hear it!*
My, thon's a bonnie jingle-jangle!

No juist that, Oiaf stuid his haund
amang highheidys at the splore
bi giein thaem the brawlik gifts
afore they skailed awo aff hame:
syne, folk aroon, for aa thae things,
thocht him kenspeckle meikle mair.

380

Chapter XXX

Anent Giermund an Thured, AD 978

As tyme gaed bye that taen nae tent
 o folk as eemockie til tyme
 as eemocks are iotalyke
 til man, Giermund-the-Gulderer
 an Thured aye were castin-oot,
 Giermund because he was a groof
 that kent nae better for tae dae,
 an Thured sin the Yrish in her
 was up an ben her myn for oot
 tae waur the groof fornent her aye. 10

Noo, lyke the Yrish thrang for oot
 in Thured efter Giermund's cantrips,
 efter three year o Thured's girnin,
 for oot was Giermund Gulderer,
 myndin, nae doot, he'd no been clippit
 bi onie blade in Viking days
 nor aa day lang bi this young blade
 whose Yrish tongue, as says the saw,
 cuid clip cloots no juist aa day lang,
 but lee licht o the muin anaa, 20
 an need-the-nane the sherpenin.
 "Ay," he wuid say, "she is a clip,
 thon yin, a clip she is, thon blade;
 she's aff-the-gemme as onie lassie
 is lyke tae losse-the-place at peevee."

For oot was Giermund, faur awo
 as naewhoere near at haun til Thured,
 no neist as near is faur ower near,
 ay, as ayont is naewhoere near;
 an no juist that, he was for gaun, but, 30
 athooten onie wyfe or waen
 (a dochter, Groa, yae year auld)
 leavin them baith wi no a maik,
 nae dyot, bodle, plack, nae groat,
 nae faurdin, bawbee, shullin piece,
 nae merk, nae pund, nae single tosser.

Thured an Thorgerd, dochter, mither,
 were fair deleerit ower his ploy,
 as gyte as thonner ben thur mynds,
 an gaed til Olaf clatter-claitter 40
 tae tell him Giermund's wy o daein;

but Olaf said, “Whit ails ye, Thorgerd?
Is thon Aestman fae Norowaa
no aipen-haundit wi ye noo
as yon timm faa o leaf thon year
whuin faain ower his muckle feet
wi pootshes fou o siller as
his heid wi greinins for tae wad
wi Thured, oor paer dochter here?”

The wy o things ben Olaf’s myn 50
no telt us here nor yonner aither,
the wemen coodnae mak the man
at peels wi daein ocht anent it,
some sayin he was easie-oasie
as staund aroon lik muckle sumph,
and ithers sayin paecefoulyke
as thochts a thoosan myle awo,
but here’s the wy it was: the bairn
he said, suid byde the whoere she was
until she speired tae gang awo 60
or kent lyfe’s whits an whyes enyeuch
tae tak guid tent o her ainsel.

Mynd you, lik you forget-it-nane,
gif telt elsewhoere, thare’s naething here
tae let us ken whit Olaf said
anent the whits an whyes o lyfe
wuid puit thur paiks on dochter Thured.

Come tyme the Gulderer was set
for aff was gaun tae be faur yonner,
no neist til near as maks it chock, 70
bi wy o helpin him tae gang
as gled tae see the back o him,
Olaf gied Giermund (and for skelps)
the muckle maerchant ship aa fund,
weel fittit oot an ticht in strakes
thon wy she skliffit ower the swaw
an neever drivv her bowes ower deep.

Ach, naither wunner Giermund said
“It’s I maun thank ye awfie kynlie.”
An whitforno sin his gaun-fuit 80
gat aa for skelps as neever pyed for:
ay, naither wunner, for thon ship
was braw as onie eever sailed.

Aa ruidie, then, the wuin nor-aest

an wishie-licht as haurdlie reeshle
the sail, a cheetie-paw upon
the watter flet fornent the bowes,
fae Saumonreevermooth Giermund
puit-oot, an syne at Owsen Ysle,
as chock as made it neist til near, 90
wuin-drap upon the swaw abuin
was anchor-drap the swaw alow.

Giermund lay aff the Owsen Ysle
an whisslt oot o tune for wuin
a fortnicht lang that seemed a year,
the whit timm Olaf gaed awo
tae dae the whit he haed tae dae
anent his foreshore dreiftage richts.

Sae this was tyme no bye tyme daein,
but peels wi tyme was tyme tae dae, 100
an Thured, bealin lyke tae Brust,
wi dochter Groa ben her oxter,
caad til her mibbes aicht hoose-carles
an speired at thaem tae steer thur shanks
sin she wuid need them for a ploy.

Twoe-sixin aathegither then,
lik scroonsh the timmer thru the grush,
they puit her faither's ferrie-boat
upon the watters o Hvamfrith,
an Thured badd the bodies sail 110
and oar them yonner til the yslaunds:
syne, near enyeuch as haundielyke,
she badd them lowsse upon the watter
the smaa cockboat they cairried wi them.

Noo, ben thon smaa boat Thured gaed
wi twoe stoot cullans at the oars,
athin her oxter dochter Groa,
the-tyme she telt the-tither bodies
tae keep the ferrie-boat in tid
until she cam on board again. 120

An then she badd the twoe men oar
the boat acorss the watter-race
until they cam til Giermund's ship -
and here's a bittock o her ploy:
she taen a wimmle fae the locker
tae gie til yin o thae twoe carles,
an telt him for tae mak a bore

oot-thru the strakes on thon towe-boat
 belangit Giermund's maerchant ship,
 because, she said, the sic a bore
 wuid mak it yuissless gin a crew
 nicht yaise it in a hurrie-burrie. 130

Syne, wi young Groa lassockie
 rowed in a shawl athin her airms,
 the-tyme the sunrays dichtit aest
 as crammasie as kinnlt air
 ayont the airt o Owsen Ysle,
 Thured gaed sleekit up the gangwy
 and on til Giermund's meikle ship
 whoere aa the crew were yont nid-nod
 as deep in sleep is no juist dover. 140

As caunnilie again as quaet,
 Thured set doon her paer bit waen
 asyde the faither on his hammock,
 then, swythe as neever taen a thocht
 afore the thocht ot taen her ower,
 she nabbit thon *Legbyter* blade,
 and aff she gaed til her hoose-carles
 as caunnilie as neever skliff
 a stockin-sole nicht mak a soond: 150
 and as she gaed awo, she thocht,
 wi haterent for the Giermund bruit
 in place o luv that nicht hae been,
 "Tak tent o your bit bonnie bairn,
 and I'll tak tent o your braw sworde."

A weething efter this, the waen
 was greetin wi its bairnlie fash,
 an Giermund wi the soond
 gart him fair wunner whoere he was,
 sae doverie ben thon hauf-licht, 160
 til suddentlyke as ken the soond
 was bairn Groa ben his hammock,
 it wasnae that he taen a thocht
 that let him ken the whit was whaat,
 but that the thocht taen haud o him
 tae let him ken an better ken
 the whoe was whaa the whae she was
 haed duin the whit was whaat was duin.

He lowpit up lik losse-the-place
 tae grab his sworde that wasnae thare 170
 (as we expec, but naw, no him)

then up and ower the gunnels lukin,
he saw Thured and her hoose-carles
oarin awo, twoe-sixin it.

That seen, for haerns in fell stramash
lik sair curmurrin o the guts,
Giermund gaed hauf-berserkerlyke
as yaissed tae frichten folk thon tyme
he was yae groof in Viking days,
then guldered lyke his ain byname, 180
yowlin tae wauken up his crew,
an badd them lowp lik muckle taeds
intil the cockle towie-boat
and oar awo tae catch thon Thured
and her hoose-carles tae fetch them back.

An sae they gaed, hauf-blinnt wi sleep,
as kent no hauf the whit they did,
ram-stam as lowp this wy an thon
as kent-nae whit the stuishie was
anent the whit they haed tae dae, 190
sae as we nicht expec, no thaem,
they haednae gane as faur awo
as nicht coont twoe-three faddom doon,
whuin roondaboot thur sleep-waarm feet
the cauld coal-blaelik sae cam pooerin,
an back they cam til Giermund's ship,
no lykin thae cauld faddoms doon.

Giermund caad oot til Thured then,
a grooflik caain, gulderin,
an priggat at her for tae come 200
an gie him back *Legbyter* blade;
and, he gaed on, "Tak your bit dochter,
Groa, awo anaa, an wi her,
as muckle siller as ye'd lyke."

Thured gied aunsver back til him
that was a quaistioun back til him:
"It's whuither wuid ye rither hae it,
or rither wuid ye whither hae it?"

Giermund gied aunsver back til her
nae quaistioun was a quaistioun-nane: 210
"Ach, meikle siller's no ma need
as meikle as ma need's *Legbyter*."

Thured gied aunsver back til him

lik sair the sair again the mair:
“Ye’ll neever see yer sworde again
nor see ma aither, saired bi you.”

Said Giermund then, lik sooch it laich
as in alow the spreit for fash,
“Thare’s little luck ye’ll hae for takkin
that sworde athin yer aucht fae me.” 220

An Thured said, for ettlement
tae fash him mair nor ordinar,
“I’ll tak ma chaunce the-wy mischaunce
will faa on you as weel’s on me.”

Then Giermund said, “I puit this spell
upon that sworde tae dae til deid
a man athin yer kin will be
maist meikle tint, ill-weirdit deid.”

“Ay,” he gaed on, “it’s I’m for thinkin,
an sair the thocht I’m tellin you, 230
thon bittock Yrish in yer bluid
will no gar you be yin o thaem
whose caunnie feet will eever mak
the-nane o din upon the flaer,
altho indaed it’s I’m for thinkin
the thocht is dowielyke tae tell ye,
this bairn Groa, left wi me
wi your ill-will upon her heid
for blissins-nane, micht be the kynd
o lassockie will neever see 240
the licht o day maks gloamin-tyde
the tyme o lichtlie-dauncein feet
shufflin-the-broque steer wee-thocht stoor
upon the flaer abuin the coots.”

Back hame til Herdshaw Thured gaed,
still in the strunts as onie lassie
is lyke tae bogie pauldie-beds:
and as for Olaf, hame hissel
bi this timm, ginn he heard the ploy
was pleased the-nane, but no enyeuch 250
tae dae ocht mair nor fash anent it
was little mair nor let it dwyne.

Thured gied til her cuizzin Bolli
the sworde *Legbyter*, hauf her ploy,
for she was fonde o him nae less

nor onie o her faimlie brithers:
 an lang he bore it, lang enyeuch
 as yaise it faur ower aften, mibbes,
 but lyke the ilka sworde was made
 was at the daith no lang enyeuch
 tae yaise yince mair, the hinmaist yuiss. 260

Sin efter that, the whisslt wuin
 cam up lik wheeple, ower lik wheech,
 syne doon upon the swaw for whinner,
 an Giermund's maerchant ship drivv on
 lik neever kent a wishie wuin,
 lik neever kent a caum yin aither,
 lik neever myn nae happie ship,
 an gaed awo til Norowaa,
 til Norowaa acorss the faem 270
 was laundfaa ower the autumn sae:
 the dauphins on the aither bowe
 taen yae waanchauncie sklent at Giermund,
 the craitur on the stabbord airt
 sayin *Hye, Wullie Waallachie*
 as thon yin on the labbord airt
 said *Ho, John Dougall* til his neebor,
 then wi an owercome fae the baith
 Alane, quo Rushitie, roo, roo, roo,
 they shote-the-craw tae tak nae skaith 280
 fae whit was comein til the Giermund,
 as you'll can ken, lik naither wunner,
 gin you'll can read a wheen mair lynes.

Yae nicht, the rocks in dern aff Stad
 played gansh at Giermund's maerchant ship,
 an gurried her alow the wuin
 as tho they were a pack o messans
 and her a deer for grallochin,
 til aa was foondert ben the swaw,
 Giermund the skipper and his crew: 290
 the saes, that he haed traikit ower
 for treisure, taen him in alow
 as troke, for he was nithin mair.

An tho that is the last is telt
 anent the Gulderer was Giermund,
 thare's naething telt anent thon bairn
 o his caad Groa Thured left him;
 naw, thare is naething telt for truith
 lik listen til a wurd o mou;
 nor made a screed upon a page 300

lik keek at it an speir the truith;
nor sang a smaa bit ballat made
lik melodie that sings the truith:
ay, gin ye speir anent the bairn
whit happent her whuin aa was duin,
the Saga says as little ot
as deil-the-haet for mowt-the-nane
lik fient-the-gurl for no a cheep
as nithin mair for nocht avaa
lik mim-the-mou for haud-the-wheesht.

310

Chapter XXXI

Thured's Saecont Mairriage, AD 980

Tho telt afore as telt for yince
 that mibbes suid hae been enyeuch,
 here it is said again for twycet
 in case furst telt was no enyeuch,
 Olaf (the Peacock) Hoskuldson
 badd hame as heech as eever was
 highheidynlyke, an mibbes mair sae.

Here telt for yince is mibbes mair
 nor ocht the less nor micht weel be
 enyeuch anent a wheen o bodies
 tho weel-conneckit wi the bluid
 that puit the ruid on neebors' chafts,
 are no that weel conneckitlyke
 wi baens an sinnens o the Saga.

10

Bydein at Asbjornness, north yonner
 in Sauchiedale, thare badd a man
 caad Gudmund was a son o Solmund.

Efter his winshin Olaf's dochter,
 the Thured yin, he gat the blade
 in mairriage bed, but not juist her,
 for ben the shottle o his kist
 he stowed in dern her meikle tocher.

20

Thured, as you'll can ken gin you
 ken noo the whit she was anent
 thon groof caad Giermund she furst mairriet,
 haed yae ingyne lik licht ben een
 cuid see the daurk and her no lukin;
 she haed a temper kept in tid
 thon wy she was the whit did she,
 an didnae losse-the-place, lik bein
 thon wy she wasnae, naw, she didnae:
 she aye was aa-thare, furrit wi it,
 an neever thonner, yont ingyne.

30

That couple, Gudmund and his Thured,
 haed fower sons, Hall, Bard, Stein an Steingrim,
 an dochters juist the twoe, the yin
 was Gudrun caad, the-tither Olof.

The saecont dochter Olaf haed

was Thorbjorg, in her fairheid caad
the bonniest o wemenbodies; 40
 a meikle-graithit sonsie yin,
her byname was the Stoot; she wad
waast ower in Watterfrith, til yin
a dacent braedin, Asgeir caad:
his faither haed the name o Knott.

The son o Thorbjorg and her Asgeir
was Kjartan caad, faither o Thorvald
was faither o yin Thord, the faither
o Snorri, faither o anither
yin Thorvald whoe was the begetter 50
o aa were clannit Watterfrith.

And efter that, that was as lang
 as kent whit faimlies were aboot,
Thorbjorg taen Vermund, son o Thorgrim
 as her ain man, tho naething's telt
 anent the whoereaboots o Asgeir.

Thorbjorg an Vermund haed yae dochter
Thorfinna caad, whoe wad a chiel
whose name was Thorstein Kuggason.

Bergthora, Olaf's dochter thrid, 60
was mairriet in Deepfrith waast ower,
her man Thorhall-the-Praest, thur son
Kjartan, the faither o a man
was caad Smith-Sturla, foster son
o yin Thord Gilson caad for kennin.

That is whit some folk say anent
folk cam fae folk that cam fae folk,
but ithers daenae hae a wurd
for Kjartan, faither o the Thorvald
was faither til thon Thord, nae mair 70
nor wurd anent Snorri his son,
nor ocht anent the Watterfrith folk:
nor for that maitter ot, some say
nae wurd anent thon ither Kjartan,
faither o Smith-Sturla, whoe becam
the foster-son o him Thord Gilson.

Noo, in amang aa thae ongauns,
 an lang afore the feck at that,
Olaf haed monie bonnie baess
 amang his nowt in park an byre, 80

the yin o thaem a meikle owse
the wale o owsen aagaets roon:
as lordielyke as Harri caad,
an fleckert groolik as a naig,
an meikle mair nor onie ither
amang his kye, it haed fower horns,
twoe faured as fair as braid athorte,
the thrid straucht up lik spear the luft,
the fowerth stuid furrit fae the broo
an raxit doon alow the een
lik some byordnar meikle dirk.

90

In wintertyme, come cranruch cauld,
then yce tae beild the watter liggin
alow it ben the powns an burns,
then snaw lik wheefle-whaffle doon
tae hap laich bent an broomie braes
an smoor them ower againss the wuin
wuid perish snype an kill a bear,
thon meikle dirklik horn was yaissed
tae brekk the yce for watter-slooch:
an thru the snaw his cluits wuid scart
an scrape in hungersomeness, howkin
for gerss in beild was chowe-the-coode.

100

Yae winter, that was lyke a mell
upon the kist wi ilka braith,
or lyke an airn baund aroon
micht press the bellowses thegither,
thon muckle owse in oot-traik gaed
fae Herdshaw intil Braidfrith Dales
til yon airt noo caad Harristeid:
alang wi sixteen ither nowt
he vaigit, finndin fodder for them,
an neever myn the waather lyke
tae kill a bear or perish snype.

110

Come voartimm lyke the luft o hert
athin the kist for tak a daunner,
or lyke the fuit for luft an lay it
tae merk the maich o melodie
upon the lips lik sing a sang
or thru the lips lik whissle it,
thon muckle owse cam hame again
tae snoof the air athin thon place
on Herdshaw grun bynameit noo
as Harrishowff, an naither wunner.

120

Aichteen cauld winters in a low
his sprecklt-groo tae doore him doon,
saw Harri's yce-neb brekk awo
an faa amang the suimmer swaird
that he was chowein for a coode,
sae Olaf, come the autumn hairst, 130
thocht fit tae fell the meikle owse
afore oncomein winter did,
wi yce upon the ilka pown
an nocht but snaw tae sloke the drooth.

Neist nicht, whit tyme the meikle owse
was maet as tyuch as eever hingit
upon a thyeuk; whit tyme its baens
were chippit ower the dyke for kanglin
amang the messans on the ferm;
whit tyme the skin o dabblt-groo 140
was laid asyde for buits or shuin
or cloak or ither kynd o cleedin,
or mibbes for a kitchen-rug,
a dream taen Olaf's mynd in towe
an brocht him on lik wunner whoere
yae ferlie wumman stuid fornent him,
as meikle-graitht as angersome,
as angersome as fricht a trow.

S'she, "And are ye slaepin, then?"
her wurd a soond cuid wauken bears 150
alow the snaw come wintertyme.

"Ay," Olaf said, "I'm wauken noo,"
his wurd a rummle ben the thrapple
soondin mair lyke a yuchellin.

S'she, "Ay, you are slaepin, sur,
but slaep or waukent's aa yin-waan,
sin you hae felled ma brawest son
an gien him hackit back til me,
an bluidie as athooten shape,
a weird that naebodie suid dree." 160

"Noo, I'm for tellin you," s'she,
"that you yersel are gaun tae ken
the samin dreedour gien til me,
for you sall see yer ain son felled
as bluidilie as slaigert ower
fae heid til fuit as ruid as ochre:
and I'm for chaisin sic a yin

whose losse wuid sair ye waarst o aa.”

Wi that, she shote-the-craw, and Olaf
upstertit lyke a burd whuin frichtit, 170
or lyke a saumon thyeukit sair,
and as he waukent, fuhll in flicht
as hauf athin the faain watter,
wi een as roond as rowein fleggit
for aa athin the ferlie thocht,
it was as tho he catcht a glim
lik girmn on the face was gane
as swythe as intil neever-been
sae aften thocht the ayeways-is.

Inwith thon dream, sic wark was wrocht 180
as hottert lyke a barmie bree
in Olaf’s haerns as throch-an-thru
as rummle on for weeks on end:
an naebodie cuid spae the speil
the wy he greinit for tae ken.

Thinkin anent it naething waarth
the thocht as naething waarth the thinkin,
Olaf’s ain ettlement was think
his thocht ben slaep hauf-in hauf-oot
was lykelie juist a doverin: 190
an gin a bodie telt him sae,
the sic avysement pleased him weel.

Chapter XXXII

Anent Osvif Helgison

Osvif was the name o a man whoe was
 the son o Helgi, son o Ottar
 the son o Bjorn the Aestman, whoe
 was son o Ketill Fletneb, whoe,
 ye'll myn, was son o Bjorn, whoe,
 ye'll myn, haed byname the Ungartert:
 tho some folk say whoere Osvif was
 in Yceland, still they daenae say
 the whoere he cam fae ben the folk.

Nidbiorg was Osvif's mither, whose
 ain mither was caad Kadlin, dochter
 o Gangin-Hrolf, the son o yon yin
 was caad Owse-Thorir, gy kenspeckle
 as yae highheidyin "hersir" caad
 for bein furrit in the weires,
 an badd aestwarts in Wick ower thonner. 10

He was a bigwig, was Owse-Thorir,
 because he haed three yslaunds owerbye,
 the ilka yin wi aichtie owsen
 for gerss and hy oot-thru the year: 20
 the blab o speak anent the bodie
 was that he gied til Hakon Keeng
 yae yslaund wi its aichtie kye:
 again, some folk say nocht anent
 that things, as haein little wecht
 athin the Saga waarth the boather.

Osvif was kent as wyss enyeuch
 as kent the whit was whaat an whoere,
 an badd in Saelingsdale at Laugar,
 the hamesteid airtit on the north bank 30
 o reever watter rinnin thru
 the Saelingsdale near yon place Tongue.

His wyfe was yin caad Thordis, dochter
 o Thjodolf aften caad the Shortie.
 Yae son was Ospak caad, anither
 caad Helgi, thrid yin Vandrads caad,
 a fowerth caad Jorad, fift yin Thorolf:
 the ilka yin o aa thae sons
 was buirdlie as the best o chiels,
 an furrit aye in ilka fecht. 40

Osvif and his wyfe Thordis haed
a dochter was as yin and onlie
a dochter as she wuid become
the yin and onlie wumman roon
the ilka airt fae here til thonner
as faur as Yceland was concearnit:
ingyne lik hers was lyke her luks,
no aften fund but yince fund, kent
as made for chycest wummanheid.

As wummanbodie, Gudrun was 50
a day afore the maerket clash
amang the wemenfolk anent
the whigmaleeries o thur cleedin,
for ocht they wore for deckin-oot
was nocht fornent her common claes,
and as the saw micht say anent her,
it's bonniest that busks itsel
sin braw things mak plain bonnie-nane.

An no juist that, her thocht was eydent
an throch-an-thru as roondaboot 60
a maitter for tae think upon,
an jimpie as a needle thirlin
a pettren o a bittock claith;
an no juist that, but, naw, no juist,
o wemen aa no blate tae speak,
her claik was cleir as splooter-nane,
wi wurds in lyne mair lyker saws
as triglie made as tuned in tyme;
thaem no alane, tho, no juist thaem,
for she was aipen-haundit as 70
thon wy her gangin fuit was giein,
her onlie gettin giein pleasure.

Thare was yae wummanbodie badd
at Osvif's fermsteid, bi the name
o Thorhalla, but wi the byname
kent roondaboot as Gabbiegub:
she was a kinna faur-oot cuizzin
til Osvif, an she haed twoe sons,
yin Odd caad, an the-tither Stein.

They were the hardie chiels, were thae yins, 80
an muckle, stoore as ower six fuit,
an thranglik wi't, for at the graft
on Osvif's ferm, they wrocht did they

an no juist wrocht, but humpht and heaved
mair nor the oniebodie thare;
an gif they were as gabbie as
thur mither, an were lykit-nane
because o that, aa Osvif's sons
thocht nane cuid neebor thaem at wark.

At Tongue thare badd a man was caad 90
Thorarin, son o Thorir Saeling,
thon yin was caad the Randiebodie
as some folk lyke tae bracket him,
tho ither bodies daenae boather.
Throarin was a weel-aff lairdie,
an was a stranglik, muckle bodie,
wi guid ferm grund aroond aboot him
but little baestial on its parks.

It cam aboot that Osvif waantit 100
a swaatch o thon grun for his yuiss
because he haednae meikle laund
but haed a rowthe o baestial;
an sae he bocht Thorarin's grun
fae Gnupaskard as faur as Stackgill
alang the baith sydes o the strath:
an gyan guidlie growein grund
it was, a dacentlyke bit niffer.

Thon was the verie place for Osvif
tae hae a sheilin for his kye,
an sae he did. He ayeways haed 110
a fowthe o hoose-carles, niefs anaa,
his leevin ruch as jingle siller
athin the pootsh, an rift the scan
a rummle ben his gutsin wame.

Waast ower in Saurby is a ferm
caad Hol, whoere three manbodies badd;
they were twoe brithers, yin was caad
Thorkell the Whalp, and yin Knut,
baith guidlie-born; the thrid man thare
was kent as Thord, thur ain guid-brither. 120

That yin, whoe shared thur ferm-wark,
was nameit Ingun's son, fae's mither,
Thord's faither yin Glum Gierison.

Thord was as virrfou as guid-lukin,
an awfie man, tho, for the law

and aa was intilt for oot-takkin;
he was pernickitie as drew
a straucht lyne for the warrand ot,
but gif the warrand was as caurrie
as birl aroond a pynt o law
nae boather, he wuid mak lyne weegle:
tho smert at law, he wasnae wyss
in mairriage, for the wyfe he taen
was Aud, a bodie hoe was sister
o Thorkell an Knut, an wasnae
as bonnie as abuin them aa,
nor blythesome as abuin the lave.

130

Thor loued her little, for he'd wad
the bodie no for luv but siller
was ben her kist athin the shottle
yae merk upon anither yin
micht jingle-jangle ben the pootsh:
for aa that, tho, an thare was meikle,
the ferm haed aye duin gyan weel
yince Thord taen ower his share o wark.

140

Chapter XXXIII

Anent Gest Oddleifson an Gudrun's Dreams

At Hagi, waast o Bardastraund,
thare badd a man Gest Oddleifson.

Highheidyin that he was, he was
for aa that, gyan wyss a chiel
 cuid think as furrir for the fact
 as ken whit was mair lyke a ferlie
 til folk he telt whit was tae be:
folk heech abuin the lave aroon
 were freenlie wi him, ken, thon wy
 they taen til hert his coonsel as
 the best avysement for tae pree. 10

The ilka suimmer on his naig
 that snichert wi the caller air
 for fidgefoufain tae gang abraid,
Gest rade ower thonner til the Althing:
and on the wy wuid aye haud-in
til Hol for byte an sup an bed;
 haud-in for byte lik shaef o breid
 was yince a seed made monie seeds
 made mael for baxter's skeeliness 20
 tae soople daich syne gar it ryse;
 haud-in for sup lik sluch a pynt
 or skail ower thrapple sic a dram
 haed rin fae wurm as bonnilie
 as bleeze a pad ben kist an wame
 gart een licht-up as bonnilie;
 haud-in for bed nid-noddie as
 nae need tae birl the bowster ower
 for calleratioun on the chafts
 ower waukrif thru the wee, smaa oors. 30

Yince, neeborin sic tymes at Hol
 as hear the cock-a-doodle-doo
 the neebor o his waukenin
 a gant tae rax his mou come mornin,
richt aerlie up and oot o bed
 as tak-the-gaet lik tak-the-hook,
 Gest gaed in stoor aroon the huifs
 tae merk the gaet his naig haed taen;
 his traik as lang as wearisome,
in gloamin-tyme he cam til Thickshaw 40
whoere Armod, his guid-brither, badd

wi Thorunn was his wyfe, Gest's sister:
thur sons yin Ornolf, tither Haldor.

Fae Saurby syne, Gest rade aa day
as saiddle-sair as hunsh the hainsh,
an cam at lenth til Saelingsdale
asyde waal-ee haes watter het
as soople sinnen lyke a whang,
or aese the baens lik saften smeir,
or lowsse the hainsh lik let it ligg
as caunnilie as cooriein;
Gest styed thare for a tyme was lyke
an aeseмент o the haerns as weel
as sooplement o skin an baen.

50

Whuin he was thare, weel-at-hissel
as wuidnae caa the keeng his brither,
Gudrun, kinswumman til him, cam
tae see him, *Hoo's it gaun then, Gest?*
and he, as waarm as fae the dook,
Ma wee hen! Hoo's it gaun wi you?

60

The speirin duin as whit is duin
juist cannae weel dae ocht the less
atween twoe folk as fonde as thaem,
the speak atween them saettlt doon
as claikt-the-nane but taen guid tent
o whit was said for say it wyss,
an whit was speired for tell it true,
for baith thae folk were wyss in wurd
as no say ochtlins wasnae true.

Day wearein on til gloamin-tyme
a wheeple ben the mavis sang
lik *Will I sing it ower again?*
Gudrun said, "I'm for weeshin, Gest,
you an the tail o bodies wi ye
wuid aa come hame wi us the-nicht
an byde as lang as you think fit:
it's no masel is speirin,
because ma faither says the same
an lets me neebor his invyte
bi tellin me tae let ye ken
that he wuid lyke ye for tae come
an byde wi us the ilka tyme
ye ryde as faur as oot the waast
or intil waast as nearenyeuch."

70

80

Tho Gest was fair taen-on tae hear it,
an said he thocht the invyte was
as dacentlyke as Osvif gien it,
and at the samin tyme as thochtful
as Gudrun puit her speak upon it,
but aa the same was nane-the-differ, 90
he coodnae byde lik bye-the-gaet
but haed tae up and on his horse
an plowter furrit as he'd planned.

Said Gudrun, and her wurd was gowd
as birken leafs come autumn wuins
can blaw them or they brekk an faa:
“Afore ye gang, I'll let ye ken
this winter past it's I hae dreamed
as monie dreams as nicht can dream
atween the slaep an waukenin, 100
tho thare were fower hae fasht me sair
atween baith waukenin an slaep;
but no the yin haes oniebodie
puir insight on lik pree for me
as micht be lykin sic a preein,
tho mynd ye, I'm no speirin juist
tae hae the preein pleae me, naw.”

Said Gest, wi wurd as cleir as licht
atween the glimmer o the gowd
o birken leafs in autumn stilled, 110
“Tell me yer dreams: it's mibbes I
can mak an ocht is nocht-the-nane
anent them, no a something naething.”

An Gudrun said, “Ma furst dream saw me
staundin ootbye besyde a burn
cam fae an airt I didnae ken
an gaed a place I kent-the-nane;
I haed a hat upon ma heid
that didnae lyke the luk o me
ocht mair nor I was lykin it, 120
sae I was thinkin for tae mak
the nocht athin it lyker ocht,
tho aabodie prig-priggit at me
tae lae the thing alane or dree it.”

“I listent-nane til oniebodie,
an ryved the bunnet aff ma heid
an cast it ben thon burn that gaed
til some place that I kent-the-nane

fae ferlie airt I didnae ken:
ma furst dream saw me then nae mair.” 130

Gest was as quaet as cockit luk
is mowt-the-nane tae hear the neist.

“This is ma saecont dream,” said Gudrun.
“Again I thocht I stuid ootbye
fornent some watter, some bit lochan
some folk micht say, or mibbes pown,
that glinkit wi the licht upon it
a thoosan skinkles ilka yaird,
a licht that gleenit ower ma airm
fae skinkle on a siller ring 140
aroond it for a gauderin.”

“I thocht it was ma ain for aye
that is as lang as I micht leeve,
sae bonnie on ma airm the braw
that taen athin its ain bit roon
the hauns that herried it fae stane,
an fingers that haed merkit pettrems
were lyke auld laegends for the tellin:
but och, whuin little thocht o, yit
lik yon hauf-kennin whit’s adae, 150
as dowie as the day tae dree,
thon ring then slippit doon ma lenth
o airm ael sooplelyke, and ower
the trimmle o ma finger-ens
tae sink athin the watter lyke
the ghaist o whit it yince haed been,
syne yont the sicht or tuitch or kennin.”

“Athin me, lyke a daesolatioun
o mynd as tuim as naethingness
anither kynd o kennin, tynin 160
o thon ring was the mair byordnar
nor for a bit o gauderin:
I waukent, daesolatioun ben me
as tho I stuid athin a daesert.”

Gest gied for aunswer whit micht been
as little as micht riddle-ree:
“The lesser-nane a dream is that yin.”

As tho he haednae gien a cheep,
Gudrun was speilin on, her wurd
in spate lik some ruch reever rowein 170

the whoere the humph comes up its back.

S'she: "Ma thrid dream this yin noo.
I thocht I haed a gowden ring
belangit me athin ma haund:
it made up for the siller losse,
the-wy this gowden yin was skinklin
wi sunlight sheenin brawlie on it."

"The thocht was ben ma mynd anaa
that I wuid keep it mynes for aye
that gif no lang as I micht leeve, 180
yit langer nor I kep the furst
that was a myndin lyke this tae."

"Ay, ay, mair braw nor onie siller
this ring o ruid gowd, pettren wrocht
in lynes for tellin auncient laegends,
haed claucht athin its makkin haunds
haed waasht it fae the grushie burns
no stoorielyke but poother hivvie,
or waarslt it fae rocks in hiddlins
here laich, thare heech amang the hills: 190
but gien aa that, that is as meikle
as cannae be the meikle mair,
it seems that I was no for thinkin
this myndin wuid be guid enyeuch
tae be ocht better nor the-tither,
at onie rate, no meikle mair
nor waarth o gowd abuin the siller."

"Wi that, as swythe as onie shak
o deid lamb's tail, I shoogelt feet
an taen a faa lik tummle doon, 200
an thocht tae stuidie me as swythe
as no twoe shaks o deid lamb's tail
bi puitten oot ma haun fornent me,
and as I did, the gowden ring
was strakkent up against a stane
an brakkent lyke a dozent tweeg,
the yae hauf thare, the-tither yonner;
and here's a thing that's no twoe haufs,
but mair nor baith things yince thegither,
as they were liggin thare, ruid bluid 210
ran fae them lyke the bluid o men
haed wrocht thegither for tae mak them,
or lyke the bluid o wemenfolk
haed socht tae hain them ben thur greinin."

“Upon me lyke a strack cuid stoond
athin the hert wi dowie dunt,
ma kennin o the whit was duin
lik duin for yince is duin for aye,
was no sae meikle chawsomeness
for brekkin sic a gauderin, 220
but dool made mynd as dozentlyke
as gart the een rin weet wi greit.”

“But no juist that, that was enyeuch
as rowe ma thochts aroon ma myn
lik autumn leafs wi ilka wuin,
at yince, lik insicht ootwith keekin,
I thocht thare maun hae been a flaw
athin thon ring haed gart it brekk,
and as I lukit at the bits,
I thocht I saw as monie fauts 230
as micht weel gar it craise the mair;
but juist the same (as maks a differ),
I haed a thocht that was as fly
as walk the ceilin o the myn,
that gin I’d been the bit mair tentie,
the ring micht steyed as roond as haille:
wi that, the dream was gane, ayont
ingyne as ben the haerns for keek
an ken or luk-the-nane ken nocht,
and I was left in laneliheid 240
that rowed ma heid upon the bowster.”

Gest gied for aunsver little as
a *Come a riddle, come a ree*:
“Thae dreams are less-the-nane at that.”

Said Gudrun: “Fowerth dream this yin noo.
I thocht I haed upon ma heid
a helm o gowd that was mair lyke
a diadem o praecious stanes
herried fae aa the erdlie airts
that made it lyker mair a croun 250
as heech upon the heid as pochled
the-wy highheidyins haudin pooer
in Kirk or in the State aye clap
thur castles on the tap o knowes
the-wy they clap thur dowps on thrones.”

“Mynd you, altho the lyke o thon
is aither pochelt in a cheatrie

or stowein herried efter fecht,
 this yin o mynes was aa ma ain
 an neever haed belangit ithers 260
 in pochelment or herriein,
 but I'm for tellin you nae lee
 that torques the tongue an splooters spit,
 but for the truith that speaks as straucht
 as plays the lips in melodie,
 the yae faut wi it on ma broo
 was wechtiness that boued the powe
 and hingit it as favoursome
 as lykit yae syde mair nor tither."

"I neever thocht the helm the fautor, 270
 naw, shairlie naw, its wecht was graith
 tae gar it luk mair braw nor bonnie;
 it wasnae its ain wyte, thon helm,
 naw, shairlie naw, its wecht was graith
 it haed tae hae tae be itsel:
 I wasnae gaun tae pairt wi thon,
 altho the wecht was sair tae byde,
 naw, even tho gin it wuid gang,
 ma heid wuid neebor it in gangin."

"For aa the wecht ot on the waable, 280
 I wasnae for no waantin it."

"For aa that, tho, no ma wyte aither,
 the helmet cowpit aff ma heid
 an dookt itsel in Hvammfrith watters,
 foreever tynt amang the tangle
 an seen nae mair excep bi fishes
 an thae folk soomin caad the selkies;
 wi that I waukent, wunnerin
 the whye I wasnae thonner, soomin
 amang the selkies ben the tangle 290
 tae finnd thon helm an weare its wecht:
 noo, I hae telt ye aa ma dreams
 sae you may ken as weel as I
 the whit they seem tae be, or mair
 I daenae ken but you may spae."

Gest gied for aunsver meikle mair
 nor onie riddle for tae ree,
 sayin, "Tho I see as cleirly as
 an insicht ben yer ilka dream
 lik clean thru watter at the ebb 300
 abuin the grush alang the straund,

I'm thinkin you'll be finndin-oot
 ye're nid-nid-noddin at the speil
 sin ilk insicht is peels wi tither."

Said he, "Fower dreams is ilka yin
 fower husbands aathegither yours
 the-wy ye see them, mibbe-ay,
 the-wy they see you, mibbe-naw,
 but mibbe-ay or mibbe-naw
 the-wy they cannae help but be,
 nae mair nor you can be ocht else." 310

"Misdoot me nane for tell the truith
 that is a dream can tell nae lee,
 the furst yin you will mairrie-nane
 for luve a licht athin the een
 but you will ken fyne mair the lyke
 o daurkness ben ingyne for dool:
 the bunnet on yer heid ye thocht
 that lykit-nane the luk o you
 ocht mair nor you haed lykit it,
 means you will loe him little mair
 nor something no the mair nor less." 320

"An ryvin it fae aff yer heid
 lik *Let me feel the caller air*
aroon me blawin wyld an free,
 then castin it athin the watter
 no *Fare-ye-weel* but *Ill-fare-you,*
 means you are freein your ainsel
 in leavin him tae gang his ain gaet
 athooten thinkin whoere he gangs,
 altho that leaves him free anaa
 tae gang his ain gaet as he pleases
 athooten thinkin whoere you're gangin." 330

"That's lyke thon common speak that tells us
 ocht cast upon the sae is gane
 the whoere thare neever is retour;
 or in anither kynd o speak,
 gin ocht is tynt is aa his ain,
 aa he will finnd is nocht retour."

"Mynd you, anither hamelie speak 340
 micht rhyme it yince tae mynd it mair:
 whit's chippit on the gurlie swaw,
 as lyke as no gangs faur awaa."

“An then, micht rhyme again tae mak
mair shair it isnae kent the less:
whit’s chippit on the swaw alow,
comes back the-nane but gangs awo.”

Then, speilin on lik patter-sell,
said Gest: “Yer saecont dream rowed roond
yer myn the-wy a siller ring 350
rowed roond yer airm for gauderin
becam tynt ben the watter lyke
the ghaist o yince, syne yont the sicht
or tuitch or kennin ben the watter;
this means that you will mairrie yit
some highheidyn that you will luv
as you will think will be foreever
that is a gy ondeemas coont,
but for the fact ot, little mair
nor no that lang at that, for you 360
will tyne him as ye tint the ring,
alow the watter, droondit lyke
the ring ye thocht gaed lyke a ghaist
o whit it yince haed been, sae braw:
I ken nae mair anent that dream.”

“Yer thrid dream noo,” said Gest. “Ye thocht
yer haun was haudin yae gowd ring
belangin you was bonnier
nor siller yin was losst for aye;
this means ye’ll hae anither man 370
that you will wad lik tak a thocht
he is the chycest o the chaisen
an sae the colour o the kynd
he seems tae be, but you will finnd
lik tak anither thocht, he is
as sweirtielyke in ettlement
as no that chyce in think an dae.”

“It’s in ma myn lik keek the yince
tae see the whit thare is tae see,
then keek again tae see for shair 380
the whit was mibbes thocht was seen
was no as furst was thocht was seen;
an this is whit the differ is
atween the siller yin an gowden:
gif gowd is no as throch-an-thru
as siller its ainsel thru-haill,
then laich enyeuch the gowden is,
altho the merk ot caas it heech,

even as heech enyeuch anaa
the siller is, tho merkit-nane: 390
that's whye the thrid man that ye'll mairrie
is roonlie gowd, no ruid bluid thru,
but bosse athin as ruid bluid skailin."

"Lippen on this. It's I'm for thinkin
as dowiekyke athin the thocht
can mak for sair misdoots in myn,
bi this timm, no that lang tae come,
a chynge o faith will gang about
lik wunner whoere awo it cam fae,
will gar yer guidman turn an tak it; 400
some think that faith ayont the muin,
abuin the lave as heeven heech;
some caa it juist the verie dab
can pynt the place upon the yird
whoere mankyn best can byde mair haill;
a tyme lik that, stramash o myns
lik stuishie ben the sauls thursels
atween twoe bodies in a mairriage,
cuid weel gar you think your mistent
anent the maitter gart it brekk 410
in twoe juist lyke yer gowden ring,
wi bluid ootskailin fae the ens;
this I'm for tellin you for truith
that cannae be a lee avaa
lik this or that faith, here, thare, yonner;
this means this man o yours will dee
as shair as duin til daith is deid
that cannae tell whoere saul is gane
or gin it dee alang wi corp:
an for the lave ot, paece o myn 420
lik saucht athin the saul is yours
in tyme tae come whuin you luk back,
an see the flaws athin the mairriage
were naither yours nor his alane
but mair the pickles made a mickle."

Weeochie gant for tak a braith,
an Gest gaed on tae mak his speil
lik staundin in a maerket-place
wi dabbities an luckie-dips,
an said, "This is yer fowerth dream noo, 430
the yin whoere you haed on yer heid
a helm o gowd lik diadem
wi praecious stanes fae aa the airts
set in it for a wechtie croun."

“This is a sign lik tak guid tent
that you will mairrie yince again,
fowerth guidman as a better yin
nor yin, twoe, three no luckie aither.”

“He’ll be anither highheidyn,
but heech abuin thae ither three, 440
a bodie awsomeyke abuin ye
the lyke o thon great, muckle wecht,
thon croun that gart ye bou doon laich.”

“Yer dreamie cowpin o the helmet
for drookit dookin ben Hvammfrith,
means that same place will meet yer man
on his last day o lyfe as seen
among the tangle wi the selkies:
thare isnae mair that I can tell
anent him, tho the selkies micht, 450
gin you cuid speak thur watter-leid.”

As Gudrun listent til the speil,
she was at yince a fair bit blushet,
skin sheenin wi ruid bluid alow,
but didnae gie a cheep avaa
until Gest mowtit-nane hissel.

An then she said, “I’m for jalousin
that whit I haed tae gie til you
because I telt the truith o dreams
meant you cuid gie me naething else 460
nor whit cuid neever be lik lees,
and I maun thank ye awfie kynlie
for whit as weel as wy ye said,
an no for whit ye micht hae speiled
tae mak a pickle, no a mickle:
I’ll tell ye this, tho, I am sweir
tae think upon the things insicht
haes seen athin thae dreams o myne
gif tyme will tell the samin tale
an no a cairriet storie ot.” 470

Gudrun then priggitt sair at Gest
tae see the day oot wi them thare,
an pyntit-oot lik juist the dab
that Gest and Osvif wuid be chief
as thrangitie wi things tae say
but no in switheratioun, naw,

in wyssheid raither, cantie wi it.

An Gest gied aunsver til her, sayin:

“It’s I maun tak-the-hook an ryde

intil the airt I haed in myn,

480

but gie yer faither aa the best

will haud him haill until the day

whuin Osvif’s hoose an mynes will be

as near as lets us crack thegither,

that is, gif nocht or naebodie

say *Haud awo an gab the-nane!*”

Wi that, that was enyeuch at that

tae be as meikle’s gart him think,

Gest rade awo wi *Gee up, naig,*

that was enyeuch as gart the baest

490

haud on the-nane but pad-the-hoof.

A weething on his wy awo,

alang a hamepark dyke at Herdshaw,

Gest met in wi a hoose-carle sent

bi Olaf giein him an invyte

tae hae a crack wi him that day.

Gest said that he wuid gang an see

Olaf that day, but for the lave ot,

wuid byde the nicht ower Thickshaw wy.

The hoose-carle up an gaed his gaet

500

tae let his maister Olaf ken

whit Gest haed said an whoere he rade;

sae Olaf brocht his ain horse oot,

an wi some freens aroond aboot him,

gaed owerbye for tae meet wi Gest

and aa Gest’s freens aroond aboot him.

Lea Reeever saw them meet, as waarm

as shak the haund an daud the back,

wi Olaf sayin, “Come awo,

baith you and aa yer freens aboot ye,

510

an daud the glabber aff yer shuin,

syne ben fornent the ingle wi ye,

an tak yer dram wi skowthieness,

or lae’t alane lik sluch nae mair.”

Gest said at that, “It’s I maun thank

ye awfie kynlie for the invyte”

then said that he wuid tak-the-gaet
til Herdshaw for tae hae a swaatch
whitlikken hoose at hame it was,
but juist the same, he haed tae byde 520
that nicht wi Armod, as was planned.

Gest haed his swaatch at Olaf's hoose
the tyme it taen tae luk it ower,
an for tae shaw he lykit it
sae Olaf lykit his opeenoun,
said, "Siller spent here was weel-spent,
no jingle-jangle ben the pootsh
nor wheesht in kist athin the shottle,
but pyed for aix the wuid a tree,
then saw it for the tree made broads, 530
syne biggit broads in frames an waas
tae mak a beild for honest folk."

Wi that, lik praise for pleasured een,
maks wurd a lilt on pleasured lips,
Olaf was up and on his naig
micht gien Gest Scots-convoy at that
but gaed as faur as Saumonreever.

Kjartan an Bolli, foster-brithers,
haed soomit thare the haill day thru,
a ploy that Olaf's sons cuid play 540
an bear-the-gree againss the lave:
alow the watter selkielyke
as jink an jook an torkie turn;
or scoor athin a laevel streetch
for gang the furdest haud-the-braith
tae doakie onie ither bodie;
or dive as heech as up and oot
as soondit lyke a deidman's plump
whoere watter was as deep as daurk;
or race fae here til thonner lyke 550
a saumon soomin thru a spate;
or soomin still an stuidie as
a troot alow a reever rin
the-wy troot dae gin yin is taen
lik gar anither tak its place
lik sodger in a lyne o battle.

Fae ither fermes an bothies roond,
a wheen o ither strappin lauddies
were soomin wi the foster-brithers.

As thon braw companie o men
and horse rade doon the wattersyde,
Kjartan an Bolli lowpit oot,
still puittin on thur claes the-tyme
Olaf an Gest rade up asyde them. 560

For some timm, lyke a wheesht o kennin
inbye a stoond o thocht jalousin,
Gest lukit ower the youngflas thare,
an then telt Olaf whoere were sittin
the yin caad Kjartan, tither Bolli,
syne, wi his spear-shank pyntit oot 570
this yin an that yin Olaf's sons,
wi name for this yin here, that thare,
or else for thon yin, thonner staunin.

Monie anither brawlik youngfla
haed left aff soomin, sittin bye
upon the reever-bank wi Kjartan
an Bolli, Kjartan's foster-brither,
but Gest said naw, he coodnae see
the Olaf's faetures in the faces
amang the ither young men thare. 580

Said Olaf then in wunnerment
lik kennin mervel suddentlyke:
"Man, Gest, thare's no a bodie here,
nor faur awo as aa the airts,
haes eever seen the lyke o you
for wyssheid ben a curn o wurd
athin a wheen o seellables;
here you are kennin fyne thir bodies
altho seen-nane bi you til noo!"

"It's I am at the speirin noo 590
tae tell me wi a furdur preein
whit yin o thir young men afore ye
will yit be muckle as the maist
highheidyinlyke amang them aa?"

Gest gied for aunswer sic a sooch
o wyssheid come a riddle ree:
"Faa oot it will as cannae be
kept in, and even as the wy
ye waant it for yersel lik luve
that ruits itsel in bluid an baen 600
as self-luve; it maun be young Kjartan
will be maist thocht o for as lang

as he sall leeve, nor will he be
the laest thocht o the verie day
that comes upon him for tae dee:
ay, him ye loe the maist will hae
nae laest lament upon his deid.”

Gest up an rade awo, a skelp
upon his cuddie’s flank tae gar it
caw stoor aroond aboot its coots. 610

No that lang efter that, his son,
caad Thord-the-Shortie, rade up til him
an said, “Whit’s this upon ye, faither,
that gars ye greit lik onie bairn?”

Gest gied for aunswer nithin lyke
a riddle, neever mynd a ree,
nor wyssheid lyke a saw for truth,
but truth that daesnae need a saw:
“I daenae need tae tell it, son,
but gin I daenae, tyme itsel 620
will tell it, ay, sae tho I’m laith
I cannae keep ma quaet anent
the whit will come aboot in your timm.”

“Some say for kent it aa the tyme
is juist lik cauld kail het again,”
said Gest, “but I’m for tellin you
tae mynd ye whit ye ken yersel,
that day-auld kail, or twoe-day-auld,
is lavrie mair nor furst aff hob:
gif Bolli yae day hae the heid 630
o Kjartan at his feet, a powe
as bluidie as can gar him ken
he micht be lukin at his ain,
that wuid be lyke insicht o mynes
a wairsh gou in upon ingyne
an neebor-nane o lavrie kail
the yae day or the twoe-day het
athin a coggie on the broad
tae sup for kynliness ben kyte.”

“Sook this for pyson ben ingyne 640
an ill thing for tae ken anent
sic brawlik men were youngflas yince
sae brawlik strappin lauddies caad.”

That was enyeuch for say nae mair,

mair nor enyeuch areadies said,
sae aff they rade the Althing wy
whoere little was as meikle's duin
lik easie duin is lae't alane
an byde-the-wheesht for better days;
tho, as expeckit, it was said thare
that it was "absolutely clear"
anent the whit cuid no be seen
because it wasnae thare avaa.

650

Chapter XXXIV

Gudrun's Furst Mairriage, AD 989

Noo, Thorvald was the name o a man
the son o Haldor, Garpsdale's Praest,
an badd at Garpsdale in Gilsfrith:

he was as weel-aff as no waantin,
tho waantin as was hero-nane,
naething athin him furrit-fechter.

The Althing on again yae year
lik listen for tae hear a speak
anent the whit was waarth a wurd,
or for tae speak a wurd was waarth
a lug tae hear whit mooth was yarkin,
the Thorvald fuhlla taen a keek
at Gudrun thonner, Osvif's dochter,
whuin she was fifteen suimmers young
as no yit sixteen autumn's auld
haed seen her sixteen suimmers gang,
an lykit whit his keekin saw,
taen juist anither swaatch for shair,
then speired at Osvif for her haund
in mairriage gif the greeance guid.

10

20

The greeance gettin on for guid
as no that bad gif niffer saw
thae twoe in mairriage no made peels
as tocher stown in Thorvald's kist,
but peels the mair in Gudrun's aucht
as staund her ain gin ocht gy wrang
as brekk the baund gart thaem be yin.

Thorvald gied aunswer in the niffer,
his vyce as quaet as caunnie soochin,
that he was speirin for a wyfe
was flesh an bluid for baens an sinnen
lik twoe made yin were baith the same,
an wasnae speirin meikle siller
was wechtit for a shottle-stowe.

30

Wi that, young Gudrun was betrothed
til Thorvald, Osvif bein thrang
tae think the whit tae scryve, an pen
for scart the contrac luk-an-see,
an this the wy ot for the greeance:
whuin twoe thegither, Thorvald, Gudrun,

40

made yin athin the mairriage bed
as baens an sinnen, flesh an bluid,
Gudrun wuid tak in haun the siller
for jingle-jangle ilka day,
the hauf ot ayeways aa her ain
lik ben the shottle o her kist
an no in Thorvald's shottle peels,
an neever mynd hoo lang the baund
wuid haud them ben the mairriage bed.

Forbye aa that, that wasnae smaa 50
as onie drink was neever drammed,
he haed tae puit his haund in pootsh
tae coff her praecious stanes for gauds
wi gowd inwrocht aroon them lyke
sun waasterin alow the swaw,
or siller lyke the muin can sheen
abuin the yerd athin the aest:
this wy, that was his gaet tae gang
athooten hunker-slydin ont,
wuid let the lave o wummankynd 60
lik her ainsel aroon the place
ken fyne they coodnae better her.

Aa this ongaun, lik skail his siller
as tho ilk day a waddin-scrammle,
the baestial o the ferm, an grund
alow thur feet, wuid byde his ain,
an neever myn the gauderins
that Gudrun taen her ain wuid byde.

The Althing ower, men rade aff hame,
wi whit was said athin thur lugs 70
for speak, hauf-heard no hauf-intaen,
an mynd ye, sae ye'll no forget,
Gudrun was speired-at-nane anent it,
syne, kennin clash anent for trothe,
sair-hertit was she, was she no,
for stoond ot awfielyke tae thole
an strack ot staund an doore it oot:
an that was that was meikle mair,
tho wheesht as quaet as caunnie bydein.

The waddin syne taen place in Garpsdale 80
in whit is caad the Twinmonthtyme,
the hinner hauf o August month
til hinner hauf o month Septemmer,
as some folk say, tho ithers speil

late suimmer was the mairriage-tyme.

Ye mibbes think that Gudrun haed
a something lyke a luve for Thorvald,
but you'd be wrang, tho gin ye think
she haed but little luve for him,
ye'd be as richt as wrang-the-nane, 90
for she haed naething, lyker mair
nae-luve avaa, for thon paer chiel;
an no juist that, that micht juist be
enyeuch at that nae need for mair,
prig-prig did she at Thorvald aye
for gauderins an bonnie claes:
his siller gaed lik jingle-jangle
fae near as here and hereaboots
til faur as thare an thonnerwarts.

As faur as Gudrun was concaernt, 100
thare was nae gem, as some folk say,
(tho ithers say thare were nae gems)
in aa Waastfriths, nor waast awo
fae Gilsfrith wy, micht no be bocht
as dearlie as cuid skail the siller
thru Thorvald's fingers jingle-jangle
for fare-ye-weel lik ill-tae-gang.

As dear as sic a gem, or gems
micht be for skinkle sun come daw,
or muin come gloamin syne come daurk, 110
or ben the hoose wi leerie sheen,
depend upon it, anger flasht
athin her een lik licht ableeze
on Thorvald gin he bocht nae gem,
nae maitter meikle siller for it.

Noo, yince upon a wheesht o tyme
that soocht as quaet as *Dae ye tell me!*
Thord, whoe was Ingun's son, becam
gy freenlie wi Thorvald an Gudrun,
sae that he badd wi thaem as aften 120
as gart folk roondaboot the place
claik tongue for tongue ben lug for lug
lik tongue for lug ben lug for tongue,
that mibbes-ay ongauns were gaein
atween twoe werenae man an wyfe.

And yince upon anither tyme
haed naething lyke a wheesht athin it,

Gudrun, as some say, speired at Thorvald
 tae coff a dacent giftie for her,
 tho ithers say (mair lyke the thing) 130
 she telt him whit it was she waantit:
 yae wy or tither, tho, this was
 a tyme for better haud-the-wheesht,
 sin Thorvald was sae sair puit-oot
 no juist wi whit the quyne was waantin
 but wi the whit she didnae waant,
 that for her paiks he dinglt her
 bi skelpin her aboot the lug.

Said Gudrun yince for *Luk at me*:
 “It’s I’m for thinkin you hae gien me 140
 whit wemenbodies are for lykin
 abuin aa else for bonniness,
 a colouratioun lyke a flooer
 no ruid as mornin aest awo
 nor bleezin waast abuin the swaw,
 nor whyte as cauld as snaw whuin smoorit
 wi snell nor-aest wuins ower the dykes,
 but in atween thae twoe lik pink
 a scad for *Daw will no be lang*,
 or blink for *Waasterin near on us*, 150
 or oot the waather ben the haa
 lik wummanbodie dauncein lyke
Juist luk at me, I’m lyke a lassie!”

An twycet she said for *I can tell ye*:
 “The pink ye puit upon ma face
 wi dingle ben ma lug tae share it,
 is laesson ben ma schuil o lyfe
 haes laerit me tae prig-the-nane
 but for tae lae ye weel alane
 for guid upon ye as for me 160
 nae ill upon me fae yersel.”

That samin eenin, chaunce it chaise it,
 Thord chappit at her doore, thon wy
 lik ken the chap ye ken the chiel,
 an Gudrun luftit sneck thon wy
 lik ken the chiel gif ken the chap,
 then ben the hoose ower kynlie dram,
 she telt hoo Thorvald rufflt her,
 an speired at Thord whit was the wy
 she’d get her ain back on her man. 170

Thord smirtlt wi a sneefle int

mair lyke a snicher in ahint it,
an said, “Ma hen, tak you this coonsel:
mak him a serk wi neck-hole braid
as gars it hing doon fae his shooters
lik onie wummanbodie’s gown
sae folk will ken whye you maun pairt
maun be sin he’s no lyke a man.”

As faur as Gudrun was concaernt,
eechie nor ochie did she say 180
anent the ploy, but that was aa
that puit a stopper on the talk.

Syne that same voar, lik pad-the-huif
for calleratioun ben the mynd,
an Gudrun shote-the-craw fae Thorvald,
an gaed awo hame Laugar wy.

Wi that, that was lik scunnerin
made seikness o the mairriet lyfe
o Gudrun wyfe an Thorvald man,
yin gaed yae wy wi hauf the siller 190
made thair estait, the-tither gaed
wi hauf the siller tither wy,
the waalth the meikle mair the coont
for thae twoe year thegither wad.

Thon was a mairriage was for cleedin,
the croun ot lyke a bonnie bunnet
for lyke it noo, despyse it then,
syne chip it ower a linn for scunnert
wi luk o yin it didnae lyke
nor she was lykin it ocht mair. 200

An that same voartimm, Ingun sellt
her ferm in Crookfrith, thon estait
efterwards was caad Ingunsteid,
an syne gaed waast ower Skalmness wy.

As haes been scryvit ot afore,
Glum Gierison haed her for wyfe
the yae timm wasnae tae be aye,
as some say here athin the Saga,
tho ither bodies daenae tell ot.

At that timm tae, no telt afore, 210
thare badd yin caad Hallstane-the-Praest
at Hallstaneness on thon waast syde

o Tarskavaig (the Yceland yin,
no yon yin ower in Scotland's Skye):
highheidyin tho he was, a chiel
gy pooerfie, he was no weel-lykit.

In AD nyne, aicht, nyne thon was,
some twoe and yae hauf centuries
langsyne afore a chiel sat doon
tae pen the Saga screeblt here 220
wi keelivyne tae mak some verse ot
begun in nyneteen nynetie yin,
tho thir lynes here are eikit til't
three Januar nyneteen nynetie-twoe:
and aa tae think lik myn the tyme
some thrittie year come suimmer neist
that saw thon Tarskavaig in Skye,
wi drystane dyke aroond it biggit,
happt here an thare wi fael-an-divot
tae gar it haud thegither tichtlie. 230

Ay, mynd thon frith caad Tarskavaig
that gied the toon its name, thon watter
wi nae cod noo, but mackerel
as creeshie as cuid clart a pan
or foostilie as fyle a skellet
wi sic a guff as taen a year
tae scoor it caller-clean wi saun.

Chapter XXXV

Gudrun's Saecont Mairriage, AD 991

Kotkell was the name o a man whoe'd come
 til Yceland no that lang afore
 the ongauns roondaboot this tyme,
 his wyfe bi name o Grima, sons
 yin Hallbjorn Whetstane-Ee was caad,
 the-tither bi the name Stigandi.

Thae folk aa cam fae Sodor Ysles
 some airt fae Butt o Lewis north
 til sooth Kintyre at Sanda Ysland,
 but fae the whittan place kent-nane. 10

Gif whoere they cam fae isnae kent
 lik fyle the fuit upon the place,
 the whit they were lik kent for ill
 is whit they were in warlockrie
 as deevilish as evil ee.

Hallstane-the-Praest thocht thaem his kyn,
 lik *Here's ma haun tae haud ye up*
as gie me yours gin I faa doon,
 an saw them saettlt-in at Urdir
 in Skalmfrith, beild an bothie baith: 20
 naebodie lykit thaem a bit.

That suimmer Gest gaed ower til Althing,
 bi ship bi Saurby wy as yaisual,
 bydein the nicht at Hol in Saurby.

Thare his guid-brithers fund him horse
 as aye they did whuin he badd wi them,
 and aff he gaed, Thord Ingunson
 amang the tail that rade wi Gest
 as on they rade wi pad-the-huif
 til Laugar ower in Saelingsdale. 30

Osvif's young dochter, Gudrun, rade
 til Althing tae, as free fae Thorvald
 as thocht nae shame tae ryde alang
 wi Thord, the son o Ingun, wi her.

Yae day, the waather bonnilyke
 as gart them be gy gled they were
 ootbye sae blythlie, no inbye

amang the geckin o the lave,
they rade ower Blueshawheath thegither,
an Gudrun said: "It's am for speirin,
Thord, is it true that your wyfe Aud
aye gangs aboot in breeks wi bahllaps
the wy men weare them; and is she
for crossin garters roond her legs
doon til her coots abuin the shuin?"

40

"I haenae seen the lyke o that,"
said Thord, an said nae mair, tae hear
the better ocht else nicht be said.

Said Gudrun ben the quaet, tae gar
whit she wuid say be better heard,
"The truith then is the storie is
a lee gin you hae fund it oot
the-nane; but it is I'm for speirin:
whye is she caad the Breemie Aud?"

50

Said Thord, still fankle-myndit some:
"It's no as lang as aften heard
that she's been caad bi sic a name."

An Gudrun said, tae fankle mair
the thochts athin his dozent powe,
"Mair til the pynt is sic a name
will ken her for the whit she is
for lang an wearie kent for aye
as she'll be wearie kennin it."

60

That said was yae thing said for thocht
thon wy thocht is as quaet as daith.

Folk at the Althing noo, thon wy
thocht maks for speak a naethingness
lik clash o wurdz amang the deid.

Thord, tho, was quaet-the-nane at that,
but yokit at the speak wi Gudrun
athin the bothie Gest was yaisin,
tho nane but Gudrun ken his speil.

70

Yae day, that neebored yin as peels
wi whit was speired wi whit was said
anent whit made a man nae man
but whit was lyker wummanbodie,
as telt bi Thord, the son o Ingun,

til Gudrun, whoe was Osvif's dochter:
tho this timm, it was Thord was speirin
at Gudrun whitlik was the mail
upon a wumman gaed aboot
in cleedin for a man, the breeks? 80

Said Gudrun, sneeflie ben the neb
heard ben the smirtle on her lips.
"The samin mail as gien a man
whoe weares a serk oot-aipent braid
athorte his shooters, hingin doon
tae shaw him barescud ower the kist:
yae bodie wumman, tither man,
can shoot-the-craw the yin fae tither
the same as tither yin fae tane." 90

"Here at the Althing, then," said Thord,
"wuid you be giein me avysement
tae mak a speil for aa tae ken
that Aud and I are twoe apairt
that yince thocht we were yin for aye;
or are we tae be caunnie as
tae tak it intil avizandum
until I am awo at hame
amang the coonsel o ma freens?" 100

"Ye ken, or gin ye daenae ken,
I'm tellin ye for wyssheid mair,
the folk roond here are juist as prood
as lyke tae skelp as speak thur mynds."

Then yon yin Gudrun taen a thocht
for something lyke a wheesht o tyme
gart Thord think thocht haed taen ower Gudrun,
an then she said for byde nae mair:
"Ydilset daes awo aa day
as tho his gloamin thrangitie." 110

As suddentlyke as tho fell-jaggit
upon the dowp at that, Thord lowpit
upon his feet for hurrie-burrie,
gaed til Law Craig for stope-the-nane,
caad witnesses for *Listen til me*,
an said he'd shote-the-craw fae Aud
because she made an wore the breeks
as bahllapie as made for men.

Aud's brithers thare were no for lykin

the whit was said for say it yince 120
 is neednae say it ower again,
 but tho they were as bealin as
 a voartimm plook come suimmertyme,
 the sair, tho comein til a heid,
 was no juist ruidie for tae Brust.

Wi Osvif's sons aroond aboot him,
 Thord rade awo fae thon Althing,
 cawin the stoor aroon the cuits
 abuin the huifs o ilka horse.

Whuin Aud heard tell o whit was duin 130
 for dae her mairriage doon at yince
 that yince she'd thocht was hers for aye,
 she said, for think ot whit ye will:
 ... "Guid! Gled I ken
 I'm single, then!"

And efter that, Thord rade ower waast
 til Saurby wi eleeven men
 as some say, ithers sayin twal,
 and aa was duin was needit daein
 athooten stuishie or stramash, 140
 for he said naething ill-tae-byde
 nor kanglesome as chowe-the-fat
 anent the divvie o the siller:
 syne, fae the waast-awo, Thord drave
 a gyan wheen o baestial
 back hamewith aestwarts intil Laugar.

That duin for dae it an be duin wi't,
 nae maitter gif the daein gied him
 thon kynd o pleasure haes a dool int
 gars een doon-glower whyles for skaith, 150
 Thord speired at Gudrun for tae mairrie,
 an that was duin as easilie
 as gart doon-glower o his een
 luk up an licht wi saucht o myn
 for *Acht, forget it! Nae herm duin!*

Osvif an Gudrun baith said Ay
 lik thooms-up in a Roman circus,
 nane thinkin tyme, highheidyn mair,
 wuid yae day sit abuin the reeng
 an gie a thooms-doon on the ploy. 160

The waddin wuid tak place, as some say,

athin the tenth week o the suimmer
 that bidd its wheesht for autumn's yokin,
 or, as say ithers for a differ
 that's naither here nor thare, ten weeks
 afore the winter yokt on autumn:
 but yae wy or the-tither ot,
 it was yae tyme, an was it no,
 for *Guts it, winter's comein on,*
 an *Slooch it doon! Man, suimmer s droothie.*" 170

Yince mairried lyke the twoe made yin
 that is nae less nor twoe, but mair
 nor twoe that byde the ilka yin
 a nithin naither hauf nor haill,
 the Thord that was a yin remade
 wi Gudrun, as was Gudrun made
 again wi Thord, were baith made haill
 as cantie leevin baith thegither.

The whitna thing ye daenae dae,
 altho ye'd lyke fyne for tae dae it, 180
 may weel be juist the samin thing
 ye daenae dae because ye cannae,
 an that is whye Aud's britherbodies,
 yin Thorkel Whalp caad, tither Knut,
 didnae puit law upon the Thord
 wi scart o pen an speak o tongue
 for read it as wi siller scryvit
 and hear it as wi tongue sooch siller.

The suimmer neist, wi gloamins waarm
 as gart the gerss growe lang an swaet, 190
 the men fae Hol made sheilin-tyme
 thur wark on heech grund ower Hvammdale,
 and Aud gaed wi them, bydein thare
 for melk an kirn an keep for winter.

The samin gloamins waarm as gart
 the gerss growe swaet as weel as lang,
 was tyme o year the Laugar men
 made thair ain sheilins ben Lambdale
 that gullies waastwart ben the hills
 aff Saelingsdale for melk an kirn 200
 tae hain awo for winter-keep.

For think whit haed gane on afore
 wuid mak for whit wuid yit gang on,
 Aud speirit at the hird, that tentit

the sheep aroond her sheilin thare,
hoo aften did he meet the hird
that tentit sheep belangin Laugar.

“Near ayeways, as was lyke enyeuch,”
he said, “sin thare is juist yae rigg
atween the sheilins thare and here.”

210

Wi that, that was the lyke o waant
was mair lik greinin ben the saul,
she said for say it was enyeuch
as didnae need tae say ocht mair
that kent the whit was ben the speil:
“The-day, it’s you will be for meetin
the hird fae Laugar; and it’s you
will be for speakin caunnilie
anent Thord, ay, an whitforno?
An syne, it’s you’ll can speir an tell me
whoe’s bydein hameferm wy awo
or at the sheilin ower the rigg.”

220

As eydent ben the lug tae hear
whit she was at the tellin him
as tentie ben the een tae see
whit he micht be for tellin her,
the hird said he wuid dae as guid
as see the whit thare was tae see
as tell her whit thare was tae hear.

Syne, ben the gloamin that was kynlie
as waarm an caunnie on the skin,
the hird cam hame for Aud tae speir
whit he haed heard weel-waarth the hearin,
an whit he’d seen weel-waarth the sicht ot.

230

The hird made speil ot: “I hae heard
the whit ye’ll think weel-waarth the hearin,
as seen hae I the whit ye’ll think
weel-waarth the sicht ot tae be seen,
an that is that the bedroom flaer
atween Thord’s bed an Gudrun’s is
as braid as grun tweesh rigg ootbye
and hameferm yonner Laugar wy,
for Gudrun’s at the sheilin kirnin
the melk for hainin winter-keep,
an Thord is thranglik at his devoirs
ahint the fermsteid, at the graft
wi flingin-tree athin his haund

240

or swingin at it wi a mell
lik dingin timmer in a frame,
or biggin fael-an-divot dykes: 250
an listen gin ye'll hear the mair
is lyke enyeuch enyeuch at that,
Osvif an Thord are twoe alane
as naebdie else maks onie mair."

"The whit ye say is weel-waarth sayin,
as weel-waarth hearin for tae listen,"
said Aud, "and you hae duin gy weel
that's no juist guid, nor better yit,
but best that neever can be baet:
noo see til't, ginn folk are abed, 260
mak twoe horse ruidie, staunin bye."

"It's I'll dae that," said he, an did.

A whylie or the sun gaed doon
for scad the luft wi crammasie,
Aud lowpit on the yae naig's back,
an she haed breeks aroond her dowp
as weare for whit she haed tae dae:
her face was scaddit crammasie
wi sunset as wi whit she'd dae.

The hird rade on an better rade 270
upon the-tither naig asyde her,
but better ryde as ryde did he,
he coodnae mak a better ot
as haurdlie keepit-up wi yon yin,
sae sair she cawed her baest alang.

Ower Saelingsdaleheath sooth they rade
as even-on as stuidie gangin
cawed stoor ahint them yont thur huifs,
until they cam as nearhaun Laugar
as in ahint the hamepark dyke, 280
an thare they stoppit for a blaw.

Noo, aff her naig as licht o fuit
as didnae stoat the haet o hicht,
and ower the dyke as licht o lowp
as neever tuitcht a fael or divot
but swythe as swither-nane, no slaw,
Aud telt the hird tae tent thur horse
the-tyme she sped athorte the yaird
as quaet's a moose in stockin-soles,

tae see the whit ongaed, gin ocht, 290
in thon fermhoose this tyme o nicht.

Aud fund the doore was aff the sneck,
athooten skreech or skraichle soondin;
an she gaed ben as caunnilie
as kent the whoere she meant tae gang;
an that was ben the great fyre-haa,
then furder ben, mair caunnilie
til whoere the lockit-bed was biggit
athin the furder waa awo;
an thare she gaed an fund the doore-broads 300
athooten bowt but poued thegither.

Whuin she gaed ben, mair caunnie yit,
lik haud the braith athin the kist
in case it wheefle for a soond
athin the thrapple or the couter,
she saw Thord liggin on his back,
but fast aslaep as didnae ken
he made a soond was in atween
a wheeple whyles an syne a snocher.

She waukent him was hauf in slaep 310
as didnae ken the whoere he was,
as hauf ben dream he was anaa
that hauf-kent dream realitie
become a ferlie in the mynd;
and as he waukent, ower he turnt
an saw a man fornent him staunin,
a man lik ferlie ben a dream
realitie athin the mynd.

As bahllap-breekit roon the hips
as gart her ingyne ben the haerns 320
think *My, I'm lukin lyke a man!*
she taen a blade athin her haund
as sherp as fyne cuid skliff a stick
alang its lenth fae en til end
as tho the ilka knurl athin it
were naething but a dab o creesh
nae boather til the wheech o steel,
an drave it straucht athorte at Thord
wi meikle skaithin for his paiks
upon his richt airm and his neipples, 330
sae sterkie straucht at that, say some,
the sworde stack fast athin the bowster,
tho ithers say (mair lyke the thing)

the sworde stack in the bed-broads fast.

As maist folk will agree, the blade
she was was jimp as weel cuid yaise
thon blade athin her haund as triglie
as onie blade was eever yaised,
for at the tyme she was as gyte
as fair stane-bunkered whoere she stuid: 340
she was a sherper, yon yin was,
ay, some blade she was, was she no.

Furst-tymer strack cuid stryke nae mair,
Aud shote-the-craw lik daenae byde
tae think black, burnin shame upon her
for whit she'd duin, and up she lowpit
upon her naig an rade for hame.

Paer Thord cuid naither lowp nor rin,
sin ettlement was mair nor dae
because the skailin o his bluid 350
gart him be waik as staucherie.

Osvif noo waukenin, he speired at
the sair-gaun Thord whit happent him,
an Thord suin telt him o his skaith;
then daein whit he cood for Thord,
Osvif speired at him yince again
gif Thord kent whoe haed skaithit him.

"I'm thinkin," Thord said, "it was Aud
that drave the blade that skailt ma bluid;
ay, it is ben ma myn lik truith 360
tae tell is whyles nae lee at that
for witness o the whit was duin,
but isnae telt for witness ot
because no kent for shair as pruif -
ye ken, thon wy realitie
is whyles mair lyke a ferlie seen
hauf-in hauf-oot o slaep in dream."

Osvif said he'd ryde efter her
gif Thord was myndit lyke hissel,
for he was shair she haednae brocht 370
ower monie men for witness ot
wuid mak her paiks mair shair at that.

Said Thord, "Naw, naw! Juist let her byde
that did the whit she haed tae dae

because she coodnae dae ocht else,
nae mair nor oniebodie else
cuid dae a differ on the day
wuid gar a bodie think ont aye
until thon day wuid be a nichtin.”

Her face groo-whyte wi anger yit
no ruid wi shame for whit she’d duin,
at sunryse Aud rade hame at lenth,
her brithers speirin whoere she’d been. 380

She telt them she haed been ower thonner,
the Laugar wy, an whit she’d duin
lik duin for yince was no that bad,
an tho her brithers were gy pleased
wi whit she’d duin, they thocht thursels
that mibbes she’d no duin enyeuch
micht be the better duin again. 390

Whit she haed duin, tho, was enyeuch
as needit daein again nae mair,
for Thord was skaithit sair as kept
him fast abed for lang an wearie:
his wounds athorte his kist becam
as haill again as nane-the-waur,
but thon paer airm o his wuid byde
the nane-the-better for the skaith,
sae he wuid dae-awo at wark,
raither nor graft an grunsh again. 400

That winter, aa was quaet as gart
folk dacent as the day sit caumlik
as crackin at the inglesyde
seein the nicht awo in drams
in siller quaichs or wuiden coggies,
whyle folk as evil as the Deil
sat gulderin fornent the lowes
that gied them lazie-tartan legs,
whit tyme they gutsed the daichie shaef
an waasht it doon wi ill-brewed yill
sluchin aboot athin thur wames
whit tyme the kanglin groofs were ryfe
wi plans wuid herrie dacent folk. 410

Ingun, Thord’s mither, come the voar
that reddit winter foostiness
fae bothie as fae meikle haa,
cam waast (as some folk say)

fae Skalmness (ithers say cam aest).

Thord gied her kynlie waalcome as
 she said she needit him tae help her 420
 because she'd growne gy feart at hert
 for yon yin Kotkell and his wyfe
 an sons were at the herriein
 for thieves an skellums, an forbye,
 for bein at the warlockrie
 as gien a haun bi Hallstane Praest.

Thord wasnae at the hunker-slydin
 anent the ongauns o thae thieves,
 an neever myn gin Hallstane nicht
 be in the strunts wi him for whit 430
 he'd dae tae sowther sic a crew.

Sae up lik lowpit, aff lik skyte it,
 and on wi't lyke come-morra-nane,
 he was for traikin wi ten men
 as some say, ithers sayin nyne,
 an takkin Ingun wi him tae,
 he taen a ship fae Tjaldness wy
 an sailed it waast awo til Skalmness.

Thare he haed aa his mither's guid
 o plenishment haed made her blythe, 440
 and aa her graith she'd kep sae caunnie
 for comfort come a sairlik winter,
 brocht oot an puit aboard the ship:
 the baestial were laundwart cawed,
 aroon the straunds an frith-heids gangin.

Thare were twal bodies berthed thegither
 athin thon ship for companie,
 amang them, Ingun for a name
 alang wi yin athoot a name,
 anither paerbit wummanbodie, 450
 but named or named-the-nane, they were
 for sailin whoere they didnae ken,
 altho the skipper, Thord, was shair
 he kent the whoere he meant tae sail.

Afore that, tho, as some folk say,
 Thord and his ten men (some say nyne)
 gaed awo ower til Kotkell's ferm
 an chap-chap-chappit at the doore
 for *Oot ye come fae deeviltrie*

or we'll come ben an split yer cluits!

460

Kotkell's twoe veecious sons, Hallbjorn
 an tither yin Stigandi, werenae
 at hame tae thole the claitterin,
 but lyke as no at some bit ploy
 as deevilish as doot-yer-een,
 sae Thord puit oot a summons on them
 as on thur faither, mither tae,
 as thiefie bodies ryfe wi gemmes
 lik warlockrie an wunnerments
 as ill-tae-ken as ferlie ongauns:
 an for tae mak the chairge as haill
 as tell it roondit lyke a buch
 athooten nyeuks for deils in dern,
 he said they'd hae tae aunsver for't
 or ootlins ilka yin ootlawed.

470

His case fornent the Althing noo,
 Thord made his wy aboard the ship.

Thord, dauphinless as no faur oot
 aboard his ship fae shore ootbye,
 and hame cam Hallbjorn an Stigandi,
 ill-gaitit as ill-grunyiet thaem,
 an Kotkell telt them whit haed happent.

480

Thae brithers, intil ugsomeness
 the lyke no aften seen on Erd
 tho nae doot aften on the branders,
 baith gaed fair gyte tae hear aboot it,
 thon wy thur fangs played gansh thegither
 lik messans kanglin ower a baen,
 an said for slaver at the lips
 that naebodie afore that day
 haed eever taen a thocht for daith,
 thon dowie weerd wuid doakie folk.

490

Then Kotkell, maister-haund at warks
 for puittin cantrips thru the air,
 biggit a meikle wuiden staun
 wi cast-a-spell on ilka broad
 and ill-jaw ilka nail an jynt;
 then up and on it aa thae warlocks,
 an sang a wheen o whidder-sangs
 ondeemas ower the mappamoond
 for fankle thochts lik claw-the-powe,
 an taigle wurdz lik yuchle speak,

500

an gar the wuins an watter rair
as wuid as ocht alow the luft.

Amang the soond ot, soond resoondin
a mixer-maxterie o din
lik yellochin a muckle dirdum,
lik skellochin a dirl-dirl,
lik bellochin a dinnle-dinnle,
the swaw played gurl upon the shore 510
an rantit, gowlin at the luft.

Thord, Ingun's son, and aa his freens
alow thon groo-growne lowerin luft,
that yince were folk lik ilk the yin
was no the same as onie ither,
were noo thegither skin-for-skin
the same alow as baen-for-baen,
sae ilka bodie kent wi Thord
the sae that rairit up at him
was rairin up at aabodie. 520

The ship was cawed ayont Skalmness
wi skraichle o the timmer jynts
was lyke tae ryve the tane fae tither,
the scooshin watter giein folk
the awfie skelp acorss the face,
an sloongein aa fae bowe til starn.

Thord wasnae feart, lik yowl an greit,
nor curl hissel athin a nyeuk,
nor *Daenae luk in case ye see it*,
nor on his knees wi hauns til Heeven 530
as tho some pooer nicht yark him up,
but stuid in hardiness the skipper
at yin wi saemanship an waather
as no be baet, sae folk on shore
cuid see he did whit maun be duin
whuin naething else is waarth the daein:
owerboard he gart his men cast kists
an plenishment o hoosehaud guid
as weel as ocht o yuissless wecht
except, as you maun be jalousin, 540
the men an wemenfolk aboot him.

The folk as laundwart as were safe
ayont the muckle gurlie swaw,
expeckit Thord wuid finnd a lee
for he was bye the waarst o reefs,

but richt fornent him daudin sair,
a brekker shawed a reef for deid
no faur aff shore at that, but whoere
nane till that day haed seen it bare,
an that same brekker cawed the ship 550
as tapsalteerie as owerhaillit
as tho it were a lauddie bairn
at skin-the-cat or tummle wulkies:
but whoere the lauddie bydes sae vyve,
flippertie-flappertie baith feet
upon the grun for stuidie-up,
the ship becam a wrack o wuid
athin thon awfie gurlie swaw,
fair heid-ower-hurdies mixter-maxtered
as whummelt intil ryvit strakes 560
wi aathing lowsse athin the ship,
alang wi bodies o the wemen
an men rowe-jowled an roon jurmummeled,
the swaw as gyte as slaister freith.

Thare, for thur wheesht alow the weet
that boathert-nane the wuin nicht yowl
lik banshees ower an Yrish lough,
or sooch as quaet as croon a lilt
alow the Hebridean licht,
paer Thord and aa were wi him droont, 570
his ship a rickle o its sticks,
the keel ot for memorial
waasht-up yon place noo caad Keelysle,
even as a place was caad Tairgeysle
whoere Thord's ain tairge haed bertht on grund.

His corp, alang wi aa the ithers
upon his ship, were waasht ashore
at yon place that we caa Howesness
for whit was happit ower them thare.

Thon wark was ben the sae was lyke 580
the wrack o mairriage lyke a ring
was siller tint athin a pown
or mibbes lochan, licht ont gane
athin the watter lyke the ghaist
o yince haed been syne yont the sicht.

Chapter XXXVI

Anent Kotkell

The speak anent thae ongauns gaed
 ower aa the airts fae here til thonner,
 an puit a mallison for deid
 upon Kotkell and aa his kin
 for siccan warlockrie they'd wrocht.

Gudrun was fasht lik sklim-the-waas,
 the bodie no that weel avaa,
 no juist ower droondin o her man,
 for she was bairnt an near her tyme.

A lauddie-waen was Gudrun's bairn 10
 sin efter born wi skraich fae thrapple
 said *Man, I'm pechin! Gie me braith!*
 an syne was spairgeit ower wi watter
 an caad Thord was his faither's name.

At that timm, bydein yonner wy
 at Haliefell was Snorri, Praest,
 and Osvif's freen, no juist a kinsman.
 Gudrun and aa the folk aroond her
 aye lippent on thon chiel the Praest.

Speired at tae gang owerbye til Laugar 20
 for byte an sup, blate-nane was Snorri,
 an thare aa Gudrun's fasheries
 were puit fornent him for avysement.

He said he'd tak as meikle tent
 o whit haed been for her gy dowie
 as weel as whit wuid be for dool,
 and he wuid see she ayeways haed
 a girdle for tae fyre a scone
 wuid gar it birssle kitchenlyke 30
 as krunkle crittlie at the chowein;
 an she wuid ayeways hae anaa
 a meikle pat upon the swee
 for kail or purritch hotterin:
 an no juist that, tae cooter her,
 he said he'd foster her new bairn.

This Thord yin, wi the byname Cat,
 becam the faither o the skald
 caad Stuf, gy skeelie wi the pen,

tho some folk daenae puit the skald
athin the Saga, fuitnote, but. 40

Thae things aa ower an duin for ill,
whit mair tae dae best duin for guid
but Gest Oddleifson gaed tae see
the Hallstane Praest chiel, giein til him
the chyce o twoe things chaisen, aither
the Hallstane Praest wuid see the warlocks
wuid shoot-the-craw lik no be sweirt,
or Gest wuid kill them for the groofs
they were an thae galoots they haed been,
an mynd-nane whit they micht become: 50
ay, that he wuid, an wuid he no,
at yince that is the-noo the better,
or yince the humph comes up the back
that's no the waur gif no the best.

Hallstane was no for taigle-tonguin
wi Oddleifson or oniebodie
this syde o oniegaets avaa,
an chaise the chyce he'd hae tae chaise
for caunnie daes it, tent the tackets,
an telt the warlocks for tae skail 60
thursels athorte the grun lik skoosh it,
an see til't that they didnae stope
this syde waast o Dalheath, an said,
for pirlicue lik stab oot finger,
that they'd be nane the waur o hingin.

At that Kotkell and aa his kin
were aff lik caw the stoor ahint them,
athooten graith tae haud them back
tho seein til't they taen fower horse,
stud-baestial at that, the best 70
a muckle stallioun fechtin-horse
as black as burnin shame, or lyke
the waistcoat o the Jarl o Hell.

Naething is telt anent thur traik
until they cam til Kaimsness ferm
whoere Thorliek Hoskuldson was bydein,
an that yin lukit at the baess
an saw they were abuin the lave
wi stamp o fuit an toss the heid
an nicher at the hauns were haudin. 80

Thorliek said he wuid coff the horse

for they were brave as eever seen,
but Kotkell said, yon wy as fly
as walk the ceilin upsyde doon,
“Tak you the horse the ilka yin
an gie the ilka yin o us
a place tae byde that’s airtit here
or hereabouts nearhaun Kaïmsness.”

Said Thorliek, “Man, it’s you’d be gettin
the best o sic a nifferin, 90
for you’d hae grun for growthieness
for baestial tae chowe the coode,
and I wuid hae fower horse o yours
ma growthieness o grun tae chowe
ma kye micht yaise for chowein coode:
an mynd ye, I heard tell a speak
that wasnae juist a cairriet storie,
yer neebors in this airt are fasht
as in the strunts wi you and yours
that’s lyke tae see nae betterment.” 100

An Kotkell aunswert him anent it:
“The folk ye mean are Laugar men,
but nane o thaem will tell ye this;
gif talk-aboots were hawk-aboots,
we’d aa be tinklers traikin roond.”

“Ay,” Thorliek said, “an truith tae tell
that Laugar folk micht lyke tae hear,
that speaks as peels as neebors you,
gif talk-aboots were howk-aboots,
we’d aa be grumphies snocherin.” 110

Said Kotkell then, saft-creeshin wurd
tae gar them slither aff the tongue
as soople as a sowff o sang,
“Whit you hae heard anent oor folk,
lik roast oor sauls for castin-oot
wi Gudrun and her brithers, is
mair lyke the chippin chuckies at us
nor takkin tent o dacent speak:
wi thaem, it’s sklander aa the wy
athooten cause or raesoun for it, 120
sae tak the horse an boather-nane
anent the sooch o siccan havers
or gulderin o haverers.”

“As faur as we’re concearnit anaa

anent yersel for whit ye are,
it is nae cairriet storie aither
that in alow yer haund oot here
no yin o us need fear the skaith
folk airtit roon nicht puit upon us.”

Thorliek was mibbe-ay lik dook 130
the tae athin a suimmer pown,
am mibbe-naw lik yank ot oot
as think the watter winter cauld,
but then he slippit in alow
an fund it waarmer oot the wuin,
an said, “Imphmn,” and “Ay, imphmn”
as ilka horse seemed beezer-braw,
nane lik it aa the kintrie roond
as Kotkell at the buskin beezed them
lik nane wuid be thur lyke again. 140

The horse his ain at lenth, ilk yin
the daurlin o his glozent een,
Thorliek gied Kotkell and his kin
a hoose for hame at Ludolfsteid
athin the Saumonreeverdale
wi beastial for melk an maet.

For speak ot gart curmurrin grue
athin the wame lik rummle ryfe,
an mak the thrapple lyke tae boke
wi scunner sic a thing cuid be, 150
the men o Laugar heard the speil
and Osvif’s sons were set for aff
tae sowther Kotkell and his sons
as swythe as swither-nane anent it:
but Osvif said, “Naw, naw. Haud on.
We’ll hear the coonsel o Praest Snorri,
an lae the thing alane for ithers
tae chowe-the-fat ot, spittin girssle.
Mynd, I’m for tellin you, the tyme
will no be lang or wearisome 160
afore yon Kotkell’s neebors finnd
an immerage for him and his,
an Thorliek, as befits the fuil,
will tak the baetin o his lyfe.”

“An no juist that, I’m tellin you,
tho fyne I ken ye need nae tellin,
monie the yin Thorliek caad freen
that caad him fiere hissel ower drams

lik shak the haund or daud the back,
will turn as widdershins as caurrie
wi knucklt nieve for daud the puhss.” 170

“But aa that said for say nae mair
in case mair taigle thocht for kennin,
I’m tellin you this yince for aye
that daesnae need anither tellin,
I’ll puit nae stopper on yer daein
a skaith o paiks upon thon crew,
Kotkell and aa his crabbit kin,
gin ither bodies daenae kill them
or caw them furth ayont thur airt
bi yon timm three could winter waathers
are in the strunts for voartimm comein.” 180

For Gudrun and her brithers, that
was that lik say nae mair anent it
except an *Ay* for *Haud the tongue*.

It seems that Kotkell and his kin
werenae lik bodies sooin intilt
for byte an sup the whoere they bidd,
and aa that winter, for a ferlie
puit neebors in a mazerment,
thae warlocks naither cofft nor niffert
for hy tae feed thur baestial
an scan for thair ain kytes tae rift
whuin they were gutsin tichteners. 190

Naebdie in thon airt gaed nearhaun them,
an that’s a fact is fancie-nane,
and as thare was a wee bit feartness
amang the folk for Thorliek tae,
they left the warlock chiels alane
whoere fancie was in ferlie fact. 200

Chapter XXXVII

Anent Hrut and Eldgrim, AD 995

Yae suimmer at the Althing speil
 that listens gin it cannae speak
 an speaks for aabodie tae listen,
 as Thorliek sat athin his bothie
 for keep his coonsel til hisselt
 or mibbes giein his een a rest,
 a man as muckle ower the kist
 as heech abuin the lave cam til him.

“Ay, ay,” the bodie said til Thorliek
 bi wi o meanin *Fyne tae see ye*,
 an Thorliek, kynd enyeuch at that,
 said “Yes” that was bi wy o meanin
I daenae ken ye, but I’m lukin,
 then speired at him for name and hame. 10

“Elgrim’s ma name,” the bodie said,
 and I byde ower at Burrafrith,
 ma hoose at hame the ferm Eldgrimsteid
 ower yonner ben the glen that’s airtit
 waastlins amang the hills atween
 Mull and yon Grumphietongue, thon glen
 noo caad Grimsdale bi aabodie.” 20

An Thorliek said, for suddent see
 lik ken whoe he was lukin at,
 “Acht, ay, it’s I’m for kennin you
 for whit ye are the wy the folk
 aye say ye are, as meikle as
 no feart as neever need be feart.”

As furril speak as fecht the foremaist,
 the muckle Eldgrim fuhlla said,
 “Anent thae brawlik stud-horse gien ye
 bi Kotkell suimmer last, I’m here
 tae tak them aff yer hauns for siller
 that’s no a pickle juist but mickle.” 30

Thorliek gied aunsver til him: “Naw,
 it’s I am no for sellin thaem,”
 lik plap o steekit doore afore him
 for fare-ye-ill, no fare-ye-weel.

Said Eldgrim then, “No juist for siller

am I here for tae coff thae horse,
but for a meikle muckle mair
nor pickles monie mak the mickle:
alang wi siller for the baess,
I'll gie ye peels the nummer o them,
wi ither things aa fund as weel
sae aabodie will say I gied ye
twyce ower the whit thae horse are waarth."

40

"I'm no the nifferer," said Thorliek,
(tho nifferin haed gat him thaem)
"sae I'm for tellin you ye'll hae
naither the hyde nor hair o thaem
tho you pyd three timms ower thur waarth."

50

Said Eldgrim: "Thorliek, I'm for kennin
it is nae lee fae leears lood
that says ye're prood as weel's can gang
as stinkin bye as neb-dicht air,
and aye as thrawn as moodge-the-nane
but gar the lave jook roondabout ye;
an daed-in-trothe that is nae lee
fae leears lood anent me leein,
I'd lyke tae see ye get yer paiks
bi sellin thae braw baess for less
nor I hae said I'd gie ye for them."

60

At Eldgrim's wurd, Thorliek was angert
as no juist in the strunts, but bealin
thon wy lik shoothers back for braidth,
heid up for see the whit's forment,
then cockit sydiewys for een
tae pree the whit's fornent fae whoe:
an Thorliek said for say it yince
lik say enyeuch need say nae mair,
"Eldgrim, gin you hae taen a thocht
that means tae frichten me awo
fae thae braw horse o myne, tak you
anither thocht the neebor ot
means you maun come til closer grups
afore I'm fleggit, I can tell ye."

70

Said Eldgrim efter that bit speil:
"Thorliek, I see it's you're for thinkin
ye neever will be baet bi me,
but come the suimmer, gerss still growein
tae mak a chowe for baestial,
it's I'm for gangin airtwys yours

80

tae tak a keek at thae braw horse,
and efter that, we'll see the whoe
it is haes thaem athin his aucht."

"Dae as ye lyke, man," Thorliek said,
"gin your lyke's ma ain lykin tae,
lik odds atween us even-on."

An that was that for say nae mair
as peels as nae mair said at that 90
atween the twoe, but mair was said
bi thaem that heard them (ithers say,
bi thon man that haed heard thur speil)
that at the nifferin they were
as evendoon as even-haundit
wi naething for tae chaise atween them;
mynd you, tho, ither bodies say
thur waarth o paiks wuid be the lyke
o eeksie-peeksie, daad for daud.

Wi thae things said for naething duin, 100
tho said for thocht wuid mak for daein
lik think nae mair aboot it then,
the folk fae Althing skailed awo
and aff for hame for graft, no talk.

Noo, aer-on yince upon a morn
that naebodie thocht ill or weel,
it happent that a chiel lukt yont
fae Hrutsteid, as the ferm was caad
belangin til Hrut Herjolfson,
an syne, on comein back again, 110
Hrut speired at him for ongauns yonner.

"The yae thing I'm for tellin you,"
the bodie said for mak it plain,
"I daenae need tae tell ye twycet
lik didnae hear me furst timm richt:
fae yont Vadlar til furrit whoere
thae horse o Thorliek chowed the gerss,
I saw a man come onwart, rydin;
he lichtit doon fae his ain naig
an gethert Thorliek's horse thegither." 120

(That's whit some folk say, ithers, tho,
say thon hoose-carle saw somebodie
come rydin thru the shallas thonner).

Hrut speired at thon hoose-carle tae ken
whoere aa thae horse haed been the tyme
he'd seen them, an the chiel gied aunsner:
 “Och, they were chowein gerss as yaisual
athin yer meadies, doon alow
 the dyke that hains yer grund aboot.”

“For certain shair,” said Hrut, “that leaves
 nae doot aboot it for tae speir,
ma kinsman Thorliek isnae backwart
 in comein furrin for tae graze
his baestial yae place or tither,
 sae it's for shair as gyan certaint
 it's no that lykelie his stud-horse
were cawed awo on his say-sae.” 130

At that, up lowpit Hrut, hauf-cled
wi juist the serk aroond his shooters
an linen breeks aroond his hurdies; 140
he cast a groo fur-cloak upon him
 againss the caller mornin air
 an taen athin his haun for skaith
a haubert gowd-inwrocht yince gien him
bi Harald, keeng in Norowaa.

As swythe as swither-nane aboot it,
Hrut shote-the-craw fornent the ferm,
an doon alow the dyke he saw
a chiel was rydin efter horse.

Hrut gaed tae meet him, naething laith, 150
an kent the bodie, yon yin Eldgrim.

“It's you, then, is it?” Hrut was speirin,
as sherp o tongue as haubert tip.
And Eldgrim, no the hauf as smert,
syne aunswert, “Ay, an whoe else, neebor?”

“An whoere d'ye think ye're gaun” said Hrut,
“wi aa thae horse fornent ye thare?”

No as direck but roondaboot
lik daenae ken the whoere tae stert
in case he losse the place in speak, 160
Eldgrim said, “I'm no gaun tae hyde
fae you the whit I'm daein here,
 for you can see't as weel's masel,
and even tho I ken yer kinship

wi Thorliek as ye ken yersel;
 but I'm for tellin you I'm here
 tae herrie Thorliek's horse awo
 sae he'll can see them neever mair."

"Whuin I saw Thorliek at the Althing,"
 said Eldgrim, "as ye're mibbes kennin,
 I telt him whit I wuid be daein
 ginn tyme cam on that let me dae it,
 an whit I said that I wuid dae
 is duin the-noo as said I wuid,
 an that is I hae herried horse
 athooten companie tae dae it." 170

Said Hrut: "Ye'll no be namelie as
 a reiver braw as weel as smert
 for takkin horse awo fae Thorliek
 whuin he's aslaep an snocherin. 180
 Wuid you no be the namlier
 for daein whit ye haed tae dae
 bi gangin for tae meet the man
 afore ye caw thae horse o his
 as faur awo as yont his airt?"

At that, the Eldgrim fuhlla said
 for wheech o wurd scaud-skelpit air,
 wurd aidgeit sherp as scartie-ruch,
 "You tell the Thorliek gin ye will
 the whoere I am for him tae finnd, 190
 for as ye see, I'm graithit braw
 as gars me ken I'd lyke it fyne
 gin he and I suid meet for skaith."

And here he poued his shooters back,
 thon wy that says *Here, luk at me*,
 an shak abuin his heid a spear
 was leisterlyke wi jaggie tynes;
 ay, shak thon spear abuin his powe
 was helmetit for tak a dunt; 200
 ay, shak thon spear abuin the sworde
 was slang aroond his kyte for skaith;
 ay, shak thon spear abuin the tairge
 he cairriet for tae skyte a blade:
 ay, shak thon spear abuin the coat
 o mail for haudin free fae skaith.

Said Hrut, as still as moodge-the-nane
 lik pree the whit was whaat was caunnie

as neever lettin dab his devoirs,
“It’s I maun be for lukin roon
for something for tae dae nor gangin 210
til Kaimsness yonnerwys awo
tae tell oor Thorliek whit’s gaun on,
for I am hivvie on the fuit
lik tacketie amang the glaur;
but juist the same as maks a differ,
it’s I am no for lettin Thorliek
be herried wi a nithin duin
gin I can help it, neever myn
thare isnae meikle luvie atween us
for aa we’re gyan closse as kin 220
sin he’s ma brither-son, ye ken.”

“Are you for tellin me,” said Eldrim,
an gied the spear anither shak,
“ye mean that you’re for takkin fae me
thir Thorliek horse that noo are mynes?”

Evenliness athin him lyke
he wuidnae scart a yeukie flech
fae in alow a semmit-seam,
Hrut said, “It’s I’m for giein you
stud-horse o myne tae hain and haud 230
gin you lae Thorliek’s horse alane:
mynd you, thae horse that I’m for giein
are no as guid as Thorliek’s yins.”

“Ye speak as kynlielyke as caunnie,”
said Eldgrim, “but yae wy or tither,
whit you’re for giein, mak a mint
lik daur me for tae doakie ye,
or puit yer haund athin yer pootsh
lik puit me aff wi jingle-siller,
is naither here nor yonner til me, 240
and I’m for keepin Thorliek’s horse
noo they are in alow ma haunds.”

“I’m thinkin,” Hrut said til thon chiel,
“the chyce ye chaise for baith o us
will be the waarst we hae tae thole,
nae maitter whoe ower aa the airts
will be, lik tyme an better days,
the nane the waur for whit we dae.”

Ower lang tongue-taiglth thare wi Hrut,
thon Eldgrim geed his naig tae gang, 250

but ere he gart the baess gee up,
 Hrut hucht athin his hauns for grup
 an drivv the haubert ben the back
 o Eldgrim as he rade awo,
 drivv in atween the shooother blades
 as straucht as throch-an-thru tae brust
 the coat o mail cled Eldgrim roon,
 then cawed the blade faur ben the kist
 as Eldgrim poued his shooother back
 thon wy wuid say gif gien the tyme, 260
Uch! This is for ma deid! An wi it,
 Eldgrim cowpt aff his horse, stane deid,
 as some folk say was naitural
 and ithers say nicht be expeckit.

At thon place noo caad Eldgrimshaw,
 a bittock soothlins fae Kaimesness,
 Hrut happit up the bluidie corp
 then rade til Kaimesness for tae tell
 Thorliek aboot the brulyement.

Noo, here's a thing that's lyker twoe, 270
 for on the yae syde Thorliek yappit
 as angersome as black-affrontit
 for shame an sklander on his name
 because o whit was duin for doom,
 and on the-tither syde Hrut mowtit
 as sair puit-oot as fankle thocht
 atween the lugs hauf-hearin Thorliek,
 that whit was duin was duin for freenship.

Thorliek gaed on lik coodnae haud
 his wheesht tae think on whit he said, 280
 that Hrut haed no duin whit he did
 lik haud his wheesht tae think upon it
 but that he'd duin it gyan ill
 wuid see nae guid come oot o it.

Hrut said for puit a stopper til it,
 that Thorliek maun dae as he haed tae
 tae please hissel gif naebdie else,
 an sae the kinsmen gaed apairt
 athooten kyndness, lykin naither.

But here is yae thing mair nor twoe, 290
 in fact, it's aichtie tymes the yin,
 because thae aichtie coonts the years
 were winters' eild athin Hrut's sinnens

whuin he killt Eldgrim, sae ye'll ken
 thon wheen whuin eikit til the daed
 made him the mair the namelie yin.

And here's a baur for snicherin
 lik torke the lips ahint the haund,
 or gin ye're dacentlyke aboot it
 for speilin roondaboot the doors 300
An awfie jobe, sur, thon, I'm thinkin,
 Hrut's nameliness was no a licht
 Thorliek wuid yaise tae see him weel,
 but lyke a leerie on the blink
 gart Thorliek see the auld yin ill,
 altho kenspeckle til the lave:
 as cleir as umpteen caunnle-pooer
 aroond him for a bleeze o licht
 tae see hissel for whit he was,
 or lyker, whit he thocht he was, 310
 Thorliek thocht he wuid bettert Eldgrim
 the face til face tae fecht it oot,
 no stookies in a waeponschaw,
 because, he said, it haednae taen
 an awfie lote tae dae him doon.

That wasnae aa lik say nae nair,
 but something else lik dae ower meikle,
 for Thorliek up an gaed tae see
 thae warlock bodies, Kotkell, Grima,
 an speired at thaem, unhalie as 320
 fell caurrie-torkit ben the heid,
 that they wuid dae a ferlie thing
 tae caw the feet awo fae Hrut
 an shame him cowpit on his dowp.

As fair taen-on wi sic a ploy
 wuid gar them kittle-up ingyne
 for smirtle on the sleekit puhss,
 for snicher ben the thrapple-yuchle
 or gleemer lukin gy gly-eed,
 thae warlocks said, "Man, that's nae boather, 330
 we're fair deleerit wi the wark!"

Thorliek gaed hame, his ingle-end
 athooten jamb-freens for his thocht
 was evil gleemock ben his een,
 an thare he sat tae byde stramash,
 for wheesht haed wheecht awo fae saul.

No that lang efter that, some say,
 tho ithers say the twoe-three days,
 Kitkell an Grima wi thur sons
 set aff fae hame, as you'll jalouse, 340
 athin the middis o the nicht.

They gaed til Hrut's hoose, syne were sklimmin
 upon the ruif as rattanlyke
 as caunnilie an quaet on thack,
 thare yitter-yatterin thur spells
 as orrie as were ugsomelyke,
 mibbes fae some gaet ben the yerd
 as het as lava bookeit birnin,
 mibbes fae heech in winter hills 350
 as cauldriif as the nor-aest blast,
 or mibbes fae the daurkest wuid
 in dernin for a yokin whyles
 wi yowffin as fae swingle-tree,
 or cloorin as fae cudgel-dunt,
 or clooterin lik daud the nieves,
 or blooterin lik sairlye melt.

Yince thae fell orrie spells haed wrocht
 thur ferlie wark aroon the place,
 the menyie ben the hoose alow
 cuid mak-the-nane o whit was int, 360
 but whit gaed ben thur powes was lyke
 the sweetest sang was eever heard;
 but wheesht, auld Hrut was wysser til't,
 thae soonds were lyke a deid-knell dirl
 upon the saul for haud the braith
 for *Dear alane kens whoe is gane*.

And Hrut taen coonsel wi hisselt,
 sin nane alow the ruif cuid think
 for listenin til melodie,
 an this he thocht that he nicht say 370
 as this he said as he haed thocht:
 "Luk oot ayont thir waas the-nane,
 the ilka yin o ye; steek-nane
 an ee for blink the blear awo;
 an byde aye waukrif ilka yin
 until the cock-craw caas the morra,
 syne skaith will come til nane o us
 gin aa tak coonsel as I tell ye,"

But no yae bodie thare cuid tak
 thon tellin gien for tak nae skaith, 380

and ilka yin nid-noddit ower
as deep alow as faddomt slaep
lik maindeep o the muckle sae,
no hauf oot ot lik cannae ken
the place for liggin in at aese,
nor hauf in dream as grein tae ken
yince mair the place haed gien an aeseament.

That was the wy wi ilka yin
but Hrut hissel, as waukrif lang
as haufwy thru the nicht at laest, 390
but syne-an-on he dovert ower
lik steek the een for rest them whyles,
thon singin soondin faur fae hame,
syne blink the blear awo again,
the singin dirlin deid-bell ding,
then niddletie-come-noddletie,
the singin yont the boonds o kennin,
auld Hrut was intil slaep at last
as tho a thoosan myle awo.

But in amang the faimlie folk, 400
thare was a lauddie, Kari caad,
Hrut's son, at that timm twal year auld
as juist ayont the bairnlie days
was lukin at the days tae come
wuid see him auld as newlie man,
syne man as auld as newlie wad
wi hoose aroond him for his ain
tae mak a beild for his ain bairns
an wyfe haed made him mair the man.

O aa Hrut's sons, the Kari yin 410
was yont them aa a laud o pairts,
sae Hrut, his faither intil eild,
was pairtial til him, gyan fonde,
an loed him, myndin his ain yuithheid
gane furder nor he cared tae ken.

The warlock ploy abuin the ruif
was made for Kari, naebdie else,
sae he was no for slaepin weel,
but in and oot ot, doverin
lik drappin aff wi steekit een, 420
then suddentlyke, wi snocherin
a soond wuid wauken slaepin bears,
his een wuid flichter startlement
lik winner at the leerie-licht

made scaddas daunce aroon the chaumer.

Syne up he gat, lik donnertness
 that puits yae fuit fornent the-tither
 tho kennin-nane the whoere they gang,
 and oot he gaed tae hae a keek
 at whittan ongauns made the singin 430
 birl rauntinlie aroon the hoose
 for *Listen, sing an owercome til it,*
 or *On yer taes an gie's a daunce,*
 or *Losse-the-place lik heid-ower-hurdies:*
 an thare it was, afore he kent it
 for whit it was lik dee the daith,
 paer Kari drappit doon for deid.

That mornin, Hrut and aa his menyie
 were waukent, ill-chaunce in amang them,
 wi cock-craw three timms ower coorse cawin, 440
 and Hrut, sair missin his young son,
 gaed oot an fund the lauddie deid
 upon the grun fornent the doore.

For Hrut, thon daith was something lyke
 his ain micht been in yuithheid years,
 wi barelie tyme tae see hissel
 become a man as newlie wad
 syne in his hoose at hame wi bairns
 and her that made him man the mair:
 syne, yirdin his young ither self, 450
 Kari, Hrut biggit up a cairn
 abuin him for tae merk the place
 that seemed tae hap his ain hert tae.

The yirdin o his lauddie was
 a yae thing duin tae sorte a caurrie,
 and Hrut noo did anither thing
 tae richt the wrang thon caurrie was,
 for up and on his naig gaed he
 an rade til Olaf Hoskuldson
 tae tell him aa haed happent him 460
 for dool upon his hoose at hame
 an dowieness for Kari deid.

Olaf was sair puit-oot tae hear it,
 and intil angersomeness gart him
 be lyke lowp up an no come doon,
 then said at lenth ginn growein caum,
 that thare haed been foresicht the-nane

tae let sic skellums as that crew,
the Kotkell and his faimlie, byde
as near as no that faur awo; 470
 an no juist that, that was as bad
 as naething guid tae say aboot it,
that Thorliek his ainsel haed been
 as caurrie torkit widdershins
for haein ocht adae wi warlocks:
 but juist the same as maks a differ,
said Olaf, Kotkell and his kynd
haed duin faur waur nor Thorliek etltt.

Olaf gaed on tae say that Kotkell,
alang wi wyfe an thair twoe sons, 480
 as deevilish as daumer folk,
maun aa be puit til daith at yince,
a yince that was gy late at that,
 gin oniebodie thocht upon it.

Wi fifteen men lik tail ahint
 for traik an draigle ower the grund,
Olaf and Hrut then gaed het-tred
 tae taigle wi thae warlock bodies,
but ginn the flamers saw them come
 tae claw them oot o hoose and howff, 490
they shote-the-craw lik lowp the dykes,
as aff they gaed amang the hills
wi *Are ye comein? We're awo!*

Thare Hallbjorn, whyles caad Whetstane-ee,
 was taen lik *Haud him gruppit ticht*,
 then, mibbes for his mazerment,
a pock was puittent ower his powe.

Twoe-three men left tae guaird the bruit,
the lave gaed furder ben the hills
 tae rin doon Kotkell for a warlock, 500
 an Grima an Stigandi, deevils
for plot an plan alang wi Kotkell.

Kotkell an Grima baith were taen
on thon rigg in atween Hawkdale
an Saumonreeverdale, an staned
 till stoond o daith gaed yont thur kennin;
 syne they were smoored alow a bing
 o monie stanes were happit ower them
that may be seen yit, tho owerhaillit
 an lyke thur baens, noo rickelt liggin: 510

the lairach thare is caad bi some
 “Scart-beacon”, but bi ither folk,
 thon *Skrattavardi*’s “Deevils’ Cairn”,
 the kynd o place whoere bairnies draw
 forefingers straucht athorte the thrapple
 an spit thur daiths for aa tae see,
 as ilka yin for owercome says,
 “Thae folk ben thare are no ma kinsfolk.”

Stigandi, last but no the laest,
 an ill-set nyaff amang thae nyuchs, 520
 gaed fiercelins furrit ower the rigg
 syne inbye Hawkdale oot o sicht,
 no oot o myn, for some folk caad him
 an ill-gien nyuch an no a nyaff.

Hrut and his sons, nae doot wi thocht
 athin thur powes for Kari’s deid
 ruid-birnin for tae venge the laud,
 taen haud o Hallbjorn Whetstane-ee
 as ruch as rummelt him alang,
 an gart him staucher saewarts wi them, 530
 thur ettlement tae gar him thole
 the paiks he haednae haed afore
 an wuidnae hae again, for shair.

They gart him board a boat, an taen him
 a bittock ower the frith fae laund,
 poued aff the pock was ower his heid
 mibbes for mazerment tae blinn him,
 sae noo he’d see athooten guess
 the whit he saw was lyke tae be
 the last he’d see, as whoere he was 540
 was lyke tae be abuin him whoere
 he’d be whuin seein nithin mair:
 an then they tied a muckle stane
 around his thrapple for a wecht
 wi *See it’s ticht* an *That’ll haud him*.

As Hallbjorn lukit at the laund
 wi greinin for his feet on grund,
 he lukit oot fae ben thon place
 whoere haterent kyles athin the saul
 foreever roond as raivels saucht 550
 as neer at paece for strauchter thocht,
 an sic an awfie glower he gied,
 gif Deil alane kens whit he saw
 afore his een were steekit blinn

alow the watters o the frith,
the Dear alane can tell us whye
the evil whyles owerhails the guid
athoot yae cheep fae Providence.

An then he said: “Waanchauncie was it
for me an mynes the day we cam 560
til this Kaimsness an met wi Thorliek;
but I’m for tellin you wi truith
that’s torkit widdershins about
for caurrie spell the waarth o wurds,
that Thorliek fae this oor this day
until the day and oor he’s deid,
will ken but little blytheheid, ay,
an tribbles hae as tribbles dae,
even as aa that fuhll his place
will finnd the samin tribbles tribble. 570

Altho that spell, as folk fund oot,
wuid dae the devoirs o the Deil
amang the folk aroon thon airt,
the men athin the boat bidd-nane
tae hear anither siccan speak,
but swythe as swither-nane about it,
they humphit the warlock ower the gunnel
for droondin glowerin at the fishes,
then back til laund they oared the boat.

No that lang efter that, Hrut gaed 580
tae hae a bittock crack wi Olaf
his brither-son, an telt him straucht
for daenae staund an gant an mant,
that he was no for sayin nocht
anent whit haed been duin bi Thorliek,
nor was he juist for daein nithin:
an puit it this wy, Hrut was speirin
at Olaf for tae gie him men
tae herrie Thorliek, hoose and hame.

Said Olaf til him then: “I ken 590
ye aye were yin tae dae yer devoirs
in gaun aboot yer doakies, Hrut,
thon wy tho mibbes no the furst
ye’d no be baet for ettlement,
but shairlie it’s no richt avaa
for kinsmen lyke yersel tae doakie
ilk ither thon wy makkin weires?
Waanchauncieness haes been the weerd

owerhaillin Thorliek caurriewys,
 sae I wuid raither sooch some saucht 600
 atween ye nor a dirl o steel:
 I ken lang-tholance your ain weerd,
 sae I wuid hae ye byde yer wheesht
 for whit will gie ye paece o hert.”

And Hrut gied aunsner: “Cast about
 lik gress a troot for paece o mynd
 or fou the wame, but it’s masel
 am castin-oot athooten doot
 for saucht o saul for whit’s been duin
 til me an mynes bi yon yin Thorliek: 610
 the sair atween us winnae heal
 but gowp an beal it will for aye
 as lang’s a hame for baith o us
 is here in Saumonreeverdale.”

“Whit you’re for at for paiks for Thorliek,”
 said Olaf, waggin finger at him,
 “will hae tae gang bi ward o me,
 and I’m for staunin straucht fornent him:
 sae lyke enyeuch we’re lyke tae see
 baith hill an dale thegither even.” 620

For “hill an dale” read “dale and hill”
 as some folk say, tho ither folk
 yaise “valley” raither, “mountain” wi it,
 the some folk eikin til’t a note
 says Hrut was peels wi auld age thon timm
 as Olaf yuithfou pooer the marra,
 as weel as highheidyin at that.

But that’s no aa, thae ither folk
 gie us a note ont, see *Isaiah*
 at Chaipter Sixtie, vaerse the Fowerth, 630
 anent the ilka glen uphichtent,
 wi ilka mountain, ilka hill
 doon laichent for a laevellin;
 an this timm tae, as maks for wunner
 lik tak anither keek at it,
 an shak the powe for *Uhuh, mibbes*,
 Olaf is made humilitie,
 a man he neever was afore,
 and auld Hrut made a man o pryde
 for nod-the-heid, no shak-the-powe: 640
 the speil gangs on tae mak the pynt
 bi dabbinn ben ingyne the speak

that Olaf's kynd humilitie
will hummle pryde athin auld Hrut.

Olaf micht said for kynliness
til Hrut as weel as til hissel
a bittock mair humilitie:
"Gin you're a reever lyke the Spey
in spate awo in Scotland thonner,
ye'll finnd I'm grun will gar ye chynge 650
yer coorse afore ye mak ootfaa
will gie ye pleasure winnin sae."

The end ot aa was Hrut kent fyne,
tho gyan haundie wi a haubert,
he coodnae rin in even-tyme,
he coodnae lowp lik cleir a dyke,
he coodnae soom athin a pown
tae guddle troot come suimmer waather,
sae Olaf fair oot-doakied him:
as ill-pleased wi hissel in eild 660
as fasht wi Olaf's virrfouness,
Hrut rade awo aff hame, tae sit
betymes fornent the ingle-end
an glower ben the lowes an reek
for ferlies lowpin up lik Thorliek.

Aa ower thon airt that year, the folk
were quaet as caunnie murmuration
ongaun for *My, was thon no awfie!*
but naebdie gied the kynd o cheep
made for stramash bi skellum rowdies. 670

Chapter XXXVIII

The Daith o Stigandi. Thorliek leaves Yceland.

This noo tae mak a bittock speil
anent Stigandi, whoe becam
an ootlin yont the dacent boonds
o folk gaed doocelik til the Althing.

He was as evil as get-oot
an coorse as *Neever you come back*,
sae onie gaet he gaed, he made
for fasherie amang the folk.

Thord was the name o a man whoe badd
at Hundidale, a man o siller 10
but no that meikle waarth ocht else
as faur as manheid was concaernt.

Noo, here's a thing for wunnerment
that happent ower at Hundidale:
the melkin baess gied little melk
for aa they haed a wummanbodie
tae tak guid care o thaem for Thord.

At lang last wasnae shuin enyeuch,
the folk aroon the place fund oot
the wumman, whoe was juist a nief, 20
haed in her aucht a waalth o bonnies,
and aften wasnae whoere her wark
was darg suid garred her byde at hame.

Thord haed the wumman up fornent him,
tongue-lashin her lik splooter spit,
an gulderin lik stoond her lugs
until she was as frichtent as
a bodie bogle-gyte ben daurk,
for thon was yae sair shirrickin:
and oot she cam wi't, tellin Thord 30
a man wuid meet her aff and on,
an "My!" she said, "He's gyan muckle,
and I'm for thinkin, gyan braw."

Thord speired at her hoo shuin the man
wuid come an meet her yince again:
"As shuin as no that lang," s'she.

Thord gaed til Olaf Hoskuldson,

an telt him that he was for thinkin
Stigandi wasnae faur awo
but jookin roondaboot Thord's ferm, 40
and it was for the Olaf chiel
tae steer his shanks an dae his devoirs
bi jinkin roondaboot Thord's ferm
tae catch the warlock at the wark.

Olaf was no that sweir tae gang,
an shote-the-craw lik switheratioun
gane oot the windae for mair skowthe,
as aff he gaed til Hundidale,
the nief brocht til him for the speirin.

An this is whit the speirin was: 50
"Tell me whoere thon Stigandi's dernin?"
said Olaf, "In some hydie-hole
in hiddlins lyke a mowdiewart
alow the grund, or lyke a rattan
alow the strae in some auld howff?"

An this is whit she gied for aunsver:
"I daenae ken the whoere he bydes,
alow the strae for happin roon
sae naebodie can see him onie,
or in alow the grun for daurk 60
sae aabodie can see him nane;
naw, whoere he gangs an whit he daes
is no kent here nor elsewhoere aither
excep bi him and he's no tellin."

But tho aa said was said for duin
wi no that meikle mair tae say,
thare was a something left for siller
tae jingle-jangle ben the pootsh
lik sing a sang or tell a storie
yince Olaf made the nifferin 70
wuid see Stigandi brocht til grun
lik onie deer for grallochin
for doon an duin bi Olaf's men.

The neist day, then, as some folk say,
whuin she gaed ootbye herdin nowt,
or as some ithers say, tae caw
her yowie baess til howes an knowes,
Stigandi cam tae meet her, sayin,
"And hoo's it gaun wi you, wee hen?"

She spak him weel, an plappit doon
 upon her dowp amang the heather,
 an said, for better shed his hair,
 she'd luk his heid an redd the nits:
 an sae he laid his ainsel doon
 an puit his heid upon her knee,
 till cootert wi her kynliness
 he dovert ower, syne deep in slaep
 his een were steekit ben the blear.

80

Fae in alow his slaepin heid,
 she slithert oot as caunnilie
 as joogle nocht nor shoogle ocht,
 an gaed awo tae gie accoont
 til Olaf and his men whit happent.

90

Giein ilk ithar coonsellin
 anent for no tae let Stigandi
 dae yon thing duin bi that yin's brither,
 the puittin o a hex on folk,
 they gaed til whoere Stigandi liggit
 as deep in slaep as dreamed o nits
 upon his powe amang his hair,
 an poued a bag aroond his heid
 sae he cuid see the no the yin.

100

Stigandi waukent wi a yirm,
 hauf-dreamin thon bag ower his heid
 was something lyke a wheen o nits
 scartin his powe wi smaa-tuith kaims
 tae gie his hair a gallus shed
 wuid please the nief haed met wi him,
 but syne he liggit still as stoondin
 because he kent ower monie men
 haed yokit on him for his deid.

110

Noo, here's a thing that you may guess
 is no for wunnerment alane,
 but mair for mazerment alang wi't
 the onie tyme folk thocht aboot it,
 indaed a ferlie gart them growe
 a skin as waanlik as whey-faced,
 hoose-maltit waantin suimmer sun,
 for thru a slit athin the claith,
 Stigandi keekit at the brae
 athorte the middis o the glen
 whoere aa was bonnie for the kye
 wi gerss growne thick for chowe-the-coode:

120

the hex Stigandi's glowerin ee
 puit on thon place for mynd its name
 gart wuin birl roon, saun-deevillin
 baith gerss an yerd wi blooterin
 puit daith upon thon bonnie grun
 wuid neer see gerss growe thare again.
Bruint was the place caad for tae mynd it. 130

That was enyeuch for faur ower muckle
 for Olaf's men tae byde for mair,
 sae they played blooterin thursels
 an puit Stigandi til his daith
 thon wy that stanein made the stoond
 gaed yont his kennin ben the daurk
 lik Kotkell faither, Grima mither:
 the furder lykenin was made
 bi yirdin him alow a bing
 that happit him wi monie ruckies: 140
 gif some folk didnae caa him nyaff,
 it was because he was a nyuch
 afore he gaed the Craw Road, yon yin.

Olaf was guid as kept his wurd
 as faur as Thord's nief was concaernt,
 giein the bonnie blade her freedom:
 the clip gaed hame wi him til Herdshaw,
 but whit her name was for tae mynd it,
 an did she mairrie, haein childer,
 an whoere she deed on whit the day, 150
 the Saga daesnae gie a cheep.

Hallbjorn, Stigandi's brither warlock,
 caad Whetstane-ee, was sluittert oot
 upon the straund lik bokit-up
 no that lang efter he was droont.

The place whoere he was yirdit doon
 for *Byde the whoere ye are for aye*,
 was caad Knurrstane for no-forget-it,
 but Hallbjorn coodnae byde fae walkin
 as ghaistlie as ayont the mools 160
 can frichten bigger folk nor waens.

Thare was a man that some folk say
 was Thorkell Skull caad, ithers, tho,
 sayin his name was Thorkell Beld:
 he badd at Thickshaw was a ferm
 haed been his faither's ain afore him.

He was a steivelik man, his hert
as brave as even onie odds,
an strang as airm airn-haurd
cuid bend a bowe, weild aix or sworde. 170

Yae gloamin, at the tyme the kye
for yaisual aa comes hame for melkin,
yae bruit cam hame the-nane til Thickshaw,
an Thorkell wi a hoose-carle bodie
gaed ower the maer amang the heather
tae finnd it for tae caw it hame.

Sundoon it was, lik ower the swaw
an faur awo its gowden licht
tae let the muin's ain siller sheen
leam ower the braes as ferlie as 180
made aa aroond a scadda wurld.

Said Thorkell til the hoose-carle wi him,
“You gang the yae wy yonner lukin,
the-tyme I gang the-tither airt,”
and aff they gaed alow the muin.

Alane alow the muinlicht lukin,
Thorkell was preein ilka airt,
lik keek ower yonner glowerin
an then fornent him glunsh a bit,
whuin thare upon a whinnie knowe 190
he thocht he saw his missin cou.

Thorkell was lyke thon bairn that thocht
tae stick a feather in the grun
thinkin that it wuid growe a hen,
because, whuin he gaed near the knowe,
it was a cou-the-nane was on it,
but Hallbjorn caad the Whetstane-ee
because o thon wy he was lukin.

At yince, for daenae cry a baurley,
they baith breenged furrit on ilk ither 200
tae tak a haud an daud awo
lik caw the melt oot for a dingin,
til Thorkell, doorein-doon the warlock,
but laest expeckin sic a thing,
saw thon bruit slither fae his grup
an dwyne athin the grund alow them.

Ay, he'd gane ben his daith thon wy
licht gangs ben een a freith o whyte
lik florish in alow the sunlight,
syne suddentlyke as on-the-blink 210
the een gang ben an efter-daurk
as black as faur ayont ingyne.
That is the wy ot: gin ye mynd it,
ye're no as deid as duin wi't aa,
but gin ye daenae mynd o thon,
ye're deid as cannae tell aboot it.
The hoo we dee, tho, lyke the whye,
may mean an awfie lote til folk
whuin they are quick as ongaun growthe,
but gin they're died lik quicken grun, 220
they care nae mair nor gerss or trees.

And efter that, Thorkell gaed hame
wi thochts that were byordnar as
thae aulden wurd in some auld sang
fae some auld leid no monie speak
that soochs a sang o bygane days
an wys o daein yince were yin
wi wunnerment that made for laegend:
the hoose-carle was areadies hame,
for he haed fund the missin cou. 230

Fae then on, Hallbjorn Whetstane-ee
puit fasherie on naebodie
this syde o yonner brander-het,
an naebodie can ken for shair
gin yonner he was fasht hissel.

Bi this timm, Thorbjorn caad the Dwaiblie
and his Melkorka, Olaf's mither,
were bye the quick that made thur tyme
and intil thair aye-bydein chynge
that murlit ben the mools alow 240
a cairn in Saumonreeverdale.

Lambi, thur son, taen ower the ferm,
a chiel faur kent as bonnie fechter,
kenspeckle tae for haein siller.
Folk thocht gy weel o him, faur mair
nor onie thocht anent his faither,
but that was no juist for hissel
as muckle's for his mither's kin,
as you'll jalouse that need nae tellin:
thare werenae verie monie said 250

they kent his faither, naw, nor did they.

Olaf an Lambi were gy pack
in britherheid atween them fonde.

The winter efter Kotkell's killin
 noo gane lik dicht awo the snaw
 haed happit aa the cairns o deid,
Olaf an Thorliek met, and Olaf,
hauf-brither til him, speired awo
gif Thorliek thocht tae keep his place,
 an ferm awo for yaisual on it. 260

“Ay, I'm for daein that!” said Thorliek,
 as tho thare was nocht else tae dae.

Said Olaf then: “Ma kin or no,
it's I'm for speirin at ye noo
tae tak a turn awo fae here
 an gang abraid as wranged-the-nane.
Whoereer ye gang, maist folk will think
ye're waarth a waalth o fair respect.
And I'm for thinkin, as I'm shair
 ye are yersel, oor kinsman Hrut 270
is shair anaa ye slichtit him,
makkin for fasheries atween ye
gif baith are bydein ower nearhaun.”

“Auld Hrut, ye ken, tho aichtie year
in eild mak aichtie suimmers sooplin
his nyne-an-seeventie cauld winters,
is sair puit-oot his twal-year son
was duin til ferlie deid bi warlocks
that you gied hoose and hame nearhaun ye:
it's fell mischaunce tae taigle wi him, 280
an mynd ye, aa his ither sons
are no that blate in breengein furrit,
as gallus as the best o fechtters.”

“Because o thae things, I'm for thinkin,
as kinsman baith til you and Hrut,
I'd be in mixter-maxterie
atween you twoe gin fecht ye wuid.
It's I hae taen anither thocht,
Hrut's eeksie-peesie wi thon saw -
a naig is neever faur ower auld 290
tae nicher at the sicht o corn,
nae mair nor cheetie intil eild

is faur ower auld tae catch a moose.”

Thorliek gied aunswer til him lyke
a splooter spairgein spit aroond:
“It’s I am feart-the-nane for Hrut
and aa the sons ahint him comein
tae redd ma place and herrie me
for ocht I hae athin ma aucht.
I’d staund as straucht as bear-the-gree
the onie tyme the ettlin gars them
come oot an dae, or byde an daenae,
sae you’ll can ken I neednae gang
ayont ma kintrie lyke an ootlin.”

300

“But hooaneever,” Thorliek said,
sin you’re ma brither, an were ayeways
as thick wi me as I wi you,
gin you’re fair set upon the ploy,
an for the maitter ot that I
hae aye been blythe at that abraid,
weel, I’ll gang thonner aest awo
an see this place the-nane foreever.”

310

“And yince I gang lik leave the place
for aye that’s lang enyeuch at that,
I ken it’s you’ll be lukin efter
ma young son Bolli thru the years,
for he’s the yin I loe the best.”

And Olaf said, “Gin you’re for daein
the whit ye say ye’ll dae for me
in gangin thonner aest awo,
it’s you’ll be daein no that bad
for your ainsel, as I can tell ye:
an for the lave ot ben yer mynd
anent brochtupness for young Bolli,
I’ll dae ma best for him, thon wy
the waur is neever gien ma ain sons.”

320

“Cheeri,” the brithers said at that,
for fare-ye-weel lik shak the haund
an no the heid, for daud the back
an no the face: an sae they pairtit.

330

Thorliek gaed hame and haed a rowp
o aa his grund an baestial
as weel as aa his fermin graith,
an sae gat siller for his traik

athorte the swaw and aest awo.

He bocht a ship at Brekkfastness,
and aa made ruidie, gaed aboard
wi wyfe and hoosehaud plenishin
wuid see them snode whoereer they airtit.

As Thorliek sailed awo fae Yceland, 340
yae dauphin soomit bye the bowe,
taen yae bit keek at Thorliek staundin
as doore aboard the ship as dowf,
then scoored awo alow the watter
as tho that keek said, *Ach, no that yin!*

But mibbe that's tae say a name
tae mak a blame is no that fair,
for Thorliek made guidgaun o it
til Norowaa acorss the faem
athooten skaith til ship or crew 350
an cam til laund in autumntyne.

No feelin hame fae hame thare airtit
because his kinsmen aa were deid
or cawed awo ayont the place,
aff sooth fae Norowaa he gaed
until he made a Denmerk laundfaa.

Fae thare, at hame the-nane thare aither,
he gaed til Gautland, maist folk sayin
he wasnae sair-wrocht ben his eild,
but nae smaa drink avaa as lang 360
as this syde o the mools no bad,
gy gled tae be awo fae whoere
he wasnae yae thing or the-tither,
or truith tae tell, whoere yae thing was
as ill tae thole as was the-tither:
an that is meikle as is said
anent thon Thorliek Hoskuldson
for tellin noo or eever efter.

Chapter XXXIX

Anent Kjartan's Freenship wi Bolli

At that timm, thare was meikle clash
 in aa the lenth o Braidfrithdales
 anent the sturt an stryfe atween
 auld Hrut an Thorliek, maistlie tho,
 anent hoo sair thon paer auld sowl
 haed been sae wechtit on bi Kotkell
 an thae twoe warlock sons o his.

Amang the clish-ma-claver ot
 that maistlie rowed aroon the mooth,
 Osvif was lyker rowein it 10
 aroon the haerns afore he spak,
 an then said til his dochter, Gudrun,
 as weel as til her britherbodies,
 tae gar them caa til myn for mense
 gif they'd no better been afore
 gif they haed gane for guid avysement
 raither nor lowpit in feet furst
 amang the ongauns o sic warlocks
 as Kotkell and his hellish kin.

Said Gudrun til him: "Naebdie, faither, 20
 wuid be athoot yer guid avysement
 gif takkin tent o your guid coonsel."

At this timm, tae, as heech abuin
 the lave as no that faur alow
 the place he thocht his richt tae be,
 Olaf badd ruch upon his grun,
 cantie athin the Big Hoose bydein,
 as highheidyinlik thare as pleased
 tae hae his sons aroond at hame,
 wi Bolli, thair ain foster-brither. 30

Amang them aa for neever myn
 that yin or thon yin named-the-nane,
 Kjartan stuid oot lik *Here I am*,
 wi Bolli mair lik *Ay, I see ye*,
 for weel they lykit yin anither
 thon wy that whoere young Kjartan gaed,
 sae Bolli traikt alang ahint.

Aften enyeuch, for soople sinnens,
 as weel's puit aesement ben the baens,

Kjartan wuid up an tak-the-hook
 tae hae a dook at Saelingsdale
 amang het watter at the waal,
 and as was seen lik *Keek at thaem!*
 Gudrun aye thare or thareaboos. 40

Kjartan was fair taen-on wi Gudrun,
 an lykit for tae hear her talk
 that wasnae lyke tongue-taiglin speak
 but mair a wy wi wurdz that soondit
 gy lyke ingyne at yin wi sang.
 as sang at yin wi wurdz an meanin. 50

It was the common clash o young folk
 at that timm growein up, that Kjartan
 an Gudrun neebored yin anither
 as seen lik maik-for-marra baith.

Atween the Olaf chiel and Osvif,
 thare was a meikle freenship tae,
 and aften they wuid be for gangin
 athin ilk ither's yetts an ben
 ilk ither's hooses as thur ain,
 the freenship naething waur for kennin
 the young folk growein gyan fonde. 60

For aa that, tho, the mair til't was
 that yae day Olaf haed a crack
 wi Kjartan, sayin til him, "Son,
 I daenae ken whye I'm no lykin
 the wy ye're aye for gangin owerbye
 til Laugar, haein speak wi Gudrun.
 It isnae that I'm no for thinkin
 Gudrun abuin the lave o wemen,
 yin maik-for-marra wi ye, son. 70
 The foresicht that is ben ma een
 for kennin whit the lave o folk
 will yae day ken for *Luk an see it*,
 I'm no for puittin on ma tongue
 tae mak a pictur ot in wurdz,
 but I'm for thinkin, juist the same,
 that I masel and aa ma kinsmen
 will be in fell mishanter mellin
 wi Laugar folk as thaem wi us."

Kjartan said he wuid be for daein
 the nocht against his faither's will
 gin ocht in his ain will wuid help him, 80

but he was certain shair at that
that aa wuid turn oot betterlyke
nor ocht athin his faither's guesswark.

But even-on as haud on at it,
Kjartan wuid tak-the-hook til Laugar,
an wi him Bolli, lyke his scadda,
as even-on the roond o waather
birlled roon the year tae scadda kintries.

90

Chapter XL

Kjartan an Bolli sail til Norowaa, AD 996

Asgeir was the name o a man, some say
was caad the Aeder-drake, and ithers
the Hot-Heid, wi his hoose at hame
at Asgeirsreever, Sauchiedale.

He was the son o yon yin caad
bi some folk Audun Skokul, tho
bi ithers Audun Shaft, a chiel
whoe'd been the furst o aa his kinsmen
tae gang til Yceland, furst yin tae
tae saettle doon in Sauchiedale.

10

Anither yin o Audun's sons
was Thorgrim caad the Lyart Powe
because his heid was groo as haur
(that some caa *haar*) that spreids ower Scotland
fae aest awo and aff the swaw:
this yin, as some folk say, was faither
til Asmund, faither was til Gretter.

Thon Asgeir Aeder-drake yin haed
five bairns for faimlie, three o thaem
were sons, twoe whit but dochters.

20

Yin o his sons was Audun caad,
faither o Asgeir that was faither
o Audun, thon yin faithert Egil
the yin that haed for wyfe yin Ulfeid,
dochter o Eyjolf caad the Hirplie:
thur son was Eyjolf, this timm thon yin
folk ken was slauchtert at the Althing.

Anither yin o Asgeir's sons
was Thorvald caad, his dochter Wala
that Bishop Isleef haed for wyfe,
thur son in tyme thon Bishop Gizor.

30

Asgeir's thrid son was Kalf bi name:
the claikin o them aa wuid growe
men haill as yince were lauds o pairs.

At that timm, Kalf was tradin yonner
ower aa the airts the wuin wuid sail him,
aabodie kennin he was daein

gy weel no juist for his ainsel
but for the lave were sailin wi him.

Thured was yin o Asgeir's dochters: 40
she mairriet Thorkell Kuggi, son
o yon yin that was caad Thord Yeller,
an thair bairn was a son caad Thorstein.

The ither yin o Asgeir's dochters
was Krefna caad, in fairheid yont
ilk wumman in the northren airt,
an winsome wi't, sae naither wunner
Krefna was gy weel lykit aye.

For faimlie, ilk yin no in need,
for graith, faur mair nor eever needit, 50
for guidgaun wys need chynge-the-nane,
Asgeir was up amang highheidysins.

It's telt that yae timm Kjartan Olafson
gaed on a traik that taen him sooth
til Bruchfrith: naething mair is telt
anent it or he gat til Bruch,
whoere Thorstein, Egil's son, then badd,
Thorstein that was his mither's brither.

Bolli gaed sooth alang wi Kjartan,
for they were gyan fonde as freens, 60
neever myn foster-britherheid,
thon wy that ilk and ither thocht
that pleasure shared is pleasure dooblt.

Thorstein gied Kjartan waalcome lyke
fair grup the haun, fair daud the back,
an said that he'd be gleg as gled
for him tae byde as lang as gar
the days gang bye lik oors gy blythe.

Sae Kjartan styed a whyle at Bruch,
as blythe as didnae coont the days 70
that gaed lik oors as gled as gleg.

That suimmer, staunin bye for tyme
tae gar the waather weare on richt
for sailin on fornent the wuin,
a ship lay in Steamreevermooth
belangin til Kalf Asgeirson
whoe haed been bydein, byte an sup,

wi Thorstein Egilson that winter.

As mum's the wurd for nod an wink
lik *No let dab the whit I'm sayin*, 80
Kjartan telt Thorstein whit for whye
he'd airtit soothwarts vaiginlyke,
an that was he wuid lyke tae coff
hauf-share in Kalf's ship, "For," said he,
"ma myn's made up tae gang ayont."
An then he speired wuid Thorstein tell him
whit sorte o man he thocht Kalf was.

Then Thorstein said he was for thinkin
Kalf was as guid as onie man
as no that bad, an leal anaa 90
as luk ye straucht athin the ee:
"And I am shair for fae caunnie kennin,"
said Thorstein, "that it's you're for greinin
tae tak a keek at ither folk
an speir at thair ain wys o daein.
That caunnie kennin tells me tae
yer airtin will be caad byordnar,
thon wy for kinsfolk thinkin lang
on hoo ye're gaun an whit will come ot."

Kjartan gied greeance til the speil, 100
sayin he thocht his ploy wuid gang
as guid as gar the dauphins soom
fornent the bowes wi lowp an play.

On wi the gemme then: Kjartan bocht
the hauf-a-share in Kalf's guid ship
that made his ain share peels wi Kalf's
in trade for siller ben the pootsh;
an Kjartan was tae come aboard
ginn ten weeks o the suimmer gaed
for betterment o waather airtin. 110

Whuin leavin Bruch for *No awaa*
tae byde awaa, some bonnie gifts
were gien him for his pleesurin,
and he an Bolli rade aff hame.

Whuin Olaf heard aboot the ploy, tho,
he said he was for thinkin Kjartan
haed gane aboot it lyke a blackie
fornent a grozet buss in suimmer,
but that he wasnae gaun tae stope him

fae haein a belliefuhll o berries. 120

A bittock later, Kjartan rade
til Laugar yonner, for tae tell
Gudrun he was for aff abraid,
and you'll can ken gif think aroond it,
she wasnae ettlin for a kittlin
ower whit was ben the news for her.

She said: "This is as suddentlyke
as hauf-caw baith ma feet awo,
an gar ma gaet gang stotter-staucher
as climpie as a hirploch bodie." 130
And on she gaed, as you'll can guess
fae kennin whit was said anent her,
tae gar young Kjartan doot nae doots
that she was gy ill-pleased aboot it.

Puit-oot a wee bit, Kjartan said,
"Daenae tak on anent it, Gudrun,
for I'm for daein ocht ye lyke
as fain tae mak ye pleasured wi me."

"As swythe as swither-nane avaa,"
said Gudrun, "I can let ye ken 140
the whit I waant is yours tae gie me
as lang's ye are a leal man lyke
yer wurd the truith atween yer lips."

"Juist you tell me," said Kjartan til her,
"and ocht I hae is yours for aye,
as ocht tae dae will be ma darg."

Wi that, that was lik gowden treisure
in wuiden kists afore the een,
Gudrun said til him: "Ocht ye hae,
lik gie it me for aye as mynes, 150
or ocht ye'll dae as darg for me,
excep the yae thing for ma pleasure,
is naither here nor yonner aither,
but thare is yae thing greinin ben me
that gars me craik awo for waantin,
an that's wi you, ay, an wi you,
it's I sall gang abraid this suimmer:
an gin I gang, as you micht let me,
it's you'll mak up an mair mak up
for thinkin you wuid gang awo, 160
speedikerrantin me lik stoor

around yer horse's huifs, or lyke
the freith o faem along the strakes
o that braw ship yours hauf-a-share."

"Forbye," she said again, in case
whit said areadies no enyeuch
for state-the-case (and here's the stopper):
"Ye'll ken that I'm no ower enamoured
wi bydein here in Yceland aither."

"Och, naw, hen, naw!" said Kjartan til her, 170
"Ye cannae dae it! Shair yer brithers
are no the yae yin saettlt yit
wi feet forment his ain fyresyde
an wyfe tae byle his bowle o brose;
yer faither's gettin on anaa,
as blear as cannae see that faur,
an rackit as can crackle jynts,
an growein gyan humphie-backit
as tho the wurld upon his shooters;
shair, thae menbodies wuid be baet 180
gin you gane yonnerwys wi me
wi no the yae haun's turn tae help them:
byde you at hame tae keep them snode,
as byde you here til I come hame,
as lang as winters three year rinnin
are pechin for tae catch up voartimm."

"Byde me, byde me, but byde will you?"
speired Gudrun til hersel, then said
alood for *I'm for tellin you*,
that she wuid gie him hecht the-nane, 190
thon wy they coodnae gree avaa,
an pairtit thare, no hauf as fonde
as onie tyme they'd met thegither.

"I'm aff," said Kjartan, and he rade
thon wy that neever luks ahin
for *Fare-ye-weel! I'll see ye syne!*
An Gudrun stuid her lane, fair bylin,
thon wy that coodnae see him gang
for greitin saut that blinndit her.

That suimmer Olaf rade his naig 200
tae hear the Althing speak an speil,
an Kjartan rade a bittock wi him,
as some say, fae the waast fae Herdshaw,
tho ithers say fae aest fae Herdshaw

as faur as thon Northreeverdale
 (and aabodie's in greeance thare)
 an that is whoere they said fareweel.

Fae thare, nae hunker-slydin noo,
 Kjartan rade onwards til his ship,
 his cuizzin Bolli gangin wi him, 210
 makkin for ten Ycelander bodies
 gaed wi him, ilka yin as fonde
 as wuidnae let him gang his lane.

That companie o kynlie fieres,
 wi Kjartan rydin at thur heid,
 cam doon upon the straund lik bairns
 wi blythehied kickin up the heels
 tho cryin-nane *The Sae! The Sae!*
 as laundwart bairns are lyke tae yelloch
 as bairns hae duin sin we were bairns: 220
 Kalf Asgeirson, the skipper, caad,
 "Come on an bring yer sae-legs wi ye!"
 for waalcome as sae-sautie as
 the wuin wuid caw them ower the swaw
 til Norowaa acorss the faem.

Kjartan an Bolli taen alang
 a lade o monie guids for trade
 wuid see them ruch enyeuch wi siller
 for jingle-jangle ben the pootsh.

Naething ramstam, but aa made ruidie 230
 for aff, wi aathing ben its place
 as tiddlie as ben ship weel-fund,
 they sailed fae Bruchfrith wi a wuin
 that gart them bab as caunnilie
 as scoor alang athooten pitch
 lik up an doon fae bowe til starn,
 an ryde the swaw athooten toss
 lik rowein left an richt, thon wy
 gars gunnels ship the watters ower:
 an sae they met the maindeep swee 240
 that hoves aroon the daipths alow
 tae let us ken that whoere we are
 is batter faur nor whoere we micht be.

And aff they gaed til Norowaa,
 til Norowaa acorss the faem,
 an gat thare til the norlins airt,
 makkin guid sailin-waather ot,

for werenae kynlie dauphins soomin
 wi lowp an play fornent thur bowes
 for nae ill-chaunce upon the sailors,
 as gled tae see the men on board
 as men on board at seein thaem.

250

At Trondheim, they were oot the wuin
 lik let it blaw a blast, or sooch
 abuin them for a wishie waff,
 and oot the road o gurlie waves
 allow the strakes tae cowp the ship:
 they haed a crack wi bodies thare
 an speired the whit was ongaun roon
 for common clash an things o State.

260

Ower aa haill Norowaa, they laerit,
 highheidyin heech abuin the lave,
 yince Jarl Hakon, then caad keeng,
 was deid as ben the daurk tae speir
 gif licht were yonnermaist inbye,
 and his place taen as ben the licht
 bi Olaf Tryggvason as keeng
 whoe kent he'd be, whuin he was deid,
 near-blinnt bi Heeven's licht aroond him:
 aa Norowaa was in his pooer
 lik bab the powe an bou doon laich.

270

A chynge o faith was on the wy
 in Norowaa, lik *You believe*
afore ye dee an gang til Heeven,
or You believe-the-nane an dee
the-day an gang til Hell the-morra:
 for aa that, tho, the folk aroon
 were mibbe-ay for *Och, we'll dae it,*
 or mibbe-naw, for *Ach, no lykelie!*

Wi that ben haerns for rift-the-thocht
 lik hy ben kye for chowe-the-coode,
 Kjartan and aa his crew taen ship
 fae Trondheim ower til Nidaross.

280

At that timm, monie folk fae Yceland,
 wi three mair ships belangin thaem,
 were ower in Norowaa, fair taen
 wi whit was ongaun aa aroon thaem,
 amang thae folk highheidyin-bodies
 gy thrang at listenin til clash
 an mair nor thrang at claikin o it.

290

Yin o thae ships belangit Brand
 caad Aipen-haundit was the son
 o Vermund Thorgrimson; anither
 belangit Halfred whyles was caad
 the Fashious Skald that nicht weel be
 the Boatheratioun Bard, or aiblins,
 yon yin weel-caad Camstairie Makar;
 the thrid ship was belangin Bjarni
 an Thorhall, brithers whoe were sons
 o yon yin caad Braidreever-Skeggi 300
 was oot o Fleetlythe in the aest:
 some folk say no a wurd o Fleetlythe.

Aa thae men, and, as we may guess,
 the feck o aa thur crews anaa,
 altho the Saga daesnae say it,
 haed waantit for tae up an sail
 as waast awo as hame til Yceland,
 haed no Keeng Olaf puit a steg ont
 because they wuidnae tak his faith,
 for hystin sail or pouin oar 310
 wuid puit his herbourage ahint them.

The Yceland folk fae thae three ships
 gied Kjartan gyan kynlie waalcome
 wi daud-the-back lik *Hoo're ye daein?*
 an grup the haun lik *Hoo's yersel?*
 nane mair sae, tho, nor yon yin Brand
 caad Aipen-haundit, for he kent
 Kjartan as weel as Kjartan him.

Wi that, aa thae Ycelander bodies
 taen coonsel for thur ain avysement, 320
 till aa were evendoon agreed
 that they'd refyaise Keeng Olaf's faith,
 thae bodies aa areadies nameit
 makkin a baund for say an dae it.

Kjartan an crew brocht thair ain ship
 alang the quay, unladin it,
 syne tradin aa the guids they'd brocht,
 daein gy weel bi daein folk
 whoe'd cam tae coff thae samin guids
 were sellt til thaem for siller merks 330
 whit haed been bocht for copper maiks.

Keeng Olaf, as the chaunce wuid hae it

for tell a storie isnae cairriet,
was in the toon o Trondheim bydein,
and heard the clash anent the dockin
o Kjartan's ship, as weel's the news
anent the whoe were whit an whit
was whaat anent the men aboard her.

Yae day, fair waather autumn day
for cast a serk afore a dook, 340
menfolk wuid leave the toon tae soom
athin the Reeve Nid for plesure
lik soople-up the baens an sinnens
afore the winter waather tichtent
the skin an gart the jynts growe cricklie.

Whuin Kjartan and his neebors saw this,
he said he thocht that they suid gang
and hae a soom lik aa the lave,
an sae they did, some divin lyke 350
the tammie-norries or the maws,
or, no that guid, wi bellie-flaps
wuid fricht the troot a myle awo,
whyle some wuid haud the braith an scoor
alow the watter, doakiein
thur neebors for the furdest ganging,
and ithers soomit saumonlyke
as ruggle watter til a freith.

Thare was yae man was lyke nae ither
for sport an play athin thon watter,
an lukin at him, Kjartan speired 360
at Bolli gin he'd lyke tae try
an best the bodie whoere he soomit.

But Bolli, no sic gomeril
as thocht tae dae whit Kjartan etlt,
said, "Naw, I'm no as gyte as dae
whit's lykelie your ain ettlement.
Forbye, I ken I'm no his marra."

"Man, whoere's yer smeedom gane?" said Kjartan.
"Weel, I'm for seein gin I'll finnd
ma ain tae dae the whit ye cannae." 370

"You dae's ye lyke gin you finnd smeedom
tae dae as muckle's gars ye finnd it,"
said Bolli, mibbes puittent-oot.

Lik tammie-norrie preein saund-eels,
or sea-maw for a dentie fishie
as eever soomit in the sae,
Kjartan dived doon athin the reever,
then soomin til thon chiel was best
at sport an play lik soom an dive,
he poued him in alow the watter 380
an kept him doon for need o braith
then let him ryse tae pech an pant.

An then, as some say, up abuin
for some lang whyle, tho ithers say
as shuin as up abuin the watter,
that same chiel claucht a haud o Kjartan
an waarsled him alow for lang
as seemed near faur ower lang at that,
then up they cam a saecont tyme:
an naither mowtit smaaest cheep. 390

The thrid tyme they gaed doon thegither,
lik haud the braith an keep the heid
in case they splootered lyke a grampus,
they waarsled doon alow for lang
as faur ower lang at that it seemed,
thon wy that Kjartan was for thinkin
he coodnae stye a saecont langer,
whuin wheech, they brust oot ben the air
tae sook it ben thur bellowses
for stuff o lyfe that kitchens staff 400
alang wi whit was aa aroon them.

The baith the bodies made the bank,
the toonsman sayin, “Whit’s yer name?”
An Kjartan telt him. Said the chiel,
“Ye’re no that bad at soomin. Are ye
as guid as that at ither ploys?”

As cauldref in atween the teeth
as freeze the wurd’s atween the lips,
Kjartan gied aunswer chitterie
as needit efter-soomin byte: 410
“Folk said ower yonner Yceland wy
that ither bodies were as peels
as neebor me the onie day,
but that is naither here nor thare
noo I’m no waarth a docken leaf.”

The toonsman said, hisselt as cauld

as need for chitterin-chowe anaa,
“A man can dae the whit he daes
gif naebodie haes strenth tae stope him,
even as nae man can dae mair 420
nor man mair strang will let him dae:
tell me, whye dae ye speir-the-nane
anent masel puit strenth upon ye
as you puit strenth upon masel?”

“I daenae waant tae ken yer name,”
said Kjartan, “for I’m shair, lik you,
I’d raither ken the man I baet
nor name o yin gy near baet me.”

The toonsman gied for aunsver til him:
“Tho stoore ye are an steivelik wi it, 430
it’s you gang stinkin bye wi neb
dichtin the air aroond yer heid
lik waff it yae syde noo, then tither.
For aa that, lyke or daenae lyke
whit I’m for tellin you, sae listen:
Keeng Olaf is ma name, as shair
as ma ain faither’s name is Tryggvi.”

Hauf in the strunts as yont hissel,
Kjartan gied naither cheep nor chirk
but birlled aboot wi dander int 440
an cloak-the-nane aroond his shooters
but jaiket bonnie crammasie.

Keeng Olaf, gy near cled bi then,
caad ower til Kjartan no tae be
in sic a hurrie-burrie gaun,
an Kjartan, mair inbye hissel
as oot the strunts, cam back at that:
but no as swythe as haed been gangin.

The keeng taen aff his ain waarm cloak
and haundit it til Kjartan, sayin 450
he maunnae gang amang his men
athoot a cloak, no dacentlyke.

“Ay, tak it, man!” he said, an meant it,
“Tak you ma auld cloak roondaboot ye,
tae stope yer teeth fae chitterin!”
No that auld was thon Olaf cloak
but wondrous bonnie, wrocht in colour
lik wark o ferlie tartanrie

in setts no even seen in Sodar
fae Lewis north til sooth Kintyre. 460

An Kjartan said til Olaf. “Sur,
it’s I maun thank ye awfie kynlie
for sic a gift at sic a tyme,”
and aff he gaed amang his men
tae let them hae a swaatch at it.

A swaatch at thon braw cloak they taen,
an did they no, thae Yceland chiels,
but taen anither swaatch at him
thae Yceland chiels did, did they no,
an whit they saw was no the cloak 470
but Kjartan, peacock lyke his faither;
an no juist that, they thocht he was
alow hissel a bit, the keeng
as faur abuin him as ower heech.

Ay, ilka bodie thare wi Kjartan
haed kent his faither, haed they no?
An no juist that, they kent his byname.

For aa that tho, no muckle daein,
things were as quaet as no dae muckle:
then autumn cam, as cauld as winter, 480
furst cranruch poootherin the gerss
tae mak ilk blade ot three tymes thicker,
then frost gane in alow the grun
tae cuddle ruits wi nae confort,
an seek tae mak the watter yce.

The heathen folk aroon the place
said naither wunner waather was
as bad as doonricht awfielyke,
because, they said, “Newfanglt wys
o keeng an coort wi thair new faith 490
hae made the godes as angersome
as blaw thur cauld braith ower the airt:
newfanglt wys ill-fankle wys
auld-farrant as the godes thursels.”

Aa thru that winter, the Ycelanders
kep thair caum sooch amang thursels,
as waarm as aathegither crackin,
Kjartan highheidynlyke amang them.

Yince winter waather taen a turn

for betterment lik birl aroond 500
 and hae a keek for voartimm comein,
 the folk fae aa the laundwart airts
 cam ben the toon lik makkin hostin,
 Keeng Olaf caain thaem thegither.

Bi this timm, monie Trondheim folk
 were Christian bodies lyke Keeng Olaf,
 but monie mair wuid hae it nane
 an neever myn the keeng at that;
 in fac, whuin yae day puittin ower
 the Christian speil was caad Gode's speil, 510
 at Eyrar, Olaf at it haurd's
 kailrunt haufwy thru wintertyme
 or whinstane buhllet on the saunds
 o Cleadale straunds on Ysle o Eigg,
 stanes drappit causal on the saund
 yince rock the buhllet booried ben,
 the Trondheim folk gat up a host
 an stuid for battle thare fornent him.

The keeng said, "Gin ye say it dae it,
 sae you'll can ken that I hae haed 520
 faur waur tae waarsle wi nor you yins,
 a wheen or sae o Trondheim carles
 nae mair nor common nyafferie:
 gif dae it nane, you, say it nane, you."

An that was that for steek the gub
 lik haud the tongue for yatter-nane,
 sin thae paer sowls losst hert gif kep
 the bodie haill for Heeven's blissin,
 an puit thursels alow the pooer
 o keeng an Christian cheritie; 530
 bapteezement giein monie paece
 wuid keep thur sauls this syde o Hell
 an doakie Nick at his fell wark:
 that made an en til yitter-yatter
 amang the neebors lyke thursels
 and aa gaed hame tae haud thur wheesht,
 or at the laest til ingle waarmin.

Noo, that same eenin, for tae ken
 whit micht be ingle-speak was made
 fae efterthocht haed soored amang 540
 Ycelanders, Olaf sent slee bodies
 tae pree athin the waast folk's ludgeins
 an for tae let him ken thur gab.

An sae they did, thur *Keek an see*
a *Listen, hear* fornent the waas
whoere in ahint, fair gaun thur dinger,
the waastlin folk were giein it purr.

They heard hoo Kjartan speired at Bolli,
wi “Kinsman, juist hoo willant are ye
tae tak this faith the keeng’s for speilin?” 550

An Bolli gied for aunsver til him,
wi “Willant-nane am I because
it seems tae me tae be gy dwaiblie.”

An Kjartan speired at him again,
wi “Are ye no for thinkin Olaf
was makkin mintin at oor folk
were willant-nane tae tak his faith?”

An Bolli gied for aunsver til him
wi “Shair it seems til me the keeng
was certaint-shair the wy he spak 560
wuid mak it cleir til aabodie
that folk lik me wuid get thur paiks
for bydein as the wy they were
an no the wy the keeng noo is.”

Then Kjartan on wi’t: “Naebodie
is gaun tae haud me unner thoom
aither thon wy I cannae moodge
or in atween the twoe thoom nails
thon wy lik crack a peerie nit;
nae, naebodie, gin I hae pith 570
tae wecht a waepon ben ma nieve.
It’s doonricht feartiness, I’m thinkin,
for tae be hauddent ben a bucht,
mèh-mèhin lyke the onie lammie,
or lyke a tod athin a trap,
een here an thare lik *Whoere the duags?*
Faur better, gin a man maun dee,
tae chaise the chyce that gars him dae
a something will be kent for aye
nor naething neever will be kent.” 580

An Bolli, keekin at him caunnie,
speired at him wi “Whit will ye dae, then?”

“I’ll hyde-it-nane fae you;” said Kjartan,

“I’ll burn the keeng in his ain hoose.”

“Thare’s naething feartilyke in that,”
 said Bolli, “as I’m shair ye’re thinkin,
 but ettlement athin the heid,
 is nithin lyke a darg o wark
 athin the haun for ower an duin
 at lowsintyme for graft nae mair;
 as faur as I’m concaernt, I’m guessin
 wark winnae follae ettlement
 for devoirs duin lik dae nae mair,
 for Olaf neever was a man
 waancannie as a thriteen bodie
 in case he steppit ower a lyne
 or didnae for the contar thocht,
 but gaed alow a laether walkin
 nae maitter gif black baudrons gaed
 fornent him or gaed yonner bye him
 forbye, his paelace guaird is watchfou
 as keek an speir thru daylight oors
 as leerie wi it thru the nicht.”

Kjartan said maist men were in failyie
 for daenae daur whuin doakiein,
 an neever myn gif bravelik as
 the best gif daured-the-nane at doakies.

Back Bolli cam lik chowe-the-fat
 an champ the chowe atween the teeth:
 “We’ll see the yin may weel be chawed
 for waant o smeedom come the tyme
 that waits for braverie tae pree it!
 Ay, see the yin will no be chawed
 as fou o smeedom come the tyme
 o fell stramash lik rowe-de-dowe.”

That was enyeuch as mair nor waantit,
 for naebodie aroon gied tongue
 lik yitter-yatter aa at yince
 that whit was said was clish-ma-claver.

Whuin thae slee men fornent the place
 tae *Keek an see* lik *Listen, hear*,
 heard whit was ongaun ben the ludgeins
 wi waastlin folk fair gaun thur dinger,
 they gaed awo an telt the keeng
 anent the whit thare was tae ken
 for dae whit micht be duin about it.

Neist mornin, takkin thocht at brekkfast
the same as taen the hindernicht
at byte-an-sup afore nid-noddin,
Keeng Olaf caad for coonsel crack, 630
and intilt, that was mair collogue,
thae Yceland folk fae roondaboot.

That duin, and aa the folk claik-clackin
caw-caw lik corbies' convocation,
the keeng stuid up an caad for order
lik *Haud yer wheesht an listen, fuhllas*,
an then he said, as dacentlyke
as taen nae tent o rift or hoast
that soondit dooble-stoond in quaet,
"It's I maun thank ye awfie kynlie 640
for comein here as freenlielyke
as I wi you aa yin in faith."

As no yin thare was aa-yin-waan
lik same in faith as keeng an freends,
Olaf caad ilka Yceland bodie
tae come and hae a crack aboot it,
an speired at thaem, lik cock the heid
an keek at that yin then at thon yin,
gif onie thare wuid be bapteezed:
eechie nor ochie nae chiel said. 650

At that, that haed athin the nocht ot
a sooch o something no lik saucht,
the keeng said they were chaisin chyce
wuid be as waur as no wyss, naw,
but by-the-bye (that's gyan lyke
the gaet nae wysslik bodie gangs)
"Whit yin amang ye," said the keeng,
"thocht for tae birn me for a kinnlin
athin ma paelace hoose at hame?"

An Kjartan gied him aunswer was 660
as spunkielyke as licht the een:
"Athooten doot it's ycu're for thinkin
that whoe it was said thon is yin
wuid hae nae smeedum for tae awn it;
but here ye see him, richt fornent ye."

"Ay," said the keeng, "it's your ainsel
that I'm for seein staundin here
that in amang the lave cuid be

nane ither nor yersel haed said it,
for you're a man o nae smaa drink 670
that gies nae smaa avysements, aither
as pooterie as peerie-wee,
or pooterie as nuchin naither
for aa that, tho, it's no yer weerd
tae staund as heech abuin ma heid
as I staund here abuin yer ain
and I alow ye liggin, duin
for deid bi your ain haun for weerdit:
but you hae duin as meikle as
gars me mak shair ye'll dae nae mair 680
will gar ye ettle for tae birn
mair keengs for paelace kinnlin yit."

"It may weel be that yince ye follae
the faith that follaes efter you,
the better gaet wi't will ye gang
because the mair ye spak against it
afore ye kent the whit it was,
the mair ye'll speak tae hain it weel
yince you'll can ken the whit it is
will gar ye be a better man." 690

"An mair nor that, gif mair can be
anither ocht tae eik til that,
it's I'm jalousin, no juist guessin,
lik tutch an airn athin a smiddie
as mibbes het or mibbes cauld,
that on the day ye're ben bapteezement,
monie ships' crews will be thare wi ye."

"Gif mair can be anither ocht
tae eik til that, here listen til't:
"It's lyke enyeuch as wunner-nane 700
nor fash anent the maitter furder,
thare nicht weel be a differ in it
that aa yer kinsmen and yer freens
will tak guid tent o whit ye say
yince you are hame in Yceland thonner;
an no juist that, but something else
tae gar ye think upon ma speak
as wurds ma tongue cuid neever say
unless wi foresicht hint ma een,
that you will hae a better faith 710
yince you gang hame fae Norowaa
nor whit ye haed whuin you cam here."

“Gang you in paece whoereer ye will,
 ay, gang in paece that sings as swaet
 as onie owercome eever soocht
 tae gar ye mynd a melodie,
 or melodie that gart ye mynd
 a wheen o wurd for owercome soocht.”

“For noo (an mynd ye, that’s no ayeways)
 I cannae gar yer thochts become 720
 as Christianlyke as torkit sair
 as cannae turn roon deishillyke
 for birlin contar widdershins,
 sin Gode alane, Whoe speaks aathings
 that mankynd eever thocht tae say,
 haes said Hissel for dae nocht else
 that He is no that willant folk
 suid come til Him as willant-nane.”

Nae yin amang the lave aroon
 was burble-heidit as no kennin 730
 whit Olaf was gaun on aboot,
 an lood abuin the rifts and hoasts
 that soondit yince the keeng kep quaet,
Hear, hear resoondit thru the menyie,
 tho, mynd ye, maistlie fae the Christians.

The haethen bodies, lyke hissel
 as quaet as guldert *Hear, hear* nane,
 let Kjartan speak as speak wuid he.

Wi beck an bou lik tutch the broo,
 for *My, and you’re the dacent bodie!* 740
 an bou an bab lik juist the dab
 for *Myn the wy I’m lukin at ye!*
 said Kjartan, ruidlik on the chafts
 no lang afore were growein groo,
 “Keeng, we maun thank ye awfie kynlie
 for giein us oor paece o myn
 fae paece ye finnd athin yer faith,
 but no juist that that micht weel be
 enyeuch at that lik naething else,
 for you hae gien us paiks-the-nane 750
 that micht hae duin us doon til deid.”

“As faur as I’m concaernt masel, tho,
 (as cannae speak for aa ma freens here)
 I’ll tak yer faith in Norowaa
 wi this alane ben kennin ot:

that I sall gie some smaalik worship
til Thor come winter neist in Yceland
and I thare waastlins hame again.”

Tho, mynd ye, for tae tell it true
as ither bodies tell the storie, 760
Kjartan said he wuid tak this faith
in Norowaa gin he suid finnd
in Yceland back at hame hissel
that Thor haed growne in raeference
a pickle less nor no that mickle.

Whit’s no for gangin bye us finnds us,
whether at hame at hame or freemit
awo fae hame lik *Whye byde here, man?*

Keeng Olaf, tho, at hame at hame
in Norowaa acorss the sae, 770
fund aa he’d seen was whit he’d socht
for takkin ben athin his aucht,
an sae he gied a smaa bit smirtle
an said for aa were meant tae hear him
wuid ken ingyne at wark fornent them:
“Yae keek at Kjartan lets us see
the siccan swaatch enyeuch tae let us
ken whit the kinna man he is
is yin can lippen on hoo sherp
he scarts the aidges o his waepons, 780
and on his strenth o airm can yaise them
nor on thae auld godes Thor and Odin.”

The speak aa bye for ower an duin
excep for avizandum tak it,
the cooncil skailed awo for hame.

No that lang efter that, some folk,
nae doot wi avizandum sorteit,
eggit the keeng on for tae gar
Kjartan and aa his men accep
the faith because it wasnae wyss 790
tae hae sae monie haethen roond him.

As angert as fair bealin wi it,
the keeng gied aunsver bylin het,
sayin he thocht that monie Christians
were no the hauf sae weel-behavit
as was the Kjartan chiel hissel
or onie o his crew-men aither:

“And,” he gaed on for puit the fuit doon,
“it’s lang I’d wait an waarie-nane
for yin lik him tae tak the faith.” 800

That winter saw the keeng fair thrang
wi guidlie wark aa ower the place,
biggin a kirk was consecrat
bi Christmas-tyde, the maerket-toon
itsel ootspraed aroon the airt.

Thae ongauns wi Keeng Olaf rummlin
around his heid lik rift a thocht
athin his myn the-wy curmurrin
inbye the wame, a tichtener ettent,
can rift a wheech o air thru thrapple, 810
gart Kjartan say that he and his
suid gang as furrit til the kirk
as near enyeuch as see the padyane
the Christians follaet for tae finnd
the wy tae gang as Heevenwarts
as faur enyeuch awo fae Hell:
an monie o his men fell in
wi sic a ploy, tho aiblins thon wy
in case no gaun wuid be faa-oot.

Kjartan an Bolli, wi thur tail 820
o fieres an freens an siccan bodies,
gaed til the kirk as doocelik as
cuid speir the whit was ongaun thare,
wi monie ither Yceland folk,
and in parteeclar, yon yin Hallfred
that whyles was caad Camstairie Makar,
or aiblins Boatheratioun Bard,
or whyles, mair lyker, Fashious Skald,
but no Carnaptious, tho, naw, no
lik monie bodies clan or clannit 830
for sing a sang or tell a storie.

Athin the poupit ben the kirk,
the keeng hissel was waggin powe
tae gar the folk tak tent o Gode’s speil,
his saermon lang as lowsse-the-gab
an tyuch as laether whang in shuin,
his Christian congregatioun birrin
athin the haerns wi’t lyke a byke
o gairies ben a haidgeraw-fuit
wi lauddies at the herriein. 840

The saervice ower, the folk aa skailed
 for *Aff ye gang an think it ower*,
 Kjartan and aa his companie
 gaed back an ben thur ludgein-hoose
 tae steek the doores and aipen mynds
 an think anent the whit they'd heard,
 wi talk gaun on lik clack an claik
 for owercome on Keeng Olaf's clash,
 and hoo his speak was weel-taen wi them
 at that timm, that the Christians said 850
 was neist til thair maist meikle padyane:
 "For as the keeng said," gangs the speil,
 "sae we micht hear that on this nicht
 the Lorde was born, Hissel ilk yin
 o us are noo for tae believe in,
 that is, gif we sall dae oor devoirs
 anent the wy the keeng's for waantin,
 an neever myn the Lorde's ain weeshes."

Amang his neebors, Kjartan said:
 "Was I no fair taen-on wi Olaf 860
 the furst timm clappin een upon him!
 Ay, thon wy that I kent at yince
 he was a man o heech ingyne
 was naething less amang highheidys,
 nor laichent whuin he was amang
 the common neebors on the gaets,
 or in amang the cooncil nyaffs
 peeheein lyke a wheen a nyuchs:
 mynd-nane o that, tho, for I'm thinkin
 I lykt the luks o him the-day 870
 faur mair nor onie tyme afore,
 an shair, because o that for fact
 alow the licht o mornin sun
 an no for ferlie ben the mynd
 abuin the licht o eenin muin,
 it's ben ma myn the mairsae noo
 that we'd be nane the waur believin
 in Gode as leal as eever was,
 an for that maitter ot it, is,
 and eever will be, as we're telt 880
 bi Olaf, neever myn whoe else."

"The keeng hissel juist cannae be
 mair fain nor I am that I tak
 his faith in Gode the Faither, Yin
 wi Jaesus Chryst Hissel, the Son,
 as baith yin-waan wi Halie Spreit:

an wi it for the certaint-shair
no mibbe-ay nor mibbe-naw,
it's I am for bapteezement tae."

"The yae thing puits me aff fae gaun
strauchtwys awo tae see the keeng
the-noo," said Kjartan, pirlicuein
as lang's the heids o monie saermons,
"is that the day's on weeble-waable
wi licht that cannae see the daurk
for lukin at itsel aa roond,
an daurk that cannae luk at licht
for seem nithin lyke itsel;

an no juist that, thare's byte an sup
that's on the broad afore the keeng
as dentie as the best o kitchen
tae pree or sook, or pree for soochin,
the keeng hissel no sterved wi cauld
for chitterin-chowe tae guts it doon:
we'll hae tae haud oor horses, freens,
for come the day sees us bapteezed."

Bolli, as in ahint as ayeways,
cam furrit sayin, "Whitforno?"
as kynlie ayeways intil greeance
wi Kjartan, tellin him tae dae
as he thocht fit, and he wuid follae.

Afore the broads were cleired awo
for rift a bittock, pech a taet,
for pick the tith the here an thare
tae finnd the wee-thocht maet in ludge,
the keeng heart tell o aa was said
tween Kjartan chiel and aa his folk,
for Olaf haed his een an lugs
in ilka chaumer o the haethens
tae let him ken the whits fae whaats,
the whoeres fae whaurs an twoes fae twaas,
an neever myn the whairs fae wherrs,
faur less the twaes fae aa the twahs.

On hearin ot, as fair taen-on wi't
as fair taen-oot hissel, said Olaf,
"In Kjartan we were efter kennin
the truith ben thon auld-farrant saw,
*Heech tydes are best for mak the straund
as weel as sail awo fae laund.*
An that's as some folk nearlie puit it,

tho ithers nearhaun speil the saw,
The halie days are aye the best
as weel as bein luckiest.
 That hinnermaist, nae doot, for Olaf,
 was mair the saw he'd sooch awo at.

Neist mornin, aer-on as the cock
 haed haurdlie peched tae caw the yincet
 an neever myn three tymes in fuhll,
 Olaf stravaigit til his kirk.
 Kjartan wi aa his companie
 o Yceland fuhllas met him gaun.

940

Wi beck an bou for caunnie daes it,
 an bou an bab, "Guid mornin, sur!"
 Kjartan said he was fangit fou
 wi wurd that weerdit Olaf wi them
 as Kjartan weerdit his ainsel.

Nae nod the heid for bab an beck
 nor shak the powe for bab an bou,
 Olaf said he kent fyne whit garred
 Kjartan be thrangitie in mynd,
 "An sic a thing," said Olaf til him,
 is no a sairlik darg tae thole."

950

Here Kjartan priggat at the keeng
 that thare suld be nae hunker-slydin
 at fetchin watter for the wark,
 (as some folk say, tho ither bodies
 say hunker-slydin nane avaa
 in gettin til some watter for it):
 Kjartan gaed on tae tell the keeng
 that meikle watter wuid be needit.

960

Said Olaf, wi his kynlie smirtle
 that speiled *It's you need tell-me-nane:*
 "Ay, Kjartan, I'm for tellin you
 it's I am fairlie fain at hert
 that nithin will come in atween us,
 as you are fain in mynd yersel
 that nocht will pairt us yin fae tither
 yokin thegither at oor darg,
 an neever mynd the nifferin."

Aa ruidie made lik aa redd up
 for folk doon at thur wark an yokit,
 Kjartan an Boili wi thur crew

970

an monie ithere men as weel
were in bapteezement aa at yince
lik yince for aa that's noo and ayeways.

Abuin the luft, gif no on Erd,
that's whit gars ilka bodie be
as mek-an-brekk as mak-an-brakk,
and aa yin-waan as eeksie-peesie -
in case ye didnae hear the furst timm. 980

Whye Kjartan taen Keeng Olaf's faith,
or whye he micht hae taen it nane,
is no as plain athin the Saga
as see the baa whuin playin gowf
an skelp it whoere ye waant tae puit it,
but tak a geck for ken yer ain een
tae let ye see or gar ye swither
that lyke a lee, a made-up storie
may glyme the truith atween the wurd,
no stymied, blinnt fornent the meanin. 990

Aa thae things duin as duin for aye,
were duin the saecont day o Yule
afore the Halie Saervice ot
for tell the Gode's speil yince again,
an sing the psalm ot for an owercome,
syne Yin, Twoe, Three ot Bluid an Bodie
for Aathegither Yin Alane.

And efter that, for byte an sup,
Kjartan an Bolli haed invyte
fae Olaf for tae come an chowe 1000
the best o chyce o chaisen maet
whuin Yuletyde wechtit Olaf's broad
wi saiddle, hainsh an gigot ot.

Folk say, and you'll can guess yersel,
it is nae cairriet storie aither,
that on that day that's nae day better,
yince Kjartan's whyte baptismal gown
was laid asyde for mynd its wearein,
Kjartan becam liegeman til Olaf,
an no juist him but Bolli tae, 1010
ahint his Kjartan kinsman bodie,
still backwardlyke in comein furrit.

Hallfred, the Fashious Skald,
a weething boathersome again,

in fac, camstairielyke at that,
was no for haein oniebodie
for his godefaither, naw, no him,
an wasnae bapteezed wi the-tithers,
sayin as he was highheldyin
amang the lave o makarbodies, 1020
nane ither nor the keeng hissel
suid puit him ower the lugs in watter:
the keeng said he wuid dae't the-morra,
an we'll can juist jalouse he did,
the Saga sayin naething contar.

For aa that winter, frost for blaw
the hauns, come snaw for daud the feet,
come yce for skliff an sklidder ont,
come cauld for daud the finger-ens
richt yins left syde aroon the kist, 1030
an left yins contarwys aboot,
tae keep them waarm as kittle-thrummle,
Kjartan an Bolli were as snode
as lazie-tartan sett on legs
fae ingle-sittin at the crack,
the keeng fair chief wi thae twoe chiels.

The keeng thocht Kjartan was abuin
the lave, no juist because o kin
afore his faither and his mither,
highheidyins, yin lik Olaf tae, 1040
but sae braw in his manheid growne,
an winsomelie wi't that he haed,
naw, no the yae fae ben thon coort.

Aabodie that was oniebodie
in Trondheim thon timm, said nae man
that eever yit haed sailed ower faem
til Norowaa fae Yceland thonner,
was sic a man as this chiel Kjartan,
tho mynd ye, lyke a thochtie less
as yin the no sae furrin staunin, 1050
Bolli was bravelie braw anaa,
as monie dacent bodies said.

The winter ower lik rin snawbree
doon hill ower dale tae gar voar saumon
soom chitterin tae finnd the grush
alang the burns that fed the reevers,
the men that made the swaw thur trade
made ruidie for tae tak heech tydes

wuid see them yonnerwys awo
wi fare-te-weel fae ilka straund.

1060

Chapter XLI

Bolli retours til Yceland, AD 999

Kalf Asgeirson gaed ower tae speir
 at Kjartan whit he ettlt daein
 the suimmer comein on them then
 thon wy the feet growe yeukielyke
 for tak a traik amang the hills,
 or walk the timmers o a ship
 fae bowe til starn come pitch or toss,
 or scoor alang afore the wuin
 wi dauphins for swaw-companie.

“I hae been thinkin,” Kjartan said, 10
 “for lang enyeuch tho wearied-nane
 that we’d be nane the waur o takkin
 oor ship doonbye til England thonner:
 guid maerkets thare for Christian bodies.”

“But furst I’ll hae tae gang an see
 the keeng afore I saettle this,
 for I cuid tell ye gin ye speir,
 that he was gyan sweir tae let me
 upget an tak-the-hook an gang
 the siccan gaet the-tyme I telt him 20
 no lang sinsyne but hauf thru voartimm.”

Kalf gaed awo at that, a chiel
 still wi a chapman’s drooth upon him
 for up an gang the deil kens whoere,
 nae maitter, tho, gif siller in it,
 for tak it oot wi jingle-jangle
 afore he’d puit it ben his kist.

Tae slocken his ain drooth for trade
 puits maet an drink upon the broad
 gars chapman billies traik aroon, 30
 Kjartan gaed owerbye til the paelace
 wi “Hoo’s it gaun, sur,” caunnilie
 as gart the keeng say, “No that bad”
 as kynlie caunnilie hissel,
 then speired at Kjartan, as some say,
 tae ken whit Kjartan and thon Kalf
 haed baith been yitter-yatterin,
 tho ithers say the keeng haed speirt
 anent whit Kjartan and his freens
 haed claish-ma-claivert on anent. 40

Then Kjartan telt the keeng whit was
thur ettlement o mynd, altho
the daein ot was in the gift
o naebodie but Olaf, as
liege-lorde o Kjartan, speirin noo
for leave tae sail athorte the faem.

“As faur as that’s concern’d, Kjartan,”
said Olaf, “chaise yer chyce this wy;
gang you owerbye til Yceland thonner
this suimmer, dauphlns roond ye soomin 50
tae let ye ken it’s no waanchauncie,
an gar the Iceland folk be Christians
bi wyle o wurds or waepon dint;
but gin ye winnae, thinkin it
ower sair a trauchle, I can tell ye
that you’re for no gaun oniegaets
naither the-noo nor later on:
ye’re fittit mair tae ser the keeng
nor traik aboot lik chapman billie.”

For pree an pick lik chaise the chyce 60
the wy it’s wechtit ben the myn,
the weibauk cowpit caunnie-daes-it,
Kjartan cam doon for stye at coort
nor rither-swither gang til Yceland
tae wag his powe athin a poupit
tae gar the Yceland folk be Christian;
an naw, he said, he wuidnae be
for cawin Christianitie
ben Yceland heids bi clooterin
the haerns o kinsmen wi a waepon. 70

The weibauk cowpin caunnie-says-it,
“An no juist that,” Kjartan gaed on,
“it wuid be gyan lyke the thing
that ma ain faither, and highheidyins
lik his ainsel, near kinsmen aa,
wuid gang-the-nane againss yer will
gin I were weel-behauddent til ye.”

Said Olaf for tae shaw his pleasure:
“As wyss as waukrifyke the myn
that spells the wurd that merks the man 80
as mensefoulyke’s ingyne can mak him.”

For mair guid pleasure til hissel,

as weel's a bittock ot til Kjartan,
the keeng gied him yae braw new staund
o claes, the colour crammasie
that's lykit fyne bi ryal bodies
an mibbes yit will be the scad
for common folk as weel as keengs:
it haes been said bi thaem that kent them,
Kjartan and Olaf were as peels
in hicht as biggit neeborlie,
sae tho the Saga daesnae tell us,
mibbes thae claes in crammasie
were nearlie new as aff-the-peg
athin a press ben Olaf's paelace.

90

For waant o Kjartan brawlie-cled
tae dae his wark for cheritie
that is the Christian name for luve,
Olaf sent yae coort praest caad Thangbrand
til Yceland for tae mak the speil
wuid mak the folk as Christian as
ken luve no ayeways cheritie.

100

Wi no yae dauphin tae be seen
fae Norowaa acorss the faem
til laundfaa Yceland waastlins yonner,
he brocht his ship as faur as Swanfrith
an styed wi Sydrie Hall aa winter
Waashreever wy, whoere he began
tae wag his powe for Christian faith
wi wurd as swaet as hinniekaim
a something lyke a sooch o Heeven
for thaem that sookit-up til him,
an for the lave that lippent-nane
upon hissel or wurd o mooth,
he gied the paiks lik gairie-jags
a something mair lik stoonds o Hell.

110

Tae shaw his speak no juist the Wurd
o Gode as maercifou as Chryst,
but Kirk the Militant, nae less,
Thangbrand then slauchtert twoe paer sowls
o men were sair againss the speak:
the shak o deid lamb's tail the-nane
was he in thirlin throch-an-thru
wi blade as sherp as sklyce a hair
fae tap til tail alang its lenth.

120

For aa that, tho, that maist folk think

was faur ower meikle for tae thole,
 Hall, Sydie yin, gaed ben the faith
 come voartimm wi the scad o green
 upon the parks as weel's his face, 130
 an taen his faimlie wi him tae,
 bapteezed the Setterday afore
 Paece-eggs were roweit doon the braes
 tae myn the bairns thon stane was rowed
 awo fae whoere the Chryst was yirdit;
 syne, Gizor caad the Whyte, was bapteezed
 alang wi Hjalti Skeggjason
 an monie highheidyinlik bodies,
 tho some wuid hae-the-nane o thon:
 fae then on, as for monie the day, 140
 Christians and haethen bodies kanglt
 anent the Wurd atween them lyke
 a baen amang a wheen o messans.

Some highheidyins aroon the place
 taen coonsel for tae slauchter Thangbrand
 as weel as aa the Yceland chiels
 were staundin up tae keep thon chiel
 fae faain doon lik thaem he'd killt.

Lik aa sic folk will no staund up
 for thair ainsels whuin oxtert-nane, 150
 an feart at that no for the day
 that neever was, but for the day
 he kent was comein for his paiks,
 he shote-the-craw til Norowaa
 acorss the faem tae meet Keeng Olaf,
 the ship he sailed on seein naither
 the snoot nor tail o freenlie dauphin.

Thangbrand, lik monie ither nyaffs
 become mair lyke releegious nyuchs,
 puit foumart-braith upon the Wurd 160
 tae wheech his saul ben Hell's ain yetts
 that staund aye aipen ower the Pit
 for folk that mak the Deevil Gode
 an Gode the Deevil at his wark.

It haes been said a caumel-baess
 can pass straucht thru a needle's ee;
 that truith is Gode's truith, sae tis said,
 an truith is Yin lik Gode Hissel;
 the haill ot says thon's hauf the truith,
 the-tither hauf, that naebodie 170

haes taen a thocht tae tell til noo,
 is sic a cammel's gyan wee
 an sic a needle's gyan meikle:
 tho naebdie tells us Heeven's Yetts,
 as lang as sydiewys, or braid
 as heech as sydiewys as lang,
 are steekit lyke a-clammie-dhu
 for onieyn the lyke o Thangbrand,
 nae maitter gin he think tae growe
 as smaa as weegle thru a nyeuk
 lik thon wee caumel thru the ee
 a needle growne as meikle's wyde.

180

Whuin Thangbrand let Keeng Olaf ken
 whit was ongaun in Yceland thonner,
 nae doot as tho nae faut o Thangbrand,
 an then gaed on tae tell the keeng
 he thocht that Christianitie
 wuid aye be waured thare, certaint-shair,
 the keeng becam as bealin as
 fair stoattin wi the gowp o anger,
 sayin that monie Ycelanders
 wuid rue the day, an wuid they no,
 unless they made thur paece wi him,
 sin paece lik that was paece wi Gode.

190

Och, he was gyte's a bodie as
 Auld Nick hissel yince thocht tae gie
 til Jaesus Chryst, the Son o Gode
 as Gode Hissel is Three-in-Yin,
 thir kinricks o the wurld whuin aa
 sic kinricks and the wurld itsel
 areadies were in Gode's ain aucht
 as ben the aucht o Chryst anaa
 areadies Gode as Yin-o-Three.

200

That suimmer at the Althing cooncil,
 thon Hjalti Skeggjason was made
 an ootlin fae the lave for takkin
 a lend o thae auld godes as tho
 the nane o thaem haed onie micht
 tae tak a lend o him in tyme;
 it was yae bodie, Runolf Ulfson
 that badd in Dale, alow Yslesfells,
 that brocht the case afore the Althing:
 he was as braw as eever sat
 abuin the saut lik *Luk at me!*

210

That suimmer, Gizor caad the Whyte,
 alang wi Hjalti Skeggjason,
 gaed ower the faem til Norowaa
 tae see the keeng an tell the tale
 anent the whit haed happent thaem,
 or as thur faes were lyke tae say, 220
 tae clype the tale they haed tae tell
 anent the whit haed happent ithers.

The keeng was ruidie wi the haun
 tae shak the hauns, tae paummie backs
 for waalcome *Hoo're ye daein, freens?*
 an said that they were gyan wyss
 tae come, an they suid byde wi him:
 an fair taen-on wi't, were they no,
 wi beck an bou, an bou an bab,
 as shairlie pleased as onie chiel 230
 as bookeit smaa as eever sat
 alow the saut lik *Luk at me!*

Runolf o Dale's son, Sverling caad,
 haed been in Norowaa aa winter
 an thocht tae sail awo til Yceland
 come suimmer gif the waather wi him:
 his ship was babbin at the quay
 for come the wuin tae blaw ahint,
 then lowsse the ship tae skoosh afore it,
 wi dauphins for guid companie: 240
 Keeng Olaf said he'd gang-the-nane,
 for no yae ship wuid gang til Yceland
 come braith o blaw thru aa that suimmer.

Sverling then gaed ower til the paelace
 an priggitt at the keeng tae let him
 cast aff for Yceland tyde-come-tyme,
 because he coodnae thole the thocht
 o aa the graft gin he'd tae yoke
 at the unshippin tradin guid.

The keeng, fair stoattin wi the gowp 250
 o anger, fairlie bealin wi it,
 said, "I'm for tellin you ye're gaun
 the naewhoere wi that ship o yours,
 for it is weel (as some folk tell us)
 the son o sacrificer stye
 in place the lyke the waarst o aa."
 (Tho ithers say, for near enyeuch
 that's no sae faur awo at that:

‘It’s guid idolater’s son stye
in place he lykes the laest o aa.’) 260

Sverling, as you’ll can guess, gaed naewhoere,
as faur as stye the whoere he was.

The winter cam lik haed tae come
as tho a sang were in the makkin
or at the laest a tale for tellin;
an winter gaed lik haed tae gang,
wi naething duin for sing a sang
anent it, or for tell a storie
lik puit it ben a saga aither.

That suimmer neist for mak an mend it, 270
an no for brekk an bend it mair,
the keeng sent Gizor, caad the Whyte
and Hjalti Skeggjason back hame
til Yceland for tae wag thur powes
in poupits yince again, but kep
fower men as hostages, the furst,
Kjartan Olafson, saecont, Halldor,
the son o Gudmund caad the Michtie;
the thrid yin Kolbein, son o Thord,
the praest o Frey; the fowerth Sverling, 280
the son o Runolf o the Dale.

The keeng, ye ken, was no for gaun
his ainsel for tae witness faith,
tho Gode haed sent his ain Son Jaesus
for merk an wark ot on the Yerd.

Keeng Olaf kent, as kent he haed tae,
that he was heech abuin the lave,
even as Gode was heech abuin
as faur as howfft in benner Heeven
ayont the flicht o meikle ernes, 290
an no lik Satan laich alow
as furder faur nor benmaist mowdie
alow the grund an ben the daurk.

Bolli made up his myn tae sail
wi Gizor caad the Whyte and Hjalti,
then gangin for tae see his kinsman,
Kjartan, he said: “I’m makkin ruidie
for gang the-noo, altho I’d wait
thru winter neist come blaw come snaw
gif suimmer neist come shooers come flooers 300

wuid see ye free tae gang awo.”

“I cannae keep fae thinkin, tho,
that thare’s nae wy avaa the keeng
is gaun tae let ye gang as free
as mynd-the-nane the gaet ye gang.
An no juist that, I’m efter thinkin
it’s no that aften you’re for caain
til myn the pleasures yince ye kent
owerbye in Yceland thonner as ye sit
sae pack an thick wi Ingibjorg
the sister o the keeng, the-tyme
the baith o ye are crackin crooslie.”

310

Kjartan, on hearin Bolli speak,
maun hae been thinkin, folk jalouse,
that Bolli wasnae backwart then
in gangin furrit, neever myn
his gaet sclaup-fuittit, fuit in mooth.

Ingibjorg, at Keeng Olaf’s coort,
was thocht at that timm for tae be
in fairheid faur the bonniest
o aa the wemen in the kinrick.

320

Said Kjartan, “Daenae say sic things,
but tell ma freens and aa ma kinsfolk
that I was askin efter thaem.”

Chapter XLII

Bolli's Winshin o Gudrun, AD 1000

Kjartan an Bolli said fareweel,
 thon wy that says nae mair's enyeuch,
 an Gizor caad the Whyte and Hjalti
 baith sailed awo fae Norowaa
 for waastlins, wi the dauphins lowpin
 skeech on the aither bowe wi blytheheid
 that let the bodies ken mischaunce
 was faur awo as fasht-them-nane.

They made guid tyme-o-tyde, tae come
 til Waastmen's Ysles at Althing sittin, 10
 an gaed fae thare on til the mainlaund
 tae meet and hae the caunnie blether
 wi aa thur kinsmen roondaboot.

On til the Althing then they gaed,
 an wagged thur powes in poupits thare
 tae let the folk hear chack an chowe
 upon the Wurd in saermens lang
 an tyuch as onie whang o laether,
 until the Yceland folk aa taen
 the faith haed taen a thoosand year 20
 in comein til them ben thon speil
 caad Gode's speil for the storie in it,
 as guid a speil as Gode is guid.

Bolli, that was the brither-bairn
 o thon yin Olaf Hoskuldson,
 rade wi him fae the Althing, ower
 til Herdshaw efter haein met
 wi Olaf, gyan gleg thaem baith.

A wee whyle efter comein hame,
 Bolli was up and on his naig 30
 and aff til Laugar for a ploy
 whoere aa was aipen-airmed in waalcome
 wi *It's yersel, then, hame fae thonner!*

Gudrun speired at him caunnilie
 as telt her wurdz lik coont them twycet,
 anent his airtin aestlins yonner,
 an then, as caunnilie again
 as coontit wurdz the twycet tae tell them,
 wi *And, hoo's Kjartan gettin on?*

Bolli gied aunsver richt awo 40
anent aa Gudrun was for speirin,
sayin thare wasnae meikle warth
o speak avaa anent the airts
in Norowaa acorss the faem;
“But,” he gaed on, no backward noo
in comein furrin wi the speil,
“as faur as Kjartan is concaernt,
it’s troulins I’m for tellin you
the news anent his wys o lyfe
is rosiewys fae here til thonner; 50
yin o the keeng’s ain bodieguaird,
ye ken, he’s heech abuin them aa,
an naither wunner, I’m for thinkin,
gin ower the twoe-three winter waathers
tae come for wearein lazie-tartan,
this kintrie see-him-nane avaa.”

As caunnilie again as gart
her wurd coont twycet athin thur tellin,
Gudrun was then for speirin at
the Bolli chiel gif thare nicht be 60
the onie ither reasoun whye
Kjartan nicht stye sae lang awo,
apairt, that is, fae bein pack
an thick wi his liege-lorde the keeng.

An Bolli, caunnilie hissel
as telt wurd twycet in coontin thaem,
said some say this an some say that
anent the freenship that thare was
atween Kjartan and Ingibjorg
the sister o the keeng, an mair 70
that was enyeuch an was it no,
that Bolli was for thinkin Olaf
the keeng wuid suiner see her mairriet
til Kjartan nor see him awo,
gif chaise the chyce atween thae twoe things.

“Guid news indaed,” said Gudrun til him,
“gif news indaed, indaed gif guid,
but Kjartan wuid be maik-for-marra
gif guid the wyfe he gat indaed,
indaed gif wyfe were gatten guid.” 80

An suddentlyke as stopper til’t,
she said nae mair, enyeuch said for it,

an gaed awo, as ruid o face
as bluid fair bylin ben the skin,
no rosiewys as thonnerwarts
furst scad o daw upon the luft
nor sun doonset upon the swaw.

But ither bodies haed thur doots
that she was thinkin that the news
was guid avaa, mynd-nane indaed: 90
folk said nae maitter whit she said
they thocht thon wasnae whit she thocht.

At Herdshaw, Bolli badd at hame
aa suimmer come the shooers an flooers,
a man o merk for tell o traivel
til folk haed neever steered thur shanks
ocht mair nor twoe-three myle fae hame:
he was kenspeckle-gettin roond
amang the menyie for his traikin 100
as faur awo as yonner aest,
his kinsfolk and aquaantancefolk
fair prood o him as braw as brave:
an no juist that, but wechtier
as cowpit weibauk namelier,
he fairlie jingle-janglt siller.

Aften enyeuch, as tyme gaed on
lik coodnae byde its wheesht tae pech,
Bolli gaed owerbye Laugar wy
an birlled the tyme o day wi talk
that badd wi naebodie but Gudrun. 110

Yae day, tho, tyme cam roon the yince
that was the lyke o nae day ither,
for Bolli speired at Gudrun then
whit aunswer wuid she be for giein
gin he wuid ask her for tae mairrie.

Said Gudrun, swythe as taen nae thocht
tae say ocht ither nor she said,
“Bolli, speir-nane you sic a thing
as that that you suid neever said!
It’s I’m for mairriein nae man 120
as lang’s I ken that Kjartan’s leevin!”

An Bolli gied for aunswer: “Ach,
I’m thinkin you’ll be husbandless
come monie winters gruesie bree

athin the burns, syne bearin yce
as thick as lets the lauddies sklidder,
gin you're tae byde as cauld for Kjartan:
he micht hae taen a thocht tae tell me
a wee bit something for yersel
tae hear anent the pactioun made
anent you twoe gin ocht athin it
were warth the tellin me for you."

130

A when o wurd the here an thare
yin said for *Listen as I tell ye*,
an tither, *Hear whit I tell you*.

Aa said for noo as Gudrun badd
at Laugar, whit timm yon yin Bolli
gat on his naig an rade til Herdshaw.

Chapter XLIII

Kjartan comes hame til Yceland, AD 1001

No langsin efter that carfuffle
 wi Gudrun whoe was his leal lykin,
 Bolli, as brither-bairn til Olaf,
 was crackin wi him for avysement.
 Says he: "I'm thinkin it is tyme
 for me tae saettle doon as mairriet,
 sin I am intil manheid growne
 as winnae growe the mair ben tyme
 but wyfe tae bairn wi ma ain bluid."

"Wi that in mynd, I'd lyke tae speir
 at you tae back me, haund an wurd,
 kennin the bodies hereaboos
 aye lippen on whit you can say,
 mynd-nane whit you can dae anaa."

10

Said Olaf: "It's in ma ain myn
 that whit ye ettle for tae dae
 maun be the maik-for-marra thocht
 o maist the wemen roondaboot
 and you the man they'd be for chaisin:
 sae I maun tak as gien for skelps
 that you hae thocht the maitter thru
 for neednae think ocht mair anent it
 tae ken the gaet ye mean tae gang."

20

Said Bolli: "Och, I'm no for gaun
 a gaet ayont this kintriesyde
 tae coort some orrie wummanbodie
 whuin thare is yin kenspecklelyke
 as maik-for-marra near at haund.
 It's I'm for coortin Osvif's dochter,
 thon Gudrun, namelie as she is."

30

Olaf gied aunswer til him, sayin:
 "Ach, lauddie, that's the verie thing
 I'm no for daein ocht anent!
 Ye ken as weel as I masel
 the clash thare was ower aa the airts
 anent the luve thare was atween
 Gudrun an Kjartan ma ain son,
 the man whoe's your ain foster-brither,"

"But gin yer hert is set upon it,

I'll puit nae hinder in yer wy
 gin you and Osvif mak for greeance,
 for efter aa, he's Gudrun's faither.
 I'm thinkin tae, hae you been speirin
 at Gudrun yit anent the maitter?
 An mynd ye, she is Osvif's dochter."

40

"An mynd anaa thir common truths:
 ocht wrang-the-nane can be made wrang,
 even as aathing no that wrang
 that weel cuid be the better made
 can be made waur as faur ower wrang."

50

Then Bolli said he'd speired the yince
 that nicht been nane the waur for aye
 a betterment lik naething wrang wi't,
 but deil-the-haet o tent was taen ot
 bi Gudrun, "Aa the same," he said,
 I'm thinkin Gudrun's faither, Osvif,
 will hae a taet tae say anent it."

"Juist graft the wy yer ain wark's wrocht
 bi naebodie but your ainsel,"
 said Olaf, "an be thrangitie
 as birl the wurld aroond yersel,
 for naebodie else'll dae it for ye."

60

No that lang efter that bit crack,
 Bolli rade owerbye Laugar wy;
 twal chiels thegither gaed thon gaet,
 amang them twoe were Olaf's sons,
 yin Halldor caad, the-tither Steinthor:
 and aa were waarmly waalcomed thare
 bi Osvif as bi Osvif's sons
 wi *Hoo's it gaun!* and *Hoo're ye daein!*

70

Bolli said he wuid lyke tae hae
 a bittock crack wi Gudrun's faither,
 then said til Osvif he was fain
 tae saettle doon an mairrie Gudrun.

And Osvif gied him aunswer, sayin,
 "Bolli, as I am shair ye ken
 that Gudrun is yae weidaewumman,
 sae shair am I ye ken anaa
 she weel can dae the whit she waants:
 I'll egg her on wi't, still-an-aa."

80

Osvif then gaed tae see his dochter,
an telt her Bolli Thorliekson
haed come tae speir gif she wuid wadd him:
“An Gudrun,” he gaed on, “mak you
yer ain mynd up for dae or no-dae,
as is yer richt is naebdie else’s,
but aa the same, I’ll say the say
the onie faither haes tae say
that’s naebdie else’s but his ain;
ma coonsel then is for tae gie
avysement til ye; mairrie noo.”

90

Said Gudrun, “Faither, you hae made
speedie-kerrant as slaw’s a snail
in makkin up yer myn sae shuin;
Bolli hissel was priggin at me
no langsinsyne but tither day,
and airt an pairt I’d hae the nane ot:
I hae nae differ noo in myn.”

Said Olaf til her: “Monie the bodie
wuid tell ye, hen, gin you refyaise
a man the lyke o this yin Bolli,
ye will be seen as faur ower prood
tae be as wyss as tak a thocht
will gar ye tak anither wysser;
but for as lang as I may leeve,
ma bairns fornent me for ma care,
for kynliness an caunnie keepin,
an for as lang as I can ken
a wee bit mair nor aa ma bairns,
I’ll let them hae ma best avysement.”

100

110

Tho gyan sweirt as weel inbye
a ferlie thocht o switheratioun
anent the sic a mairriage for her,
an seein Osvif wechtin wurd
for bookein til the sic a mairriage,
Gudrun wuid no say naw for aye,
her ain thochts haein wecht anaa
anent the whyes an whitfornos
o whit was ben the sic a mairriage,
gart her tig-toy in thocht; ay, Gudrun
was mibbe-ay for chynge the myn.

120

Ach, neever dae the day the whit
can be puit-aff until the-morra,
because, as onie saw nicht say,

for wyssness birlin ben the powe,
 the-day kens-nane the whit the-morra
 will come tae think ot, but the-morra
 kens aye whit yesterday haed thocht ot;
 tho mynd ye, gin avysement taen,
 we wuidnae hae the *Laxdale Saga*, 130
 as ben the wark made auld langsyne
 or here fornent the een the-noo.

Because they thocht a baund wi Bolli
 wuid be for micht lik neebor main,
 wi thair ainsels as heech as furrit,
 the brithers o the sweirtie Gudrun
 eggit her on tae mairrie him:
 the faa-in wi it faa-oot-nane
 was tryst for twoe that verie day
 wuid mak them yin come winter-nichts, 140
 thon tyme that's kent as last twoe days
 o autumn that's the faa o leaf,
 an furst day o the winter comein
 that's no faur aff furst faa o snaw.

Bolli rade hame, fair fidgin fain
 tae gie the news til Olaf as
 a brither-bairn wi devoirs duin
 tae please hissel, tho, as he saw,
 Olaf was pleased-the-nane, ach, naw.

An whoe can guess but Bolli myndit 150
 "Uh-huh," he'd said lik naething laith
 tae mairrie Gudrun richt awo,
 even as caad til mynd hoo Gudrun
 "Imphmn," haed said, for aiblins-ay
 as mibbes chynge her mynd again.

Bolli badd hame til waddin-tyme,
 an speired at Olaf, priggin at him
 tae gang til Laugar, for he kent
 Olaf was no for gaun at furst;
 but gang he did for sup an sang 160
 was weel laid-on for tichteners:
 ayl, hoo they ett and hoo they drammed,
 wi *O, the broon and yella yill!*
 and *O, the bead o usquabae!*

That winter, that was cauld enyeuch
 for keep the haunds athin the pootshes,
 Bolli was bydein on at Laugar,

wi no juist winter for tae thole
as ootbye hingin pleesure-nane,
but cauld inbye the something else 170
lik chitterin athin a mairriage
as faur as Gudrun was concaernt,
an unco sair thing for tae dree
atween thae twoe noo man an wyfe.

Whuin suimmer cam lik daud-the-nane
the fingers roon the kist for waarmth,
but dook the feet athin a burn
for calleratioun on the taes,
acorss the faem in Norowaa
the news for ring a Saubbath bell 180
for blytheheid ding-dang back an furrit,
was that the Yceland bodies waastlins
were aa become as Christian as
gied Thor and Odin poupit paiks
an gart them gang wi trows an Wee Folk
inbye the mools til Nickie-ben.

Keeng Olaf was the fair taen-on
tae hear the news, an let Ycelanders
he'd kept in thralldom up an gang
the onie wys they were for waantin; 190
an Kjartan spak for ilka yin
highheidyinlyke abuin them aa,
sayin, wi beck an bou a bit
gif no a bou an bab a wee taet,
“We aa maun thank ye awfie kynlie
for lettin us awo at last,
sin ilka yin o us is fain
for waastlins and hame-fairin Yceland.”

And Olaf said: “I’ll no gang back
upon ma wurd, tho mynd ye, Kjartan, 200
it wasnae you but ither bodies
concaernt me giein sic a leave.
I’m shair ye ken I kept ye here
mair oot o freenship in atween us
nor onie thocht the lyke o thralldom.
I’d be as fain as ferlie-think
gin you wuid see yer wy tae byde
in Norowaa, an gang-the-nane
til Yceland waastlins yonner,
even altho yer kin ower thare 210
are heech as highheidyinlik, thaem;
yit, gif that is the wy ot thare,

Yceland can gie ye naething lyke
the whit ye'll finnd in Norowaa."

Kjartan gied aunsver til him: "May
the Guid Lorde heech abuin us aa
gie you the waarth o honours three
for ilka honour you gied me
sin I cam in alow yer pooer
for beck an bou til ryaltie, 220
but I'm for hopin bou an bab
upon the swaw til Yceland thonner
will let me ken ye set me free
alang wi aa thae ither bodies."

"Gif that's yer wy, here stye-the-nane,"
Keeng Olaf said, "but gang yer gaet."
Then he gaed on that it wuid be
a gy sair trauchle for tae finnd
another common chiel lik Bolli
tae tak his place at Olaf's coort. 230

That winter thru, Kalf Asgeirson
haed badd his wheesht in Norowaa.
Kalf, whoe haed hauf-a-share wi Kjartan
o ship an plenishin ben hull,
haed brocht ship fae sou-waast awo
in England autumn-tyme afore;
an noo that Kjartan was for aff,
the keeng noo neever sayin naw,
baith Kalf an Kjartan gied thursels
a punt tae mak the ship aa ruidie 240
for yonnerwys the waast awo
fae Norowaa and ower til Yceland.

Syne an the ship made ticht an snode
as happie as the crew aa-fund,
Kjartan gaed owerbye til the paelace
tae see and hae a bittock chaff
wi Ingibjorg, Keeng Olaf's sister.

As blythe as licht her een wi pleasure
at kennin whoe was come tae see her,
Ingibjorg shifft hersel ower 250
the saettle for tae gie him room
tae sit asyde her. Syne he telt her
it wasnae lang or he was aff
athorte the swaw til Yceland thonner.

Said Ingibjorg til Kjartan then:

“It I’m jalousin naebodie

but your ainsel an willyartness

hae made ye think tae gang awo

fae Norowaa til Yceland thonner;

ay, your ainsel and your ain thrawnness,

260

an no the speak o ither men

tae egg ye on an chaw ye wi’t.”

Whyles, din that gars us speak-the-nane

because oor listeners are deaved

wi soond that blatters ben the lugs,

haes ben itsel the pooer tae deave us

until baith soond an resoond are

ben quaetness naither kens for differ.

But that was no lik thon nae-noise

atween Kjartan and Ingibjorg

270

yince he haed said an she’d gien aunswer:

naw, whit thare waa atween thae twoe

was nane-the-noise become fell quaet.

Amang this quaet, as caunnilie

as haurdlie reeshle plait or fauld

o her lang gown o bonnie claith,

Ingibjorg raise upon her feet

and aipent-up a kist nearhaun;

she taen oot fae’t yae whyte heid-dress

inwrocht wi gowd threid throch-an-thru

280

that gart it skinkle in her haunds;

an gied it til the Kjartan chiel,

sayin that it was ower guid a gift

for Gudrun Osvif’s dochter’s yuiss

tae fauld it roondaboot her heid,

“Yit gie it her for brydal gift

sin I’m for weeshin aa the wyfies

in Yceland thonner weel may ken,

whuin seein whit they’re lukin at,

it comes fae yin haes nae nief bluid

290

in Norowaa acorss the faem.”

The pootsh for haudin thon heid-dress

was bonnielyke itsel, some sayin

that it was waarth an awfie siller,

and ithers silkie til the tuitch.

“An noo,” said Ingibjorg, her wurd

as hinnermaist as say nae mair,

“I’m no for seein ye sail awo,
sae fare-ye-weel lik dae yer devoirs
wi thaem ye hae tae dae them wi,
even as I dae mynes wi you.” 300

Wi that, that was a ryal stopper
for *Daenae you yersel say ocht*,
Kjartan stuid up as quaet as stoondit,
his ain fareweel a luvn hause
for hinnermaist the nane the lyke ot,
an shair as tell nae cairriet storie,
folk said thur herts were lyke tae brekk.

Anither fareweel noo, no yin
the lyke o that wi Ingibjorg, 310
whuin Kjartan gaed tae see the keeng
an telt him that he was for gaun
the waast awo til Yceland thonner.

Keeng Olaf, wi coort folk aroond him,
gaed doon wi Kjartan til the straund
whoere Kjartan’s bonnie boat was babbin,
a tymeous tyde alow its gunnels,
yae gangwy still ootflang for boardin.

The keeng said, “Kjartan, here’s a sworde
fae me til you lik shak the haund 320
a giftie puittin on yer paum;
aye keep it at yer syde for yuiss
will see til’t you will neever be
whit’s caad a “waepon-bitten” man:
naw, nane the blade will eever byte
clean thru yer baens as lang’s ye hae
this bonnie waepon in yer haun.”

Thon waepon was yae bonnie glisk
o steel as cauld as freeze the bluid
o faeman lukin at its lenth, 330
a blade that was inwrocht wi gowd,
and hilt set roon wi ferlie stanes.

Kjartan then thankit his Keeng Olaf
in wurds as fair as fause-the-nane
for ilka honour he’d been gien
as weel as furdurance at coort,
aathing as fause-the-nane as fair
the-tyme he’d badd in Norowaa.

Wurds hinnermaist til Kjartan gien
bi his Keeng Olaf, tho a speak 340
for say nae mair sin thare's nae tyme
tae say as meikle's nicht be said,
were at the same timm, think a taet
but let the thocht byde ben the haerns:
“This, Kjartan, I'm for tellin you,
that you keep your faith weel, an faith
will see til't you are keepit weel,
ay, aye weel-at-yersel at that.”

Wi that, they pairtit, baith thae bodies
wi sic a lykin ilk til tither, 350
an Kjartan steppit on his ship
that babbie, tyme in tyde alow her.

The keeng taen yae luk efter him,
sighin an sychin thochtielyke,
then said amang the folk aroon:
“Tho gyan guidlie bodies, thae yins,
Kjartan and aa his kin maun thole
the unco weerd that they will ken
is naebdie else's but thur ain,
the kennin ot as bad's the tholin.” 360

Chapter XLIV

Kjartan comes hame, AD 1001

Hame waasterin ben the ruid-gowd sun
 that set ayont the Yceland hills,
 Kjartan an Kalf gaed ower the main
 thon tyme o year whuin wuin can blast
 abuin the swaw upon the face
 mair lyke a grace or kynlie blissin
 fae halie haund abuin the broo,
 as throch-an-thru the bonnie swaw
 the ship cawed on ben guidlie waather:
 at sic a tyme, nae need tae staund 10
 as stoore in blaw as kangle wi it,
 but swee a wee bit fuit til fuit
 an wag a haund ower aither bowe
 wi *My, are you no fleein, dauphins!*

Sae guidlie were the wuins, the tyme
 was no that lang upon the weet,
 laundfaa Whytereever, Burghfrith.

The news anent Kjartan come hame
 fae Norowaa acorss the faem,
 gaed faur ayont as reefle thochts, 20
 an wyde as taigle monie tongues,
 and as expeckit ilkagaet,
 whuin Olaf, Kjartan's faither, heard ot,
 baith he and aa his kinsmen roon
 were fair taen-on wi't, michtie pleased.

At yince, lik swither-nane aboot it,
 Olaf rade waast awo fae Dales
 an sooth til Burghfrith tae meet
 wi Kjartan for a faither's crack,
 thon wy saw blytheheid bear-the-gree, 30
 wi dowieness a tummle takkin.

Then Olaf speired at his son Kjartan,
 wuid he no gang an byde wi him,
 bringin as monie o his men
 as micht be in guid tid tae gang
 as Olaf wuid be pleased tae see them.

Kjartan was gy weel pleased tae hear it,
 an said thare was nae ither place
 in aa haill Yceland for tae byde,

as faur as he cuid be concaernt. 40

Olaf rade hame til Herdshaw, Kjartan
 the suimmer thru aboard the ship
 tae dae the whit he haed tae dae
 and hear the whit he haed tae hear,
 yae thing that was nae cairriet storie
 anent the thrid timm Gudrun mairriet,
 her man his foster-brither Bolli:
 on hearin whit he haed tae hear,
 Kjartan did nocht folk thocht he'd dae,
 lukin as tho it fasht-him-nane. 50

 Amang the folk cam doon the straund
 tae see the whit was tae be seen
 and hear the chaff aboard the ship,
 was Kjartan's sister Thured and
 her man, thon Gudmund Solmundson,
 Kjartan wi *My, I'm gled tae see ye!*
 til thair *Och, Kjartan, hame again!*

An no juist thaem amang the lave,
 but yon yin Asgeir Eiderdrake
 as some folk caad him, ithers sayin
 his name was lyker Asgeir Hotheid:
 he'd come tae see his son was hame,
 an wi him cam his dochter Hrefna,
 no juist gy brawlik or gy bonnie
 but intil fairheid flooer o wemen,
 no juist lik roondaboot the doores
 but faur ayont as aa the airts. 60

For waalcome mair nor juist a cheeper,
 Kjartan telt sister Thured tak
 fae aa his plenishin aboard
 the whit was best athin her lykin,
 even as Kalf telt sister Hrefna
 tae gar her lykin tak the best
 fae his amang the plenishin:
 then, for tae let them keek an pree
 the best in his an Kjartan's lykin,
 Kalf aipent-up a muckle kist. 70

That day, the waather taen a turn
 was lyker mair a turrivee
 as bad as gart baith Kalf an Kjartan
 breenge oot the bothie for tae mak
 the ship as sauf as haud her siccar: 80

whit duin, they gaed back ben the bothie
 whoere they haed left the wemenfolk.

Kalf was furst o thae twoe ben
 whoere Thured and his sister Hrefna
 haed aathing oot the kist tae keek
 an pree whit was thur lykin best,
 an juist as he cam ben, he saw
 hoo Hrefna claucht athin her haun
 the heid-dress haed been gien til Kjartan
 bi Ingibjorg, Keeng Olaf's sister. 90

Hrefna unfauldit thon braw thing,
 the bonnie gauderie it was,
 the wemen yitter-yatterin
 naething the lyke ot oniegaets,
 ay, sic a sicht tae see an pree,
 sic waalth athin ilk plait o it.

The heid-dress this wy that wy turnin
 in Hrefna's hauns for *Luk an see it!*
 she said that she wuid weare the braw
 for *Luk an see it on ma heid!*
 An Thured sayin *Whitforno?*
 Hrefna was buskit wi it bonnie. 100

Whuin Kalf cam ben an saw his sister
 wi thon braw bunnet on her powe,
 he telt her for tae tak it aff
 as swythe as swither-nane aboot it,
 "Because I'm tellin ye," he said,
 that is the yae thing fae the ship
 belangs the baith o us the-nane,
 but Kjartan's for tae hain an haud
 an no for you tae tak awo
 tae mak a padyane o yersel,
 or howff it ben a kist at hame
 tae plap an play wi't as ye will
 as tho I'd gien it til ye, hen." 110

The-tyme he was the sayin this,
 Kjartan was ben the bothie comein,
 the ilka wurd o whit was said
 athin his lugs for hear no speir,
 sae he cuid speak the wy he did
 athooten let or hinder ot
 that thare was naething wrang ongaun. 120

That said an Hrefna sat as still
as onie flooer alowe in lea
alow the sheen o suimmer suin,
the bunnet on her bonnie broo
a scadda ower her waalth o hair.

Kjartan taen tent o her, an said, 130
“As bonnie as the heid-dress maks ye,
it’s no as bonnie in itsel
whuin aff yer heid and in yer hauns,
but I’m for thinkin, baith yersel
an bunnet on or aff yer heid
wuid better be gif myne alane.”

Said Hrefna til him, “Aabodie
is shair ye’re in nae hurrie-burrie
for mairriage, tho they say anaa
ye’ll get the yin is yours tae winsh.” 140

Kjartan was shair it didnae maitter
as muckle’s aa that whittan wumman
he taen in mairriage as she him,
but said anaa he wuidnae thole
a mibbe-ay an mibbe-naw
for lang fae onie wummanbodie
that he was speirin at tae wadd.

And he gaed on, “This gauderin
that’s buskit on yer bonnie heid
sets you as weel aff as wuid you
set me aff gin ye’d mairrie me.” 150

Hrefna taen aff the heid-dress then,
eechie not ochie sayin til him,
an gied it him whoe puit it bye
as caunnilie as hain it weel
sae naething nicht puit merk or maur
upon it for the skaithin o it.

Gudmund an Thured speired at Kjartan
wuid he come north til thaem that winter,
an byde a whyle in freenliness 160
a pleasure seein him wi thaem
as waarm as streetch afore the ingle
an croose as dram a taet o maut;
an Kjartan hecht the sic a traik
wuid be nae boather, his ain pleasure.

Kalf Asgeirson for gangin north
alang wi's faither, he an Kjartan
dividd thur baund, aa redd-up noo
 in freenship lyke a haun for shakkin,
 guidnaturtlyke as dram for lowsins.
170

Kjartan rade waastlins fae the ship
intil the Dales, eleeven bodies
alang wi his ainsel come hame
til Herdshaw, aabodie fair gled
 tae see him hame as skaithit-nane.

That autumn for the faa o leaf
Kjartan haed aa his plenishin
brocht waastlins til him fae the ship;
 an winter for the faa o snaw
the twal men whoe haed ridden wi him
 styed on at Herdshaw, as some say,
 tho ithers say eleeven, mynd.
180

Yae year the yin, neist year the-tither,
Olaf and Osvif haed a traik
saw yin gang Laugarwys yae year,
neist year the-tither gangin Herdshaw,
 something lik Scots-convoy a bit,
but aathegither gy guid aetin
ilk autumn reeshle leafs afuit,
 wi some auld leids for sooch a sang
 wi some wee saecrets dernin ben
 anent the trows in hills or dernin
 ben daurkest wuids for bowff or breenge
 upon folk weerdit for the skaith.
190

That autumn Laugar was the place
for byle an bake and hae a taer,
an gie the Herdshaw folk a waalcome
wuid myn them o the yin they'd gien
the Laugar folk the year afore.

Aathing noo this wy ben her myn
lik wunnerin ower richt or wrang ot,
an then the-tither turn o thocht
lik think she micht be haverin,
Gudrun haed wurd wi Bolli, sayin
she thocht he haednae telt the truith
anent the comein back o Kjartan.
200

Athin his ain myn mibbe this

lik wunner gif she'd fund him oot,
 then turn the thocht anither wy
 lik tak mair tent tae haver-nane, 210
 Bolli gied aunsver til her, sayin
 he'd telt the truith as best he kent it
 anent thon Kjartan's comein hame.

Wi yae thing said for wunner whye,
 and aunsver gien for fash-the-nane,
 naither the eechie nor the ochie
 the onie mair was Gudrun speilin
 anent the maitter, tho folk saw
 she wasnae verie pleased aboot it,
 an said she still was at the greinin 220
 for Kjartan, keepin it in hiddlins.

A wee thing later, come the tyme
 for gangin ower the Laugar wy
 tae haud the autumn ceilidh thare,
 Olaf made ruidie for tae gang
 an speired at Kjartan gang anaa;
 but Kjartan said he'd byde at hame
 an see the wark aboot the ferm
 was aye gaun on, nae hunker-slydin.

Olaf then priggitt at his son 230
 that he suid byde-nane in the strunts
 wi his ain kinsman, sayin: "Kjartan,
 mynd you ye luvit no yae man
 as muckle's foster-brither Bolli,
 and I'm for thinkin you suid come
 alang wi me an mak yer paece.
 I'm certaint shair gin you twoe meet
 ye'll sorte this thing atween yersels."

That was enyeuch as nae mair said,
 an Kjartan did as he was telt, 240
 makkin hissel as ruidie as
 fae tap til tae the verie lyke
 o whit his faither yince haed been.

Thare was a something o the Yrish
 in Kjartan as athin his faither
 Olaf that Olaf's faither caad
The Peacock for his yuithfou fondeness
 for graith upon him gauderie,
 tho, mynd ye, Olaf's mither, yon yin
 was caad Melkorka, aye haed thocht him 250

the nane-the-waur for braws upon him;
 an laerit him the Yrish brogue
 cuid gar the tongue gang tripple-trapple
 the-wy the feet can daunce a jig,
 a brogue that kept him Yrish as
 the onie pigs o Dochertie,
 thae nameliest o grumphie baess
 that eever chowed the buck-tree mast:
 ay, Olaf's eggs, lik Yrish yins,
 bi Sursse, were aye aa dooble-yolkit. 260

For Laugar wy gaun, Kjartan taen
 the bonnie claes o crammasie
 were gien him for a pairtin gift
 bi his leige-lorde Keeng Olaf yon timm
 in Norowaa acorss the faem,
 an wi them he was buskit braw
 as up an doon an sydiewys
 he keekit at hissel tae see
 gif siccan braws sat on him weel;
 his sworde, again the keeng's ryal gift, 270
 nae common shabble this, was girdit
 waist-heech and haundie caurriesyde,
 athin its scabbard sae nane saw
 its brawlik glisk o steel as cauld
 as freeze the bluid o faeman lukin
 alang its lenth that was inwrocht
 wi gowd, altho the hilt was seen,
 set roon wi bonnie, ferlie stanes;
 upon his heid he haed a helm,
 the steel ot tyuch as turn a blade, 280
 but gildit gowden as for padyane
 tae gar the sunlicht sklither aff it,
 then sklim on it as sklitherie
 as blinn the een o faemen, at him;
 the tairge upon his caurrie airm
 was ruid as scaddit wi thon bluid
 as halie as the Halie Corss
 was pentit on lik yella gowd:
 his richt haun gruppit yae lang spear,
 the socket o it gowd inlaid. 290

His men, as monie mibbes as
 atween the twintie, thrittie merk,
 were cled in colourt claes anaa
 as padyanelyke as *Luk at us!*
 but nane, af coorse, as braw as Kjartan
 as aff they gaed fae Herdshaw ferm

an rade awo ower Laugar wy,
areadies monie bodies thare.

Chapter XLV

Kjartan mairries Hrefna, AD 1002

Bolli, wi Osvif's sons, gaed oot
 tae meet wi Olaf and his freens,
 an gied them aa a hertie waalcome
 wi *Haud that horse thare! Gie's yer haund!*
 an *Cwo ben, man, and hae a dram!*

But hooaneever, ben the hoose,
 the Bolli yin sae blythe abuin
 the lave o bodies thare, wi Olaf
 the fair taen-on tae see him blye,
 Kjartan was quaet as gyan dooce.

10

Apairt fae that, folk chowed awo,
 the aetin guid's the crack ongaun
 wi *Hae some mair an Faest yer fuhll*,
 the drammin dacentlyke as weel,
 wi naebodie gane on the skyte
 an no the sowl lik losst-the-place.

Bolli at this timm haed a wheen
 o braw stud horse folk thocht the best
 in aa the kintrisyde aroon,
 the stallioun baest a muckle bruit
 that baet the best o fechtin horse
 fae here til yonnerwys awo:
 it was a whytelik kinna baess,
 ruid-luggit wi a ruid forelock;
 three mears his stud were bonnie as
 the neebors o his scad o whyte.

20

Noo, Bolli thocht tae gie the horse
 til Kjartan, lyke enyeuch tae mak
 for puit ahint himsel an Kjartan
 aa was fornent them nooadays,
 an sae think mair o auld langsyne
 was blythe atween them britherlyke
 nor whit micht yit be dowie as
 a sinderin atween the twoe.

30

Kjartan wuid tak-them-nane, "Naw, naw,"
 he said, "I'm no a horsie man;
 upon the back whyles, nithin mair
 nor gangin no waat-shode thru glaur,
 or whyles, for hicht athin a fecht;

naw, nithin mair nor yaise the bruits.” 40

Olaf was vext as sair puit-oot
tae see ill-hertitness atween
his fostert brither-bairn Bolli
an Kjartan his weel-luvit son,
an sae he priggit on at Kjartan
wi “Tak thae horse, for they are braw
as no the monie gifts lik thaem.”

“Naw,” Kjartan said, “they’re no for me,
or for tae puit it plump an plain
as raindrap daudin on a stane 50
as some bit saw is lyke tae say,
it’s I am no for thaem avaa.”

Thon was enyeuch for aabodie
tae say nae mair micht mak a meikle,
sae thare was nithin else tae dae
but haud-the-wheesht an pairt in paece,
the Herdshaw folk as doocelik tae
as taen the thyeuk an gaed thur gaet.

Aa winter, Kjartan was as dowf
as doorelik wi it, in thon wy 60
that nane avaa cuid get a cheep
oot o the chiel, an neever mynd
a smirtle roon the dowie mooth
or snicher somegaets ben the thrapple.

Olaf, as aabodie cuid see,
was gyan dowylyke hissel
anent thir ongauns, thocht it was
a sairlik thing, an was it no?

That winter, sometimm efter Yuletyde,
Kjartan, eleeven o his freens 70
for companie, gat up an rade
norairts awo until they cam
til Asbjornness in Sauchiedale,
whoere they were waalcomed blythlie as
an owercome sung in cantie sang,
wi kynliness lik *Skol* tae keep
the cauld awo fae ben the baens
or lyke a *Slainte* for tae keep
ye weel and hertie as a dram.

The hoose at hame thare was as meikle 80

as met the needs o muckle men
as weel as sonsie wemenfolk;
Hall, Gudmund's son, whoe was at that timm
as near the twintie winters auld
as coodnae haud his wheesht for voartimm,
was gyan lyke his kinsmen sooth
doonbye in Saumonreeverdale:
it was a common kinna speak
that Hall was brave as he was braw,
abuin the lave in northren airts. 90

Hall taen gy cantie tent o Kjartan,
for was he no the brither-bairn
o Kjartan aa the wy fae Herdshaw
tae crack wi his ain sister Thured,
the wyfe o his guid-brither Gudmund?

Asbjornness gemmes were noo the ploy
amang the men fae aa the airts,
folk fae the waast roon Midfrith wy,
fae Watterness an Watterdale
as weel as aa the wy fae Langdale, 100
the getherin a meikle host:
the common clash amang the folk
was hoo the Kjartan chiel was braw
as stuid heid heech abuin the ithers.

Young Hall, the chieftain o the gemmes,
thocht Kjartan nicht puit best fuit furrit,
wi, "It's I'm for weeshin, kinsman Kjartan,
ye'd be as greeable as gie us
yer braidth o shooter cast a stane,
the fleetness o yer feet for rin, 110
yer soopleness for lowp or breenge,
an sae mak thir gemmes nameliest
that eever were or yit nicht be!"

Said Kjartan til him, "I can tell ye
I haenae played at bat an baa
and ither gemmes for lang enyeuch,
sae mibbes I am no as skeech
as yince I was in younger years
whuin soople as a whang o laether,
for as ye ken, I hae been thrang 120
at ither wark wi oor Keeng Olaf,
but juist the same, I'll no refyaise ye."

Syne Kjartan on the park for play,

the michtiest o aa the men
 against him for the better bestit,
 for waarslin best o three for doon,
 for lowpin heecher nor the lave
 or langer at the staunin lowp,
 or langer still at rinnin lowp,
 or furder mair nor onie ither
 at rinnin yon hap-stap-an-lowp;
 an neever myn the bat an baa
 for swee the bat an belt the baa
 ayont the merk lik buhlletie;
 or on the yce wi sklyre an sklidder
 tae jook an jink lik whitterick
 as leave the lave the hinmaist spraucht:
 ay, Kjartan wasnae yin ahint
 wi *Come, leg, or I'll leave ye staunin!*

130

The gemmes gaed on the lee-lang day
 wi nae man sooplelyke an strenthie
 as neebort Kjartan on the park
 or for that maitter ot, on yce:
 for lang years efter, men wuid tell
 hoo Kjartan played his pairt, and hoo
 ‘He lap an sprang an flew an flang’
 abuin the lave thon bonnie day.

140

Af coorse, the Saga says-the-nane
 anent the lauds an lassies thare,
 the lassies skippin, skliffin feet,
 ‘daein the dooblers’ as they caad it,
 birlin the waashin lynes aroon
 the-tyme they sang the Kjartan name.

150

Nor daes the Saga say a cheep
 hoo lauddies played the oors awo
 wi *Fuit-and-a-hauf* ower ither’s backs,
 a gemme that wasnae for the lassies;
Hunsh-cuddie-hunsh, then *Rin-sheep-rin*
 or *Levoi* herriein a den
 come aer-on daurkenin o day.

160

An thare’s anither thing anaa:
 the Saga daesnae tell hoo wemen,
 baith wyfes an niefs, were clashin pans
 for brose an kail in ladlefous
 tae waarm the wames o men ootbye
 at waarslin, rinnin, lowpin, puhttin.

Eenin at last, the gemmes aa duin,
the men pech-pechin even-on
wi *I can tell ye, sur, I'm baet,*
anither speak for *Gled it's ower;* 170
and *Och, I neever thocht I'd win,*
as hummlelyke as tho he meant it;
and *Ach, I'd baet him onie day,*
a speak for thinkin *Mibbe yit.*

Young Hall stuid up fornent them aa,
an said, "Ma faither wuid be cantie
gin aabodie fae faur awo
wuid stye the nicht athin oor hoose
an play the gemmes again the-morra,
gin you folk hae the pech tae dae it 180
as weel as you hae duin't the-day!"

An siccan men were thae yins then,
the lyke o thaem the best the-day,
that thare were three cheers and hurrèh
for sic a thocht fae sic a man
as guid thon day as onie noo.

Kalf Asgeirson, af coorse, was thare,
yae man was gyan pack wi Kjartan,
alang wi's sister Hrefna buskit
as brawlik as in bumbee tartan. 190

Thegither thare, the folk in fac
were thrangitie as bizzin lyke
a byke o foggie-toddler bees,
ay, aa the menyie o thae folk
were ower a hunder and a score
menbodies ben the hoose thon nicht,
as some folk say, tho ithers hae it
that nummer no aa men but folk.

Af coorse, at sic a tyme as that
aa folk are no as thrangitie 200
as eemockie for rin aroon;
thur winter may be watterie
as lets late saumon lowp a linn,
but whuin it's cauld enyeuch for snaw,
or whyles, a weething waarmer efter't,
the baith thae tymes are best o waather
for cooriein afore the fyre
wi some smaa kynlie quair o saga
upon the knee for sooch a taet

athin the myn tae soople thocht, 210
 even as pree a sooch o dram
 atween the lips can soople thrapple:
 at sic a tyme the saga soonds
 lik sang that's made tae fit the singer
 wi singin vyve tae fit the sang.

An shair, thare's aye a wheen o folk
 in hoose at hame fornent thur ingles
 wi thocht for naebdie but thursels,
 aa ower the place folk tirnin roon 220
 lik peeries on thur birlie bits,
 noo het the yae syde fae the bleeze,
 noo could the-tither fae the draucht,
 lik highheidyins athin the coort
 as waarm as coorie neistmaist throne,
 syne girmen could faur ben the hills
 for waant o beild amang the heather
 gin ootlins kanglin wi the keeng.

Neist mornin, or the gemmes gaed on,
 the divvies o the teams were made:
 an Kjartan sat and haed his blaw 230
 an lukit on for pech nae mair
 as ithers pecht tae putt a stane,
 or clawed a raip for pech an puhll,
 or ran a race tae pech for furst.

An Thured, Kjartan's sister, haed
 a caunnie crack wi him an said:
 "Brither, it's I'm for tellin you
 it haes been telt me you hae been
 as quaet as naething cantielyke 240
 aa winter thru, sae men gie oot
 ye are the wy ye are because
 ye're at the greinin yit for Gudrun,
 the pruiif ot you an kinsman Bolli
 are no the-noo that fonde avaa,
 no lyke the wy ye ayeways were,"

"Dae whit's the better noo nor dae
 ocht mair will mak an ill thing waur,
 an daenae tak the sic a thing
 til hert that maun be furth yer mynd
 or tyme will puit ye ben an airt 250
 waanchauncie as a something gyte;
 an daenae hae a dowie grummle
 against yer kinsman that he's taen

for marra wyfe nicht been yer maik.”

“As coonsel wyss as coonsel nyce,
aabodie roon will gree wi me
ye’d be as wysslik as oorsels
gin you wuid tak a thocht yersel
tae tak a wyfe, even as thocht
last suimmer, even gif truith ot is
that Hrefna that suid be yer wyfe
is no yer peels, ay, even as
yer maik is naewhoere tae be fund,
an certaint, no in Yceland here.”

260

“Asgeir, her faither, ken, heech-born
a bairn as highheidyin a man,
haes rowthe o siller in his aucht,
enyeuch tae gar sic mairriage be
as dacentlyke as dibs can mak it;
an mynd ye, his yae ither dochter
is mairriet til a michtie man.”

270

“And haenae you yersel telt me
Kalf Asgeirson, her brither, is
as brave as he’s the brawlik man,
the haill lyfe o thae Asgeir bodies
faur better nor the common kynd
an guid as no that monie better,
in fact, amang the chycest chaisen.”

“Kjartan, I weesh ye’d gang an talk
wi Hrefna, sae yer lukin at her
will let ye see yersel as she
sees you the wy she lykes tae see ye,
no thon wy that ye lyke tae see
yersel, but as ye see her see ye
neeborin whit ye are til her:
gin you see that no juist for ordnar
but ken it ben byordnar wy,
ye’ll ken that she’s byordnarlyke,
ingyne the neebor o her guidness.”

280

Hye, neebor, thon yin Thured was
wysslyke hersel, an was she no!

290

Kjartan hissel thocht she was wysslik
as puit furst things as furrit as
no wysserlyke fae efterthinkin
that’s no speak day-afore-the-morra

but hinmaist morra-mornin thocht;
and efterwarts, Kjartan and Hrefna
were brocht thegither, crackin croose
as neever saw the day growe daurk,
thur een the licht aroon them sheenin. 300

Later, alow the leerie-licht
nae ferlie lyke beglaummert gaze
that gets luv's pit-een ben the gloam,
Thured speired Kjartan hoo he'd lykit
the Hrefna speak for say it saftlie
as weel as for the sooch an soond ot.

"Ocht," Kjartan said, "Thured, I was
as gyan pleased tae hear the soond ot
as gyan aesilie she spak,
and I'm for thinkin shairlie she's 310
amang the best abuin the lave,
at laest as faur as I can see
and I can see as faur as maist."

Neist mornin, men were sent til Asgeir
tae speir an wuid he lyke tae come
owerbye til Asbjornness tae hae
a wurd or twoe anent a mairriage
atween his bonnie dochter Hrefna
an thon braw cullan Kjartan caad.

Nae dult was Asgeir, naw, no him: 320
as wyss as no juist tak a keek
but tak guid tent o whit he saw,
ay, wyss as no juist tak a thocht
but tak anither thocht anent it,
sae he kent honour gien his faimlie
bi sic a mairriage, for his dochter
was naither burthensome nor bumplie.

His son, Kalf, was in greeance wi him,
an priggitt on, "Spare nocht, care nocht,
but mak the lassie's tocher waarthie 330
as rowthe o siller fae oor pootshes
for jingle-jangle clitter-claitter
athin the shottle o her kist."

Hrefna was no for sayin *Naw*
for *Hae nae man, be-nane a minnie*,
nor was she juist for sayin *Ay*
for *Tak a man an mither monie*,

but wyss as her auld faither was,
telt him tae mak his coonsel coont
as gie her guid avysement fae it. 340

The baund anent the mairriage made
as merkit doon in wurd on daed
for aa tae see is say for dae
as daenae dae whyles wurd o mooth,
Kjartan wuid hear o nocht avaa
but haud the waddin ower at Herdshaw,
Asgier an Kalf the naething laith,
tho mynd ye, nithin ben the Saga
tells us whit Hrefna thocht o that.

Five weeks athin the suimmer gane 350
wi meikle growthe athin the parks
for baestial tae chowe awo,
the waddin at the Herdshaw ferm
micht weel see Hrefna minnie made
tae mak a bairn micht weel caa Kjartan
his faither as caa Hrefna mither,
sae she micht mynd o Kjartan whyles
gif no harasst in hoose at hame
lik some paer sair-bechildert wumman.

Aa telt for sooth in wurd on daed 360
for say nae mair but dae it syne,
Kjartan rade hame wi brawlik gifts,
and Olaf was in fair delyte
tae ken whit Herdshaw was tae see
wuid be the speak ower aa the airts;
an was he no delytit mair
tae see his Kjartan blyther growne
the-noo nor yon timm gaun awo?

Come Lent an Kjartan kep the fast,
nae man afore ensample for it 370
the lenth an braidth o Yceland ower
for sic a thing at Fastrentyde,
folk sayin he was furst tae dae it,
an mair byordnarlyke at that,
folk cam fae aa the airts tae see
hoo he cuid leeve sae lang athoot
a single chowe o maet in mou:
some ither folk tell hoo thon was
the dry-fast Kjartan was for keepin.

But aa the same, thon wy o daein 380

was juist yae wy o monie mair
gart folk ken Kjartan was yae bodie
as heech abuin as yont the lave
o ither men aboot the place.

Wi Easter ower, in gledness Chryst
in Heeven Yin wi Faither Gode,
Kjartan and Olaf were for makkin
a meikle waddin tichtener,
an syne, Asgeir and his son Kalf cam oot
the north wi Gudmund and young Hall, 390
an monie mair, three-score thegither.

Tae meet thae folk were ither bodies
Olaf an Kjartan haed in towe,
as brave a wheen o bodies as
the tichtener itsel was braw
as it gaed on the haill week thru.

For brydal gift tae luft an lay
as naebdie else's but her ain,
Kjartan gied Hrefna thon heid-dress
was gien him ower in Norowaa 400
bi Ingibjorg, Keeng Olaf's sister,
as waddin-gift that he'd tae gie
til Gudrun he haed thocht tae mairrie;
an sic a sicht thon heid-dress thare,
naething avaa was namelier:
no yae sowl thare as ruch wi laer
nor onie yin as ruch wi siller
haed eever seen the lyke o thon
or haed the lyke ot ben the aucht.

Mynd you, and aa you ither folk 410
daenae forget, tho cairriet stories
aften hae eikit til them meikle
that clarts an scads the truith wi lees,
the wurd o thochtie chiels aye said
thare were aicht unce o gowden threed
inwrocht thon bonnie thing aroon
lik sunlicht aestlins in the morn
or waasterin hame eenintyme.

Kjartan was croose as yatterie
abuin the broad amang the folk, 420
rare taer upon his tongue the tellin
o whit he'd seen in traikin roond
in Norowaa acorss the faem,

things as byordnarlyke as ferlies,
 an whit he'd duin byordnarlyke
 as no that aften duin afore:
folk were in fair delyte tae hear it,
 ay, fair taen-on, because they kent
 he'd been an seen in saervice yin
was yon Keeng Olaf Tryggvason, 430
maist heech o aa the highheidyins.

 The waddin-faest as ower as lowsse
 the belt an rift awo the wuin,
Kjartan gied Hall an Gudmund gifts
 as brawlik as thursels were brave,
gifts guid as he gied ither men
 were brave as they were brawlik tae

That faither Olaf, thon son Kjartan,
were thocht the mair o efter that,
as efter that Kjartan and Hrefna 440
luvit ilk ither gyan dearlie.

Chapter XLVI

*Faest at Herdshaw
an the Tynin o Kjartan's Sworde, AD 1002*

Olaf and Osvif, aulder bodies,
were still as freenlie as nae thocht
o ill-will in atween the twoe
lik sklittie jags o keek an glower,
tho thare was ill-will wi the young
lik keek an glower as jaggie-sherp
as scree on hills alow the feet
or sklintie redd upon a bing.

That suimmer, hauf a month afore
oncomein o cauld wintertyme 10
a hoast athin the kist for braith
an sluch a dram o hinnie mead
tae soople kist an thrapple baith,
Olaf haed his bit faest at Herdshaw
whyle waather still was giein aesement
til baens as young nae mair as kent it.

Osvif as weel was makkin ruidie
tae hae a tichtener thon tyme
folk caa the "winter-nichts" (the name
for winter's cauld oncomein for them) 20
wi rowthe o guid maet, in itsel
hauf-heat as folk say, for tae keep
the cauld ayont the kist, an lae
the baens alane as snode inbye.

Olaf and Osvif gied ilk ither
the yaisual invyte for tae tak
the gaet an come awo owerbye,
bringin as monie men for tail
as let folk ken the whoe was traikin
wi jingle o the airn graith 30
an nicher o the bonnie naig.

This tyme was Osvif's ben come roon
for gangin til the faest at Olaf's,
sae ower he gaed the Herdshaw wy
wi Bolli, Gudrun and his sons
amang the lave alang wi him.

The-morra mornin efter that,
as wemenfolk gaed doon the haa,

noo quaet as thinkin *I'm as bonnie*
as onieyin I see aroon, 40
or Luk at yon yin, she's as braw
as craises onie keekin-gless:
the yin o them spak oot aloud
as crackit quaet the wy she speired
whit saet wuid this yin hae an that yin.

At that timm, juist thon wheesht o tyme
was bydein for tae hear the soond
athin the quaet wuid mak a weerd
as ill tae dree as sair tae thole,
Gudrun was richt asyde the chaumer 50
whoere Kjartan slep, the verie tyme
whuin he was puittin on his claes,
buskin hissel as braw as wearein
a bonnie jaiket crammasie
as onie wee bit robin's ruidbreist.

That wheesht o tyme for brekk the quaet
was soondit in the wy his vyce
caad oot til thon paer wumman sowl
haed yattert on anent the saetin,
ay, caad oot quick as didnae byde 60
his wheesht for tyme or even thocht:
"Hrefna will sit on thon heech saet
abuin aa here and ower aa else
as lang as I'm alyve tae see til't."

Afore that tyme that noo was furst,
Gudrun haed sat on thon heech saet
at Herdshaw as in ither places,
sae hearin sic a wurd was said
for tak awo sic honour til her,
the scad o ruid upon her face 70
said aa was needit tae be said,
for deil-the-haet she mowtit then,
naw, Gudrun didnae gie a cheep.

For aa that, tho, neist day, ye ken,
Gudrun was no sae quaet wi Hrefna,
sayin til her she suid busk hersel
as bonnilie as weare the heid-dress
sae aabodie micht hae a keek
at whit maun be the brawest treisure
was eever brocht til Yceland airts. 80

No richt fornent, tho close enyeuch

tae hear whit Gudrun haed been sayin,
Kjartan was smerter wi the tongue
nor Hrefna as he gied for aunswer
a wheen o wurd made for a rowthe
o speirie thocht in dern ahint.

He said: "At this faest she'll no weare
the heid-dress, for I set mair store
on Hrefna's haein sic a treisure
as her ain braw an naebdie else's, 90
tho juist a taet ot micht be thairs
bi keekin at it on her heid
an thinkin it micht be as braw
on oniebodie else's powe:
I said she'll weare the thing the-nane,
for naebdie's gaun tae faest the een ont."

This tichtener noo gien bi Olaf
wuid kitchen weel fuhll seeven days
tae see awo the suimmertyme
wi autumn wuins wuid birl the leafs 100
afore the winter cled the grun
ruch-divotit wi cranruch cauld
tae dover in alow the snaw.

Neist day, as slee as some caa fly
(altho she coodnae walk the ceilin),
Gudrun, in dern as deep in thocht
was faur in hiddlins sayin nithin
in case she micht weel seem tae be
a differ fae the yaisual seen,
speired at young Hrefna wuid she let her 110
hae juist a wee keek at the heid-dress:
an dacent lassie that she was,
Hrefna said, "Shair, nae boather, Gudrun."

Neist day, as some say, tho say ithers,
later that same day, they gaed oot
an ben a bothie whoere the braws
were howfft awo for caunnie keepin,
and Hrefna aipent up a kist,
brocht oot the pootsh o silkie claith,
an fae it slippit oot the heid-dress 120
tae shaw the bonnie thing til Gudrun.

Gudrun taen haud ot caunnilie
as gentlie daes it, plap an play wi't,
unfauldit it, and oot and ower wi't

lik finger it an smoor it doon
 an let the licht sheen this wy, thon wy
 along the gowden threeds inwrocht
 as gentielyke as think nocht o it
 whuin aa's enyeuch as needs nae mair:
 for yae wee whyle then, that micht seemit 130
 til Gudrun gyan lang at that,
 she lukit at thon waalth o claith
 as tho she taen it ben ingyne
 as howfft awo for aye and on,
 but badd as quaet as losst for wurd
 is daenae mak a sang aboot it
 aither for onie birr o praise
 or itherwys for finndin faut.

That ower for myn the wy it was
 for eikin til't athin the Saga, 140
 Hrefna puit thon heid-dress awo
 athin its pootsh, an pootsh athin
 its hidey-hole athin the kist
 athin the bothie's caunnie keepin,
 then baith the wemen taen thur places
 for byte an sup athin the haa,
 then sang an daunce upon the flaer
 in blytheheid, lauchinlyke a bit:
 luk at them noo, yon yin that haed
 the heid-dress for her ain tae weare 150
 the onie tyme it pleasured her
 tae please her man and he said "Weare it,"
 an tither yin whoe micht hae haed it
 tae please hersel micht pleesurt Kjartan
 haed she no mairriet yon chiel Bolli
 but badd her wheesht for Kjartan hamewith
 an no awo in Norowaa.

The day oncomein aa the guests
 suid ryde awo wi belts as lowsse
 as let the wame sit fat an fou's 160
 a butter-baa upon the thies,
 Kjartan was thrangitie aroon
 wi whoe was gaun as faur as yonner
 as needit chynge o horse an graith,
 an whoe badd near as no that faur
 as Shanks's mear wuid mibbe dae them
 wi nithin mair nor Scots-convoy,
 til aabodie was sorteit-oot
 wi *Here ye are for whoere ye're gaun,*
 an *Fare-ye-weel an Haste-ye-back.* 170

Kjartan was fair taen-up wi thae things,
 as aften here as whyles ower thare
 as haurdlie kent the whoere he'd been
 fae whoere he shairlie haednae been,
 whuin suddentlyke as hauf a stoond
 alang wi tither hauf ot, grue,
 he kent for shair whuin thrangitie
 he haednae haed, naw, naw, he haednae
 the brawlik sworde he caad "Keeng's-gift",
 altho thon bonnie blade o his 180
 was seenlins faur as no that haundie.

Wi that in myn for *Daenae be*
as stuiput as no-caunnie-lukin,
 he up and aff an ben his chaumer
 whoere he kent fyne he'd left the sworde,
 an thare ye are, for it was no,
 wi nithin for tae shaw it gane
 an less tae tell whoere gane thon blade.

Wi something noo tae think anent
 weel waarth the tellin til anither, 190
 Kjartan let Olaf ken aboot it
 as sair tae byde the sic a tynin:
 and Olaf said: "We'll hae tae gang
 aboot this gyan caunnilie.
 I'll puit a man the here an thare
 tae keek an pree an tak a thocht
 amang the ilka wheen o bodies
 as oot they traik awo fae here."

An sae he did, as caunnilie
 as takkin tent says nocht anent it 200
 till seein maks the preein shair
 an preein maks the seein certaint.

Thon yin caad An-the-Whyte was chyce
 tae ryde wi Osvif's companie
 Scots-convoylyke as haufwy thonner,
 an for tae keep a leerie ee
 for luk an see an swither on it
 gin onie micht ryde caurriewys
 and aff the gaet as no that straucht,
 or oniebodie whoe micht byde 210
 ahint the lave upon the traik
 for sup o kail a lavrie slooch
 or byte o bait a chowe o breid.

As they rade up an bye Leashaws,
an past the fermsteids caad The Shaws,
they stoppit at yae fermsteid thare
an lichtit doon fae ilka cuddie.

Osvif's son, Thorolf, gaed awo,
alang wi twoe-three ither men
fae thon Shaws ferm, and oot o sicht 220
 amang the scrub athin a moss
 the-tyme the-tither Osvif bodies
 were haein a blaw tae byde thur wheesht.

An, that was caad The Whyte, gaed aff
an follaet him, some say, and ither
say gaed wi thon haill companie
as faur as Saumonreever wy,
its watter rowein fae Saelingsdale,
afore he said he'd turn back thare,
 his Scots-convoy gane faur enyeuch 230
 as seen them yont the waarst o grun.

Thorolf, whoe micht hae been as wyss
as haud the tongue or byte the thoom
tae keep fae yappin, said til An
that they'd hae been the nane the waur
gin An haed no gane oniegaets.

As juist a smaa bit taet o snaw
haed faaen the nicht afore, it was
nae boather for tae speir a spoor
o fuitprents in amang the snaw. 240

Back then rade An amang the scrub
an follaet Thorolf's fuitprents thare
alang a gottan ben the bog,
 whoere bouin doon amang the slaister
he fund a sworde-heft, blade ot shucht,
 plankit athin the peatie slutter,
 but left it thare because he thocht
 a witness o it no that bad.

Wi that in mynd, he rade awo
til Saelingsdale Tongue for tae fetch 250
Thorarin Thorison whoe gaed
alang wi him tae see the sworde
 in hiddlins shucht awo fae sicht:
 thare An oot ruggit it, his airm
 wi black peat clartit til the elbuck.

Seen thare for whoere it was was no
 the place bi richts it suid hae been,
 tho whye thare fund kent for jalousement
 anent the yin haed puit it thare
 an no for ocht else seen or said, 260
 An taen the sworde back hame til Kjartan,
 whoe dichtit clean the scaddit sheen
 an gart it skinkle yince again,
 thon blade ot wi ruid gowd inwrocht,
 thon heft ot set wi ferlie stanes,
 syne happit thon braw blade in claith
 an laid it bye athin a kist.

The place whoere An and thon Thorarin
 haed fund *Keeng's-gift*, the bonnie blade,
 was ayeways efter caad *Sworde-gottan*. 270

Aa this was kep the gyan quaet
 as chirp the cheep the-nane anent it,
 in case the din o clackin tongue
 upon the teeth and yont the mou
 wuid mak for din lik rattle-tattle
 o dirk for dirl upon a tairge
 as owercome til a slogan skelloch.

The scabbard for thon bonnie blade
 was neever seen again. And here's
 a yae thing is byordnar as 280
 the lyke o twoe things maik-for-marra
 as sworde an scabbard baith thegither,
 Kjartan was neever that taen-on
 wi thon braw sworde again athoot
 the bonnie neebor scabbard for it.

An wi that, as we micht jalouse,
 no lyke a scabbard haudin blade
 but lyke ingyne wi hatrent jaggin
 as tho a blade in hert and haerns,
 Kjartan was yeukie fuit and haun 290
 tae up and oot an gang and herrie,
 for up lik lowp upon a naig,
 for oot lik naig tae chowe-the-bit,
 an for tae gang lik breenge in battle
 an for tae herrie burn-the-byres

Said Olaf til him: "Caunnie, son,
 an daenae let it get ye doon
 thon wy that neever lets ye up;

it's true as no a caurrie differ
 that they hae duin the durtie on ye 300
 thon wy that clarts them mair thursel,
 but mynd you this, ye ken for shair
 ye taen nae hairm fae whit they did,
 but thae yins cannie ken for certaint
 that skaith-the-nane will come til thaem."

"Ahint the haund or ben a nyeuk,
 we daenae waant the common folk
 tae snicher at us cuddielyke
 as luft the lip abuin the teeth,
 for castin-oot wi oor ain kin 310
 that are fornent us as against us.

Because o whit his faither said,
 Kjartan let aathing byde in paece,
 altho inbye fair bealin wi it
 as heilliefou as hellachie:
 he mibbes haed the heft an blade
 tae haud, as some auld saw micht say,
 but as the Saga gars us ken,
 he didnae hae the scabbard ot.

For yonnerwys til Laugar gaun 320
 til tichtener caad *Winter-nichts*,
 Olaf made ruidie horse an graith,
 priggin that Kjartan steer his shanks
 tae tak the gaet alang wi him.

Altho as sweirt as glunshie-lukin
 tae tak thon thyeuk an gang thon gaet,
 an glowerie as onie messan
 plays gansh wi mou fair slaverin,
 Kjartan brocht benner sel til heel
 an said he'd dae as he was telt. 330

Hrefna, that was tae gang wi Kjartan
 owerbye the Laugarwys anaa,
 was no for takkin owerbye thare
 the brydal heid-dress she'd been gien
 bi Kjartan Ingibjorg gied him.

Guid-mither Thorgerd said til her:
 "Guidsake, guid-wyfe, whoe's lyke tae see
 yer bonnie bunnet on yer heid
 gin you are gaun tae keep it kistit
 the ilka tyme ye're aff an free 340

for daunce an sing at onie faest?"

And Hrefna said til her guid-mither:
"Monie the bodie is for sayin
I'm no that lyke tae finnd a place
tae gang til whoere thare's sic a wheen
as inviefou an chawsomelyke
as thae yins ower the Laugar wy."

An Thorgerd til guid-dochter Hrefna:
"We cannae hae adae wi folk
wi nocht tae dae bit yitter-yatter 350
the ilka tyme they clash-the-pans
or chowe the breid aroon the broad
in hoose at hame or ben thur bothies."

Because o Thorgerd's awfie priggin,
Hrefna thocht fit tae tak the heid-dress
alang wi siccan ither claes
wuid be mair bonnie wi the bunnet,
or mak the bunnet bonnier,
ye ken, as wemen ken the better:
and efter hearin-oot his mither, 360
Kjartan becam sae easie-oasie
anent it, he was thinkin, "Shair,
it's aa the yin-waan as no waarth
eechie nor ochie for a speil ont."

Syne, efter aa was said for yince
that needit-nane anither sooch ot,
and efter aa was duin again
haed aye been duin the same afore
whuin gaun the wy they were for gaun,
they traikt awo the Laugar wy 370
an gat thare hin-end o the eenin
that needit pit-een ben the hoose
gif leeries werenae set alicht:
an thare they haed a guidlie waalcome,
the horse aa taen inbye the stable
tae waarm thur hochs an fou thur wames
wi hairst o suimmer hy and aits,
the-tyme the folk thursels gaed ben
the muckle laundhoose for a waarm
wi mead fae suimmer sun made hinnie, 380
or baurley-bree in beer or maut,
afore thur byte o breid an maet
wuid see they werenae beddit bosse,
tae dream o winter daurk tae come

for cooriein fornent the ingle
as weariein for suimmer-dim
tae tak the gaet an lowsse the shanks
come suimmer-sab that on and aff
can scad or cleir the suimmer luft.

Afore they beddit thair ainsels 390
as waarm as smoored awo fae cauld,
Thorgerd and Hrefna haundit oot
thur claes for niefs tae mak them trig
as bonnielyke the-morra morn.

But come the mornin, thrangitie
as clitter-claitter shuin aroon,
the wemen buskin thairsels braw
as micht weel gar a man's een glintle,
or gar anither wumman's een 400
play glower wi a glymie keek,
Hrefna cuid finnd the heid-dress nane,
for it was gane fae whoere she'd puit it,
as some folk say, tho ithers, mynd ye,
say whoere it haed been puit awo
but sayin no yae wurd avaa
juist whoe it was haed duin the puittin.

Mynd you, a saga haesnae tyme
for onie mair nor tell the tale,
in case it micht miss oot a name
or mibbes puit it ben a place 410
nae yin was thare on sic a day
alang wi whittan coont o folk;
but we hae tyme afore we dee,
lik tak a thocht for think again
is aiblins richt or mibbes wrang,
tae say the whye a bodie did
athin a place we daenae ken,
as weel as for tae mak a speak
anent the whit a bodie was
altho anither tongue micht differ: 420
and you that read may tak it in
the wy the wurd is puittent doon,
or tak it in tae puit it doon
the wy the humph comes up yer back
as up this back is boued ower blink
tae gar this keelivyne play scart
wi thae lynes thare an this yin here
ye're gaun tae read an noo is written.

Then luk you here and you will finnd
folk lukit butt an ben the hoose 430
and up an doon an roondaboot,
but deil-the-haet o thon heid-dress
was fund, nae ribband, plait or fauld
o claith, nor single threed o gowd
fae thae aicht unce ot wrocht sae brawlie.

An neever wuid be fund folk thocht,
for reive it gin a bodie micht,
juist whoere cuid oniebodie weare it
athooten sayin whoere it cam fae
that she cuid clap it on her powe: 440
naw, lyke enyeuch as gyan certaint,
thon bonnie thing was taen awo
because thare was a somebodie
juist coodnae thole that Hrefna weare it.

Gudrun said lyke enyeuch the heid-dress
was left ahint at hame, thon wy
that dae is no as thrangitie
as ettlement come hurrie-burrie,
or mibbe Hrefna haednae taen
as meikle tent as micht hae taen 450
for sic a treisure waarth the tribble,
an sae was fautor gif thon braw thing
haed cowpit fae amang the claes
an sae been tint alang the traik.

Hrefna telt Kjartan whit was said
anent her losse, but coodnae tell him
whit was it haed been duin tae mak for't,
an Kjartan telt her for tae tak things
as easie-oasielyke as mak
nae boather for hersel an freens: 460
an then he telt his faither Olaf
the ploy was bein played at Laugar.

Said Olaf til him: "As afore,
I'm thinkin you suid dae awo
as caunnilie as dae nae mair,
an say awo as caunnilie
as say nae mair nor juist enyeuch
lets weel alane tae tak nae ill;
an for masel, it's I'll be preein
a wee taet here an bittock thare, 470
as quaet masel as boather nane:
ye ken, I'm awfie fasht tae think

o you an Bolli castin-oot,
 and you haed better ken, ma son,
 haill flesh is easie-cled wi braws,
 but skaithit skin is ill tae cleed."

An Kjartan: "Faither, weel I ken
 ye'd lyke tae see fae thir ongauns
 an aa-the-best fae ilka yin,
 no waarst-o-aa fae oniebodie, 480
 yit I'm for thinkin I'm for haein
 the best for me fae't, waured-the-nane
 bi oniebodie here at Laugar."

Then come the day the faest aa ower
 for chowe nae mair an sloochin bye,
 an folk forjaiskitlyke wi din,
 an gled tae think o quaet at hame,
 Kjartan spak ower the heids o folk
 were gethert for tae ryde awo:
 "I'm caain on ye, cuizzin Bolli, 490
 tae be mair foster-britherlie
 til me, an shaw yersel fair willant
 til aa yer kinsfolk for tae dae
 yer best o devoirs fae noo on
 nor you hae duin areadies til us,
 ay, for tae be as guid a man
 til us as leal til your ainsel."

"I'll no be mealie-moued aboot this,"
 Kjartan gaed on as lood as wecht
 puit hivvie burthen on his speak 500
 as boued-doon sair on faeman's lugs,
 "but I'm for tellin aa you folk
 fornent me that can ken as weel
 as I masel, a something tint
 belangs us isnae faur fae here,
 no yonnerwarts the lenth an braidth
 o Yceland ilka tither airt."

"Thon faest for hinmaist hairst we gied
 at Herdshaw for a get-thegither,
 saw ma braw sworde caad *Keeng's-gift* taen, 510
 no lyke a sweetie fae a bairn
 but lyke a sweetie for a bairn:
 as folk can ken that haed it yince,
 they daenae hae it noo, because
 I hae it ben ma aucht again,
 this tyme athooten its ain scabbard,

as folk can ken that haed it yince
and hae it yit, for aa I ken.”

“A gaun fuit aye is gettin’,
or sae the saw says, but it’s I 520
am tellin you fornent me here
that yince again that maks for twycet,
a gaun haun wi its stickie fingers
is neever stickit gaun an gettin:
this tyme, yae keepsake, bonnielyke
as waarth faur mair nor wecht o siller,
haes gane, as some nicht say, for guid,
but I’m for tellin you, it’s gane
for ill that’s gy waanchauncielyke,
sin I’m for haein thae things back.” 530

Bolli gied aunswer: “Whit ye say
anent me isnae fair as truith,
but fause as onie lee, because
it’s I can ken I’m guiltie-nane
and you can juist jalouse a differ:
ocht else fae you I’d suinner hae
nor caain me a stealie-thief.”

Mynd you, tho some folk speak lik that,
some ithers mak the *I* an *us*.

Then Kjartan said: “I’m thinkin folk 540
that maun hae been colloquin here
in something lyke a nyafferie,
are neist til faur ower near til you
that you nicht get a guid avysement
fae thaem gin you nicht waant tae tak it:
the wy things are, tho, you maun ken
we are as black-affrontit noo
wi sic a ploy fae siccan folk
that nicht come fae a nyucherie,
that tho we bidd in paece fornent 550
the kynd o snash is mair lik faeman’s,
we cannae thole it onie langer.”

Gudrun gied aunswer til him then
that mibbes said faur mair nor meant
tae say, but nithin less nor truith
or near enyeuch as made nae differ.

S’she, “Ye’re pokerin a fyre
tae gar it bleeze abuin the smeek

whuin better it were smoored as gart
the lowes ot dee alow the ase. 560
Gin you are richt, as you hae said,
that thare are bodies here as wrang
as puit thur heids in caurrie coonsel
that gart thon heid-dress shoot-the-craw,
I'm thinkin they hae gane thursels
an taen whit richtlie was thur ain,
no yours avaa nor Hrefna's aither.
Think whit ye lyke anent the ploy
that taen the heid-dress fae yer aucht,
but I can tell ye, I'll no greet 570
gif thon bit braw thing neever maks
Hrefna the better buskit wi it."

Och, shairlie then yae bodie thocht
My, wasnae thon the bonnie heid-dress!
Thon wairp, thon weft ot cheetie-back
tae straik as tho it soondit thrums!
Thon gowden threed athin its sheen
tae licht the een alow the faulds
that cooried in amang the hair!

Gudrun's wurds puit a closer doon 580
upon a wy o daein things
haed made for blytheheid year aboot
at Laugar here and Herdshaw yonner:
the Herdshaw folk rade hame doon-hertit.

Whuin wuins are snell as perish snype
an blear the een wi rinnin saut,
thon's no the tyme tae gang the gaet
fae here til hame or hame til yonner,
but aff they gaed fae Laugar wy,
the nor-aest wuins as suddentlyke 590
upon them cauld as gart them haud
thur grauvats up fornent thur faces
tae cut the aidge o braith indrawn
an waarm the oo wi braith ootgannin:
ay, that's the wy ot gin ye're gangin
a gaet waanchauncie gars ye say,
lik onie bairn ben a boather,
"It's naither wunner I am seik.
I ken I'm gaun tae be the blame!"

Noo, that is no whit's said anent it 600
athin the Saga: you'll can ken
for tak a thocht it's puit doon here

for ither een tae luft it up
 an speir whit's mibbes in alow it,
 or gif thare's naething fund alow,
 then whit is aiblin in ahint it.

Twoe-three things telt athin the Saga
 for ken the truith lik swither-nane:
 aathing was quaet as rummle on
 lik daenae mak a din afore folk 610
 as let the neebors byde in paece;
 naething was heard anent the heid-dress
 the lyke o *Tak a luk at it!*
 or *My, it's braw and is it no!*
 but monie bodies werenae sweir
 tae say that Thorolf Osvifson,
 bi order o his sister Gudrun,
 puit lowes alow thon bonnie bunnet
 tae gar the gowd threeds in the claith
 play skinkle ben the licht the yince 620
 was syne foreever tint in ase.

Aer-on that winter, growne as cauld
 as no that lyke the byname Hetheid
 as he was caad bi certain folk,
 thon yin caad Asgeir Eiderdrake
 bi ithers, deed an left his aa,
 no kistit wi him, til his sons,
 thinkin, nae doot lik monie mair,
 he haed tae dae wi whit he haed
 an no wi whit he'd lykt tae hae, 630
 a wee bit lyke whit some folk say,
 that whit we are is whoere we are
 the wy we are, no whoere we'd be
 gif mair the wy we'd lyke tae be.

Paer Asgeir, no as thrangitie
 as lukin at the yce alow
 the fuit in winter for a doom
 upon him fae the Deil hissel,
 as coodnae tak the tyme tae keek
 an see the mervel o the snaw 640
 upon the hills a gift fae Gode.

Chapter XLVII

*Kjartan gangs til Laugar;
and anent the Niffer for Tongue, AD 1003*

That winter, efter Yuletyde snaw
a something crunklie wi the frost
haed come on Hogmanay an Neerday,
Kjartan gat sixtie men thegither
for whit he thocht he haed tae dae
was no juist tak anither thocht
for dae a nocht micht weel be better.

Deevil the wurd til Olaf did
the Kjartan fuhlla mowt anent
the wark afuit for up and aff, 10
and Olaf didnae speir anent
the whye the wark gaed on as thrang
as nithin ither yokit at.

Olaf hissel maun haed a thocht
was yin lik daenae tak anither
in case ye daenae lyke the hin yin,
but better nor dae ocht avaa
in case the waur is daein ocht.

Kjartan haed graith for man and horse,
lik hy for horse and aits for man, 20
whyles aits for horse, whyles hy bed man;
an pats an pans for byle the kail
or hotterin the purritch aits
tae lyne the wame for keepin waarm;
or girdles for the baxterie
o makkin reekie beremeal bannocks,
or aitmeal cakes tae kitchen kebbock
fornent the brander-airns at fyres:
he taen enyeuch o tents as weel
tae bigg as bothies for tae beild 30
the flesh an baens fae winter cauld.

Then clitter-claitter horse an cairt,
an jingle men in weirelik graith,
Kjartan was up and aff as planned
and on his wy athooten rest
until he cam til Laugar yonner.

“Get aff thae horse,” he telt his men,
“and you and you tak tent o thaem,

as keep them snode athin a howff;
and you yins, bigg the bothies up 40
as snode as keep us beddit waarm;
and aa you ithers, come wi me
an steek the ilka doore an winnock
tae keep aa ben thare snode as byde
whoere nane athin can win ootbye.”

An sae they did, and here’s the baur:
in thae days, as is yit the case
in monie ither weel-kent toons,
the cludgies thare were ootbye biggit,
tho no that faur fae ferm-toun, 50
that you’ll can ken was faur ower faur.

Kjartan wuid no let oniebodie
come ootwith for a three haill nichts,
as some folk say, tho ither bodies
say three haill days that you’ll can guess
is aa the yin-waan ben thon tyme
is twoe-an-seeventie lang oors
for guts the chowe an slooch the dram
syne gar them gang as free as lowsed.

Thon was a tyme indaed enyeuch 60
as twoe-an-seeventie oors lang
were ower lang ben thon hoose a burthen,
sae even Kjartan said enyeuch
was gettin mair nor micht be tholed
bi Christian bodies lyke hissel
whose Wurd was Luve was lyker Licht,
no haterent that was lyker reek.

Kjartan then up an rade awo
fae Laugar, gangin hame til Herdshaw,
the ither bodies wi him gangin 70
yin here yin thare til hoose at hame.

Olaf was faur fae pleased tae hear
about the ploy, as nae doot thinkin
that paiks gien oot lik bittock skelps
are whyles gien back lik dunts o skaith
micht yae day yit gar Kjartan speil,
lik onie bairn in boatheratioun:
“Nae wunner I’m seik. I’ll be the blame!”

Thorgerd, tho, Kjartan’s mither, said
his blame was nane, the Laugar men 80

desaervin aa they'd gotten, ay,
an meikle mair at that, the shame ot.

Speired Hrefna at her man, "Ay, Kjartan,
an did ye hae a wee bit crack
wi oniebodie ower at Laugar?"

"Naw, naw, ma dear, no meikle said
tho meikle duin!" Wi that, Kjartan
gaed on tae say he spak wi Bolli,
tho little as but twoe-three wurd.

At that, his wyfie Hrefna gied 90
a wee bit smirtle as she said:

"Ocht, I can tell ye I hae heard
no juist lik heard-tell cairriet storie,
but truith that yince telt coonts for aye,
that you an Gudrun crackit croose
as lykit whit was said and heard.
And I hae heard for tell nae lee
is whit is coontit as the truith,
hoo she was buskit bonnilie,
wearein thon chraisie on her heid 100
tae chaw ye wi it, lyke as no,
an gyan weel it suitit her."

On hearin Hrefna girdin at him,
Kjartan haed colour on his chafts
as crammasie as bonniest
o scads upon his shiftin jaikets,
for he was angert at the blade
for priggin at him; and he said
for laerin her a peerie laesson:
"Nithin lik whit ye say was ocht 110
fornent thir een o myne tae pree,
and you suid hae nae boather kennin
Gudrun haes nae needcessitie
tae busk hersel wi sic a chraisie
tae gar her luk the bonniest
o aa the wemen roondabout her."

Wi that, that was a stoondin stopper,
paer Hrefna didnae utter mutter,
mair lykelie gangin ben her chaumer
tae hae a wee greet til hersel, 120
tho mynd ye, sic a speil as Kjartan's
was lyker wurd for scart an shreech.

The men ower Lauger wy were ryfe
as tappiloorielyke tae ruffle,
thinkin the Kjartan ploy a splore
that they wuid neever hear the end o,
sae ilka yin was black-affrontit
faur mair nor haed the Kjartan chiel
slauchtert a yin or twoe amang them.

As angrie as the fair gane gyte wi't, 130
were Osvif's sons, an naither wunner,
a ferlie gif they haednae been,
but Bolli quaetened thaem for caunnie,
gart ilka bodie screw-the-heid,
an telt them no tae losse-the-place.

Nithin that Gudrun said anent it
was waarth a tittle or a tatttle
on maerket day or at the hairst,
an neever myn the clish-ma-claver
for kittle tongue wi *Dae ye tell me!* 140
Yit aabodie that heard her speak
as quaet as haurdlie heard a haet ot,
kent fyne that naebodie at Laugar
was hauf sae sairlye puittent-oot
as her ainsel sae sair at hert.

Atween thae men the Laugar wy
an thae yins ower at Herdshaw bydein,
freenship that yince was kynlie dram
gaed oot the windae gardieloo,
aabodie in the strunts for paiks, 150
thur auld acquaintance noo forgot
as tho auld langsyne haednae been.

The winter wearein on, as cauld
as gars a bodie coont the days
tae see the snawdrap tak a keek
abuin the grun wi *My, the snell,*
Hrefna was waarm at hert tae ken
her tyme haed roondit wi a bairn
as lauddielyke as squeechele lood
at thon furst sook o caller air 160
athin the kist the quick o lyfe:
the name she gied the bairn was Asgeir,
tae mynd him he was whoe he was
an whit he was an whoere he was
because o yin was Asgeir caad
that made the mither made his namesake.

Noo, thare was yin was caad Thorarin,
guidman o Tongue in Saelingsdale,
whoe puit the sooth abraid the airt
that he wuid lyke tae sell his grun. 170

Three things were mixer-maxter meldit
athin his myn for dae it noo
wuid see him gang as gy weel-aff
as lowse a gaun ploo on the place
for whit paer sowl nicht tak his ferm:
furst thing, he'd no yae maik alang
wi dyot, bodle, plack or groat
tae jingle-jangle ben his pootsh;
saecont, he kent ill-will aroon
the kintrisyde was mair nor that, 180
it made for kanglin nicht become
as fell as slauchter no his lykin
amang the folk yince freens noo faes;
an thurd, he was hissel a freen
an no a fae o this yin, thon yin,
an waantit for tae byde a freen
wi aabodie were faes thegither.

In this lyfe, whyles ye waant tae be
yer ain man, naebdie else's haun,
or mibbes, whyles ye waant tae be 190
yin in amang a wheen o men
a wecht o hauns tae yoke on ithers;
but lyfe can whyles be caurrie as
can puit a ferlie weird upon ye
tae be a yae man efter aa,
ay, yae haun clooters ither bodies.

Bolli thocht he wuid lyke tae coff
the grun Thorarin haed for sellin,
sin Laugar folk haed monie kye
an little laund tae keep them cantie 200
as chowe-the-coode maks melk an maet.

Wi Osvif's guid avysement, Bolli
an Gudrun rade awo til Tongue,
thinkin it gyan haundie chaunce
that they nicht hain thon bit o grun
nearhaun thur ain; and Osvif telt them
no for tae niffer sic a differ
as hapnie aff the yae roon shullin,
but for tae gie thur wurd in greeance.

That was the wy Gudrun an Bolli 210
 gied wurd for daed as daed thocht duin
 bi thon Thorarin, juist hoo meikle
 o siller tae be pyd, the kynd ot,
 the tyme o pyin whitna day,
 the wy o pyin whitna mainner,
 the place o pyin airtit whoere:
 an sae the nifferin was duin,
 wi no a differin atween them.

The greeance, tho, was no in wryte, 220
 sin thare were nae folk thare enyeuch
 as mak a merk for tell a storie
 as witnesses needcessitous
 athin the law for say was duin
 as duin for said atween the pairties.

That duin as thocht was said for duin,
 Bolli an Gudrun rade aff hame,
 nae doot as pleased as tho areadies
 thur nowt Thorarin's gerss were chowein.

Whuin Kjartan Olafson heard tell 230
 o whit haed happent ower at Tongue,
 he rade thare wi eleeven men,
 as some say, ithers sayin twal,
 an gat thare aer-on as the cock
 was cawin tae bewray the daw
 sperflin its seeds o glisk an gliff
 tae up an growe an flooer haill sunlicht.

Thorarin gied him waalcome waarm
 as loof til loof wi *Hoo's it gaun, sur?*
 He speired at Kjartan wuid he byde 240
 as lang as see the nicht awo
 in aesement, byte an sup an bed
 for beild until the-morra morn;
 but Kjartan said, altho he'd stye
 a wee whyle for a bittock crack,
 he haed tae ryde back hame again
 that mornin, some folk are for sayin,
 tho ithers say that samin eenin.

Thorarin speired at Kjartan then
 whye he haed come the siccan gaet? 250
 Naw, shairlie no for juist a crack
 anent the waather? "Naw, no that,"
 said Kjartan, "but anent the wy

the wuin can blaw a sooch o speak
 that you hae sellt the grund aboot ye
 til Bolli ower at Laugar yonner:
 an furder, tho as near at haund
 as in the forefront o ma mynd,
 it's no that I'm no juist for weeshin
 ye wuidnae sell yer bit o grun
 til yon yin Bolli and his Gudrun,
 it's I'm for tellin you ye winnae.” 260

Thorarin said that gin he did
 ocht else nor whit the niffer was,
 he'd be awalt in mynd an bodie
 as onie sheepie-mèh owercowpit,
 “Because,” he said, “the Bolli niffer
 was nithin shorte-the-shullin, naw,
 a bittock and a bit abuin it,
 an tae be pyd as on the nail
 is swythe as hunker-slydin-nane.” 270

“Gif Bolli daesnae coff yer laund,”
 said Kjartan, “you'll no staund a losse,
 for I sall coff the grun masel,
 the niffer o it nane-the-differ:
 ye'll waur yersel gin you suid speak
 against whit I think maun be duin,
 ay, you'll be fasht as fautorlyke.”

“Indaed,” said Kjartan, “you sall see,
 lik aa folk else aroond us here,
 that ben this airt it's I'll be waantin 280
 tae hae the maist tae say, because
 it's I'll be daein meikle mair
 for ither folk nor aa thae chiels
 that byde owerbye the Laugar wy.”

Thorarin gied for aunswer then:
 “It seems the saw is on ma tongue
 as Tongue the name o laund aroond us:
 Gif michtie is the maister's haun,
 the maister's wurd nane can withstaun,
 Some folk micht see the saw gang doon 290
 lik this, no up abuin lik thon:
 The michtier the maister is,
 the michtier thon wurd o his.
 Yit, I'd be easier in myn
 gif nifferin atween masel
 an Bolli stuid as greeance gien.”

“Gif thare are witnesses the-nane,”
 said Kjartan, “I am shair the sale
 is sale-the-nane fornent the law;
 sae thare are twoe things, chaise yer chyce
 tae dae the whit comes up yer humph:
 yin, sell yer grun til me for siller
 is maik-for-marra lyke the niffer
 ye made wi Bolli and his Gudrun,
 or as the-tither yin o twoe
 byde on an ferm the grund yersel.”

Tho tak a haun can be a haund
 ootwith a coort o lawyer bodies,
 a haund-o-wryte for duin an dyte
 is inwith law athooten doot, 310
 an sae Thorarin's laund was bocht
 alow the een o witnesses
 for see it duin as ben thur lugs
 for hear the speak lik yea an nay
 for whit was fact, nae cairriet storie.

Wi that duin, Kjartan rade aff hame
 wi *Gee up, cuddie, thare's gaun tae be a flood*
 as tho he were a bairn again,
 whyle Laugar folk were jeein ginger
 whuin news ot, doot nae doot about it,
 cam on the wings o clash o neebors,
 an neever mynd a horse's huifs.

320

Said Gudrun, “Bolli, I’m for thinkin
whit’s happent ower at Tongue maun mean
that Kjartan’s gien ye chyce tae chaise
mair sair tae thole nor gien Thorarin:
aither ye leave this kintrisyde
wi honour less nor juist a taet,
or you maun gang fornent the chiel
faur less nor slaw’s a slap-fuit gaun.”

Bolli gae yont the siccan speak
no lyke a slap-fruit gaun awo,
but shote-the-craw athooten cheep.

Ye'd think that folk wuid tak a thoct
afore a thoct tak haud o thaem
tae gar them dae the whit they dae
or gar them say the whit they say,
for whit's lyfe warth gif naething else

nor wheich o breid for chowein hungrie
lik daenae boather preein at it; 340
or wheich o dram for droothie sloochin
lik furst a taet then ben the thrapple;
or wheich o sang for cantie singin
lik aabodie in ilka owercome?

They're aa lik tyme for wheechin on,
ilk day a Neerday come an gane,
sae folk suid sip afore they sup it,
tae kitchen it afore they spend it,
ay, folk suid sip, for kitchen it
afore they sup it for tae spend it. 350

Aa roondaboot was quaet thru Lent,
a voartimm wi but little in it
cept auld meal for a girdle scone
or twoe-three shaef o mooldie breid,
tho usquabae was better auld
for dramin doore as kep could oot,
folk noo in best o tid for singin.

Voartimm the thrid day efter Easter,
nae growthe as yit gart feet grow yeukie
for up and oot an traik awo, 360
Kjartan rade aff wi juist yae man,
as some folk say, tho ithers name him
as An-the-Black alang wi him
athorte the straund and on til Tongue.

Kjartan haed gane thare for tae hae
Thorarin wi them gaun til Saurby
tae gether in a wheen ill-pyments
were Kjartan's siller, naebdie else's,
ootstaunin til him ben thae airts,
but as Thorarin wasnae thare, 370
Kjartan thocht for tae byde a whyle
an wait the bodie comein hame.

That day, Clypie Thorhalla cam
about the doores, a wummanbodie
that speired at Kjartan whoere he haed
the hauf a myn for mibbe gang til,
or mynd as haill as gang for certaint.

Lik nievie-nievie nick-nack speilin,
thon wurnmanbodie, as ye'll guess,
speired, "Kjartan, whit road will ye tak?" 380

And he said til her, "I'm for gaun
bi Saelingsdale for ben the waast
an then bi Swynedale fae the waast."

S'she, "Hoo lang will you be gane?"

(She was as speirie as a Fyfer).

An Kjartan said, "Maist lyke I'll be
for rydin back come Thursday neist."
(Some say, the fift day o the week,
athin the Saga, but the Byble
says Fryday's fift, wi Sunday seeventh).

390

"Wuid ye dae a message for me?"

Thorhalla speired, "I hae a kinsman
waast ower bi Whytedale inbi Saurby
whoe's hecht til me the hauf a merk
o hamespun claith that I wuid lyke ye
tae bring til me fae waastlins yonner."

An Kjartan hecht tae dae his devoirs
anent the message for Thorhalla.

Thororain comein hame at lenth,
the three men rade awo thegither
ower Saelingsdale moss, waastlins haudin,
syne cam til Hol at een in Saurby
whoere Aud and her twoe brithers bidd:
some folk, tho, daenae gie her name.

400

Thare Kjartan gat the best o waalcomes,
wi *Michtie me, and is it you, sur!*
an *My, we're awfie gled tae see ye!*
for they were aye guid freens, were thae yins.

Whuin ower at Laugar that same eenin,
Clypie Thorhalla cam ben hame,
the Osvifsons thare speirin at her
whoe haed tongue-taigl her aa day;
an she said she haed met wi Kjartan.

410

"Ay, ay," said they, "And whoere gaed he?"

"Oh-ho," said she, "And I can tell ye,
for I ken aa is waarth the kennin;
and here's anither thing I ken,
he's daein bravelie, braw tae luk at,
sae I'm for sayin naither wunner
that aa menfolk the lyke o him

420

suid luk doon on the ilka bodie
lerkin sae laich alow thur feet:
an cleir til me as dicht the een
gif winter saut tear blinn the sicht,
naething avaa was soondin better
til Kjartan's lugs nor ginn he telt
the niffer he was efter makkin
that bocht an sellt Thorarin's grun."

Gudrun taen tent whit thon blade said,
an whoe cuid tak mair tent nor Gudrun 430
that lang haed thocht Kjartan her ain;
Gudrun juist coodnae thole the thocht
the hinmaist wurd suid byde wi that yin,
Thorhalla, clip bynameit Clypie;
as sae she said, as sherp o tongue
as skliff a shaef aff Clypie's clash:
"Kjartan may be as bauld as bress
an dae the whit he waants tae dae
wi shame an sklander on the lieges,
for it is proven, fact nae ferlie, 440
that nane daur lowsse a flane upon him."

This back-an-furrit yitter-yatter
gaun on atween the wemenbodies
was heard bi Osvif's sons an Bolli,
baith Ospak and his brithers sayin
no muckle mair nor thair for yaisual,
a luftin up the name o Kjartan
tae puit the man ahint it doon.

Aa that gaun on aroond him, Bolli
was yonner yon wy it was lyker 450
he wasnae comein back tae listen,
but then, that aye was whoere he gaed
whuin folk were ben ill-gabbitness,
yickitie-yackitie on Kjartan,
tho, mynd ye, whyles he wuid gainsay them.

Chapter XLVIII

*The Men o Laugar an Gudrun
plan a Loor for Kjartan, AD 1003*

The fowerth day efter Easter, some say,
was spent bi Kjartan ower at Hol,
 (tho ithers say the Wedensday
 that mibbes may be thocht the thrid day),
a rare taer bein haed bi aa folk,
 wi droothieness fair slockentlyke
 and hunger haein a hamelie burst.

That same nicht, efter byte an sup,
thon yin caad An-the-Black rowed roon
 in bed aslaep lik rummle-tummle 10
 alow the watters o a loch,
 syne cast awo bedclaes an bowster
 as tho fair fleggit, lyke tae droon:
folk waukent him, an naither winner,
 thon nichtmeir yokit on his shooters.

They speired at him whit dream he dreamed
 for whit micht be foresichtit weerd
 here in amang them he maun dree
 gif no yont Yceland for tae thole.

And here's the speil fae An-the-Black 20
 haed nocht avaa adae wi droonin,
 unless tae droon is waant o braith
 because the skailin o the bluid
 haes gart the bellowses pech-nane:
he said, "An ugsome wummanbodie
 cam ower til me as daurk as nicht
 was growein groo as scaddit ghaistlie,
raxed ower ma bed an poued me til her."

She was as heftie as gy wechtie,
 wi face micht fricht a muckle trow, 30
 an glowerie as evil-eed
 played birnie-birnie wi ma ain."

"She haed a gullie in her haund
 as sherp as sklint a hair in twoe
 alang the lenth ot, maik-for-marra;
and in the-tither haund a troche
 for whittan yuiss it's you'll can tell
 gin you'll be kennin whit cam neist;

she drave the gullie ben ma breist
 as deep as wecht o haun cuid caw it, 40
 then cut me fae the weasan heech
 til laich as ryvin throch ma wame,
 an syne she taen oot aa ma innards
 tae leave me bosse as grallocht hart
 upon a hill amang the heather;
 then, for tae fuhll the waant athin me,
 stappit me fae kist til kyte
 wi rickle-sticks, brushwuid an spales:
 she gaed awo then. You'll be thinkin
 she nicht haed gane a whylock suiner." 50

Kjartan and ither bodies yowlit
 whuin telt aboot the ins and oots
 o thon byordnar dream o his,
 — snichert at *ins* ot oniewy —
 and ithers, *Naw, a 'kytecase' shairlie,*
 some bellochin, *He's puggie-donnert,*
 some ithers, *Ay, aa yonner, fuhllas,*
 some skellochin, *A weething aff,*
 and ithers, *Shair, he's no aa-thare,* 60
 as lauchinlyke as gy near greetin,
 the wy saut dreeblt fae thur een,
 ran doon thur chafts an waattit bairds.

Some said paer An-the-Black's byname
 nicht better be An-Brushwuid-Bellie,
 then claucht the haud o him, an said
 they'd lyke tae feel gin he'd as meikle
 brushwuid in kyte as kinnie fyre.

Wysser nor onie o them, Aud
 gied thaem guid coonsel, wummanlyke: 70
 s'she, "Gird-nane at An-the-Black ower this;
 ma best avysement is that Kjartan
 can dae the yin o twoe things caunnie
 as byde here langer, or ryde on
 gif ryde will he, as caunnie yit
 as tak a wheen mair bodies wi him
 for tail ahint nor whit he cam wi."

Said Kjartan: "Aabodie wi me here
 may think An-Brushwuid-Bellie wyss 80
 as speil the truith nae cairriet storie
 ben dream mair lyke yae ferlie nichtmeir,
 but sit ye here as sit ye will
 aa day tae dream again in speak,

it's I masel maun gang ma gaet,
daft dream or no daft dream ahint me."

Richt aerlie in the morn, the Thursday
that Easter efter, as some say,
Kjartan gat ruidie for tae gang.
(Some ithers say it was day five,
that's mibbes thocht may weel be Fryday). 90
An wi him, thon Aud priggin at them,
gaed Thorkel Whalp wi his brither Knut:
twal aathegither rade wi Kjartan.

Gaun bye the Whytedale wy syne, Kjartan
lukit ben thare tae tak the hamespun
for thon Thorhalla yin caad Clypie
as he haed said that he wuid dae
an then he rade thru Swynedale sooth.

At that timm, as the Saga says,
it's telt for truith as luft an lay it, 100
that ower in Saelingsdale in Laugar,
Gudrun was aer-on oot o bed
an keekin at the sunryse yokit
for lowsein licht tae hunt the daurk
ayont the waast abuin the swaw.

The bodie gaed inbye the chaumer
whoere aa her brithers were aslaep
ayont the licht o mornin sun,
nane takkin tent anent the soond
o cock-craw's ootbye skreechin skyre; 110
she ruggit brither Ospak's shooter,
an brocht him blearie-eed til licht,
alang wi aa his brither bodies,
till ilka yin cuid hear the cock-craw.

Whuin Ospak saw it was his sister
ruggit an tyuggit him tae wauken,
he speired at her the whit-for-why
she was sae aer-on yont her bed
as coodnae thole the lave in slaep.

Gudrun said she wuid lyke tae ken 120
whit aa her brithers etlt daein
this day was bonnie for braw men,
and Ospak said as caunnilie
as quaetlie said is mak nae din,
that braw men as they were, an day

as bonnielyke as buskit for them,
that they wuid byde at hame, wuid they,
and hae thur blaw, because, said he,
“Thare’s no that muckle wark tae dae,
an dae a haun’s turn daes enyeuch
as gars a little dae it aa.” 130

Said Gudrun: “Gin the pack o you yins
were dochters o some paer niefbodie,
in gy guid tid yer temper then,
I’m thinkin, easie-oasie as
dae nocht avaa whuin ocht tae dae
is no that easie-oasie duin.”

“I daenae waant tae say aboot ye
it juist shaws your brochtupness, naw,
for that wuid coont me yin amang ye
as juist anither lyke yersels,
but efter aa the shame an sklander
puir on oor name bi yon yin Kjartan,
ye’re liggin thare, the ilka yin
lik some great, muckle store-duag, slaepin,
tho Kjartan rydes richt bye us here
wi nane ahint him but yae man.” 140

“Memore nae mair lik mynd ocht nocht
that made ye whit ye are maun be,
an no the luke o grumphie-baess;
memorabilitie-the-nane
for mynd yersel the whoere ye cam fae
is no snuch-snorchle ben a troche
lik aa the lave o grumphie-baess.” 150

“Och, esperance for grein gien-nane
lik howp a bowle o whammlins gien
for giein wame a tichtener!
Ach, esperance for weeshes waantin
mair lyke a bowle o whammlins gien
for tichtener athin the wame! 160
And och, ochone for esperance
nae howp avaa for naething aathing,
or aathing nithin warth the tribble!
No yin o ye will eever hae
the guts enyeuch tae yoke on Kjartan
in hoose-at-hame, gin you are doakiet
at meetin wi the man the-noo
whuin he’s traik-traikin roondaboot
wi juist yae man or twoe ahint him.”

“Ay, here ye’re plappit doon at hame,
roastin yersels fornent the fyre
wi lazie-tartan on yer legs
whuin I am fair hert-roastit wi ye,
the haill jing-bang o ye alow
ma feet fae morn til nicht ilk wy
I turn, ilk yin as footerie
as waste ma tyme, aye tribblesome.” 170

The brithers lukit at thur sister
as luk-an-ee sees some smaa taet
athin it better haednae been thare,
and ilka yin o thaem fornent her 180
thocht, “Paer hen, Gudrun”, tho she was
nae chookie then and haednae been
for lang enyeuch as weedie twycet,
her thrid man Bolli still abed:
whit thae yins suid been thinkin on
was naebodie but thair ainsels
lik lukin ben sees some smaa taet
athin the hert the betterlyke
for mibbes seen-the-nane avaa, 190
yit, haein taen a keek at it,
ilk yin o Gudrun’s brithers micht
hae taen a thoct “paer sowl” anent
hissel an no his sister Gudrun.

Ospak said sister Gudrun wasnae
the mealie-moothit quyne aboot it,
but he cuid no gainsay the bodie,
sae up he lowpit oot o bed
an buskit swythe as keep the heat
afore the mornin air soocht ower him 200
an gart him grue wi calleratioun:
his brithers doakied yin anither
as whoe’d be furst tae follae him.

The brithers then colloguit thon wy
for mak a loor tae slauchter Kjartan,
thur coonsel caunnie for tae dae it
as wecht a wurd for whittan wy,
an puit a staiver in it whyles
as gyan gyte as daenae chaunce it;
but hinnermaistlie greeance gien. 210

Gudrun threep-threepit then at Bolli
that he suid steer his shanks tae gang

an gie a haun was no a fuit,
tae dae his devoirs wi the brithers;
but Bolli wasnae gallus wi it,
myndin his dacent brochtupness
wi Olaf's ruif abuin for beild
as weel as Kjartan's kinship wi him
weel-bein ootwith hoose-at-hame;
gy sweer tae moodge a haund or fuit, 220
he said til Gudrun threepin at him:
"Wyfe, let me leeve in paece as quaet
as daenae threep at me til daith
that's faur ower quaet as no the kyn
I waant as mynes or ma freen Kjartan's."

But Gudrun prig-prig-priggat at him
that he suid up an gang as swythe
as steer his shanks an fuit and haund
alang wi ilk yin o her brithers
for daein devoirs, nae gainsayin, 230
but Bolli, gallus nane avaa
tae mak a moodge o haund or fuit,
said til her prig-prig-priggin at him:
"Wyfe, daenae prig at me til daith
but let me leeve as quaet as paece
is quaet as gyan lyke the kyn
that ma freen Kjartan waants wi me."

"Weel," Gudrun said at lenth that was
as faur awo fae Bolli's speak
as riddle-reein fit for bairnies, 240
"tho truith is on yer tongue for tell it
the wy said cannae be gainsaid,
ye neever were as luckie as
cuid win awo fae gy waanchauncie
in aa that you hae duin tae please;
an this I'm tellin you for waur
wuid please naebodie but yer faes,
gin you gang-nane tae mak this loor
we plan for Kjartan, you're for oot
as faur as naewhoere ben oor mairriage." 250

Gudrun was footerin aboot
the-nane, nae fiddle-faddle that,
but ach, whit's aa sic struissle for?
In faimlies, twoe-three bodies gethert
fornent an ingle, roond a broad,
wi yin upon a fyresyde bink
naebodie else's but his ain,

and yin fornent the kitchen lum
the maistress o the maeltith gaun?
Even as ben the state itsel 260
thare's yin abuin tae shout-the-odds
the wy the race is set tae rin
tae gie him mair tae shout aboot;
the wy the rin o play is made
sae fauts whuin fund are neever his
as fautors fund are no his aither:
and ayeways, ward an guaird aroond him,
a wheen o cronies for tae back him.

Hearsay, alang wi neeborbodie
Heardtell, that neever tells a tale 270
as lang as it can cairrie storie,
nicht say that that was whit folk thocht
anent the Gudrun wummanbodie,
but gif they did, it's you'll can tell,
because ye read it here alow
a leerie licht some wintertyme
ower cauld for oot, ower snode bi ingle:
the Saga neever cheept aboot it,
not chirplt, chirrupt, not gied chirll.

Wi twoe men gane as ben her myn 280
kent whit they'd been lik naebdie else,
here she was lukin at anither
was lyke tae gang the samin gaet
as thae twoe ithers for his paiks,
but still she said, tae haud him gaun,
that he haed neever been in front
o Kjartan aa his born days.

Whiteever was ben Bolli's myn
lik caw as caunnilie as kynlie
for auld langsyne yince better days 290
an boather-nane in fostership
ben Olaf's beild ower Herdshaw wy,
the neegle-naiggle, higgie-haggie
ben Gudrun's speak, gart Bolli growe
as hovit-up as bealinlyke
wi myndin hoo he aye haed been
coo's tail ahint the onie tyme
whuin Kjartan wuid be furrit gaun,
or furrit gaun alanerlie
his ainsel Kjartan gaun elsewhoere: 300
an sae he up an steered his shanks
tae busk hissel wi airn graith

o weire upon him claitterin.

Thegither for a waeponschaw
thare were nyne bodies nummert aff
fae left til richt as staunin furrit
coontit as fit for weire come waarsle
wi hunker-slydin nane avaa
lik dodge the column route o mairch
tae jook onslaucht in aipen order 310
an slauchter onset mixer-maxtered:
and here the Saga nummers thaem
five Osvifsons, Ospak and Helgi,
then Vandrad, Torrad, last yin Thorolf;
the sixt yin Bolli, seeventh Gudlaug
was Osvif's sister's son, whoe was
bi aa accoonts, a laud o pairts;
the aicht yin Odd caad, nynth caad Stein,
thae twoe, Clypie Thorhalla's sons.

They aa rade ower as faur as Swynedale 320
an taen thur staund asyde a gill,
Goatgill the name was gien til thon place,
an thare they tethert-up thur horse
tae byde thur wheesht for lang as needit.

Aa day, thare was yae ither wheesht
was as alanerlie as quaet
upon the tongue o yon yin Bolli,
tho nae doot dinsome ben his mynd
as he was liggin laich in dern
upon the tap o thon gill-bank. 330

Tyme whittert on, the wy it daes
athooten onie let or hinder,
ayont whoere naething's happenin,
but ginn it cam tae luk at Kjartan
an thaem ahint him rydin sooth
bye Nerrasoonnd, the dale mair braid thare,
tyme booried roond amang the men
an taen guid tent whit Kjartan said,
that Thorkell wi the ither bodies
micht weel turn richt an roondaboot 340
an gang awo aff hame, nae boather.

Thorkel, tho, taen nae tent o that,
an said they'd see the glen ahint them,
then, haein gane bye thae oot-sheilins,
Norhirsels caad, the Kjartan chiel

telt baith Knut an Thorkel Whalp
they neednae steer a fuit the furder,
sayin, “Thon stealie-thief, thon Thorolf,
is no for lauchin, him, at me,
for bein gyan feart as doakied
at gangin on athoot mair men.” 350

Said Thorkel Whalp: “It’s up til you, then,
for gang yer wys athooten us,
but rue the day an will we no
gif we are faur ayont yer need
and you’re sair-cawed for help the-day
as rue the day we’re no still wi ye.”

But Kjartan said: “I’m gy weel shair,
as ken masel as Bolli kens me
an as I’m kennin Bolli tae, 360
that he’ll hae naething for tae dae
wi whit micht puit a skaith upon me;
but gif the Osvifsons are liggin
athin a loor for wecht upon me,
thare’ll be some wechtin gaun, I tell ye,
tho whoe will leeve tae tell the tale
the tale alane will tell the names
anent the wy the odds are evened.”

At that, the brithers wi thur men
turned richt an roondaboot, did they, 370
an rade awo back waastlins yonner.

Chapter XLIX

The Daith o Kjartan

Sooth thru the Dales then Kjartan rade,
twoe ither bodies wi him, yin
was An-the-Black and yin Thorarin.

Noo, Thorkell was the name o a man
that badd in Goatfells, ower in Swynedale,
noo naething nor a wilderness
 wi mibbes whyles the auntrin goat
 wuid chowe ocht doon til chuckie-stanes,
 but no a grumphie tae be seen
 whoere's nae buck-mast nor aik-mast aither. 10

Thorkell haed been ootbye that day
lukin at horse and ither wark,
and haed alang wi him a herd-loon.

 Gif no duin richt, a naething's duin
 even as richtlie duin's a something better,
 an whit's in hiddlins daesnae byde
 in dern gif seen for whit it is,
 hauf duin as better left alane:
 an sae wi thon fell Osvif loor,
Thorkell an loon baith saw the ploy, 20
 the Laugar men in loor for dae it,
 the Kjartan chiel an twoe fieres wi him
 thare rydin ben the glen for duin til.

The lauddie said that he an Thorkell
 suid mibbes richt an roondaboot
 an let the Kjartan fuhllas ken
 whit was in loor for yoke upon them,
that wy, the lauddie said, for whit
 micht weel hae been the wale o sense,
Thorkell and he'd be nane the waur 30
for seein til it that nane was waured.

Said Thorkell til him: "Haud yer tongue!
Are you as gyte as think tae gie
lyfe til a bodie wi a weerd
upon him for tae dee the daith
 that aabodie maun dree for deid
 as you yersel will thole tae dee?"

"An truth tae tell, I'm tellin you

twyce ower anaa tae gar ye ken
it is nae lee that I am tellin,
let thae yins dae the whit they will
for skaith til thair ainsels, no us,
for that's whit they wuid say thursels
were they whoere we are staunin noo
an we in hiddlins makkin loor."

40

"Gin you are no a screw-the-heider,
maist lykelie you will be a deider:
an gif that isnae yit a saw,
yae day it micht, or I'm a blaw."

"We'll get oorsels howfft ben a place
whoere we'll be waured the-nane
an whoere we'll see the fecht gaun on
will be the waur o thaem the mair:
a richt rare taer we'll hae o it."

50

"Ye ken, the ilka bodie says
that Kjartan is the skeelie chiel
wi blade athin his haun for bluid,
a mervel o his wy for fecht;
and he'll be needin aa his pech
as weel as aa his skeeliness
tae waur the wechtie odds agin him."

60

As Thorkell waantit, sae it was,
an Kjartan wi his twoe guid fieres
rade on whoere Goatfell weerdit thae yins.

The squatter o the Osvif cleckin
haed thair misdootins whit for whye
the Bolli bodie'd socht a place
whoere he micht weel be seen bi men
come fae the waast, as some folk say,
tho ithers gie it fae the north.

70

Sae noo they puit thur heids thegither
for tak a thocht wuid mak a speil
amang thursels for think again
that mibbes thon slee Bolli yin
was playin the Osvif cleckin fause.

Sae up the bank the brithers sklimmit,
then, lyke thur haein the kynlie baur,
they waarslt wi him back an furrit
tae caw his feet awo an gar him

rowe doon the brae alow the lyne
o sicht that nicht bewray thur loor. 80

As swythe as daenae shauchle feet,
slapfuitit yin, the-tither hirstlin,
Kjartan and his twoe neebors rade
an better rade until they cam,
as suddentlyke as nane-expeckit,
ayont the sooth syde o the gullie,
an thare they saw the loor hauf-sprung
as let them ken whit men were ruidie
tae yoke upon them for a slauchter. 90

But swythe again as shauchle-nane
slapfuititlyke or hirstlin aither,
Kjartan was aff his naig wi turn
as richt an roondaboot as left him
room for tae birl a wheechin blade
gin onie Osvifsons yokt on him.

Whoere he'd doon-lichtit for the fecht,
a muckle stane was hovit heech
abuin the grund as made a guaird
wuid keep a bodie's back fae skaith, 100
an thare he telt his men they'd staun
an byde the onset comein at them.

Afore the onslaucht claittert airn
airn's lenth awo for clooterin,
Kjartan brocht spear til shooter hicht
an cast it, whitter-whidder whaum
sae thon blade ot strak throch-an-thru
baith tairge an Thorolf's airn, strak it
sae sair abuin the haunnle ot,
the tairge was cawed richt up against him, 110
thon spear-pynt thru baith tairge and airn
abuin the elbuck, ryvin thows,
an garrin Thorolf drap the tairge,
his airn nae yuiss again that day:
"Blade ben," quo he, "I ken," quo he,
I'd better finnd a doctor chiel
tae mak a mend ot no for deid."

"I ken," quo he, "blade ben," quo he,
"Near aff," quo he, "an sae am I
tae finnd a doctor chiel tae mend it." 120

"That's it," quo he, "I'm hit," quo he,

“enyeuch tae puit me aff-the-gemme;
 “I’m oot,” quo he, “nae doot,” quo he,
 “it’s better I haed bidd at hame.”

That duin, as dae a little whyles
 can be enyeuch as gar yae haun’s turn
 dae aa that’s needit tae be duin,
 Kjartan wheecht oot his sworde that was
 guidlie enyeuch tae dae a bit,
 but no sae guidlie as dae aa 130
 thon better yin *Keeng’s-gift* wuid duin
 as gien til him bi his Keeng Olaf
 tae keep him haill, athooten skaith.

Thorhalla’s sons were gien the darg
 o yokin sair upon Thorarin,
 a twoe-til-yin that’s no as fair
 as fecht for siller ben a ring,
 an tak a blaw the noo an then
 tae let ye ken the whit’s gaun on
 is lyke tae see yersel seen aff, 140
 an for tae let ye ken ye’re duin
 afore ye’re duin doon, whyles for aye:
 Thorarin was as stoore as stievelik,
 an focht sae weel fornent thae twoe
 that naebodie cuid say for certaint
 wuid he byde skaithless ben stramash
 or wuid Thorhalla’s sons be seen
 as namelie as wuid bear-the-gree.

Osvif’s young brither-son, thon Gudlaug,
 a laud o pairts as eever was, 150
 alang wi Osvif’s five braw sons,
 yokit on Kjartan whoere he stuid
 wi An-the-Black fornent the stane
 abuin thur backs for beild fae skaith.

Noo, An-the-Black wrocht at the brulyie,
 whyles fechtin syde bi syde wi Kjartan,
 whyles richt fornent his freend in swordeplay
 lik onie sodger ower in Islay
 weel waarth a sang made ower in Mull;
 his airm was sterk as eever strack 160
 a clooter at a virrfou fae
 wuid gart that sic a bodie birl
 an lowp awo fae sic a cloor
 gien twycet micht streek him on the grun.

Paer Bolli stuid ayont the struissle,
 altho he haudit ben his grup
 wi no a splatch o roost upon it,
 thon braw, lang blade, *Legbyter* caad
 bi some, bi ithers caad *Fuitbyter*,
 that haed been stown langsyne bi Thured 170
 fae yon yin, Giermund Gulderer.

Tho Kjartan wrocht at sic a wark
 as sair as sic a wark was lyke
 tae be ower sair tae thole for lang,
 the blade he yaissed was sair puit til't
 tae dae the sic a darg o wark,
 for he haed whyles tae strauchten it
 alow the fuit wi bend it mend it.

Tho An-the-Black and Osvif's sons
 haed aa taen skaith athin thon onslaucht, 180
 Kjartan stuid straucht fornent them aa
 wi nae bluid on him but thair ain,
 for he haed focht as better focht
 haed neer been seen bi onie thare,
 as licht upon the fuit as gaun
 aye furrit in amang his faes
 until they left him weel alane
 as coodnae sair the man avaa:
 insteid, they yokt on An-the-Black,
 thon wy the sang micht sing, wi *Whack*, 190
 an *Row-de-dow* for owercome in it.

At that, paer An-the-Black gaed doon
 thon wy wuid let him ryse nae mair,
 for he haed focht ower sair an lang
 tae fecht ocht mair thon wy he was,
 wi aa his innards hingin oot
 as ugsomelyke as fricht a trow,
 lik nichtmeir haunfous o ruid spales,
 brushwuid an siccan rickle-sticks;
 naw, naebodie aroond him noo 200
 as roond him thon timm dream-foresichtit,
 rowein aboot an lauchin at him:
A heidcase, yon yin, yellochin,
 or wi a *Naw*, a '*kytecase*', *shairlie*;
He's puggie-donnert, bellochin,
 or wi an *Ay*, aa *yonner*, *fuhllas*;
A weething aff, some skellochin,
 or some wi *Shair*, *he's no aa-thare*;
 paer An-the-Black wuid naither lauch

nor greet again lik dreeble saut
tae weet his chafts or waat his baird. 210

This onslaucht saw the Kjartan chiel
sned aff the yae leg fae young Gudlaug,
thon laud o pairts noo yae pairt less
wuid see him neever haill again
as was enyeuch tae slauchter him
athooten doctor for tae mend him.

Ay, thon was some fecht, was it no?
Wi Bolli lukin at it, seein
they swaatit as they swackit at it, 220
wi dinnel sworde upon a helm,
a gyan dull yin thon for stoondin,
as dirl aix upon a tairge
an awfie birr upon an elbuck,
the air abuin them blae wi braith
they pechit thru the reek o sweit
that rowed lik smeeek abuin the tulyie.

For onset lyker mair a breenge
fuhll at him as for ower wi him,
Osvif's fower sons drave in on Kjartan, 230
but thon yin wuidnae be owerhaillit,
staundin his grund as stieve an sterk
as thon great muckle stane ahint him
that wuidnae brekk nor bou afore them,
nae mair nor wuid the Kjartan chiel.

Whuin thae yins taen thur bittock blaw,
lik pech as meikle's cleir the kist
whuin lips are plapperie wi braith
an bellowses are blocherin
tae hoast the tyuch yins fae the hause, 240
Kjartan said, "Hy, thare, kinsman Bolli!
Whye leave yer will alane at hame,
waunnerin roondaboot the ferm
tae hear the coos an caufs moo-moo,
an let yer lave come here alane
as quaet's a coo whuin chowein coode?"

"Chaise you yer chyce amang the men
tae help the yae syde or the-tither!
See whit *Legbyter* is for daein,
an daenae staun lik sheepie-mèh 250
athin a bucht in boorachie!"

As tho ayont the speak, lik dwaum
 as faur awo as thocht can speir,
 or ower nearhaund, athin hissel
 as lippent mair on his ain thocht
 faur ben as he alane jaloused,
 Bolli made oot he didnae ken
 the burthen o the Kjartan speil.

Here, noo, tho, for the naither wunner
 that's no a ferlie for amaze 260
 nor onie freet for *Fancie that*,
 Ospak, that kent they coodnae baet
 the Kjartan chiel thursels alane
 tho fower-til-yin's no evenslyke,
 eggit on Bolli this wy that wy,
 sayin he shairlie wuidnae waant
 a shame an sklander on his name
 because he'd hecht tae gie a haund
 in onie fecht nicht come aboot,
 a haund o willant wecht at that 270
 an no a haun mair lyke a fuit
 noo that the fecht haed come upon them.

Ospak gaed on tae say: "Ye'll mynd
 hoo Kjartan wechtit doon on us
 no that langsyne for whit we did
 that wasnae aa that bad at that,
 naw, naething lyke as bad as this
 that we hae duin and are for daein.
 Think whit he'll dae til us and oors
 gin he get aff wi't this timm, Bolli, 280
 for you're the yin will get yer paiks
 alang wi us, hae nae misdootins."

Then Bolli drew the sworde *Legbyter*,
 the licht cleir-sheenin on the blade ot
 was bricht as haednae seen a merk
 o roost upon the serpent steel,
 an turned on Kjartan at the stane.

He thocht upon the days langsyne
 whuin he an Kjartan were as young 290
 as bairns tummlin doon the braes
 lik ower the maer amang the heather;
 or dookin ben the powns o burns,
 the watter aumer-broon abuin
 the braw troot jookin bye the stanes
 or thru thur clydyoch hydie-holes:

or else whuin wuids were een ower shooters
for bogle-bodies ben the timmer,
as trows were in amang the hills
an Wee Folk were alow the knowes.

An then he myndit, suddentlyke 300
as kent fyne he haed no forgotten,
that Kjartan aye was furst tae tumble
doon onie brae in suimmer waather,
wi Bolli in ahint him faain;
as furst tae dook in onie burn
as suin as suimmer waather let them,
wi Bolli saecont in, the feartie;
as furst amang the suimmer wuids
for bogles, or amang the hills
for trows, an neever myn the Wee Folk 310
were said tae byde alow the knowes
myn-nane the weet, myn-nane the wuin,
myn-nane the onie waather gaun:
but myndin that whoereer they gaed,
Kjartan gaed furst aye, Bolli follaet.

Aa that was yae thing made for mair,
yae ither tyme ben manheid baith,
lik rin a race furst aff the merk
as furst acorss the winnin-lyne;
or soom as swythe as onie saumon 320
in pown or burn or ben the frith;
or luft a wechtie, meikle stane
tae shaw that you can wecht a sworde
puits you in lyne-o-battle furrit:
in that yae ither tyme, thocht Bolli,
Kjartan gaed yont him lyke a flane
in onie race they'd eever ran;
even as dookin for a soom
it was hissel made bellie-flappers,
no Kjartan, whoe gaed in and aff 330
lik sowther onie saumon soomin;
an gin his ainsel gy near Brust
his bellowses tae wecht a stane,
Kjartan was ylie animose
in aesement as he hichtit up
the stane upon his muckle shooters.
In battle-lyne, thocht Bolli, chawed
tae think upon it, he was hint
thae samin muckle Kjartan shooters.

That wasnae aa amang thon mair 340

hat made for siccan chawsomeness
lik fash-for-fankle Bolli's myn,
for in thur manheid baith growne heech
as back-til-back tae tell thur hichts,
tho they were eeksie-peesie growne,
aiblins lik twoe ell fuit til croun,
but Bolli, staunin boued a bit
the wy he stuid for yaisuallyke,
lukit the naewhoere near til Kjartan
that stuid as straucht as shooters square 350
wi kist oot-bookeit ticht as braid.

Thon was the wy that wemen saw them,
whuin ben the haa at sang an daunce
that made a nicht ot at the ploy,
or else stravaigin thru the toon,
nae sicht for sair een yin or tither,
tho Kjartan wuidnae hurt the face
tae luk at him the wy he gaed:
thare's he, thocht Bolli, as he was,
as straucht as shank o spear or flane, 360
the wy the wemenfolk aye saw him;
and here am I the wy I was
that neever neebort him avaa,
the wy the wemenfolk saw me
a weething bent, lik onie bowe
that taks a flane fae wuid til string
an waits the haun will lowsse for flicht.

Kjartan kent fyne the rummle-tummle
that rowed aroond in Bolli's thinkin
lik chuckies chunnerin in spate 370
as voartimm grue rins aff the hills,
an said til him as he cam furrin:
"Shairlie whit you wuid lyke tae dae
wuid be as pooterie a wark
as duin for naething else nor chaws ye,
an no for ocht will mak for glore
in Heeven as on Erd tae sing ot,
but ben a huddle doon in Hell
tae greet yer een oot listenin
til coronach abuin yer mools 380
lamentin whit ye're lyke tae dae:
sae I maun hae the nocht the lyke
upon ma saul abuin the luft
in blytheheid wi the angels singin,
it's I wuid tak ma deid fae you,
no gie ye daith for ma ain weerd."

Kjartan then cast awo his sworde
 sae he cuid puit nae skaith on Bolli;
 an cast his tairge upon the grun
 sae he cuid ward-the-nane hissel 390
 fae skaith that Bolli micht puit on him:
 at this timm, he was saired hissel
 wi little was no meikle tribble,
 but ay, he pechit lyke a grampus
 fair duin wi meikle leisters in it,
 sair failed as wabbit at the wark ot,
 an fair forjaiskit for a blaw.

It was a tyme for dae or daenae
 as thae twoe kinsmen stuid apairt,
 a stoond o quaet atween the twoe, 400
 as quaet as Thorkell and herd-lauddie
 in hiddlins wi an ee upon them
 bydein the ootcome o the ongauns:
 an thare fornent them, no that faur
 upon a rock, as quaet as thaem,
 they keekit at twoe smaa broon burds
 at thair ain ongauns, fedderie
 as trimmle in the wishie wuin,
 the-tyme the cooriein hen-spyuggie
 bydeit her ain wee wheesht for cover. 410

Bolli, lik coo's tail, aye ahint,
 as sae the common saw can say,
 cam furrir noo lik onie buhll
 haes jaggie horns tae ryve an rip,
 thinkin *Did you say nyafferie*
fornent us ower the Laugar wy?
By Surrse, will I no gie ye nyaff!
An was it you said nyucherie
ower Laugar wy fornent us thare?
By Sursse, am I no gaun tae nyuch ye! 420
Ay, folk aye say that whit a freen gets
is neever losst, and here's ma sworde!

Athooten yae wurd on his lips
 let Kjartan ken the whit he thocht,
 Bolli drave in, *Legbyter* blade
 wheechin aroon lik leven-licht,
 an clootert Kjartan doon for deid
 was ben the skaith *Legbyter* made.

Then, straucht awo as Kjartan fell

alow thon meikle dunt for deid, 430
 Bolli cast lang *Legbyter* blade
 asyde lik onie smittle thing,
 an clytit doon alangsyde Kjartan,
 takkin thon paer heid ben his airms
 as Kjartan's deein braith gaed oot
 amang the air he'd sooch nae mair.

As rue the day is rue whit's duin
 that day abuin the onie ither
 can neever mak a mend again
 tae gar a new day dae awo wi't, 440
 sae Bolli was ben bitterheid
 that taen the fautin for the slauchter
 naebodie else's but his ain:
 he sent the Osvifsons aff hame
 as he an thon Thorarin yin
 badd thare wi ilka bluidie corp.

As Bolli badd his dowie wheesht,
 he thocht, for peetie on hissel
 as meikle's for a dirige
 on Kjartan liggin slauchtert thare: 450
*I ken that folk will sing o Kjartan
 the wy he was was no lik me,
 and aye they'll sing o him the foremaist
 fornent the sun the onie day,
 wi me ahint him ben his scadda:
 but will they ken that he was mair
 because I was yae bittock smaaer
 that gart him luk the meikle mair
 as tho ahint him I was scadda,
 the sun in his een, no in mynes?* 460

*Whit will they ken o me, thae folk
 that daenae ken whit they wuid dae
 gien hauf the chaunce that I was gien
 tae dae whit they micht say was richt
 a wrang they say was puittent on them?*

*An whit can they ken o thursels
 that say they wuidnae dae the lyke
 o this that I hae duin, gif gien
 the chaunce tae richt a wrang they say
 was puittent on thursels anaa?* 470

*The folk will sing a nithin on me
 here slootert, sloongein, slaisterie*

*ruid-drookit wi the deein bluid
yince garred ma kinsman Kjartan sing
o better days and auld langsyne,
thon airt o tyme that he's noo ben.*

But tyme will come will shairlie sing
o Kjartan thare ben auld langsyne
as straucht as onie shank o spear; 480
as licht upon the fuit as rin
abuin the gerss lik flichtit flane;
as braid as wechtit shoootherie
cuid cast a stane mair heech an faur
nor onie chiel in aa the laund;
weel-at-hissel at that amang
the highheidsyins for companie,
thur wemenfolk aye fain tae think
he haed the makkins o a keeng,
an naither wunner, gin ye ken
his great-graundy was yin in Yreland. 490

Whit else cuid Bolli duin, paer sowl,
thon wummanbodie gaun on at him
tae dae whit she wuid lykit duin
bi her ainsel an she a man?

Whuin Osvif's sons gaed hame til Laugar,
an telt the tale nae cairriet storie,
Gudrun gaed whihher-whitterin
wi pleasure ower the slauchterin
as tho her ain haun bluidie wi it,
an no her clippie tongue made kangle 500
haed gart her Bolli clooter Kjartan
an caw him doon for inbye deid.

Thorolf's bad airm was made as guid
as clean it oot an cleed it roon
wi claith cuid mak a betterin,
but tyme was lang or it becam
as haill as no the hauf as weel
as eever waarth a docken leaf.

The corp o Kjartan was brocht hame
til Tongue in Saelingsdale awo, 510
but Bolli rade awo aff hame
the Laugar wy, the hauf his thocht
no thare but ower in Tongue wi Kjartan.

Gudrun gaed oot tae meet her man

was haill fornent her, tho the yin
that she haed waantit liggit deid
in Tongue, bi Bolli's slauchter
no even hauf-haill liggin thare.

She speired: "Whit tyme o day is it?"
as tho a hauf-a-dizzen wurd
that oor weel waarth the tyme o day. 520

An Bolli said til her: "Near nuin,"
as tho thae twoe wurd waarth the boather
his twoe lips haed in speakin til her.

Said Gudrun til the man she'd wadd:
"Tyme weel can weare awo as slaw
as dae-awo is seenlins yokit
for ocht mair nor tae gather graith;
yit I hae yokit sair on tyme
this mornin wi a fash for graftin 530
haes seen me spin twal ell o claith
the tyme it taen for you tae kill
Kjartan that micht hae caad me wyfie."

Bolli gied aunswer til thon wyfe
he'd pauchelt fae the man he'd killt:
"Thon tyme I yokit on paer Kjartan
will byde wi me for aye and on
athooten haein yer gabbie tongue
tae myn me o thon awfie slauchter.
Ay, tyme gaed bye lik horals birlin 540
as swythe as flee awo on wings
whuin I wrocht at thon wark o killin."

Said Gudrun then: "Ach! Siccan things
are no waanchauncielyke avaa!
They're duin because we hae tae dae them
or neever byde in paece again.
An no juist that, it seems til me,
as weel's til ithers takkin tent,
that you were thocht o gyan weel
aa that year you were here yersel 550
an Kjartan yonner faur awo
in Norowaa acorss the faem:
sin he cam back til Yceland here,
ye hae been groofflins ben the grush,
the ruch aidge o his tongue abuin ye."

"That said for cannae say it better,

I'll say noo something nane the waur
o sayin for the best o aa:
Hrefna will no gang snicherin
til her toom bed this bonnie nicht!" 560

Bolli cuid no tak onie mair
o siccan snash, for he was bealin
as lowsst the truith upon the tongue.
"I hae misdootins," sae he said,
"sin you are whey-faced as ye are
that she will turn as waan as you
whuin hearin her paer man is deid;
it's I'm jalousin you'd no hae
the single stoond athin yer hert
gin it were I were left for deid 570
upon the battlegrund, an Kjartan
fornent ye here wi news o it."

Seein the Bolli yin fair bealin
as hauf-gyte gane ower whit he'd duin,
Gudrun said, "Daenae dae me doon
for onie sake or for yer ain,
for I am fair taen-on, I tell ye,
wi aa that you hae duin for me;
I ken for shair noo you'll no dae
an ocht wuid gledden me the-nane." 580

Bolli said naething mair anent it
tae gar her be as gled again
as snicherin ower Kjartan's daith
and Hrefna's dool alane in bed
sae tuim the tyme her man was fouin
a tomb o mools wi his paer corp.

Bolli was aa his leesome-lane
as faurben thocht's nae companie,
and haed tae dree his dowieness
lik thole assize against hissel, 590
gy faur awo fae Gudrun's pleasure.

An sae he thocht an better thocht:
*Folk ken the kynd o man I am
because they see me here afore them,
a leeven bodie pech for pant
the luke o ilka yin o thaem;
an tho they think they myn the man
that Kjartan was, they cannae ken him
the-wy I dae masel that was*

yin wi him hauf-deid ben his daith, 600
 for he was ayeways hauf masel
 whuin we were baith the quick thegither
 an no yin Kjartan ben his deid
 and I masel hauf-deid alyve;
 naw, thare is naebodie can ken
 the Kjartan yin I kent, because
 he's deid as naething lyke the lave
 nor ocht his ain lyke leevin wi us;
 acht, naebodie is quick can ken
 the deid, as monie micht jalouse 610
 that threep anent the efterlyfe:
 gang doon amang the gane, aa you yins
 that think tae ken the man kent me
 as I kent him, and you'll jalouse
 thare's nae jalousin ben the mools.

Aa bye for tak anither thocht
 lik mibbes they haed no been wyss
 as no haill waukrif thon timm Gudrun
 haed puit the kangle o her tongue
 amang thur haerns tae steer them up 620
 and haud them hotterin wi haterent,
 thae yins the Osvifsons were up
 lik on thur feet the swythe enyeuch,
 ay, up for aff lik whittericks,
 an doon for ben a hydie-hole
 that haed been howkit oot for thaem
 as deep as dern alow the grund
 as let them cuddle doon in hiddlins
 as tho yince mair a wheen o bairns.

Clypie as claik-the-clash as eever, 630
 Thorhalla was for weeshin noo
 that she haed haudit wheesht for yince
 as she saw baith her sons for aff
 the waastlins wy for Haliefell
 whoere they wuid clype on naebodie
 but thair ainsels and Osvif's sons
 in giein wurd o thon stramash
 til Snorri Godi was the Praest,
 as weel as for tae speir at him
 for whittan help micht be expeckit 640
 against Olaf-the-Peacock chiel
 and aa his fieres ower Herdshaw wy
 wuid yoke on folk haed slauchtert Kjartan.

Ach, folk are this wy, that wy, thon wy,

whyles aakyndlyke as fat's cuid rowe
 lik butter-baas in suimmer creesh;
 whyles lyke a sklit o wuid, as skelfie
 as sklidderin thru winter wuins
 tae aidge the cauld mair chitterie;
 whyles braid aboot the kist an thies 650
 as clooterie wi bumphlie claes;
 whyles heech as gallus ower the lave
 lik *Luk at me up here luk doon*
at you yins no the like o me,
 or laich in hicht as galluslyke
 as peerie jinkie-jookie gaun
 lik *Luk doon here aa you up thare,*
ye're no as smert upon yer feet
as onieyin the lyke o me.

At Tongue in Saelingsdale, the nicht 660
 efter thon brulyie ben the loor,
 thare was an awfie orrie thing
 tae see, as weel as unco stoond
 tae hear, for An-the-Black folk thocht
 was deid, gat up, as soond a man
 as no deid yit gif gyan near it,
 and yatterie as let folk ken it.

The lykewake folk aa roondaboot him
 were fleggit til the benmaist baen
 at sic a ferlie thare fornent them 670
 as An-the-Black said, "Dear O Dear,
 for onie sake, in Gode's guid name,
 daenae be feart o me! I tell ye,
 for tell the truith as quaetlie telt
 can be nae lee that's ayeways lood,
 altho I was fou sair duin doon,
 I wasnae duin doon deid avaa,
 an kent fyne aa the tyme the whoere
 an whit I was was ben masel
 an juist masel an naebdie else 680
 until I dwaumit, kennin nocht."

"Athin thon dwaum, I haed a dream
 as uncolyke as yon yin ither
 that saw ma innards ben ma haun
 lik spales, an brushwuid, rickle-sticks;
 and here again thon wummanbodie
 was at the wark on ma paer kyte;
 she taen the brushwuid fae ma wame
 an stowed ma innards ben for beild:

and I'm for tellin you, I felt
as guid as no that bad avaa." 690

That said, the bodies waarslt roond
an cleaned an cled wi dacent claith
the ilka wound on An-the-Black
haed gart thon paer sowi swaarff awo
as faur as yonner lukin deid:
and he becam as halesome as
aa-thare is no that faur awo,
an gif An-Brushwuid-Bellie caad,
naebodie said it yellochin 700
or bellochin or skellachin,
but quaetlik, snicherin-the-nane,
because they kent he'd focht for Kjartan,
whyles syde bi syde, whyles richt fornent him,
lik onie namelie Islay bodie
that sangs in Mull wuid sing aboot.

Whuin news o thae things cam til Herdshaw,
lik keckle hoodie-craw *Caw, caw*,
and hoolet's saftlik dirige
Hooligoloo, goloo, goloo, 710
Olaf Hoskuldson taen the daith
o Kjartan gyan sair indaed,
altho as brave as strenthie wi it.

His sons were aa for up at yince
tae yoke on Bolli ower at Laugar
an slauchter him as paiks for Kjartan.

But Olaf didnae losse-the-place,
sayin, "Faur be it fae masel
tae think that Bolli's deid is Kjartan
as quick as lauchinlyke again, 720
for tho I luvit Kjartan mair
nor onie ither near an dear,
I coodnae thole the awfie thocht
o skaith for paiks til daith gien Bolli."

"But thare's a yae thing hauf lik that,"
he said, "Gang you an finnd the sons
o yon yin caad Clypie Thorhalla,
an gie her something for tae clype
fae tither syde o her braid mooth:
her sons are aff til Haliefell 730
as tho wi some unhalie corss
crantaralyke athin the nieve

tae gether folk will puit us doon
as laich as Bolli puit oor Kjartan;
gie thaem thur paiks, lik skelp an skyte them
the wy that they'll no be for lykin,
and you sall pleasure me the mair."

As swythe as hunker-slydin nane,
Olaf-the-Peacock's sons were aff
lik faem that blaws along the straund; 740
they made a crew aboard a boat
belangit Olaf, seeven men
for oarin as a companie
doon Hvamsfrith hivvie on the oars.

Whit little wuin thare was was fair
for ongaun wi the sail as weel
as airm-pooer upon the oars,
an syne they cam alow Scoreysle
tae hae a blaw an speir aroond
anent whoe else might be aboot. 750

A wee whyle later on, they saw
a ship come fae the waastlins wy
athorte the frith, an then they saw
the whoe were on it, and whoe else
but thae twoe sons o thon Thorhalla,
Stein yin, the-tither Odd, paer sowl.

Then, wheechin ower the frith wi freith
o faem played plap aroon the bowes,
the Olaf crew, led on bi Halldor,
lowpit aboard the-tither boat, 760
as claitterie wi graith o weire
as neeboft slogan yellochin.

Naebodie on the-tither ship
did ocht tae help Thorhalla's sons,
the baith o thaem overhaillit sair
as claucht and haudit ower the gunnel,
thur heids then sneddit aff plap, plap
athin the watter o the frith
that wuidnae soople lips tae clype
on oniebodie onie mair, 770
an neever on thur ain paer sels
the wy thur clypie mither yince
haed claikit clash upon paer Kjartan.

That duin for neednae dae ocht mair,

the Olafsons turnt back for hame,
thur stent o wark a darg duin swythe
as puit the richt haun richt wy til it
is neever slaw tae mak a jobe ot.

Yae thing ye coodnae say againss them,
that watchin thae yins dae a jobe
wuid hurt yer face tae luk at thaem
as sairle's tho thur ettlement
was skaith upon thur graftin graith
as weel as blootcherin the wark.

780

Chapter L

The Daith o Hrefna. Paece Saettlement, AD 1003

Olaf rade oot tae meet the corp
o Kjartan, his beluvit son,
as micht be guessed as dowie as
he coodnae be ocht else, altho
as fuhll o angersomeness as
gart his ingyne tig-toy wi plans.

He sent news sooth til Bruch tae tell
the facs til Thorstein Egilson,
an speired at Thorstein for tae gie him
a cudgie wi the bluid-assize; 10
as weel, gin onie highheidyins
suid mak a baund amang thursels
against him wi the Osvifsons,
he said he waantit aathing tentit
as in atween his ain twoe hauns.

The samin wurd o mou he sent
norlins til Sauchiedale til Gudmund,
his guid-son, and til Asgeir's sons:
alang wi that, he said he'd chairge 20
as slauchterers the ilka man
that haed been airt an pairt o daith
athin thon loor, but for the yae man,
yon yin caad Ospak, Osvif's son,
areadies ootlin ower a wumman
caad Aldis, weel-kent as the dochter
o him was caad Holmganga-Ljot
fae thon place Ingjaldsand owerbye.

The son o thae twoe was thon Ulf,
the yin that later on becam
Keeng Sigurdsson's ain mairshal, 30
and haed for wyfe thon yin caad Jorunn,
the dochter o the Thorberg chiel;
thair son again was Jon, the faither
o Erlund (Hinend caad) the faither
o Egstein the Airchbishop bodie:
mynd you, tho, some folk daenae say
yae cheep anent thae folk, fae Ulf
til Egstein the Airchbishop bodie.

Olaf puit oot wurd on the ongauns,
that thon fell slauchterie in loor 40

wuid be a hearin ben the coort
for bluid-assize at Thorness Althing.

He then brocht hame his Kjartan's corp,
an biggit up a bothie ower it,
for thare was no a kirk as yit
in aa the lenth an braidth o Dales.

Whuin wurd cam, Thorstein Egilson
was thrangitie upon his grund
at caain his men roondaboot him,
a meikle host o thaem, weel-graithit; 50
an that the men ben Sauchiedale
were hostit freenlielyke anaa,
Olaf haed his ain getherin
ootthru the Dales for waeponschaw,
an awfie nummer fit for fecht.

As highheidyin o his ain host,
Olaf sent aff thon getherin
til Laugar, tellin thaem, "It is
ma will for waant it duin nae doot
that you yins will luk oot for Bolli, 60
myndin he is ma foster-son,
an gin he needs it, see he's guairdit
as weel as I wuid guaird the man
and you yins follaein ahint me:
ye ken, it's I jalouse that men
fae ither airts nor oors are ettlin
tae dae whit they think Bolli's waarth,
the back o ilka bodie's haund
an no the Christian haund o paece."

Mynd you, tho aiblins you're no needin 70
the myndin onie mair nor ither,
whit Olaf said haed burthen lyke
a raindrap plap on daud o stane
tae splooter flet as naething bookeit.

Aa duin til Olaf's wy o thinkin,
whit happent neist was meikle differ,
for on cam Thorstein Egilson
wi aa his menyie at his back,
an wi them, men o Sauchiedale,
the ilka yin berserkerlyke 80
as gane fair gyte as angersome.

Hall Gudmundson an Kalf Asgeirson

were baith maist furrit eggin on
thur men tae gang ower Laugar wy,
garrin Bolli let them finnd the Osvifs
whoe maun be somegaet ben thon airt.

Olaf, tho, wi his nicht ahint him,
sae set againss the herriein
o Laugar, sent wurd ower for paece
that gart the bodies tak a thocht, 90
an Bolli bein gyan willant,
said Olaf was tae speak for him:
the upshot o it was that Osvif
cuid spake-the-nane against it, as
nae help haed come fae thon Praest Snorri.

That duin for guid as dae the neist
the betterlyke as gart a meetin
for paece be caad at Leashaws, thare
the haill case ot was puittent furrit
fornent the Olaf chiel for deemin. 100

The ootcome ot for Kjartan's slauchter,
in pyin mail and ootlin-makkin,
was left til Olaf, naebdie else,
intak ben yae haund, ootgie tither,
an that was duin for betterlyke
tae mend the bad was duin afore:
this meetin, that was thocht tae mak
an end ot, endit its ainsel.

Cawin as caunnie as he kent
tae dae, and as maist folk kent fyne 110
he haed tae dae, Olaf gied coonsel
til Bolli for tae be awo
tae byde awo fae aa the birr
o clash an coonter-claik, an sae
he badd awo tae byde awo
an didnae mak a sang aboot it.

The saettlement for dae nae mair
as faur ower muckle duin areadies,
wuid be cried-oot for hear-it-said
til aabodie at Thorness Althing. 120

Mere-men an men fae Sauchiedale
back noo at Herdshaw for a blaw,
thon Thorstein Kuggison yin priggit
at Hrefna, whoe was his ain auntie,

cuid he tak Asgier, Kjartan's son
and Hrefna's, for tae foster him,
lik giein a kynlie haun til Hrefna.

Hrefna gaed norlins wi her brithers,
sair wechtit doon as dowiele
an gy forfochent in her dool; 130
for aa that, tho, bou doon the-nane
did she afore the folk, her speak
aye dentielyke as gentielyke
nae maitter whit she said for speak,
nae maitter whoe spak til her, aither.

Hrefna taen nae man efter Kjartan,
an didnae leeve ower lang ginn hame
norlins again her leefou-lane
wi naething but her lanesome thochts
for kynliness as companie, 140
nae maitter whoe micht caa aroond
an think the caain kynliness.

The tale gangs on lik tell it yince
is tell the dool nae mair, for shair
the tellin o it is enyeuch
tae say she deed o brakkent hert.

Ay, deed the neever mair tae wauken
ben aer-on mornin-tyde tae hear
cheep, chirp or chirl fause-daw notes
til wi chirm, chirm they dee awo 150
bydein thur wheesht for leal-dawlicht
tae lowsse the minstrelsie o burds
skytin the Deevil ben his daurk
tae nyarr awo for nicht again.

Paer sowls, thae deid ken-nane sic things!

Chapter LI

Osvif's Sons are fleemit

Kjartan's corp liggit stiff in state
 for yae haill week in his paer bothie
 was biggit for him hame at Herdshaw:
 nae daw for him noo fause as chirp
 an cheep a bittock taet a wee whyle
 then dwynes awo wi chirm, chirm
 til deil-the-haet ot bydes till daw
 as leal as no the neebor fause
 taks ower the minstrelsie o heeven
 can doore the Deevil doon in daurk
 tae byde his wheesht for nicht again.

10

Thae deid! Paer sowls, sic things no kennin!

Thon Thorstein Egilson haed haed
 a kirk upbiggit ower at Bruch,
 an sae noo haed the corp o Kjartan
 hame wi him, yirdin it at Bruch:
 the kirk at that timm was still hung
 wi whyte as newlie consecrat,
 that whyte for aa tae see kirk's haillness
 as yin wi Faither; for its truth
 as yin wi Son; for halieness
 as yin wi Halie Ghaist, the Spreit.

20

Tyme wearein on the wy it daes
 because it cannae dae ocht else,
 yae day it badd its wheesht a whyle
 tae listen at the Thorness Althing
 the wurd gien oot on Osvif's sons
 was they were fleemit yont the kintrie
 wi siller seen til for tae py
 the lawin for thur dram o swaw
 wuid slooch them ower the faem awo,
 for they were telt they haed tae gang
 awo an byde awo for lang
 as onie o the Olafsons
 or thon young Asgeir, Kjartan's son,
 was quick abuin the Yceland syle.

30

For yon yin Gudlaug, sister-son
 til Osvif, nae weregild avaa
 was tae be pyd because he'd been
 as airt-an-pairt o loor and yokin

40

on Kjartan as the lave made brulyie;
and as for Thorolf, it was skelps
o siller he'd tae get for skelps
o steel haed gien the bodie skaith.

As fly as gart folk think he'd walk
the waas gif no the verie ceilin,
Olaf was no for haein Bolli
come up fornent the Althing Binsh,
naw, no lik in some pleadin diet,
naw, nor the onie ither plea, 50
an badd him hansel his ainsel
for whit he'd duin bi wy o burrows.

This, Halldor, Stein, ay, ilka yin
o Olaf's sons, were no for lykin,
naw, deil-the-haet ot were they lykin,
an said it wuid gang haurd wi Bolli
gin he byde ben the samin airt
o kintrisyde as thair ainsels;
that is, as some folk tell the storie,
tho ithers say that lyfe wuid be 60
gy haurd tae bear gif Bolli byde
airtit ben thair ain kintrisyde.

Olaf was no juist sleekitlyke
as maist highheidyins seem tae be,
he was as thrawn as kent his wark
weel-duin as duin bi his ainsel,
an then, as certaint-shair as maist
highheidyins are the naething else,
he was bucksturdielyke as kent
his wark as guid as see him oot. 70

Thare was a ship in Bjornhaven
belangit thon Audun Leishmessen,
the man hissel fornent the Althing
an sayin: "The wy things are, ye ken,
as lang as Kjartan's freens are leevin,
thir men made ootlin-bodies here
will be the naething mair avaa
in Norowaa acorss the faem."

Said Osvif til him, bealinlyke
wi dander fairlie in a bleeze, 80
"Leishmessen, you're soothsayer-nane
anent thir ongauns, leein lood
the wy lees aye gang clitter-claitter

or play the gansh lik duags on leads;
ma sons will aye be sittin heech
abuin the saut wi highheidyins
the-tyme that you yersel, Leishmessan,
rowe in alow the feet o trows
afore this suimmer cries a baurley,
owerhaillit wi the autumn waather.” 90

Afore that suimmer taen the dunt
o autumn that was winter-wechtit,
Audun Leishmessan taen his ship
awo fae Yceland, deil-the-dauphin
fornent his bowes for luckie lowp,
an sailed aestlins as faur as Faroes.

Thare on cam swaw lik byde-the-nane,
scoorin the timmers o the ship
atween the let an twixt the hinder,
scaddin the ilka face aboard 100
wi groo-lasht freith o skelpin weet
athooten let, athooten haud,
an made a wrack ot, slauchterin
amang the reefs the ilka man
and ilka bairn berthit thare:
whit Osvif said was soothlie said,
as thae yins kent it kent the stent ot.

That suimmertyme for dacent waather,
dauphin or no on aither bowe,
the Osvifsons aa gaed abraid 110
as faur as Saga neever fund them,
tho thair auld faither badd at hame
an neever saw them thare again,
nae mair nor did thur sister Gudrun.

The case againss the Osvifsons
aa duin thon wy haed thaem capootert,
saw Olaf hichtit ower the lave
mair nor abuin he'd been afore,
because thon straik fae his guid airm
haed been at yince a meikle cloor 120
haed skelpt the buirdlie Osvif clan
for whoe they were was whit they'd duin,
and at the samin tyme for ward
was meikle tairge ower Bolli's heid
for whoe he was, his brither-son
beluvit mair ben fosterage.

Til aa his men whoe'd gien a haun,
some wi thur backs against his ain,
as some wi kists alangsyde his,
Olaf said waarmlie fae the hert, 130
"It's I maun thank ye awfie kynlie"
ye ken, as onie dacent man
micht say til onie dacent men.

The laund owerbye in Saelingsdale
at Tongue was bocht ootricht bi Bolli,
gien guid avysement ont bi Olaf.

The wy it daes, tyme wearein-on
sae men can hinder wark ot nane,
the Saga tells us Olaf leeved 140
three winters mair tae jeal the bluid
an tak him ben the daurk til Kjartan
whoe aftentymes may weel hae seemed
lik his young sel ootgaun, noo gane
whoere aa was inwith winterticht,
an thare cuid be nae mair ootganging.

Ye ken, gif winter's bye, that lyfe
gangs on wi voartimm then the suimmer
tae mak a hairst afore the snaw
smoors aa the grun for winter yaval,
but gin ye daenae ken, no lukin, 150
that winter's gane, ye ken-the-nane
ye're deid an gane, an neever myn
the winter gane and aabodie
but you is quick wi yeukie feet
for up and oot and aff come voar.

Ach, cauld! Man, whit it is tae ken
whit bairnheid wasnae lyke, but was
as waarm as fidgie-fain for fun!

Och ay, man, whit it is tae ken
ye're young as cannae ken avaa 160
whit eild will mean and you no lukin!

Wi Olaf deid, his sons shared oot
whit coodnae be his ain again,
Halldor doon-saetit hame at Herdshaw
in thon Big Hoose bi Olaf biggit.

The mither, Thorgerd, leeved wi Halldor,
a wummanbodie growne sae fou

o byle for Bolli that it skailed
ower tongue an truith in wurds o haterent
said whit he'd pyd for fosterage
was mair lik waarth in widdershins,
waanchauncie as a caurrie haunshak.

170

Chapter LII

The Killin o Thorkell o Goatsfells

Come voartimm for a chynge o air
 a day ootbye for tak a snook,
 no ower an inge air as closse
 as gar a bodie pech a hoast,
 an Bolli wi his Gudrun wyfe
 taen ower a ferm in Saelingsdale
 at Tongue, an syne gart it become
 a gyan bonnie bit o grund.

Here thae twoe made anither yin,
 a lauddie that was born thare 10
 and at bapteezment gien the name
 Thorleik, a brawlik bairn at that,
 auld-farrant fuit syne staundin, rinnin,
 as haun tae luft an lay at will,
 as tongue cuid puit a name til aathing,
 a richt wee nickum o a bairn.

Halldor Olafson badd at Herdshaw,
 as haes been scryvit doon the yince
 tae let the bodies ken about it,
 and here doon-scryvit yince again 20
 in case they hae forgot the furst timm:
 Halldor was furst an foremaist noo
 amang the Olafsons, his brithers.

Thon voartimm that saw Kjartan slauchtert,
 wi dool for Bolli was his killer,
 as weel as doom for twoe-three mair
 an bannisment for Osvif's sons,
 yin, Thorgerd Egil's dochter, placed
 a lauddie loon was her ain kin
 wi yon yin, Thorkell o Goatfells, 30
 the lauddie hirdin sheep aa suimmer.

Ye'll myn that Thorkell wi the lauddie
 haed gane in hiddlins for tae see
 the brulyie ower the Kjartan chiel
 yince ben the loor was set for him:
 thon was the tyme the Thorkell fuhlla
 haed puit the hems on thon bit lauddie
 that waantit for tae warn Kjartan.

Lik monie ither folk, the laud

was sair puit oot as gyan dowie 40
 that Kjartan haed been duin til daith;
 an gif the Thorkell chiel was near,
 the lauddie mowtit no a cheep
 anent the namelie Kjartan's deid,
 kennin that Thorkell ayeways spak
 ill-gabbilie aboot the man,
 sayin that Kjartan haed nae guts,
 a man whose guid ruid bluid oot-skaild
 as left him whey-faced, lillie-leevert,
 ay, yellae-bellied in a wy 50
 that black-affrontit hertsome folk
 tae see hoo yon yin's lips cuid growe
 as blae wi fricht ay fechtin men
 as gart his een blear ower wi tears:
 an for tae mak a geggie ot,
 he humpht an grumpht lik onie antic
 tae shaw the wy thon deidlie straik
 haed slauchtert Kjartan whoere he'd stuid,
 an gart him faa as no for lang
 for ocht athin this wurld but deid, 60
 whiteever else he micht be yonner.

Kennin Kjartan haed been a man
 wuid neever seen the Thorkell fuhlla
 athin his purritch for a byte,
 nor wuidnae even glowert at him
 athin his kail for onie sup ot,
 but cood hae puit cauld steel ootthru him
 lik onie shote o cauld jyle kail,
 ay, slauchtert him berserkerlyke
 gif sic a humph cam up his back, 70
 the lauddie lykit Thorkell nane
 an gaed til Herdshaw, tellin Halldor
 an Thorgerd aa aboot the splore
 that Thorkell made on Kjartan's daith,
 an speired at thaem tae tak him in.

Thorgerd was tuitcht at whit he said,
 as tho she mibbes saw a weething
 in him that yince she'd seen in Kjartan
 whuin her ain son was juist a lauddie,
 but telt him for tae byde in saervice 80
 an see his fee oot til the winter,

The herd-loon said he coodnae byde
 the thocht o graftin on wi Thorkell,
 an said, "Ye wuidnae hae me dae it

gin you ken hoo I'm fair hert-roastit
wi whit is puittent on til me
wi whit he says anent your Kjartan."

The lauddie's wurd's played dad-for-daud
ben Thorgerd's mither-hert again,
an gart her say that she hersel 90
wuid lyke fyne for tae hae him thare,
tho Halldor, mibbes something doore
as fasht-the-nane ower siccan ongauns,
said, "Tak nae tent o this bit herd,
he's naething but the whit he is
that's shairlie nithin but hissel
nocht mair nor onie docken leaf."

"Och," Thorgerd said, "whit he micht be
gif nithin ither nor hissel
lik naething waarth a docken leaf, 100
is naither here for think it naething
nor yonnerwy for think it nithin,
but aa the same that maks a differ,
thon Thorkell chiel haes duin a darg
as evil as the Deevil's daein,
because he kent the Laugar loor
was set for Kjartan's slauchterin,
and here's a thing as evillyke
as pad-the-huif fae Hell itsel,
he didnae juist no tell oor Kjartan 110
whit was in store for him for deid,
but aye sinsyne haes geggied him
as anticlyke as humph an grumph
an caa him names he cannae hear
tae caw him doon that cannae ryse."

"I'm thinkin, gin you Kjartan brithers
are waek as cannae puit the hems
on sic a skellum as thon Thorkell,
it's naither wunner nane o you yins
will eever finnd a wy tae puit 120
the heid on ithers for oor vengein
whuin odds are mair, no evenlyke."

Tho whit she said was ryfe as rare
wi meikle made for rowthe o thocht,
eechie-nor-ochie Halldor said
excep tae tell his mither, Thorgerd,
tae fee the lauddie gif she waantit.

A day or twoe gaun on, tho, lyke
for tak a thocht on whit tae dae,
Halldor was up for thocht it thru, 130
and oot for ruidie for the daein,
then aff upon his naig fae hame
alang wi twoe-three ither men.

He gaed ower Goatfells wy as quaet
as didnae let the Thorkell chiel
ken whit was aa adae til duin,
an brocht him furth o hoose and hame.

Afore Thorkell was slauchtert thare,
he made a geggie o hissel
lik onie antic humphin, grumphin 140
as saut tears bleared his blinkie een,
lips growein blae as cauld wi fricht
sae hertsome folk were black-affrontit
tae him gyan yellae-bellied
as lillie-leevert, face gane whey
as he maun thocht o's ruid bluid skailin
until the guts he haednae werenae.

Aa duin as was enyeuch tae dae,
thocht Halldor, and he wuidnae let
the oniebodie wi him herrie 150
ocht ben the hoose or roondaboot it,
sayin they'd lae the place alane
as men that did ocht needit duin
wi nocht the mair needcessitous,
an no lik herds that herrie nests
in haidge and holt, in park an moss
tae gar the burds forsake thur beilds:
an sae aff hame he gaed, as pleased
as kennin whit duin better faur
nor ocht nicht be the waur in tyme. 160

That suimmer, tho the folk were quaet
as soond o gairies ben the flooers,
atween the Olafsons an Bolli
thare was ill-will lik angrie birr
athin a herried gairie byke.

Againss the Bolli chiel, the brithers
set faces sterk as onie stane
haed stuid as thrawn as stoore thru tyme
againss the onslaucht o the swaw,
thur een lik whinstanes buhlletit 170

athin the post thru centuries
that drappt the whinstanes fae the post
haed murlit roon them intil saun.

Bolli let thae yins hae thur wy
in this an that, as lang as *this*
was no ower ill tae tak, an *that*
no that ower ill tae gie: he was
as prood a man as wuidnae brekk
as lang as he cuid bend a bit,
ay, prood as wuidnae bend avaa 180
gin folk micht wecht him for tae brekk him.

As weel-afflyke as weel-puit-on,
Bolli haed monie bodies roond him
that waantit naething, folk that kent
gin hunger is guid kitchen, as
the saw says, that saw micht gang on
tae say that better kitchen maks
the byte an sup as dentie as
haes neever need o tichteners;
guid scan gangs ben the saul, as weel 190
as ben the wame tae mak a myndin:
that was the wy folk leaved wi Bolli.

Thon Steinthor, yin o Olaf's sons,
was bydein ower in Danasteid,
a ferm in Saumonreeverdale;
he mairriet Thurid, Asgeir's dochter
that yince was wyfe til Thorkell Kuggi:
Steinthor an Thurid haed a son
caad Steinthor tae, bynameit "Stane-grig."

Chapter LIII

Thorgerd's Eggin-on, AD 1007

Neist winter ower the mools o daith
 that happit Olaf Hoskuldson,
The Peacock, as his dy haed caad him,
 his weedae, Thorgerd, Egil's dochter,
 sent wurd til Steinthor that he come
 an meet her, swythe as swither-nane.

Mither an son met up, the son
 speirie as wunnerin awo,
 the mither neever lettin dab,
 tho she did say she was for weeshin 10
 tae gang the waastlins ower til Saurby
 sae she cuid see her auld freend Aud.

Halldor, she said, cuid come anaa,
 an thare were five folk aatgegither
 as they gaed waastlins till they cam
 fornent the fermsteid o Tongue
 that's ower in Saelingsdale, ye ken.

Then Thorgerd turned her horse's heid
 as richt as roondaboot fornent
 thon ferm as she speired tae ken 20
 "An whit's the name, then, o this mailen?"

Haildor gied aunsver needit-nane,
 "Mither, it's you ken fyne the name
 as you ken fyne I ken it tae:
 this mailen's name ye ken is Tongue."

Then Thorgerd turned her face til his
 as richt an roondaboot fornent
 thon ferm as tho she lukt his ee:
 "An whoe bydes here?" she speired at him.

Halldor gied aunsver yince again 30
 that he kent wasnae needit aither:
 "Mither, it's you ken fyne the name
 as I ken fyne ye ken it tae."

"Ay," Thorgerd snorkit, "weel ken I
 as aabodie aroon kens fyne,
 Bolli bydes here, the slauchterer
 o ma ain son, yer brither Kjartan."

“And I can tell as ken fou weel,
 as you’ll can ken gin you’ll can listen,
 that you are laich alow yer kin
 tho they were heech abuin the lave,
 gin you’ll puit vengeance nane upon
 the nyaff that slauchtert sic a man
 as your ain brither Kjartan was.”

40

“Egil, yer mither’s dy, yer graundy,
 wuid neever traikt the samin gaet
 as you hae traikit, aye gaun bye
 the Bolli’s hoose an no gaun ben
 tae redd his inglesyde o him.”

“It’s peetious as greetious
 tae hae the lyke o gomerils
 for sons wi hauf the wecht o shooother
 can luft an airm can luft a nieve
 can wecht a blade athin the grup:
 indaed-in-trothe for tell nae lee,
 meikle-bechildert as harasst
 wi lauddie-bairns as here I am,
 it micht been better you haed been
 a lassockie for mairriein
 a man micht made a better lauddie.”

50

60

“Halldor, I’m tellin you yersel,
 altho ye ken as weel’s masel,
 it aa comes doon til thon auld saw
 that says lik tell the truith a yince
 that neednae say the same again:
the ilka suimmer wi a chill
as ilka faimlie wi a fuil.
 Or gin ye’d sooch it ower again
 for rhyme it chyme it for tae mynd it:
Til ilka suimmer tyde a chill,
til ilka inglesyde a fuil.
 Or yince mair gif no lykin that
 for onie reasoun or anither:
As ilka suimmertyde a chill,
sae ilka faimlie gomeril.
 Or for nae mair, as hinnermaist
 as mak anither yin yersel:
As ilka suimmer kens a chill,
sae ilka faimlie gomeril.”

70

“And I can tell ye truith again

80

altho I daenae need tae tell ye
because ye ken it fyne yersel:
yer faither Olaf was waanchauncie
in gettin sons wi wechtless shooters.”

“Halldor, it’s you I’m niggin at
because ye luk upon yersel
as nae smaa drink amang yer brithers:
see no gin you can dram yersel
as muckle as ye think ye are.”

“Noo, we sall turn awo fae here
as richt an roondaboot is gaun
fae whoere we cannae thole tae be
less nor we ken oorsels tae be,
for here I brocht ye for tae ken,
in case ye haed forgotten it,
the kynd o men that you were yince
and as ye micht weel be again.” 90

Whether she saw thon Aud, her freen
wi *Are ye weel?* and *Hoo’s yersel?*
is naither here for wunner whoere
nor yonner for as faur as that,
sin as ye’ll guess athooten telt,
the Saga daesnae gie a cheep. 100

Aa Thorgerd needit for hersel
tae be the man she micht hae been,
was heftie shooter for tae wecht
a meikle airm for tae luft
a heftie nieve for haudin ben it
a meikle blade for clooterin
men heftie as her ain fell sel. 110

“Mither, for certaint,” Halldor said,
“we’ll no can puit the wyte on you
gin we are fautit, myndin-nane.”

And Halldor said nae mair nor that,
ower meikle haterent ben his hert
for Bolli, and, gif truith be telt,
fair bealin wi hissel anaa,
no thinkin thon was for his mither,
or gin ye lyke, fair bealin at her,
altho he thocht it was hissel. 120

The winter bye lik mynd its chitter,

an suimmer come wi *My, it's bonnie!*
auld tyme taen haud o weet an wuin
tae gar folk gether for the Althing.

Halldor and aa his brithers said
that they'd gang owerbye Althingwy,
an sae they rade til't, wi ahint them,
a tail o muckle companie
tae bigg the bothie for a beild
haed yince been ben the Olaf's aucht.

130

The Althing was as quaet as kent
naething byordnarlyke for speak,
aathing in order lyke *Say 'please'!*
an *Thank ye for yer caunnie wurd.*
wi naething gulderie as gorkie
the wy clash whyles is clattiness.

Amang the bodies Althingwy,
were men fae norlins Sauchiedale,
the sons o Gudmund Solmundson;
yon Bardi Gudmundson was thare,
then juist the aichteen winters auld
weel-at-hissel this suimmertyde,
an muckle, was he no, at that:
nae sumph, but. Ay, a michtie chiel.

140

Olaf's sons speired an priggitt at him
tae byde at Herdshaw for a whyle;
the Olaf brithers' sister-son,
Hall, wasnae hame in Yceland then.

Because he wasnae laith tae gang,
thae kinsmen bein gyan fonde
o yin and ither, Bardi rade
the waastlins fae the Althing meet,
syne ower til Herdshaw for tae byde
for whit was left o suimmertyme.

150

Chapter LIV

Halldor maks ruidie for tae venge Kjartan

Halldor telt Bardi, deep in dern
 as *Daenae say I said a wurd*,
 that he and aa his brithers meant
 tae yoke on Bolli sometimm suin
 because they coodnae thole the thocht
 o bein lichtlied onie mair
 bi thair ain mither, thon yin Thorgerd.

“An mynd ye, Bardi,” Halldor said,
 “altho ye ken we lyke ye fyne
 as we ken fyne ye lyke us tae, 10
 that’s no the whye we brocht ye here,
 the reasoun bein we’d lyke fyne
 gin you, as freenlielyke, wuid help us.”

Bardi gied aunsver til him then:
 “Thare’s yae thing you suid no forget,
 because ye’ll neever hear the end
 o some ill-gabbitness will puit
 an immerage upon us aa;
 and yae thing ither you maun mynd,
 ye’ll finnd it sair-gaun nabbin Bolli 20
 tae dae him doon as duin for aye.”

“He aye haes monie men aboot him
 can wecht a sworde as skeelielyke
 as oniebodie else aroond,
 and as ye ken that needs nae tellin,
 he wechts a sworde hissel mair skeelie
 nor oniebodie else aroond;
 an no juist that that’s no that bad
 for oor gaun on wi, he’s weel-fund
 wi guid avysement gaun for grabs 30
 fae Osvif, his guid-faither, ken,
 an neever myn fae’s wyfe, thon Gudrun:
 aa thae things puit thegither mak
 for sklim a knowe was thocht a howe.”

Halldor reponit: “We’re in need
 o eikin til oor aucht a mair
 will mak enyeuch will tober Bolli,
 an no an eikin til thon Bolli
 will be a mair will mak enyeuch
 will let the Bolli blooter us.” 40

“I wuidnae said the ocht anent it
until I kent it haed tae be
the nocht the less nor mak avengement
on Bolli for a yince foreever,
an shairlie, kinsman, you’ll be wi us
the gaet we’ll gang, alangsyde wi us.”

Bardi gied aunsver was as roond
as twoe haufs o it made a haill
lik punt a thocht o blether-baa:
“I ken ye daenae think it lykelie
that I’ll renague ont, no gaun furrit,
an naither will I gin I see
I cannae gar ye dae-it-nane.” 50

“Ye’re in it wi us then,” said Halldor,
“as dacentlyke as we kent fyne
oniewhoere else ye coodnae be.”

Then Bardi said they’d hae tae be
the gyan caunnielyke at that,
and Halldor said that he’d heard tell
Bolli haed sent awo his hoose-carles,
a wheen o thaem til Ramfrith norlins
tae meet a ship o his gaun thare,
the lave o thaem a curn o bodies
he’d sent til Middlefell straund thonner. 60

And he gaed on, “It’s said anaa
that Bolli’s bydein at the sheilin
in Saelingsdale, wi naebodie
but thae hoose-carles hymakkin thare:
we’ll neever hae a better chaunce
nor noo for yokin on the Bolli.” 70

Here noo’s the wy ot, for a gaet
tae gang was no a pad aroond
a park for hirdin sheep, was taen
bi Halldor an bi Bardi thon timm:
thare was a man, Thorstein-the-Black,
a man as wyss as waalthie, bydein
at Hundidale in Braidfrithdales,
whoe langsinsyne haed been a freen
til Olaf Hoskuldson, the Peacock.

A sister o this Thorstein chiel
was Solveig caad haed mairriet yin 80

caad Helgi was the son o Hardbein.

Helgi, a man o meikle hicht,
an strappin wi't, a sailorman
haed no that langsyne juist come back
til Yceland fae abroad, an styein
wi Thorstein-the-Black his ain guid-brither.

Halldor sent wurd til Thorstein-the-Black
and Helgi, Thorstein's ain guid-brither,
an ginn they cam til Herdshaw, Halldor 90
then telt them o the ploy he was
for playin, hoo it wuid be played,
an speired at thaem tae gang his gaet.

Thorstein-the-Black, tho, wyss in wurd
as waalthie wi a siller speak,
said he was no for haein it,
nae maitter hoo the-tithers claucht it
as ticht as coodnae lowsse thursels:
"This thing," said he, "haes haterent ben it
for kinsmen o yer ain tae thole 100
as weel as puits yer ain paer sels
the furder ben it for tae dree
the dowie weerd o slauchterin
yer kin, aa clannit ben the mools:
ye ken, thare's no an awfie lote
o men lik Bolli ben the faimlie."

Tho Thorstein spak the wy he did,
naebodie mowtit aither ay
for *Naw, I daenae think I'll dae it,*
or naw for *Ay, I will at that,* 110
but Thorstein, haein said his wurd
lik *Naw, it's no sae wyss a thing,*
noo gied his wurd tae syde wi thaem
lik *Ay, I will gif lyke-it-nane.*

Halldor noo sent wurd ower til Lambi
hauf-brither til his faither, Olaf,
an ginn he gat til Herdshaw, telt him
his ettlement anent the Bolli,
an Lambi, takkin in the sooch ot,
pecht-oot, *Ay, cowp the Bolli cran.* 120

Guidwyfie Thorgerd eggit on
the companie tae gang thur gaet,
het-treddin, skliffin huif on stane,

an said she neever wuid see vengeance
for Kjartan duin until thon Bolli
haed pyd the mail ot wi his lyfe.

Wi that, tho mirrie men the-nane,
mak ruidie mak mair ruidie was
the wy o things for tak the thyeuk
an tak the gaet for herriein 130
a hoose at hame o man aboot
the place, an wummanbodie o it
athooten man nicht been thare wi her.

Ootgangin fae Herdshaw, thare were
fower sons o Olaf Hoskuldson
gaed oot upon the slauchter ploy:
here telt-aff, coont Halldor an Steinthor,
Helgi and Hoskuld; Bardi fift,
a Gudmundson; Lambi was sixt;
the seeventh Thorstein-the-Black; the aicht 140
his ain guid-brither Helgi; nynth
o aa the men, An Brushwuidbellie.

Thorgerd gaed wi them tae,
tho they said, "Naw, for onie sake,
this wark is no a darg for wemen!"
But she was set on gangin wi them,
sayin, "I ken thae sons o myne
the better nor they ken thursels;
this tongue o mynes will whet thur blades!"

At that they said til Thorgerd, "Mither, 150
for onie sake, come on, come on, then!"

Chapter LV

The Daith o Bolli

Thae nyne menbodies rade awo
fae Herdshaw, thon guidwyfe Thorgerd
makkin ten folk thegither gaun.

Norlins they rade alang the foreshore,
as faur as Leashaws gettin, come
the smaa oors o the nicht, as some say,
(mibbes the wee, smaa mornin oors);
ithers say aer-on pairt o nicht.

But ryde an better ryde did they,
athooten let or hinder ot
until they cam til Saelingsdale
richt aerlie in the mornin thare. 10

At that timm, wuids were growein thick
the here an thare alang the glen,
sae folk micht be in hiddlins beildit
as seein aa are seen bi nane
lik neever lettin bug's a flae,
nor eever lettin dab's a jag.

As Halldor haed been telt for truith
was nithin o a cairriet storie,
Bolli was ben the sheilin biggins,
the sheilin airtit roond, alang
the reever at the place noo kent
as Bollistofts tae mynd us o him. 20

Abuin the sheilin, yae lang rigg
o grund is liggin aa the wy
richt doon til Stackgill, and atween
thon rigg and heecher hillsyde, is
a meikle meadae kent as Barni:
thon was the place whoere Bolli's hoose-carles
were at the graft, no nearhaun til him. 30

Halldor, wi's fieres an brithers roond him,
rade ower Ranmeads, bye Owsenshaw,
an syne abuin the Haimmermeadae
that liggit richt fornent the sheilin,
as some folk say, tho ithers hae it
furst bye the Owsenshaw, an syne
athorte the Ranmeads tae come oot

on Haimmermeadae, eikin til't
that Haimmermeadae liggs acorss
the reever fae the sheilin grun. 40

Kennin that thare were monie chiels
still at the sheilin, Halldor's folk
taen thocht as tentielyke as caw
gy caunnie, sae they lichtit doon
fae horse tae byde thur tyme until
the carles aboot the sheilin biggins
left tae get yokit at thur dargs.

Noo, Bolli's herd-loon haed gane oot
richt aerlie in the samin morn 50
efter his sheep haed taen the hill,
an fae amang them thare, he saw
a wheen o men athin the wuids,
thur horse aa tethert haundilie:
Misdoot masel the-nane, thocht he,
it's I'm jalousin they're ower slee
for tae be paecefoulyke, thon crew.

As swythe as daenae let the thocht
taigle his mynd or shanks, he taen
as shorte a cut back til the sheilin 60
as ower a dyke an thru a burn
and ower a knowe was jook-the-nane,
sae he nicht tell his maister Bolli,
athooten taigle tongue for braith,
that men were come nicht no gang bye him,
an gif byde wi him, werenae thare
tae claw his back but waarm his lugs
an lyke as no tae steek his gab.

Halldor was gy faur-sichtit aye,
an saw the lauddie rinnin doon 70
as even on as even-tyme
is hunker-slydin nae avaa,
an sae he thocht the loon was lyke
tae clype til Bolli whit he'd seen.

Halldor then said amang his folk:
"Thonner's the Bolli's herd. I'm thinkin
he maun hae seen us here in hiddlins,
sae meet wi him will we, juist, makkin
as siccar as nae doot aboot it
that he'll get nae wurd til the sheilin." 80

They did at that, that was as meikle
as didnae need the ocht mair duin,
for An caad Brushwuidbellie gaed
lik onie whitterick, an claucht
the loon tae hicht him up an cast
him doon upon the grun, wi bowff
that gart the lauddie's backbaen gie
a snick tae skreech a yaummerin
fae his paer lips, an then gied snack
for brekk ootthru cuid gar nae soond
again tae yaummer for a skaith
was sic a sair wuid neever better.

90

They rade then til the sheilin biggins
that were twoe bothie kinna warks,
the yin o thaem for slaepin in,
the-tither yin the byre for kye.

Bolli, lang waukent, and afuit for oot
and aff tae see the men thursels
aa oot and aff and yokit at it,
haed gane back ben tae bou an ee,
sae thare were juist hissel an Gudrun
athin the sheilin biggin waas.

100

A whylie bye for bou an ee,
then doverin til slaep cam doon
tae gar a dream become a dwaumin
as think a nichtmeir on the shooters,
wi jingle-jangle o the graith
that maks a horse a weirelik baess
even as clitter-claitterin o steel
can mak a man a fechtin chiel:
an thare noo, Bolli kent the din
a nichtmeir nane athin his slaep
but men doon-lichtin fae thur naigs
an chowein-the-fat anent the yin
wuid breenge ben furst tae blooter Bolli.

110

Brocht up wi monie o thon crew
as fostert in amang them, Bolli
kent fyne the wy that Halldor spak,
as weel's the sooch o ither speak.

He lukt at Gudrun, puit his finger
upon his lips for *Haud yer wheesht, hen*,
then telt her for tae up an gang
an daenae mak a din aboot it,

120

because, he said, the kynd o things
lyke tae be ongaun inbye thare
wuid no be til her lykin, naw.

Gudrun was naething gif nae blate
that thocht hersel nae sheepshank baen,
sae tho she kept a caunnie sooch
fornent her Bolli's fash anent her, 130
she said, for clish-ma-claver nane
but for the ferlie ben her spreit
was chawed for naething less nor aathing,
that she was thinkin ocht adae
athin thae waas that bonnie mornin
wuid be weel warth the lukin at,
an for the lave ot, shairlie she
cuid neever puit the hems on Bolli
bi staunin thare asyde her man.

But Bolli wuidnae listen til her, 140
kennin the whit she haed tae dae
was no for wurd that bonnie mornin,
whiteever micht be said anent it
whuin tyme-tae-come wuid spell the speil ot
for cairriein the story ot
asyde the ingle some braw nicht.

Bolli wuid dae whit he'd tae dae
athooten fash anent his Gudrun
tae fankle mynd as taigle haun,
sae gart her gang the gaet awo 150
for onie sake, gif no her ain.

An sae she gaed awo, did she,
thinkin nae doot she'd raither byde
an see the ploy that wuid be played,
mibbes a weething angrielyke;
sae she gaes doon the brae alang
a bonnie burnsyde for tae sloonge
some linen back an furrit thare
athin the weet tae waash her claes:
the saw can say, as weel's ye ken, 160
an angrie wumman's gyan clean.

Bolli was noo his leesome-lane
athin the sheilin, makkin ruidie
for whit was no for gangin bye him
gin it cuid throch-an-thru him gang;
an sae he taen his graith o weire

for set about the folk wuid skaith him,
 puit helmet on his powe, wi tairge
 in yae haund and his sworde *Legbyter*
 claucht tichtlie ben the-tither nieve: 170
 for onie ward, nae airn guaird
 upon his back, but ben his kist
 a wecht o hert tae get stuck-in.

Halldor and aa his crew about him
 were yarkin this wy *You can dae it*,
 an that wy *Mibbes you yersel*,
 then thon wy *Naw, we'll gang thegither*,
 anent the wy they'd yoke on Bolli:
 they were, as you'll can ken the saw says,
 gy backward thaem in gangin furrit. 180

An Brushwuidbellie, tho, spak yince
 that was nae glitterin a slooch
 o slaivers, nor a haverin
 mair lyke a glag o yuchellin,
 but cleir as coodnae be ocht else,
 an straucht as furrit fae the shooother,
 as lyfie as quick aff the merk,
 sayin, "Thare are some chiels about me here
 nearer til Kjartan as his kin
 nor I am, but thare's no the yin 190
 amang ye's lyke tae neebor me
 the-wy I ken thon fell stramash
 whuin Kjartan gaed ben orrie daith
 and it was thocht I neebort him."

"Whuin I was brocht hame ower til Tongue,
 hauf-deid as didnae ken I leeved,
 and hauf-alyve as kent the-nane
 gif whit I was was deid for certaint,
 altho paer Kjartan liggit deid
 as duin wi kennin lyfe or daith, 200
 whuin I cam roond as kent the licht
 was Gode's ain licht alow the sun,
 an no the licht o hellish lowes
 fae Auld Nick's fyre alow the Yerd,
 the yae thing ben ma thocht was this
 that I wuid see the day wuid come
 wi licht enyeuch tae let me see
 the skaith that I wuid gie til Bolli
 wuid let him see the lowes o Hell:
 sae I'm for furst athin this biggin." 210

As wyss in wurd as waalthielyke
 in siller speak, Thorstein-the-Black
 said: "That was spakken bravelie as
 we nicht expec fae you as brave
 as didnae dee a nichtmeir daith
 thon tyme ye thocht yer innards ootlins,
 lik sklits o kinnlin hingin doon,
 but aa the same, oor wyssest coonsel
 wuid be for us tae caw gy caunnie
 an tentie as tae tae a thocht ont, 220
 because the Bolli yin bi this timm
 will no staun quaet whuin we yoke on him
 the-wy paer Kjartan did whuin Bolli
 yokit upon him for his deid;
 altho he's aa hissel the-noo,
 he'll be lik three folk wi him syne
 as we play thwack on him; he's strang,
 an skeelie wi the graith o weire,
 an mynd you this, he haes a sworde
 that's lyke hissel, as strang as skeelie." 230

Whuin Thorstein spak thon wy, no yin
 amang the brithers said an ay
 or naw the yae wy or the-tither,
 but yin wi thaem did mair, did he,
 nor yawk an yaummer wuidnae dae,
 for An played breenge athin the bothie,
 his tairge abuin his powe for ward,
 the nerra end ot pyntin furrin.

Bolli played belt at him at yince
 athooten tyme tae tak a thocht ont, 240
Legbyter wheechin doon, the licht ot
 a siller skud gaun thru the air
 tae cut richt thru the tairge tail-end
 an cleave An Brushwuidbellie's heid
 fae croun til shooters, sic a cloore
 as gart thon paer sowl dee at yince,
 athooten tyme tae tak a thocht ont.

Lambi gaed ben then, in thon wy
 was swythe as didnae keek tae swither,
 thon wy that meant *You luk at me*, 250
 his tairge fornent him for a beild,
 his bare blade gruppit ben his nieve
 for slooter-slauchterie in bluid.

As swythe as swither-nane tae keek

at whit he'd duin til Brushwuidbellie,
Bolli freed his guid sworde *Legbyter*
fae paer An's corp, but taigl't daein't,
his tairge gaed aff the straucht a bittock
an left his yae syde aff his guaird.

Lambi thru thirlit Bolli's thie, 260
thon wy was meikle skaith tae thole,
even as Bolli made retour
was nae turn back but onwards gaun
skliff't doon the Lambi's shoother baen
then doon his syde tae puit the chiel
richt oot the fecht, sae you'll can guess:
"By Sursse," said he, "I'm aff the gemme!
"Ay, aff," said he, "as sae am I,
as swythe as finnd a doctor bodie
tae mak a mend ot no for deid. 270
I'm oot," said he, "Nae doot," said he,
"wi naething bit a yuissless airm
that cannae scart a yeukiness
yince caurrie cood but richt haun cannae."

And aye sinsyne, he wasnae fit
tae fecht avaa, as neever myn
tae win a fecht yae wy or tither,
his airm yuissless aa his lyfe.

In noo cam Helgi Hardbeinson, 280
thon strappin chiel o meikle hicht,
Thorstein-the-Black's guid-brither, him,
and as he breengeit ben, he haed
a meikle spear athin his grup
as ticht as kent fyne whit he haudit
the blade ot yae haill ell in lenth
he'd seen til sherp as sklit a hair,
the heft ot cled in airn roon
tae gar it skliff awo steel skyte.

Whuin Bolli saw thon meikle spear 290
he kent was fell as sair him deid,
he cast awo *Legbyter* fae him
he kent cuid dae the naething mair;
an claucht his tairge in baith his hauns
he kent tho juist lik bittock buss
was better nor nae beild avaa;
then gaed on furrit til the doore
tae meet wi Helgi comein at him
even as Kjartan wuid hae gane,

kent Bolli, whoe cuid gang nae furder:
for Helgi thraist the spear richt thru 300
the tairge as tho thru dozent wuid,
an thirlit Bolli throch-an-thru
tae pin him up againss the waa.

As Bolli laenit til the waa,
yovin the back an furrin fae it
againss thon awfie ell o airn,
the Olafsons aa breengeit ben,
that is, Halldor an brither bodies,
an wi them cam thur mither, Thorgerd.

Kennin, as whoe else better kent, 310
that no yin o thae Olafsons
haed breengeit ben fornent *Legbyter*
athin his haun for cleir the place
tae gie him room tae mak mair room,
thon blade noo liggin on the flaer,
no able noo tae byte a thoom
an neever mynd a fuit or leg,
said Bolli, "Ay, it's sauf enyeuch
the-noo for you yins, brithers kin
as I was foster-kin til you yins, 320
tae come this wee bit nearer me
nor you were sweir tae come afore."

Then thon paer sowl gaed on tae say
he thocht that he'd be waured gy suin.

Thorgerd gied aunsver til him then,
altho her aunsver was commaundlik,
for she was talkin til her sons,
sayin they neednae be sae feart,
sae backwartlyke in comein furrin
tae clooter Bolli whoere he stuid: 330
"Gang you," s'she til thaem, "an tak
the gaet ye hae tae gang, atween
the heid abuin the shooters o him
an frame that staunds alow his powe."

Bolli, still staundin at the waa,
no yonner yit, altho as near it
as haurdlie kent the whoere he was,
was haudin ticht his claes aroond
his sowlcase for tae keep his innards
fae faain on the bothie flaer. 340

Takkin his mither's wurd as said
for daein whit was tae be duin
as duin that wy, nae ither wy,
thon Steinthor Olafson played lowp
at Bolli, wheechin roond his powe
a meikle aix at Bolli's hause
abuin the shooters, sneddin heid
lik puhttin-stane cawed fae the merk
wi shooter-wecht tae skyte it aff
an gar it stote the twycet afore
the corp played dunt on bothie flaer.

350

At that, said Thorgerd til her son,
"Steinthor, may your hauns neever want
a piece tae stap athin yer mou."
An then gaed on, as snicherie
as onie wumman micht weel be
that nae man lykes tae see the lyke
or as maist men micht be anaa
that wemen daenae lyke tae ken:
"It will be gy ruid hair that Gudrun
will hae tae kaim tae mak a shed
wyle thru the hair on Bolli's heid."

360

They left the biggins then, an Gudrun
cam up the brae abuin the burn
whoere she'd been waashin bits o claes
ayont the soond o thon stramash,
an spak til Halldor, speirin at him
anent the ongauns ben the bothie
an whit haed happent Bolli thare.

They telt her o it, or enyeuch ot
as made the ootcome o it aathing
til Gudrun, tho the aathing ben it
was mibbes mair nor whit they telt her,
and aiblins mair nor Saga tells us.

370

As Gudrun stuid fornent thae chiels,
cled in a bonnie kirtle made
o richt rare tweel, the warp an waaft ot
as skeelie wrocht the throch-an-thru
as brawlik as was eever made
the lyke o brainsh an greenerie
athin a wuid whoere sunsheen rins
alang the grund an thru the leafs
as ferlielyke as wondrous bonnie:
some wuids lik that micht mak a name

380

for onie toon caad *Kirtleshaw*.

The waarp an waaft o Gudrun's bodice
 was steekit ticht aroond her frame;
 the heid-dress that she wore was heech
 as made her peels wi onie man,
 an roond her waist she wore a sash 390
 for comfort in a caller morn,
 wi daurk-blue setts in lynes upon it
 for pleesurin the een tae see them,
 an taussels hingin fae the ends ot
 for haudin thaem thegither bonnie.

Helgi Hardbienson, strappin chiel
 o meikle hicht that tappit Gudrun's,
 gaed ower til her an taen an end
 o thon braw sash, then dichtit bluid
 aff that same spear haed thirlit Bolli 400
 an gart him grue as gy near yonner
 as haurdlie kent the whoere he was.

Gudrun taen yae wee glent at him,
 nae glower ben the keek she taen,
 an gif she neever said a wurd,
 Dear kens the thocht athin her powe
 that nicht hae said enyeuch an mair.

Said Halldor then, mair black-affrontit
 at whit the Helgi yin haed duin
 ootwith the bothie nor athin it, 410
 "Man, that was awfie gruesomelyke,
 an bluidilie as no weel duin
 that nicht gang bluidilie aglye."

And Helgi "Daenae losse-the-place,
 for I am shair tae losse ma lyfe
 as bluidilie as gang aglye
 alow the lyfe alow thon sash,
 ay, gruesomelyke as ower weel duin,
 an orrie, ugsome kinna laer
 growne ben ma kennin gars me grue 420
 at whit is growein ben her wame."

They taen til horse an rade awo,
 Gudrun gaun wi them for a bittock,
 haein a crack on this an that
 lik *Isnae this a bonnie day?*
 and *Isnae that a bonnie flooer?*

tho shair enyeuch as gyan certaint,
the no-a-cheep anent her man
was liggin slauchtert ben the bothie.

And as for Halldor and his crew, 430
they neever mowtit *this* or *that*
lik “Thon yin caad An Brushwuidbellie
didnae gang ben the bothie thonner
afore the lave o us avaa,
wi slogan yelloch on his lips
lik blade til blade wi thon *Legbyter*.”

Nor did they utter mutter, thaem,
lik “This is no the thing tae speil,
that Halldor and his brithers were
sae backwards gangin furrir furst, 440
tho on wi’t ginn the wark was duin.”

Thorgerd, ye ken, that rade hame wi them,
wuid heard thon speak, an wuid she no,
lik cock a lug then said her say,
that nicht hae telt them whit she thocht
gif dry-boke that they gied thur mither
wuid let her whitter on avaa.

Thorstein-the-Black, weel-kent as wyss
wi nane-the-name ot for the nocht
but waalthiness in siller speak 450
anent whit dae or daenae dae,
noo kept his coonsel til hisselt,
altho he taen a thocht as quaet
as neer let dab ot pass his lips.
An this is whit he thocht for truith
wuid tummle-the-wulkies-nane wi cheatrie,
that coonsel is as coonsel daes
an that’s tae tell the wy it’s duin:
aye puit yer better men furst furrir,
sae they may gang tae mak a pad 460
for lesser feet tae walk aa ower them
tae mak a better kynd o pad
for coonsellors, the wale o men,
tae gang stravaigin, easie-oasie
at laest, gif no at maist aye best.

An Gudrun, hame gaun bi hersel,
wi naebodie tae think aboot
but her ainsel the thrid tyme roon,
myndit thon dream she’d haed langsyne

anent a gowden ring she's tynt,
and here is whit she thocht gaun hame
acorss the parks tae redd the hoose.

Thon deid, she thocht, ma thrid man gane
lik onie ring o yellae gowd
wi fauts athin it gart it brekk,
was mibbes wark o ma ain haun
as whit is for us aye will finnd us
as whit gangs ben us aye will oot.

Chapter LVI

Bolli Bollison is born, AD 1008

Gudrun gane hame, thon Halldor crew,
in convocation wi thursels,
becam as yappitie as corbies
anent the whit she maun be thinkin
ower Bolli slauchtert ben the bothie,
myndin she'd haed the caunnie crack
wi yin and aa o thaem, as tho
they'd no duin yae thing for tae sair her
an neever myn the Bolli slauchtert.

Halldor gied aunsver til them then: 10
"I'm no for thinkin, naw," said he,
"that Gudrun daesnae care a haet
anent the Bolli's daith, as tho
fair made up wi the killin, naw;
I'm thinkin whye she gaed the gaet
alang wi us, as whitterie
as yap aboot the flooers an waather,
was that she waantit for tae ken
an better ken the ilka bodie
haed rade fae Herdshaw herriein." 20

"Anither thing thare is tae say
that daesnae say the haill is said
anent the Gudrun wummanbodie,
is that she's vyvie ben the mynd
as lyfie ben the hert, abuin
the lave o common wemenfolk."

"Indaed-in-trothe that's quaet as tells
nae lee lik leears leein lood,
think you nocht else nor truith that says
Gudrun maun taen his daith til hert, 30
for as we ken as we maun ken
that ken the differ Bolli was
fae maist o us, his losse maun be
as meikle as the man hissel,
an we're the gy waanchauncie folk
that didnae byde in paece wi him."

Wi that, they rade hame Herdshaw wy,
the jingle-jangle o thur graith
mair lood amang them ower the maer
amang the heather nor the soond 40

o clish-ma-claver ower the killin
amang them for nae cairriet storie.

Ower aa the airts as ben the dales
 whoere nowt gaed chowein coode, an sheep
 snick-sneckit ilka blade o gerss
 the airn o thur cluits let be;
ower hills lik thae yins yont the sae
 that folk think heech enyeuch tae caa
 no bittock knowes nor bens but Ochils;
an roondabout the bens thursels 50
 ower heech for folk tae daunner on,
 unless they gaed tae gralloch dear;
alang the burns as fou o troot
 as gart the saumon shooder bye them
 whuin soomin seekin bairnlie grush
 tae scoor a beild for thair ain bairns,
 an neever myn the whoe was guddlin;
an ben the friths whoere selkies glowert
 at fishermen whoe nickit fish
 that selkies thocht were thair ain kitchen; 60
and on the straunds whoere fisherfolk
 were thrangitie at guttin, sautin,
 an smee kin fishes for the winter,
aa ower the place the news gaed roond
anent the brulyie at the sheilin,
tae gar the bodies' herts fair stoond
at thinkin on the Bolli's daith
 as tho it were thur ain bluid gowpin.

Nae hunker-slydin inglesyde
 for dreep o saut alang the chafts 70
 wi peetie for hersel as muckle's
 for Bolli's deid gane ben remeid,
because her faither Osvif thocht
Snorri-the-Praest a traistie chiel,
Gudrun sent men awo tae see him
 an gie him wurd nae cairriet storie
 wuid let him ken the benairts ot
 sae he cuid lend a haun, no let
 Herdshaw folk tak a lend o thaem
 owerbye wi her at Saelingsdale. 80

Hearin the Gudrun's wurd anent
 the ongauns tobert her and hers,
 Snorri was up lik onie laverock
 can haurdlie wait for voartimm comein,
 and aff lik onie whitterick

that cannae byde tae see a scut
scoot ben a beild alow the grun,
syne cam til Tongue wi sixtie men
tae puit an aesement ben the hert
o Gudrun made her gyan gled. 90

Snorri wuid mak a saettlement
wuid gart the bodies byde in paece,
but Gudrun was the gyan sweir
for her son Thorleik's sake tae tak
bluid-siller sic as thon avaa
for her man Bolli's slauchterin;
s'she, "It's I'm for thinkin, Snorri,
the best haund you'd be giein me
for cudgie ower this dub o glaur
puit here bi Olafsons fornent me, 100
wuid be for you tae tak ma hoose
as I tak yours, because, 's'she,
"I daenae waant tae byde as neebor
til thae yins ower the Herdshaw wy."

At that timm, chaise the chyce o chaunce
that maks for dae or daenae dae it,
no as the humph comes up the back
but as the back is humphit for ye,
Snorri haed cast-oot wi his neebors
at Eyr, sae said he'd dae as Gudrun 110
thocht fit, because o freenship wi her,
"Tho Gudrun, juist the same," said he,
"ye'll hae tae byde ower here at Tongue
for lang as gars a towmont turn."

Aa richt aroond as faur as pree it,
Snorri made ruidie for tae traik
til hoose at hame in Haliefell
as Gudrun gied him dacent gifts
tae see him on his wy, fair kittlt
wi whit he'd gat for whit he'd gien. 120

And as the towmont turnt aroond,
aathing was quaet as dae the nocht
nae maitter yaummer ben the haerns
for mak a din lik slogan yeiloch.

That winter efter Bolli's daith
that dinnelt ding ben Gudrun's powe,
she brocht til birth a bonnie bairn,
a lauddie bairn sae lyke his faither

she gied him Bolli for his name.

Tyme gane lik *Weel I myn the days*, 130
the lauddie hichtent haill as braw,
his minnie growein gyan fonde
as naither wunner wuid she no!

Winter gane bye wi chilblain taes
that gart a bodie skliff the shuin
tae scart the kittle in alow;
an chappit hauns gart bairnies greet,
the snaw ootbye ower guid tae waste;
an cooter cauld tho hetlik ruid 140
as gart a bodie grauvat it;
then voartimm come wi yeukie feet
for daunnerin amang the wuids,
or sklimmin hills or guddlin troot,
the air as chirrickie wi burds
as fou the lugs wi din come daw,
the niffer o the hoose and haudin
taen place in greeance haed been made
atween thon Praest the Snorri chiel
an Gudrun ower in Saelingsdale.

Snorri flittit til Tongue, an badd thare 150
the lave o's lyfe, an Gudrun gaed
til Haliefell alang wi Osvif,
biggin a brawlik hoose tae byde in
whoere her twoe sons, Thorleik an Bolli,
grew up tae caa the place thur ain,
Thorleik the fower year auld thon tyme
Bolli his faither haed been slauchtert.

Chapter LVII

Anent Thorgils Hallason, AD 1008

Weel noo, an Thorgils Hallason
 was the name o a man, a chiel was kent
 bi's mither's name because she'd wintert
 the langer nor his faither haed,
 thon yin that haed been kent hissel
 as Snorri, son o Alf o Dales
 as some folk say, tho ithers daenae,
 but here puit doon tae let ye ken.

The Thorgil's minnie, Halla, was
 the dochter o Gest Oddliefson, 10
 tho some folk say the nocht aboot it
 as ithers dae as said abuin
 tae let ye ken as here puit doon.

Thorgils badd ower in Hordadale
 at Tongue, the name the same as thon place
 in Saelingsdale as elsewhoere lyke
 the yin wi'ts kyle in Sutherland
 sou-aest awo in Scotland thonner.

Thorgils, tho gyan brawlik as
 a man, an muckle wi it tae, 20
 was faur ower gallus, glowerin
 at aabodie tae luk at him,
 an gulderie alang wi that
 lik bellochin for folk tae hear him,
 sae naebodie wuid niffer wi him
 ower dyot, bodle, plack or groat
 an think tae keep a pennie piece
 tae jingle wi a maik or stiver.

As gyan little luvie haed passed
 atween Snorri-the-Praest an Thorgils 30
 thare wasnae meikle in the passin
 tae tyme the neever haed been thare,
 for Snorri thocht him meddlesome
 as fankle tongue or taigle fuit,
 whoe aye gaed stinkin bye upcootert
 as tho be coodnae staun the wheech
 o his ain guff sae fousome roond him.

But stinkin bye or no for yaisual,
 the Thorgils chiel was ayeways swaet

s makkin sweit tae airt hissel
the waastlins ower the kintrisyde,
aye gaun til Haliefell tae speir
at Gudrun cood he lend a haun,
makkin as lyke he was the chiel
cuid sorte her ordnar wys o daein,
her weelfare seen til, made byordnar
as nae day cauld kail het again
nor lyke auld claes an back til purritch.

40

Gudrun was no for haein it,
tho she was easie-oasie gaun
an quaet as listen nae lippen on
aither the eeche or the ochie
o thon guff fae the Thorgils fuhlla.

50

For aa that, Thorgils speired at her
tae let her aulder lauddie Thorleik
gang hame wi him til Hordadale
an byde at Tongue thare, puittin in
his tyme at daein awo at laer
anent the law wi Thorgils, whoe,
as contarlyke wi folk aroon him
was juist as weel-acquaant as skeelie
wi sic a contarmashious craft
as laer o law ben byeuk for bummil.

60

At that timm, Thorkell Eyjolfson
was the name o a man aye thrangitie
in trevel ower the sae for tredd:
kenspecklelyke the near an faur
as highheidyinlik faur an near,
he was guidgaunlik faithfou freen
til Snorri Thorgrimson the Praest

70

Whuin hame in Yceland, Thorkell styed
wi Thorstein Kuggison, his kinsman.

Weel, yae timm, ginn the Thorkell haed
a ship was staunin bye at Vadil
bi Bardistraund, it cam aboot
in Burghfrith the son o Eid
o Rigg was slauchtert bi the sons
o Helga, yin that cam fae Kropp.

Grim was the name o the man haed duin
the yokin on the paer sowl deid
an Nial, the brither o the killer,

80

becam waanchauncielyke as droondit
athin the watters o Whytereever,

No that lang later on, the bodie
caad Grim, because o thon manslauchter,
was made an ootlin, and he gaed
in dern athin the hills whuin made sae;
he was a muckle chiel at that,
an strang as onie stirk was he:
the wy ot thae days was he haed
tae shoot-the-craw awo fae Yceland,
but he was faur ower thrawn for that,
again, ye ken, lik onie stirk.

90

At that timm, Eid, the Thorkell's kinsman,
was gyan auld whuin this gaed on,
sae didnae dae the ocht aboot it.

Thorkell was awfie fautit then,
as highheidyin amang his clan,
for lettin Grim byde ben a beild
athoot the Thorkell's haein seen
til puittin skaithment on the ootlin.

100

Come voartimm neist ginn Thorkell made
his ship as ruidie as alyve
upon the watters slooterin
alang the strakes abuin the daipth,
soothlins he sailed athorte Braidfrith,
then taen a naig his leesome-lane
an gied the baest its heid tae gang
as faur as finnd the Rigg, tae meet
wi auld Eid, kinsman bydein thonner.

120

Auld Eid was in the best o tid
tae meet wi Thorkell, sayin til him,
“Man, ben ye come an gies yer crack!”

Then Thorkell telt him whye he'd come
the thareaboos sae faur fae hame
was no juist for tae crack wi kin
but for tae finnd thon fuhlla Grim,
an ootlin as ayont the law;
an then he speired at Eid tae ken
did Eid ken whoere thon fuhlla Grim
haed gane tae finnd a hydiehole.

130

Eid gied for aunsver caunnie-daes-it,

thon wy eild's no for breengein furrit
 tae meet wi daith it kens is comein
 tae meet wi man, lyke that or no,
 tho mynd ye, gin young men ken tae
 that daith comes aye for somebodie,
 they think that bodie's nane o thaem.
 Sae auld Eid said: "I wuidnae dae it
 and I were hauf the winters ower me
 and hauf as muckle's thon timm young;
 it seems til me ye tak a chaunce
 nicht weel be mair mischauncielyke,
 seein ye'll hae tae mell wi yin's
 a messan oot o Hell lik Grim;
 mell-nane wi yon yin, or he'll melt ye!"

140

"But gin ye gang, gif gang maun you,
 then tak a wheen o men alang
 tae help ye puit the hems on Grim."

"That's no a meikle thing tae dae,"
 said Thorkell, "for tae mak a mickle
 dae doon a pickle; that wuid be
 mair yont the ordnar widdershins
 nor ben byordnar deishilwys."

150

Thorkell gaed on: "Whit I'm for waantin
 as you may guess, is that ye lend me
 yer braw sworde *Skofnung*, sae thon Grim,
 a single runagaet, nae mair,
 will tak a lend o me the-nane,
 an neever mynd his wecht an pooer."

160

"Whit you maun dae is dae as maun-dae
 may be the mell that melts yersel,"
 said Eid til Thorkell, "sae ginn aa
 faa doon upon ye as it nicht
 for wecht tae preen ye til the grun,
 daenae cast-oot wi me jalousin:
 but still-an-aa, sin whit ye're daein
 ye're daein for me as weel's yersel,
Skofnung is yours tae haud and hain,
 and hain yersel lik langer airm."

170

"But listen noo," auld Eid gaed on,
 "an mynd I wuidnae puit ye on
 nae mair nor tak it oot o ye,
 thare is a something ben the blade
 as caurriewys as no that caunnie:

the sunsheen maunna hit the haeft ot,
tho naebdie says the whit nor whye ot;
anither thing anent the blade
no caunnielyke but caurriewys,
it maun be left athin its shaeth 180
gin onie wumman's neist or near it,
tho whye or whit the naebdie says;
yae ither thing, mair uncolyke
nor ocht else said anent the blade,
gin onie man is sair skaitht wi't,
the sair will neever haill itsel
unless the blade's ain haellin-stane
plays dicht an dab along the skaithin."

Thorkell said he wuid tak guid tent
o whit was telt, an then he taen 190
the sworde an speirt at Eid tae let him
ken thon faur whoere-awo that Grim
micht hae for hydiehole an beild.

Eid said he was for thinkin Grim
micht hae for hydiehole the norlins
bi Twoedays-Moss Fishwatters wy.

The norlins then, thon Thorkell rade
the gaet Eid gied him for tae gang.
ower braidlik maer was toom o folk
but fou o midgie things an cleggs 200
that gart paer man an baess growe gyte
as waantit nocht but left alane;
an norlins furder Thorkell rade,
ongaun the gaet that Eid haed gien him,
until ayont the maer he saw
a bothie biggit neist a loch,
as aa itsel as reek-ma-lane,
and on he gaed tae pree the place.

Chapter LVIII

Anent Thorkell an Grim gaun Norowaa Wy

Whuin Thorkell raxt as faur's the bothie,
 he saw a chiel doon on his hunkers,
 plappin a flae athin the loch
 fornent the place a burn gaed ben it
 tae mak the mawks an wingit thingies
 that gang doon burn lik *Davie, laud*,
 weel waarth a pook bi onie troot
 tae mak a moothfie kitchent it:
 the man haed his auld cloak aboot him,
 his heid alow it dernin lown 10
 as lyke tae keep the midgies aff him.

Thorkell lowpt aff his naig, but quaet
 as let him tether it in paece
 ahint the bothie waa, an then,
 as quaet again as tippertaed,
 he gaed doon til the wattersyde
 ahint the man was sittin thare,
 fou tentie for a trootie pook.

The bodie thare was Grim, ye ken,
 that saw the scadda o a man 20
 crootlin athin the keekin-gless
 the watter made fornent the fisher,
 and up he lowpit lyke a troot
 that brekks the watter for a flae
 or gies a fisher's lyne a pook
 maks oors o daein naething waarth
 the saecont that owerhails the hert
 wi that fell stoond the pook can gie it.

Bi that timm, tho, Thorkell haed gotten
 as near enyeuch til Grim as let him 30
 play clooter at the man wi *Skofnung*,
 the wecht ot skliffin juist abuin
 the wrist, or whit's whyles caad the "wolf-jynt",
 but no that sair a skaith avaa.

Naething else for it, as ye'll guess,
 Grim flew as straucht at Thorkell then
 as gart them waarsle hip an thie
 for gie a cowp, an shooother-thraw
 for birl ower, the-tyme the laevel
 o loch-aidge grush alow the feet, 40

the merk o waather, watter, wuin,
 was ryved an ruchelt wi thur brogues
 as furst the yae wy then the-tither
 they focht tae mak a maisterie
 lik *I'm the keeng o the castle, me,*
 and *You're the durtie wee rascal, you:*
 then suddentlyke, the strenth o Grim,
 still bylin wi the fricht he'd haed,
 owerhaillit Thorkell as his back
 played loonder on the grush alow,
 an doon he gaed, fair oot for duin,
 Grim wechtit on him whoere he liggit.

50

Then Grim speired at this man alow him,
 "An whoe are you whuin you're at hame?"

An Thorkell said til Grim abuin him,
 "At hame or here awo, ma name
 is aa the yin-waan til yersel
 whiteever else til me an myne."

Said Grim til Thorkell yince again,
 "Things arenae whit ye thocht they'd be
 noo you're alow and I'm abuin;
 it's you're waanchauncie, no masel,
 yer lyfe athin ma hauns for deid."

60

"Ay, sur, it's I'm for tellin you
 as you'll can ken yersel, nae boather,
 enyeuch's enyeuch whuin mair's ower muckle."

Thorkell til Grim then, yince again,
 "I'm no for cryin oot *A Baurley!*
 tae let me up an gang in paece,
 for nocht lik that was ben this gemme,
 waanchauncie me or you waanchauncie."

70

"Ay, sur, and I can tell you tae
 that daesnae need tae listen til me,
 enyeuch is muckle's daes its turn."

Grim said he was misfortunate
 enyeuch hissel as gart him think
 he'd let this yin gang bye for skelps,
 then he gaed on, "I think ye'll dree
 anither weerd no deed bi me,
 sae I'm for giein you yer lyfe
 no pyd as I nicht be for speirin

80

but as yersel may coont the lawin.”

They baith stuid up then, baith as meikle
as kent thur herts were meikle tae,
an taen a daunner til the bothie
tae sorte thursels wi byte an sup.

Thorkell saw Grim was growein dwaumie
fae losse o bluid poored fae his airm,
sae he taen oot thon haellin-stane
belangit Skofnung, dichtin, dabbin 90
the skaith upon the airm a whyle;
then birlt the stane the three tymes three
the widdershins aroon the wound,
tae gar the Hellish guff wheech fae it;
then three tymes three the deishil wy
tae gar the braith o Heeven dicht it:
thae things for mak an mend, he waarpt
the stane aroon the airm, tae gar
the gowpin stoond nae mair wi bluid
that gart paer Grim growe dwaumie as 100
gy lyke tae dwyne awo for deid.

Made better as made haill again
weel-at-hissel, no lyke hissel
as he wuid been gif bluidit blae;
ay, better made as no juist something
the better for’t that gart him byde
a weething afflik, pooterie,
Grim micht weel thocht Thorkell haed pyd
the lawin and a something mair
for betterin, but Thorkell made 110
nae sooch nor soond for *Noo we’re peels*.

Gin ocht is duin is duin for guid
as dacentlyke as shame the Deil,
an no for evil duin for badness
as black-affronts the guid in Gode,
then whit is duin is gy weel duin
as gangs tae mak the Deevil’s day
as dreech as gars him scart his powe,
frustrate his wark is no gaun on
as bonnilie as gars him craw. 120

The sic a tyme was ben thon bothie
as Grim an Thorkell taen thur byte,
an ginn they taen thur sup, ye ken,
“Lang may yer lum reek,” micht weel Grim

for slainte said til Thorkell, as
 “Lang may yer kail-pat byle anaa,”
 for skol nicht Thorkell said til Grim.

Auld enemies noo fund in freenship,
 as new as noo fund paiks a pant,
 they badd that nicht athin the bothie, 130
 then, wi the mornin callerlyke
 upon the watters o the loch,
 Thorkell gat ruidie for tae gang,
 an speired at Grim gin he’d gang wi him.

Grim said that he wuid gang, as shairlie
 as nocht else nor it ettlement.

Thorkell turnt richt an roondaboot
 at that, his horse’s heid the waastlins
 nae ettlement in him tae gang
 back thonner Rigg wy for tae see 100
 auld Eid, his kinsman thonner bydein:
 he gied his horse its heid for aits
 athooten stoppin aa the wy
 till Tongue owerbye in Saelingsdale.

Snorri-the-Praest thare waalcomed him
 as blythe as dad-daud Thorkell’s back
 an shak his haun wi *Hoo’s it gaun?*

Whuin he was telt that Thorkell’s traik
 haed gane waanchauncielyke as bad,
 Snorri said, “Naw, naw! No sae bad 150
 as nicht hae been the faur mair waur,
 sin Grim’s waanchauncielyke the-nane,
 and I’m for waantin you tae gie him
 as meikle’s see him duin no bad til,
 as weel’s yersel the nane the waur for’t.”

“And here’s a thing yer haerns can chowe on
 atween tak yae thocht syne anither,
 I’d lyke tae coonsel ye, ma freen,
 tae gie up aa yer sail-awo,
 yer dae-awo at nifferin 160
 tae sell a serk an mak a merk,
 an saettle doon an tak a wyfe
 will see til’t you become, bi richts,
 as highheidynlik as befits ye.”

Thorkell gied aunsver til him then,

athooten thocht tae chowe-the-fat ot,
sayin, “Ay, aye yer coonsellin
was guid whuin gien me in ma needment,
but hae ye taen a thocht yersel
anent the kynd o wummanbodie
I’d hae tae winsh tae gar her mairrie?”

170

Then Snorri said for say it yince
the waarth o clash an coonter-clash,
“The mate for maik o you the neebor,
is naebdie else but Gudrun, ken,
sae namelie as the Osvif’s dochter,
the baith o ye a guid doon-sittin.”

Thorkell said true enyeuch a mairriage
wi sic a bodie as the Gudrun
wuid be as honourable as
nae doot about it, “Mynd ye, tho,”
he said, “I’m thinkin she micht be
whyles ongaun wi’t ower yin-waan wi’t,
whyles temerare as no aa-thare,
gurriein, hurrie-burriein
sae heech abuin the mynd and hert,
she will an will she no, hae vengeance
for Bolli ower thon slauchterin.”

180

“An that’s no aa (that aye means mair
is no a pickle juist but mickle)
thon Thorgils Hallason haes puit
hissel as furrit as fornent her
tae speir at her tae mairrie him:
but aa the same (that aye means less
nor maks a meikle mair o it)
I’m fair taen-on wi yon yin Gudrun.”

190

“It will be up til me,” said Snorri,
“no doon til you, tae see nae herm
is yours bi bein yokit on
bi Thorgils; but anent the vengein
for Bolli’s slauchter, I’m for thinkin
thare will be differ in the daein,
afore this year weares thru its winter,
will see the wark gang bonnilie
tae flooer the grun wi vengeance bluid
will mak remeid for Gudrun’s greinin.”

200

An Snorri, whoe kent meikle mair
nor he was lettin on about,

was no for lettin dab til Thorkell,
thinkin enyeuch the naither less 210
nor mair wuid dae the turn for him.

Thorkell gied aunsver then was lyke
haif-speirin for a kennin mair
nor Snorri was for giein him,
an said: “Thae wurd o yours aa hae
a rowthieness athin them gars them
chap bosse-the-nane but stoond
wi ruchness lyke a foothe o kennin,
but as for vengement for thon Bolli,
it’s nae mair lykelie for tae be 220
the-noo nor onie tyme afore,
unless, af coorse, highheidys gie
a haun that’s no lik some slap-fuit.”

Snorri, as no for lettin dab
the onie mair, said naething furder
but “See ye gang abroad this suimmer,
an then we’ll see whit will be seen
bi folk that tak the blinkers aff.”

Thorkell said he wuid dae awo
as dae awo was devoirs daein, 230
an sae they pairtit, Snorri kennin
as meikle as he kent afore
an Thorkell as he nicht jalouse
fae whit the Snorri chiel haed telt him.

Thorkell gaed waastlins ower the Braidfrith
til whoere his ship bab-babbit for him
wi Grim for companie aboard
an sailed in suimmer licht awo
acorss the faem til Norowaa
as dauphins on the aither bowe 200
lowpit for nae mischaunce a blissin,
the sooth o Norowaa the laundfaa.

Then Thorkell said til Grim: “Ye ken
as weel’s masel, that naebdie else
can ken as weel as oor twoe sels,
hoo aathing cam aboot atween us
can neever gang awo, sae thare
is naething mair for us tae say
that’s waarth the sayin noo anent it:
for aa that, that’s as meikle gaun 250
as cannae gang the gaet the less,

I'd lyke it fyne gif we cuid pairt
mair kyndlielyke nor furst we met."

Thorkell gaed on: "Man, Grim, I think
that you are juist as brave a chiel
as eever waarslt for a faa
altho as skaitht wi blade o sworde
as lyke tae puit ye aff-the-gemme:
because o that, I say fareweel
wi immerage the-nane upon ye."

260

"An no juist that, I'm gaun tae gie ye
as meikle graith o maerchandeese
as see ye richt tae jyne the guild
o dacent maerchants nifferin:
but daenae saettl doon for tredd
airtit the norlins ben this kintrie,
for Eid haes monie kinsmen traikin
in tredd the thare or thareaboos,
and I can tell ye they hae taen
an awfie immerage at you."

270

"It's I maun thank ye awfie kynlie,"
said Grim at that, an then gaed on
tae say he neever wuid hae thocht
tae speir for ocht as meikle's gien
bi Thorkell for the nocht gien back.

Sae ginn they said fareweel tae gang
thur wys wuid neever meet again,
Thorkell gied Grim as meikle graith
bi wy o maerchandeese as hecht,
and aa men waarth the name o men
thocht Thorkell heech abuin them aa
for daein whit he did for skelps,
staundin his haun tae set up Grim.

280

Aestlins til Oslofrith gaed Grim,
an saettlt thare as snode an bien
as gart him growe in tyme kenspeckle
as highheidynlik tae: an that
is aa the Saga says tae say
fareweel til Grim, thon namelie chiel.

Thorkell hissel badd ower the winter
in Norowaa, thocht thare a man
o nae smaa drink, as waalthie wi it
as ootgaun wi it, no ticht wi it.

290

Thae things, wi whit's aa roondaboot them
as no that faur awo at that,
hae tae be left the wy they are
tae soor or swaeten as they will
because the Saga haes tae tae tell
whit happent here at hame in Yceland
whuin Thorkell was in Norowaa.

300

Chapter LIX

Gudrun caas for Vengement ower Bolli's Daith, AD 1019,

Twinmont, thon tyme o year the autumn
 is no richt shair that suimmer's gane,
 an suimmer's thinkin it's for aye
 a tyme the leaf will neever faa,
 oor Gudrun, Osvif's dochter, rade
 fae hame tae traik aest ben the Dales,
 then on until she cam til Thickshaw.

At that timm, Thorleik, her young son,
 was bydein whyles ower Thickshaw wy
 wi thae twoe sons o Armod, yin
 caad Halldor an the-tither Ornolf,
 as whyles at Tongue in Hordadale,
 along wi Thorgils Hallason.

10

That same nicht, Gudrun sent a man
 til Snorri Godi (as whyles caad,
 tho ither folk caa him The Praest),
 sayin she waantit for tae see him
 the neist day, at the toot at that.

Nae hunker-slydin yince he heard ot,
 Snorri gat ruidie for tae gang,
 an rade wi juist yae ither man,
 until he cam til Hawkdale Reeve
 whoere on the nor-airt o it staunds
 in Leashaw launds a craig caad Heid
 that haed been waled bi Gudrun as
 whoere she an Snorri were tae meet.

20

An thare, guid tymin neist the oor
 Gudrun haed said she'd lyke tae meet him,
 they met wi *My, I'm gled tae see ye!*
 an *Fyne tae see yersel anaa!*

30

Yae manbodie was thare wi Gudrun,
 an weel was he the man enyeuch
 altho nae mair nor twal year auld;
 muckle was he at that, lik monie
 the twycet his winters ower thur heids,
 wi wit byordnarlyke no monie
 cuid wag the powe alangsyde peels:
 this young manbodie was nae ither
 nor Bolli, son o Bolli slauchtert,

an for tae let the haill wurld ken it,
 he cairriet thon braw sworde *Legbyter*
 that wuidnae roost nor losse an aidge,
 thon samin blade his faither Bolli
 haed yaissed tae slauchter kinsman Kjartan,
 then yon yin An caad Brushwuidbellie
 afore the Bolli gat his paiks
 fae Helgi Hardbeinson's lang spear
 an Steinthor Olafson's girt aix.

40

Or sae it's said for truith tae tell
 or as it's scryvit tells nae lee,
 tho as ye'll ken that needs nae tellin
 and as ye'd say nae wy ye're leein,
 whyles sing a saftlik sang o truith
 an naebodie will hear the sooch ot
 abuin the rant o owercome lees
 that yuchellers will mak o it,
 but sing a sang as leein as
 the gulderin o nyafferie,
 and aabodie will bliss the soond
 tae laud the name o nyucherie.

50

60

Wi Snorri's man an Gudrun's lauddie
 upon the craig tae cock an ee
 upon the kintriebodies traikin
 the here an thare alow them, gaun
 aboot thur wark an daein awo,
 Snorri an Gudrun haed thur crack.

Efter a wurd or twoe anent
 the ilka bittock news thur hame wys,
 Snorri speired at the wummanbodie
 whit wy she'd caad for him tae see her
 in sic a hurrie-burrie here.

70

Said Gudrun til him: "Truith tae tell,
 an ken, a lee's no waarth the tribble
 o makkin shair folk think it's true,
 whit I'm for sayin's callerlyke
 ben hert an mynd as furst it was
 twal year sinsyne lik yesterday:
 it's vengement's ben ma speak the-noo,
 vengement for Bolli for tae redd me
 o sic a weed athin ma hert
 as weel's the canker ot in mynd
 that you ken fyne hae waarslt me
 as I hae waarslt thaem anaa,

80

for I hae telt ye aft enyeuch
as priggitt at ye for yer kennin.”

“I’m priggin at ye noo again
tae mynd ye hoo ye hecht, did you,
that you wuid dae yer devoirs ont
gin I wuid thole an better thole
an byde ma wheesht for better days 90
as weel as boatheratioun-nane,
but noo it’s I’m for thinkin you
hae taen no meikle tent anent it:
it’s I can naither byde not haud
ma wheesht the onie mair, fair taigl
benmaist in mynd as gane hauf-gyte wi’t.”

“Tell me,” s’ she at lenth tae end
her speil, “whoe ist suid py the mail,
as faur as your best coonsel haes it,
afore I’m hauf-gane gyte in myn wi’t.” 100

Said Snorri, “Whit’s the benner ee
athin yer mynd aye keekin at
for tak anither luk tae gar
ye see for shair whit furst was seen?”

An Gudrun: “It is ben ma sicht
lik tak anither keek tae see
nae differ fae the furst timm seen,
thae eemages o ilka face
mak lykenesses o Olafsons,
in skaithment gars them luk the same 110
as thon paer face on Bolli’s heid
whuin rowein ower thon bothie flaer
as sneddit throch-an-thru the hause.”

Snorri, as slee as aye luk roond
afore he gaed a strauchtlik gaet,
and aye gaed roon, no ower a knowe,
said he was no for haein onslaucht
on folk no juist highheidyinlyke
about the airts, but nearhaun kin
til men as furrit gaun in vengement 120
as aye breist knowetaps, herrie howes,
an didnae gie a docken leaf
for whoe or whit micht staun fornent them:
it’s hightyme noo as byetyme noo,
he said, tae dae awo wi feudin.

“Weel then,” said Gudrun, “shairlie Lambi,
the son o Thorbjorn caad the Dwaiblie
an thon Melkorka yin fae Yreland,
maun be set up for slauchterin
sin he was evil ongaun thon timm
yin foremaist at the bluidie wark
that saw paer Bolli duin til deid?”

130

Said Snorri: “Lambi is as seik
as sackless-nane for doctorin
wi thon remeid maks duin til daith:
but gif we daenae caw gy caunnie
wi Lambi as tae puit him doon
amang the mools wi Bolli deid,
I’m thinkin we’d hae vengeance nane,
because the differ tween the twoe
wuid mak the nifferin for paece
six o the yin til hauf-a-dizzen
o tither, no the richtfou wecht
upon the weibauk o the waarth
that Bolli was an Lambi isnae.”

140

Said Gudrun: “Weel then, it may be
we sanna get oor richts avaa
fae men o Saumonreeverdale,
but I’ll say this an say nae mair
for nithin else is waarth the sayin,
yae bodie’s gaun tae py for this
as dear as dool can mak for lawin,
nae maitter whittan dale he bydes in
that maun be dowie for his daith.”

150

Then she gaed on, for makkin shair
nae doot aboot it ben her myn:
“Let’s luk at Thorstein, caad The Black
no juist for scad o skin and hair
but for the evilness o hert
that black-affronts the sicht tae see him,
abuin them aa in thon stramash
he was the fautor wi’s avysement,
altho, as aabodie kens noo,
ower sleeit for tae face *Legbyter*
wuid slauchtert him bi lukin at it
in Bolli’s neive, no Thorstein’s wame.”

160

As slee as neever gie yae cheep
gin he cuid yatter lyke a stukkier,
the Snorri said anent her speil:

“Thorstein-the-Black’s nane-sacklessness 170
againss yersel is juist the same
as sic a thing ben ither men
 in thon fell sheilin herrien
 that slauchtert Bolli, even tho
that ither men puit nae skaith on him;
but you wuid lae alane a wheen,
 o chiels hunkert in paece o mynd
 as weel as aeseement o thur baens,
altho it seems til me thae yins
 wuid be the nane the waur o vengement; 180
I’m thinkin o the yins that killt
 yer Bolli, in parteeclar yon yin
 ye ken, yon Helgi Hardbeinson.”

Said Gudrun, juist as slee as Snorri,
 but aye said juist as meikle’s needit:
“Whit you hae said is true enyeuch,
but I’m no shair thae yins, that ken
that I’m aye at the steerin-up
o sturt an stryfe againss them aa,
are gaun tae sit at hame an dae 190
 the nocht againss masel, ye ken.”

Oniewy, Gudrun said a something
the lyke o that, gif no as gabbie.

Thon was as some folk puit it doon,
tho ithers gie it oot lik this:
the Gudrun said she coodnae bear
tae think the bodies ben her haterent
were left tae hunker doon at hame
in paece o mynd as weel as aeseement
o baens fornent the inglesyde; 200
or something lyke that, oniewy.

Said Snorri then: “I see a wy
 tae puit a snibble ben the wheel
 o sic an ongaun. Yon yin Lambi
as weel’s Thorstein-the-Black, maun jyne
in baund wi your ain sons, bi wy
 o blackmail for yon Lambi’s skaith
 on Bolli, an for Thorstein’s coonsel
 that made for Bolli’s deid, altho
Thorstein-the-Black puit nae haund on him; 210
but gif they winnae jyne the baund,
I’ll prig-the-nane at you tae let them

slither the sydiewys awo;
yer haterent then can be upon them
gif pleesurt you tae cowp the cran ot.”

Then Gudrun: “Hoo’re we gaun tae see til’t
that thae twoe men ye name are gaun
tae gang wi mynes on sic a traik?”

An Snorri: Thae yins that are gaun
fuit-furrit as tae lead the-tithers 220
will see til’t whoe’s tae byde or gang.”

Then Gudrun: “Shairlie I’m for thinkin
that your foresicht is fundermaist
in seein whoe will see til’t whoe
will be fuit-furrit furst tae lead.”

An Snorri, snicher-snirtlin then,
said: “You ken fyne yersel, as weel
as I ken fyne ye ken yersel,
that you hae chaisen for yer chyce 230
the man that we think baith the best.”

Then Gudrun, tho thare’s naebodie
gies onie wurd she snicher-snirtlt:
“Ye ken fyne, as I ken fyne tae,
the man is Thorgils Hallason.”

An Snorri: “Ay, we baith ken fyne,
an no juist that, we baith ken whye.”

Said Gudrun then: “Thare’s mair tae ken, tho.
Areadies Thorgils an masel
hae been as pack anent this ploy
as coodnae be mair thick thegither, 240
but ocht was said haes gane for nocht
because the chyce he gied til me
was no the yin o ma ain chaisin;
no that he wasnae for the vengein
o Bolli, but he haed tae hae
py-waddin for’t, masel his wyfe,
and as I’m no for haein that,
I cannae speir at him tae traik
an fecht for Bolli deid in mools
an no for his ainsel alane 250
for me whoe’s quick abuin the grun.”

Then Snorri said: “I’ll gie ye coonsel.

I'd grummle-nane at Thorgils gangin
 thon kinna gaet we'd gie the nyaff,
 but wheesht an listen for the wy ot.
Hecht you him mairriage, wi yer speak
as dooble-tonguit as will tell him
ye'll mairrie naebodie in Yceland
but his ainsel, a hecht ye'll keep,
for Thorkell Eyjolfson's no here
the-noo but will be here in tyme
 will see ye mairriet til him as
the man I lang hae haed in myn
 for naebodie but your ainsel."

260

Said Gudrun then: "He cannae be
 as blear-eed as no see thru that!"

The last wurd his, as sae he thocht,
 altho the wummanbodie's as
 she didnae fash her powe tae think,
Snorri gied aunsver for them baith:
"Indaed-in-trothe, for it's nae lee,
 he winnae see thru ocht avaa,
 for Thorgils is the better kent
 for his heid-bangin, no heid-gangin.
Mak you yer covenant, wi nane
 but whoe ye ken for whit they are
 as they ken you for whit ye gie them
 as witnesses, wi Halldor thare
his foster-brither, no thon Ormolf
whoe's faurben cleveralitie,
 heid-gangin, ay, heid-bangin, naw;
an gif the ploy suid gang aglye,
then you mak me the fautor ot."

270

280

A thing that Snorri did was aye
thocht thru lik birl it ben the myn
fae yae lug til the-tither yin;
folk said he was a dab-haund, him,
an was he no, at reddin-up:
gin you read on, it's fyne ye'll ken it.

Snorri haed said as meikle's made
 enyeuch said for tae say fareweel,
tho hoo thon Snorri rade hame weel
 or hoo the Gudrun wummanbodie
 gaed weel or ill her Thickshaw wy,
 the Saga ots as quaet's the grun
 that haps whit left o thaem the-day,

290

even as aabodie that's readin
this versioun ot will murl awo
in tyme that taks as little tent
o its ainsel as thae yins gane. 300

Neist mornin, claitterin aboot
thon wy that maks the din o leevin
the coonterpynt o lyfe an daith,
Gudrun, wi her twoe sons alangsyde,
rade waastlins oot and ower the Shawstraund,
seein some horsemen in ahint
whoe cam on swythe til richt up wi them,
lik aa at yince for *My, oh, my!*
amang them Thorgils Hallason
wi *Thare ye are and here am I!* 310

Then aathegither on they rade
aa thru the day til Haliefell.

Chapter LX

Gudrun's Eggin-on

Twoe-three days efter comein hame,
 (some folk say “nichts”, but little maitter)
 Gudrun caad baith her sons thegither
 inbye her kailyaird for a crack,
 no for tae sing a cornkister
 but for tae tell an orrie storie:
 an ginn they cam, thae lauddies saw
 for *Tak a geck but swither-nane*,
 some linen claes upon the grund,
 a serk an linen breeks, the baith
 clairtit wi bluid yince ruid wi lyfe,
 noo scaddit blae as virrfou-nane.

10

Then Gudrun said: “Ye haenae seen
 thir claes afore because ye were
 ower young for thaem tae maitter til ye,
 but noo ye’re auld enyeuch tae ken
 differ atween the quick an deid:
 thir claes fornent ye here caa-oot
 til you yins for tae caw-doon folk
 that killt yer faither whose ruid bluid
 rins ben yersels as ran thru him,
 syne oot an ben thir claes.”

20

“As meikle mair as I micht say
 anent the slauchter o yer dy,
 as weel as I micht say anent
 the folk that were his slauchterers,
 I’m no for gaun tae deave ye wi’t,
 because, gif thae claes on the grun
 gar you tak tent the-nane ma losse
 o him that was yer dy, ma man,
 thare isnae meikle esperance
 ye’ll be the men yer faither was,
 an dae the whit I’d say til you
 even as he did whit I telt him.”

30

Hearin whit Gudrun haed tae say,
 because they haed tae hear her say it
 the wy she gart them listen til her,
 thae lauddies kent a kynd o stoond
 gart thair ain bluid gowp ben thur herts
 the wy thur faither’s bluid haed gowpit
 fae him or he was doon for deid;

40

they telt her they haed been ower young
for challans on a single sowl
lik vengement wrocht on sic a bodie
an thaem athooten onie leader:
they said they didnae ken the wy
tae mak a plan for thair ainsels
an neever myn the onie ithers,
altho, they said, “We aye sall myn
no tae foryet whit we hae tynt
In him oor faither was yer man.” 50

“You ach awo or och anaa
as aften as ye lyke,” said Gudrun,
“Ye’d raither glower at stallioun-fechts,
or at the gemmes in suimmer parks
be namelie as the best o men
that lap an sprang an flew an flang
afore the folk for bear-the-gree.”

“The baith o you are waens lik that,”
said Gudrun, “even as the men 60
that think lik that are men-the-nane
but waens the neever yont thur bairnheid.”

She didnae say, tho, naw, she didnae,
that she’d lyke fyne tae dae the same
in gemmes an ploys gif she a man
that wemen mak, an no a wumman
maks no juist men but wemen tae.

The twoe young brithers gaed awo,
as fou o thocht whuin butt the hoose
or ben as wuidnae let them slaep 70
o nichts, naw, neever boued an ee
tae tuim thur mynds an dover ower.

Gif Gudrun kent o this, she wasnae
for lettin dab, but Thorgils did,
for yince aa-thare, no glaikitlyke,
an speired at thaem the reasoun for’t.

They telt him aa aboot the crack
they’d haed wi Gudrun in the kailyaird,
and hoo they’d seen thur faither’s bluid
upon the serk an linen breeks, 80
and hoo they coodnae thole thur dool
ower Bolli was thur faither deid,
nor cood they staun the lichtliein

fae Gudrun was thur vyvelik mither.

Said Bolli Bollison, the younger
o thae twoe brithers, "It is vengement
we're efter, noo that we hae growne
as meikle as near auld enyeuch
for folk tae faut the twae o us
gif we're for daein nocht about it."

90

Neist day, Gudrun an Thorgils haed
a wee colloque thegither, Gudrun
gaun on: "Thorgils, I'm gy weel shair
ma sons nae langer lyke tae thole
the thocht o sittin here at hame
in ydilset as quaet's dae nocht
anent a vengement for thur faither."

"The reasoun whye we haenae duin
as meikle's made a mend o this
langsyne or noo, is that I thocht
Thorleik an Bolli faur ower young
for tae be thrangitie as flaze
the aidge o waepons ben men's skulls:
an mynd ye, tho, thare haes been need
lang or the-day tae tak a thocht
wuid see a wy tae dae a something
wuid be an aathing duin for aye."

100

His Nabs gied aunswer til Her Nibs:
"Gudrun," said he, "I'm gy weel shair
ye ken thare's nae yuiss giein me
anither crack anent yer craikin
for vengement ower the daith o Bolli,
an weel ye ken the reasoun whye
I'm deavit-nane wi't is I'm deif
because ye winnae gang the gaet
that pads-the-huif ben mairriage wi me."

110

"That daesnae maitter, tho, because
I think the-noo a thocht was thocht
the last timm we colloquit on it,
an that is, gin ye pad-the-huif
alang the mairriage gaet wi me,
it winnae tak me lang tae think
o killin yin or baith o thaem
haed maist adae wi Bolli's murder,
naw, no juist think about it, dae it!"

120

Said Gudrun: "I'm for thinkin, Thorgils,
 and I am no ma lane in thocht,
 for Thorleik thinks ye're juist the man
 tae be fuit-furrit as the leader
 gin onie thing is duin that needs 130
 the kynd o hardiheid ye hae:
 I wuidnae keep in dern the sorte
 o wark ma lauddies hae in myn
 for yokin at is the owerhaillin
 o yon yin Helgi Hardbienson,
 the berserk bodie thonner sittin
 athin his hoose in Skorridale,
 wi nae misdootins ower the ongauns."

Mynd you, tho some folk say thon Helgi
 was yae berserkerbodie, him, 140
 ithers say nocht anent sic wuidness
 gart men lik that chowe aidge o tairge
 an breenge-on, ferlie buhlletie,
 athin a battle or a brulyie
 as haurdlie kent the whoere they gaed:
 tho thinkin ont, the saw nicht hae it
 thon's no the hauf as ferlie as
 the common things that folk can say
 are unco mair nor folk can dae.

An gin ye say *Naw, naw* til that, 150
 whoe then wuid scryve a single wurd
 wuid mak a mair wuid tell a storie,
 an whoe wuid scryve a twoe-three mair
 wuid mak a verse wuid sing a sang?

Thorgils, nae chiel tae sing a sang
 wi onie verse was eever made,
 an no the yin tae tell a storie
 wi onie o the wurds that made it,
 said: "Gudrun, I juist cannae care
 gin Helgi is his name or no, 160
 but I can tell ye I'll tak care
 o Helgi or the onie ither
 thinks his airm wechtier nor mynes:
 and I can tell ye this for skelps
 as faur as I'm concaernt aboot it,
 the sang an daunce an storie ot
 is this, that gin ye hecht til me,
 afore the witnesses tae hear it,
 that you will pad-the-huif wi me
 along the gaet o mairriage gaun 170

gin I mak vengeance slauchterie,
I'll dae the wark wi your twoe sons
for Bolli's sake, an yours, an mynes."

Gudrun said she wuid hecht awo
as gang the gaet for hecht o mairriage,
ay, even tho thare werenae monie
wuid hear the hecht for aa ongaun:
and "Ay," s'she, "and here's the wy ot,"
caain thegither her twoe sons
alang wi Thorgils' foster-brither, 180
yon yin caad Halldor Armodson,
heid-banger whyles, heid-ganger, naw.

Thorgils, tho, waantit Ornolf thare;
Gudrun, tho, waantit him the-nane,
sayin, "Ye ken, I hae ma doots
anent the faithfouness o Ornlof
til your ainsel nor your ainsel
haes taen a thocht tae think about it."

Gudrun, ye ken, kent Ornolf was
the cleveralitie faurben, 190
heid-bangin, naw, heid-gangin, ay.

Thorgils, gy faur ayont the wark
as neever wuid be yokit at it,
telt her tae dae awo hersel,
kennin she haed the heidie graith.

Thegither noo as Gudrun waantit,
were her twoe sons, Bolli an Thorleik
fuhll-brithers baith, the yae bluid thaem,
that she cuid luft an lay at will;
and Halldor, Thorgils' foster-brither, 200
the hauf no aa-thare, lyke hissel;
an Thorgils, fair taen-on wi it
as tho he'd planned the paurleyin:
an Gudrun, neever at a waant
for oniething the bodie waantit.

No monie wemen o Gudrun's kyn
gang for tae mak a baxter's dizen:
yin is enyeuch for twal and yin.

An this is whit the Gudrun telt them:
s'she, for naebdie else was talkin, 210
"Thorgils haes said he'll be the leader,

Chapter LXI

Anent Thorstein-the-Black an Lambi

The neist Lorde's Day for better dae it,
thare was a coort-leet for the folk,
an Thorgils rade til't wi his men.

Meikle conveen was thon guid leet.
Snorri-the-Praest was no thare, but.

That day, Thorgils brocht ben colloque
Thorstein-the-Black, yon yin, ye'll myn,
wi siller speak as wurd's aye wyss,
an said: "I daenae need tae tell ye
that you were wi the Olafsons 10
thon tyme they yokit on the Bolli,
slauchterin him thon wy his heid
gaed stoatin lyke a blether baa
upon the sheilin bothie flaer.
I daenae need tae tell ye aither
ye haenae pyd bluid-gelt sin then
til Bolli's sons, the younger caad
his faither's name, the aulder, Thorleik."

"Tho thae things happent ben langsyne
lik Ay, *an weel I myn the tyme*, 20
Thorleik was faur ower young tae myn
the day as weel as you yersel;
an Bolli wasnae even born
as coodnae ken the day as you can,
tho Gudrun was as bairnt wi him
as let him ken the winter daurk
afore the voartimm licht cam on him:
but tho they cannae myn thon day,
they ken the men gaed herriein."

"But here's a thing as orrie as 30
micht gar ye wunner at the whye ot;
they're no for haundin-oot the paiks
til onie o the Olafsons,
because, ye ken, they're kin thegither,
or sae they say, tho some micht think
the better bluid's no waur for skailin:
sae you'll jalouse they're gaun for vengement
on Helgi Hardbienson because
that yin gied Bolli his daith-wound
as better bluid nane better skailt." 40

“Thorstein, we’re speirin at ye noo
tae jyne the traik wi Bolli’s sons
will see the herriein o Helgi
an gie ye gree, guidwill upon ye
for aye and on wi boather-nane.”

Thorstein-the-Black, as caunnie as
say naething micht weel waur him mair,
puit furrir this for wyss as caunnie:
“It wuid be gyan caurrielyke
for me tae mak a baund wi folk 50
wuid dae doon ma guid-brither Helgi;
for paece o myn as weel as bodie,
I’d raither gie as muckle siller
til thaem wuid tak it for bluid-gelt
as neeborin whit they thocht richt.”

An Thorgils then, as slee his speil
as coodnae be his ain but Gudrun’s:
“Yer siller wuid be mair lik blackmail
til thae twoe Bollisons, ma freen;
they naither waant nor need yer siller, 60
sae daenae pochle your ainsel;
yer chyce is chaise the yin or tither,
yin, traik alang wi us, the-tither,
daenae, an staun tae thole yer paiks
yince thae that gang come back for you
an gie ye whit they’ll gie til Helgi;
sae tak ma tip is tak the chyce
o traikin on wi us for Helgi,
guid-brither or guid-brither no;
at sic a tyme for Heeven help us, 70
Deil tak the hinmaist yowl awo.

Then Thorstein, as the wysser noo
for takkin tent, no takkin’t tint:
“Will chaise-yer-chyce be gien til onie
bi Bolli’s sons whoe ken the lave
o thaem that yokit on thur faither?”

“Lambi Thorbjornson,” Thorgils said,
“will chaise the chyce is gien til him
for keek at it, see hoo it luks
as tho it lukit up at him, 80
an pree it for the gou or guff ot
as tho lik his for wheech awo:
the same as you yersel hae duin.”

At that, Thorstein said, “Ay, imphmn,
gif that’s the wy ot, I wuid be
the nane the waur o takkin thocht
for yokin at it gin I werenae
ma leesome-lane alang wi you yins.”

That said as haed been planned for duin,
Thorgils caad Lambi for tae come 90
ben his conveyen tae hae a crack,
an telt Thorstein-the-Black tae listen
sae he cuid dae for duin as planned.

“Lambi,” said Thorgils, “I’m for waantin
tae speak wi ye anent the maitter
that I hae puit til Thorstein here.
Furst, whittan bluid-gelt will ye py
til Bolli’s twoe sons for the wark
they ken ye wrocht upon thur faither,
for true enyeuch ye woundit him. 100
An saecont, you are sackless-nane,
because ye eggit-on the lave
tae slauchter him an mak him duin:
at that, tho, folk nicht richtlie say,
neist til the Olafsons, ye haed
the best excyuiss for whit ye did,
for gin ye puit yer skaith on Bolli,
Bolli gied you the dull yin tae.”

Lambi Thorbjornson speired at Thorgils
whit was’t he haed tae dae tae py 110
bluid-gelt for paece, or no tae dae
wuid py hissel in boatheratioun.

Thorgils telt him the samin chyce
wuid be on him as puit on Thorstein:
“Jyne wi the twoe young Bolli brithers
and herrie Helgi Hardbienson.”

Said Lambi; “Man, that’s evillyke
as naething else but blackmail on me
tae py for paece, an no juist that,
abuin aa else, it’s coordlielyke: 120
I’m haein nane o it, naw sur,
sae traik on wi’t yersels, no me.”

Said Thorstein til him then, mair sleekit
nor Thorgils ben the thocht an wurd,

an wysser faur anaa: “Man, Lambi,
 ye’ll hae tae pree the pad ye’ll gang
 wi yin ee takkin-in the richt,
 as weel as pree the gang-nane pad
 wi tither ee taks-in the caurrie
 tae ken the gaet ye’ll hae tae gang 130
 wi baith een lukin whoere ye’re gaun;
 ye see, thare are some highheidys,
 folk heech abuin the lave, fair fankelt
 amang thir ongauns, folk that think
 they hae been lang sair duin til here;
 noo, Bolli’s sons, I’m telt, are gaun
 tae be as furrit-fuitit as
 the gyan maisterfou young chiels,
 the baith o thaem mangrowne or lang:
 the wrang thae yins are gaun tae richt 140
 is wechtit burthensome upon them.”

And he gaed on: “Gif we suid think
 tae shoot-the-craw for whit we did,
 athooten pyin for the lawin,
 the gaet we’ll gang’s the auld craw-road,
 masel the fautor maist o aa
 because o Helgi’s kinship wi me:
 tho hinnermaistlie aa maun dee,
 maist folk dae ocht tae byde alyve,
 an tak nae tent tae dae the nocht 150
 gif sic a naething’s for thur deid.”

Said Lambi til the Thorstein then,
 a weething dowielyke, paer sowl.
 “Gin it is easie for tae see
 whit you waant duin is best for you,
 whether the best for me or no,
 hae it yer ain wy that’s the gaet
 I’ll gang masel alang wi you
 because we hae been twoe thegither
 this whyle back gy waanchauncielyke; 160
 this yae thing, tho, gin I gang wi ye,
 ma kinsmen, aa the Olafsons,
 get thair paiks nane gin we gie his
 til Helgi for a vengement on him.”

Then, speakin for the Bollisons,
 Thorgils said ay for *Let’s get on wi it*,
 the greeance made Thorstein an Lambi
 wuid jyne wi Thorgils on the traik
 wuid see the herriein o Helgi.

They were tae meet in Hordadale
at Tongue, richt aerlie in the mornin,
Tuesday, some folk caa thrid day
some ither folk nicht caa it saecont. 170

Wi that, they pairtit, Thorgils rydin
back hame that eenin ower til Tongue.

Tyme ongaun noo that taks nae tent
o whit men dae, tho men tak tent
o whit tyme daes til thaem in gangin,
it wore the oors awo that gart
Thorstein an Lambi come til Tongue 180
richt aerlie on that thrid day mornin
some say was Tuesday or the sunryse
that ithers think the saecont day.

Thorgils was up afore they cam,
the naething laith tae gie them waalcome.

Chapter LXII

The Thorgils Crew leave Hame

Thorgils gat ruidie noo for aff,
and he and aa his tail o crew
rade up alang the Hordadale,
ten o them aathegither gaun.

And here they are for whoere were gaun:
thur leader, Thorgils Hallason;
the Bollisons, Thorleik an Bolli,
wi Thord-the-Cat, thur ain hauf-brither
the son o Thord Ingunnarson,
yon yin was Gudrun's saecont man; 10
that made the fower, the fift yin bein
Thorstein-the-Black; the sixt yin Lambi;
Halldor and Ornolf, seeventh, aichth;
the nyenth yin Svein, the tenth Hunbogi
bi some folk caad the strenthie chiel,
thae baith the sons o Alf o Dales.

Some folk say aa thon crew o Thorgils
were bonnie fechtters, ilka yin,
tho ithers say the nocht on that.

Thae bodies aa rade on thur wy 20
til Soopinpass; an then acorss
Langwatterdale; then richt acorss
the Burghfrith; syne rade acorss
Northreever at Ysleford; acorss
Whytereever at Bankford that is
a shorte wy doon fae By hamesteid.

Ower Reekdale neist they rade, and ower
the rigg o grun til Skorradale,
an sae up thru the wuid that neebort
the fermsteid o Waternyeuk: 30
thare ilka horse was gien a blaw
as aa the fuhllas lichtit doon,
the eenin oors noo drawin-in
for chowe a shaef or twoe o breid
or sluch a dram for dwaum or dream
yince beddit doon faurben the nicht.

The fermsteid o Waternyeuk
is on the sooth syde o the reever,
no that faur fae the lochan thare.

“Here,” Thorgils telt the men aboot him 40
athin the wuid for beild aroon,
“ye’ll byde the nicht and I sall gang
tae tak a keek aroon the ferm
an see gin Helgi is at hame.
I’m telt for yaisual Helgi keeps
a twoe-three fuhllas roondaboot him,
but juist the same, he’s caunnielyke
as aye slaeps ben a strang press-bed,
locken for tentie maks mair caunnie.”

His men telt Thorgils for tae gang 50
an see whit he cuid see tae pree,
an gif no see then pree tae speir
whit he haed waantit for tae see.

Sae no as gyte as some folk thocht,
Thorgils taen aff his staund o claes
as weel’s the braw blue cloak he wore,
an slippit-on some overalls
as hodden-gray as kept oot waather,
an then gaed owerbye til the hoose.

Nearby the hame-park dyke he saw 60
a man was comein for tae meet him,
an ginn they met, no hauf as gyte
as some folk thocht him, Thorgils said:
“Mibbes, ma freen, ye’ll think ma speirin
is orrielyke as no-aa-thare,
gin I say I’m for wunnerin
whit is the name o this hoose here
an whoe it is is bydein ben it?”

Thon man gied aunswer til him then, 70
as tho he did think Thorgils gyte:
“Indaed-in-trothe, it’s you maun be
a fuil as ferlie as a freit
as yin athoot ingyne, no wyss
as neever haein heard the speak
anent oor Helgi Hardbienson,
as brave a fechter as he is
berserkerlyke, highheidyin tae.”

Thorgils speired neist did Helgi tak
kyndlie avaa til siccan bodies 80
as freemit folk an folk in need
comein til him tae ask for help.

“Gif truith be telt.” the bodie said
til Thorgils, “naething can be said
but guid anent oor Helgi. He
is yae maist meikle-hertit man,
no juist in giein beild til folk
but in his ilka wy o daein.”

“Is Helgi hame the-noo?” said Thorgils
“for I’m for speirin at the man
gin he wuid let me byde wi him.”

90

The ither bodie speirt at Thorgils
whit fasherie was tash haed gart him
grein this wy for the Helgi’s hainin.

“This suimmer back,” said Thorgils til him,
the Althing made me ootlinbodie,
sae I’m for lukin for the help
o somebodie as michtielyke
wi haun-wecht as wi wysslik wys
whoe micht be freenlie wi masel
as I for daein ma devoirs til him:
sae tak me til his hoose at hame
tae see him as he keeks at me.”

100

“Nae boather, man, avaa,” said yon yin,
“for me tae tak ye hame owerbye,
and you’ll be waalcome for tae byde
the-nicht wi byte for chowe the shaef,
an sup for slooch a waucht o yill,
an bed for coorie doon an slaep,
but as oor Helgi’s no at hame,
ye’re no for seein him the-nicht.”

110

Thorgils speired at him: “Whoere is Helgi?”

The man gied aunsver: “Helgi’s yonner
at Sarp, thon sheilin place o his.”

Thorgils speired at him: “Whoere is that?
Hoo monie men daes he hae wi him?”

The man gied aunsver: “Helgi’s son,
caad Hardbien’s wi him, wi twoe ithers,
baith ootlinbodies he haes taen
for hainin in alow his beild
sae they can dae thur devoirs til him.”

120

Then Thorgils badd the bodie shaw him
the best shortcut tae mak the sheilin
as suin as swythe as swither-nane,
“because,” said he, “I’m fain tae meet
wi Helgi juist as suin as swythe
as swithernane tae prig at him
tae tak me on as yin o thae
that dae for him as he for thaem.”

Thon hoosecarl did as he was telt,
an shawed him whoere he haed tae gang 130
as best-fuit-furrit-lyke as fast,
an sae they said fareweel, *Guidgaun wi’t*.

Thorgils gaed back amang his fieres
athin the wuid haed gien them beild,
an telt them aa that he’d fund oot
anent the Helgi chiel, sayin til them,
“We’ll see the nicht oot here, an let
the-morra morn see oor ootgangin
owerbye til Helgi’s sheilin thonner.”

That nicht they did as Thorgils badd them, 140
and in the mornin rade awo
ootthru the wuid until they saw
nearhaun the sheilin ower at Sarp,
whoere Thorgils telt them tae licht doon
aff horse and hae thur bit o scan
for brekfast byte: an sae they did,
an bydit thare tae hae thur blaw.

Chapter LXIII

*The Descryvement o his Faes
as brocht til Helgi bi his Herdlauddie*

Noo we maun tell whit happent that timm
whoere Helgi was athin the sheilin
alang wi thae men hae been nameit.

Aer-on that mornin, Helgi telt
his hird tae gang ootthru the wuids
nearhaun the sheilin neeborin,
tae luk aroon for folk gaun bye,
 an tak guid tent o aathing else
 was waarth a wurd for tell nae lee,
“because,” he said, “I gat a fricht
 or waukenin this bonnie morn
 that gart me goave aroon me lyke
 a dream-flyed bairnie ben a nichtmeir.” 10

The lauddie gaed awo, an did
aa Helgi telt him whit tae dae,
 that was as muckle as was seen
 was waarth the tellin as a truth,
 no yae wurd ot lik tell a lee.

He was awo as lang enyeuch
as see the whit thare was tae see 20
 was waarth a wurd in Helgi’s lugs
whuin that yin speired at him tae tell
 gin he haed seen the ocht avaa
 haed gart him tak anither keek.

The lauddie gied for aunswer: “I
hae seen a something waarth a wurd
 that’s waarth yer whyle tae listen til me.”

And Helgi speired: “Whit hae ye seen
 that’s waarth ma whyle tae listen til ye?”

“Some men,” said thon herdlauddie then, 30
“a wheen o men at that,” he said,
“men no fae hereabouts, I’m shair,
 but yont this airt, misdoot-me-nane.”

And Helgi speired: “Whoere were thae chiels
whuin furst ye saw them gart ye tak
anither keek sae you made siccar?”

Whit were they daein gart ye ken
the kynd o men ye saw fornent ye?
An did ye tak guid tent tae see
the claes thae chiels haed on thur backs 40
an whit they lukit lyke as gart ye
ken thaem as ordnar or byordnar?"

The lauddie gied for aunsver: "I
was no as fleggit at the sicht
as let it slip ma myn tae see
the whit they were lik that or this;
the whit they wore lik this or that;
the whit they did they wy they were
the men they were, because I kent
that you wuid speir anent thae things." 50

The lauddie then gaed on tae say
thae men were no faur fae the sheilin,
haein thur byte o scran for brekfast,
a bit o blaw for men and horse.

And Helgi speired gif they were saetit
athin a ring for luk aa roond,
or were they saetit in a lyne
sydie-for-sydie seein naething?

The lauddie said the men were saetit
for luk aa roond athin a ring, 60
ilk yin upon his saiddle saetit,
ruidie for up and aff at yince.

And Helgi said: "Noo let me ken
whitlyke they lukit sae I'll see
gin I can guess the whoe they are
bi kennin whit they lukit lyke."

The lauddie said: "Thare was yae man
saetit upon a pentit saiddle,
an wearein a braw blue cloak. He was
a gyan muckle bodie, bravelik, 70
a weething beld in front, bucktitht,
as folk wuid say, for gansh at maet."

And Helgi said: "As cleir as tho
fornent me here, I see the man,
an ken him tae be naebdie else
but Thorgils Hallason ye saw,
fae waastlins oot o Bordadale:

I'm wunnerin, for tak a thocht
 I daenae lyke, whit daes that fechter
 waant wi us, comein here avaa?" 80

The lauddie said: "Asyde him sat
 a man upon a gildit saiddle.
 He wore a jaiket crammasie
 as waarmed the hert tae see it as
 it maun hae waarmed the hart tae weare it;
 thare was a gowd ring on his airm
 that haed a scadda on it lyke
 the mornin sunsheen skytein aff it;
 a baund aroond his heid was plaitit
 aa throch-an-thru wi gowden threed 90
 the neebor o the gowden ring.

For gowden maik for gowden marra,
 his yellae hair rowed gowden doon
 upon his shooters, framin face
 sae fair o skin the bluid shawed thru it;
 he'd something o a cruikit neb
 uptippit snoofin caller air;
 his een were gyan bonnie yins,
 as blue as marra suimmer luft
 but sherp as rake aroon tae see 100
 an restless scartin air in lukin;
 his broo was braid abuin the een
 tae neebor chafts as fuhllie-made
 as made a pictur wi his hair
 cut straucht alang abuin his eebroos
 tae let him see the fae afore him
 as weel as let his fae tak tent
 the yin afore him dwaiblie-nane.

Altho sae young, he was mangrowne
 thon wy the braidth a guidlie shooters 110
 set aff the daipth o's meikle kist;
 his hauns, tho, were as bonnielyke
 as maks for daein whit is duin
 as guid as can be duin nocht else.

His mainner was as mensefoulyke
 as no ower gallus, nae need for't;
 and haver-nane aboot it, I
 hae neever seen anither bodie
 lik this yin, brave an brawlik wi it.
 A young yin, tho, because his baird 120
 was growein-nane yit: here's a thing, but,
 it seemed til me he lukit auld
 as sair harasst wi meikle dool."

Helgi gied aunsver til the lauddie:

“Ye hae taen tent, and hae ye no,
tae see this bodie as hissel
micht lyke tae see hissel sae seen,
and I’m no for misdootin you
he’s aa ye saw an mibbes mair;
an tho I haenae seen this man,
I’ll mak a guess at whoe he is
as nae yin ither nor thon chiel
caad Bolli Bollison, whoe’s said
tae be a laud o pairts, the makkins
athin him o a man ootcomein.

130

The lauddie then gaed on: “Neist him,
on an enamelled saiddle sittin,

thare was a man whose jaiket haed
a yellae-greenishlyke o scad
as onie yellayite or gowdspink;
he wore a meikle finger-ring

140

as gowd as gliskit in the sunsheen;
and he was gyan brawlik tae,
and young as thinks he’ll no growe auld
as young folk lyke masel aye think;

his hair was no as daurk as made
his skin the whyter-lukin for it,
nor was it moosie-broon as tho
it didnae ken the scad it waantit,

but ruiddish whoere the licht athin it
made sprecklie gleens alow the sunsheen:

150

it was a bonnie heid o hair
set-aff a face as mensefoulyke
as yon yin that ye say is caad
young Bolli Bollison, nae less.”

Helgi gied aunsver til the lauddie:

“I think I ken whoe that yin is
ye pictur wi yer wurd o mooth
as cleir athin the air atween us
as onie skeelie haun descryvin
on skin or wuid or cut in stane:

160

he maun be Thorleik Bollison
an naebdie else, tho you yersel,
I’m thinkin, arenae juist a herd,
nae mair nor I a sheepie-mèh.”

The lauddie said again: “Neist til him
a youngish kinna man was sittin;
the scad o this yin’s jaiket was

blaeberrielyke upon his bodie,
the breeks upon his hurdies black 170
as scaddit lyke a lum inwith,
his jaiket runkelt intil thaem;
this man's neb was as straucht as made
a dacent cast o face as made
the heid o hair as fair as made
they wy he lukt as gracefoulyke
as he was sklender as a rash
that bous afore the wuin thon wy
ye ken the wuin's no lyke tae brekk it."

Said Helgi til the lauddie then: 180
"I ken that yin, for I hae seen him,
tho thon timm ginn he was as young
gif mibbes no as smert's yersel;
he maun be thon Thord Thordson whoe
Snorri-the-Praest was fosterin.
My, thae Waastfrith folk hae a wheen
o mensefoulyke an brawsome fechtters!
Whit hae ye yit tae tell me, son?"

"Ay," said the lauddie, "thare is mair
tae tell, anent a man that sat 190
his dowp upon a Scottish saiddle,
his baird was growein gyan groo,
his face as black-avized as juist
aff-yellaelyke as tho hauf-scunnert;
his hair no wylit back for gallus,
curlie as neever saw a kaim,
an black as aer-on autumn brammles;
no brawlik, him, a fechter, tho,
yin that ye wuidnae lyke tae meet
doon some daurk road, and he no lykin 200
tae meet ye oniegaets avaa:
he haed a cloak upon his back,
as groo as neeborin his baird."

And Helgi til the lauddie: "I
can see whoe this yin is, as cleirlye
as tho athin a keekin-gless
or ben a pown o watter-sheen
as caum as no the runkle on it.
He is thon Lambi Throbjornson,
and he's fae Saumonreeverdale 210
the naewhoere else but aa the wy
fae here til thare as thare til here;
I cannae for the lyfe o me

think whye a chiel lik him suid be
awo fae hame amang this crew
an no awo fae thaem at hame,
tho aiblins for the daith o me
he's whoere he is, no whoere I'd hae him."

Then thon bit lauddie spak again:
"The neist yin was a man was saetit 220
upon a pommelled saiddle, him,
wearein for overalls a cloak
cuid cleed him in fae thies til powe,
a cloak as blue as faur awo
yslands are scaddit on the swaw;
upon his airm for gauderin
yae siller ring an naething mair;
he lukit lyke some fermer chiel
no younglik, gettin-on a bit,
wi hair as lang as daurksone ruid, 230
in curliness that focht the kaim:
a wheen o aurs were on his face."
(Tho mynd ye, some folk say yae aur).

Helgi, fair kennin fyne whit ongaun,
said til thon wysslik lauddie herd:
"Yer storie's no as cairriet as
a cairrie-on for tellin lees
altho it's faur ower waur tae hear
nor sweetie-wyfin yatterin
aroond an ingle or at maerket; 240
Thorstein-the-Black, ma ain guid-brither,
was shairlie on thon pommelled saiddle,
tho whye he's traikin here avaa
is ferlie-fuhll as gy waanchauncie,
for I'd gang-nane tae see him this wy."
Then Helgi speired awo again:
"And hae ye mair tae tell me, son?"

Yon young herd-lauddie spak again:
"The neist yae thing tae tell is dooble, 250
for tell it yince sees twoe men sittin
the yin lik tither, tho the baith
o thae yins shairlie lukin lyke
a wheen o winters ower thur heids
as waitin for the leafs tae faa
until thon winter hinnermaist
will sorte them oot the wy it sortes
the ilka bodie eever pechs;
for aa that, tho, they were, ye ken,

gy strappin-lukin bodies, thaem,
 ruid-haired tae let us ken thur bluid 260
 was no the wishie-waashie kynd
 an thaem thursels no peelie-waallie:
 they haed the brawlik faces, thaem,
 for aa the fernitickles on them.”

Helgi again, richt intilt as
 no yin for splooterin aboot:
 “It’s I ken fyne whoe thae men are,
 as cleirlie seen inwith ma mynd
 as wuid be kent fornent me here
 a yaird or twoe ayont me een; 270
 they’re Thorgils’ foster-brithers, yin
 caad Halldor Armodson, whoe is
 heid-ganger, naw, heid-banger whyles,
 the-tither Ornolf Armodson,
 heid-gangin aye, heid-bangin, naw.
 And I can tell ye, son, ye are
 traistwaarthielyke as I am shair
 I’m no a sheepie-mèh masel
 as you mair nor a herd yersel.
 But hae ye telt the coont in fuhll 280
 o aa the men ye saw ootbye?”

The herd said noo for gettin on wi’t:
 “Neist, thare was yae man saetit thare,
 lukin ootwith the ring they made,
 a plate-mail corselet aroond him
 tae flaze a blade or skyte a flane;
 he wore a bunnet made o steel,
 the brim ot haun’s-braidth wyde at that,
 tae keep his heid haill, skaithit-nane
 bi mell o mace or clooter sworde; 290
 his shooother taen yae lang, strang shank
 tappit wi sic a muckle aix
 skinklin athin the mornin sun
 that thon lang aidge ot seemed tae be
 an ell in lenth as some folk say.”
 (Ithers, tho, say the hauf an ell
 lik yae auld English ell at that,
 or mibbes, hauf a Scottish ell,
 but shairlie no yae haill ell thon,
 English or Flemish, Scots or French). 300
 “This man,” the herd gaed on tae say,
 was daurksomelyke, a scad that gaed
 wi een as black as ben the mynd
 as winter hinnermaist upon us,

an we are ben thon place that frichts us
as meikle as thon chiel wuid dae,
for he was vikinglyke as eever
sailed ower the swaw tae breist a brulyie.”

Said Helgi til thon hauflin then:
“Fae whit ye tell me o the man, 310
I see him cleirly as I coont him
upon ma fingers as the nynth,
a three-tymes-three that’s luckie for him
as gy waanchauncie for his fae.
That yin’s Hunbogi caad the Strang,
and he’s the son o Alf o Dales,
but whit I’m no for kennin, tho
I tell masel lik coont ma fingers,
whit’s in ahint that thir men waant,
traikin ower here lik champions?” 320

As Helgi didnae speir again,
the lauddie taen it on hissel
tae let his maister ken the lave
that made the storie coont ten men:
“Thare was yae ither man sat neist
this pooerfou-lukin chiel; he haed
a waalth o daurk ruid hair, an was
as braid o face as ruid o hue,
wi bussie eebroos, and his hicht
was something mair nor commonlyke.” 330

Then Helgi, kennin aa thare was tae ken,
that’s better faur nor juist jalousin,
said til his herd: “Yer storie cairries
itsel as faur as it need gang,
for yon yin is nae ither chiel
nor Svein the son o Alf o Dales,
the brither o thon daurk Hunbogi.”

Aathing fornent him noo for kent
athin his myn tae lowp a dub
noo lyke jalousement, noo mosshag 340
a calleratioun ben the thocht,
Helgi, no yin for ydilset,
said: “Daenae let us staund aroon
lik onie haun’s-turn eever duin
is dae awo as dae nae mair
gif oor haun’s-turn is for tae fecht
the lyke o thae men comein at us,
for I’m as shair, as no ayont

is aye aa-thare, thir men are gaun
tae gie's a luk-in or they leave
this airt for yonnerwys awo." 350

"As I can guess, lik oniebodie
that's no ayont is aye aa-thare,
that thare are chiels amang thae men
wuid raither been lik baird til baird
wi me langsyne an thocht it tymeous."

"Here's whit tae dae, as swythe as soop
the stoor awo fae fleein fuit:
the wemen ben the sheilin bothie
maun aff wi wemen's claes and on 360
wi menfolk's, hunker-slydin nane,
then lowp upon thur naigs and aff
as hurrie-burrielyke as see them
hame at the ferm in neist til nae timm."

"Mibbes the yins oncomein at us
will ken-the-nane gif thaem on horse
are menfolk or are wemenbodies,
sae gin thae men haud aff a wee bit
tae think anent whoe's gaun or comein,
we'll aiblins get some men thegither 370
will gie us here the hauf a chaunce
tae see thaem aff an no thaem us."

The wemen noo rade aff thegither,
fower bodies weel awo fae thare.

Thorgils haed his misdootins noo
in case a speak anent thur comein
haed gane as faur as raxit Helgi,
sae he badd aa his companie
tak horse and up and efter thaem
that rade awo fornent them thonner. 380

Afore they gat thur graith thegither
tae let them lowp upon thur saiddles,
whoe but yae man cam rydin up
as aipenlyke as cleirlie seen.

This chiel, tho mangrowne, was as shorte
as little mair nor hauf the hicht
o monie men no hauf his age,
but he was quick as vyve in mainner,
his een aa-thare as back an furrit

as taen aa in left naething oot,
the horse he sat on vyve's hissel. 390

He speired at Thorgils, "Hoo's it gaun, sur?"
an Thorgils speired at him for name
his folk at hame haed gied for kennin;
an whoe his kinsmen were, ye ken,
whuin they were ben thur hoose at hame;
an whoere the airt o hoose at hame?

He said his name was Hrapp, an cam
fae Braidfrith on his mither's syde,
and he gaed on: "Ginn I grew up, 400
the name o Killer-Hrapp was gien me,
the sic a name that lets ye ken
the kynd o man I'm lyke tae be
gif sic a humph comes up ma back
tae be the kynd o man is ill
tae deal wi, tho I'm smaaerlyke
nor monie men no hauf ma age,
ay, little mair nor hauf thur hicht."

"I differ on ma faither's syde,"
said Hrapp, "for thare I'm fae the sooth 410
whoere monie winters I hae seen
weare thru the days that mak a man
the aa the man he'll eever be,
an weare thru nichts that mak a wumman
mair wumman nor she eever thocht
wuid mak a man the lykes o me."

"Noo, Thorgils, here's a bit o luck
I'm shair ye neever thocht ye'd hae
in meetin wi me here, for I
hae haed an ettlement as yeukie 420
athin ma mynd as coodnae scart it,
that I was gaun tae luk ye up,
no lettin doon masel in daein't,
even altho no easielyke
for me tae fash masel tae dae it."

"I hae a bit o boatheratioun,"
Hrapp said again, "ower castin-oot
wi yon yin caas hissel ma maister,
and he nae man tae maister me;
he did me doon, and as I'm no 430
the kynd o man that lykes tae tak
a laetherin the lyke o thon,

I clootert him, an did I no,
tho no as bad as I micht lykit;
I didnae byde ma wheesht tae see
hoo ill or guid he faired, but taen
this naig o his, and here I am:
ach! castin-oot's anither wy
for cast a cloor's a clowt, nae cloot!"

Altho Hrapp splootert on at lenth, 440
he didnae speir: for aa that, tho,
he suin fund oot that they were set
for on til Helgi, herriein,
and he was fair taen-on wi that,
sayin they wuidnae finnd him backwart
in gangin furrit, naw, nor wuid they.

Hrapp was the sorte o chiel wuid been
the nane the waur o haein haed
twoe eggs at brekfast-tyme a bairn
wuid gart him growe the mair nor hauflin; 450
he aye haed waantit tae be strang
as able for tae waarsle bears,
an soople for tae lowp wi leeons.

Chapter LXIV

The Daith o Helgi, AD 1019

As suin as they gat on thur horse,
 Thorgils and aa his men rade oot
 the wuid as fast as gied thur naigs
 nae tyme avaa tae sneer or snicher,
 and as they gaed they saw fower men
 ryde fae the sheilin fast anaa:
 or whit they thocht were men, as some say,
 tho ithers say they saw juist folk.

Seein the wheech o thaem awo
 no bydein for the stoor tae saittle, 10
 some o Thorgils' fuhllas said
 they'd better efter thaem anaa
 as swythe as daenae deedle-dawdle.

"Naw, naw," said Thorleik Bollison,
 "juist haud yer horses. Let us gang
 the furstlins til the sheilin thonner
 an see whit men are thare, whit kynd
 o men at that, an whoe they are:
 I hae ma doots thae yins on horseback
 are men avaa; it seems til me 20
 they haud thursels mair lyker wemen."

Maist o the bodies roondaboot him
 were no for haein that, but Thorgils
 said he wuid hae them dae whit Thorleik
 wuid hae them dae, because he kent
 Thorleik cuid see a flae in flicht
 a hunder yairds awo afore
 it ludgeit ben a heid o hair:
 wi that, they traikit til the sheilin.

Het-tredlik, Hrapp rade aff afore them, 30
 as shortielyke as juist the dab
 for Hogmanay or Neerday mornin,
 shakkin a smaalik spear fornent him,
 wheechin the blade ot back an furrit,
 an sayin, "Dae it noo lik me,
 an gin ye think tae dae it better,
 gie me a haund an dae yer devoirs!"

As fast they gaed as flicht a flane,
 Helgi an thaem alang wi him

kent-nane the whit was whaat
 til Thorgils and his companie
 were roondaboot the sheilin bothie
 wi nae wy ben it but a doore
 an nae wy oot ot but a winnock.

40

Noo kennin whaat was mibbes whit
 was no juist richt ootwith the bothie,
 Helgi an companie inwith
 sneckit an baured the doore as ticht
 as gied them tyme tae airm thursels,

As smert o fuit as naething laith
 tae shaw he was a man, nae hauflin,
 Hrapp lowpit on the bothie ruif
 lik onie messan at a wheech,
 and yaummert at the folk alow him
 was slee Tod Lowrie ben the hoose
 at hame wi his ainsel for yince,
 or haed he gane til grund awo
 fae folk no yince at hame wi him?

50

Helgi gied aunsver fae inbye,
 kennin for shair whit he'd jaloused
 was fell for wrangous, caurrielyke
 as coodnae be for deishilgaun:
 "It's you will ken as shair the-noo
 whit yince ye micht weel hae jaloused,
 Tod Lowrie here can play the gansh
 athin his lair will mak a lair
 for onie messan bairds him ben it."

60

Wi that, that was for say was dae
 as dae enyeuch aa said an duin,
 Helgi drave up and oot the winnock
 wi his lang spear tae thirl thru Hrapp,
 whoe yaummert yince again for aye
 that was the yince foreever mair
 whuin aa is said an duin, enyeuch
 as made for siccar thon paer Hrapp
 wuid neever hae twoe eggs for brekfast
 that neever did a man a herm
 but micht hae gart him growe abuin
 his hicht a man's hicht, no a hauflin's.

70

Paer Hrapp fell aff thon bluidie blade
 was fell as gyan orrie for him,
 an plappit doon upon the erd

80

wuid tak him ben an fou him up
wi its ainsel the same as fuhll
the ilka muckle man no hauf
the pith an pech the hauf o Hrapp.

Said Thorgils til his ither men:

“Fuhllas, puhll-in yer horns a bit;
caw caunnie gin ye’d caw oot melt
fae thae yins ben the bothie thare,
an no hae thaem caw your melts oot.”

90

And he gaed on; “I’m tellin you
that mibbe need the tellin nane,
aathing we need is in oor hauns
tae mak a wrack o that bit biggin
alang wi Helgi ben the place,
as he kens noo an we sall ken,
for shairlie thare’s no monie wi him.”

The riggin o the bothie ruif
was ower yae lang haill tree that liggit
upon the baith the gavel-ens;
the tree itsel stack oot ayont them,
the thack upon the bothie juist
a single wecht o turf, nae mair,
no auld as weel-growne aathegither.

100

Some o his men then Thorgils telt
tae tak a haud o thae tree-ends
an wecht doon on them hivvielyke
as gar the tree brekk in the middis,
or gar the cabers sklidder in
and aff it for a rickle-wrackin:
and at the same timm, Thorgils telt
some o his men tae guaird the doore
in case the bodies ben the bothie
play breenge tae win ootbye the place.

110

Thare were five bodies ben the bothie:
Helgi and his that was his son,
caad Hardbien, twal year auld, nae mair;
and Helgi’s lauddie-herd, whose name
and age we daenae ken because
the Saga daesnae gie a cheep;
twoe ootlin bodies made the five,
yin Thorgils caad, the-tither Eyolf,
thae twoe that suimmer come til Helgi,
an awfie traik, as you’ll can guess
that naither o them was jalousin

120

wuid see them mak a winter ot.

Thorstein-the-Black an Svein, the son
o Alf o Dales, baith stuid fornent
the doore the-tyme the lave played rug 130
an ryve tae wrack the bothie ruif;
Hunbogi, caad the Strang, an baith
the sons o Armod, taen haud o yin end
o thon ruif-tree, Thorgils, Lambi
an Gudrun's sons the-tither en.

They heftit thon ruif-tree, did they,
an better heftit, waarslin wi it,
until they brakk it thru the middis,
even as Hardbien drave a haubert
ootthru whoere yince the doore haed stuid 140
that noo was aipen, brust awo;
the pynt o thon lang haubert blade
gaed thru the front o thon steel bunnet
Thorstein-the-Black wore, then it drave
ben Thorstein's foreheid, ay, it gied him
an awfie wound, an was it no.

Then Thorstein said naw, no a lee
that thare were men fornent them thare,
and ay, it was as true as ken it
fae his ainsel ahint the bluid 150
was blinnin him fornent them thare.

Then suddentlyke, as duin afore
thocht haed the tyme tae think *Caw caunnie*,
Helgi was oot the bothie doore,
berserkerlyke as in amang them
athooten thocht haed tyme tae think
ower monie o his faes fornent him
for aa thae yins the nearest til him
becam as skrunkltlyke as gart them
growe peerie in alow thur graith. 160

No Thorgils, tho, was staunin near him,
for he strack wi his sworde at Helgi,
a guidlie clooter on the shooter
that gied thon chiel the meikle wound.

Then Helgi turned tae meet wi Thorgils,
a wuid-aix in his niece, an said,
"Ay, ay! The auld yin's still no feart
tae see a waepon nor tae feel it!"

castin the aix as straucht at Thorgils
 as strack him on the leg tae gie him 170
 a meikle wound an was it no.
 Mynd you, some folk say *fuit*, no *leg*.

Whuin Bolli Bollison saw that,
 he lowpit furrin at the Helgi
 wi thon *Legbyter* sworde in haund,
 an thirlit Helgi throch-an-thru wi't
 that puit sae meikle skaith athin him
 daith-woundit him, corp kennin-nane.

Legbyter was thon ferlie sworde
 haed killt paer Kjartan as foretelt 180
 bi Giermund thon timm Thured stown it,
 young Bolli's faither's slauchterer;
 blade neever roostie, neever foostie,
 naw, foostert-nane for slauchterin,
 naw, nor wuid flaze whuin cloorin baens,
 noo fairlie puit-the-hems on Helgi.

Oot cam the Helgi's ootlinbodies,
 lik daenae byde tae think aboot it,
 and oot wi thaem cam Helgi's son,
 thon twal-year-auld young lauddie Hardbien, 190
 kennin he wasnae yin tae byde
 inwith alane tae think aboot it,
 his faither ootwith liggin deid.

The aulder o the Bollisons,
 young Thorleik, turned on ootlin Eyolf,
 whoe was mangrowne a michtie chiel
 hichtit abuin young Thorleik's heid:
 but Thorleik brocht him doon a bit
 bi playin clooter wi his sworde
 abuin the knee ootthru the thie 200
 thon wy it taen his leg awo,
 yae meikle wound was duin for deid.

Hunbogi, caad the Strang, then breenged
 tae meet wi ootlin Thorgils neist,
 an cloorit at him wi an aix
 sae meikle was the wecht ahint it
 the dunt ot ben the bodie's back
 cut clean ootthru the middis o him.

Thord Cat was staunin neist til near
 whoere Hardbien lowpit oot for fecht, 210

an waantit for tae set upon him
as straucht awo as taen nae thocht
that he was yokin on a lauddie;
but Bolli lowpit ower an said
he'd hae nae skaith duin on the sowl,
and he gaed on: "Naebodie's gaun
tae dae the durtie on him here;
lae him alane tae leeve his lyfe
until tyme lets his lyfe leave him."

Mynd you, that mibbes needs telt-nane,
the Saga daesnae say a wurd
anent whit happent thon paer hird
whoe was as smert as said whit seen
was lyker truith nae cairriet storie,
an gin haed been gien heid for speak
anent the brulyie, nicht hae said
whit seen mair lyker truith nor gien.

220

Here, tho, the Saga lets us ken
that Helgi haed anither son
caad Skorri whoe was brocht up thonner
at Gugland soothlinmaist in Reekdale,
as some say, ithers sayin fostert
athin a ferm caad England thonner.

230

Chapter LXV

Anent Gudrun's Cheatrie

Aa duin lik that for dae folk doon
 for daein whit was duin afore
 tae dae folk doon that yit wuid be
 the merk for dae folk doon again,
 Thorgils and his ruid-scaddit men
 rade ower the rigg, then ben Reekdale
 whoere they gied oot for *Listen, here,*
 whoere they haed been an whit they'd duin
 tae dae for deid the folk yince thare
 were quick an vyve as kent aboot it
 that noo kent-nane an werenae carein.

10

Then they rade aestlins aa the wy
 that they haed ridden fae the waast
 an didnae draw a horse's rein
 for byte o breid or sup o yill
 until they gat til Hordadale.

Thare they gied wurd for bluidie wurd
 the storie o thur herriein.
 whit happent thaem for tak a dunt
 haed gart them haud thur braith a bit,
 an whit haed happent ithers thonner
 haed taen the braith awo fae thaem;
 it was a tale wuid mak them namelie
 as tell it ower and ower again
 forment the ingle come a winter
 for coorie-in an tak a dram
 an sing the owercome ot again,
 for was it no a ferlie thing
 owerhaillin yin berserkerlyke
 as yon yin Helgi was, nane better?

20

30

"It's I maun thank ye awfie kynlie,"
 said Thorgils til his tail o men,
 as did the sons o yon yin Bolli
 the man that strack the straik haed gart
 anither straik play strack again
 tae caw him doon haed gart his sons
 play strack again for deidlie straik
 was no duin yit, as folk kent fyne.

Wi that, that was as meikle as
 dae nithin mair nor talk aboot it

40

until some ither bodie did
as meikle mair as gart folk cock
anither kynd o lug tae listen
for ither ferlies differ soochin,
the men that gaed til Helgi's sheilin
alang wi Thorgils said fareweel;
Lambi rade waastlins aa the wy
as faur as Saumonreeverdale,
but caain-in at Herdshaw ferm
tae gie his kinsmen Olafsons 50
a caunnie speil anent the wark,
and hoo it haed gane bonnilie
owerbye thon day at Skorradale.

His kinsmen, tho, the Olafsons,
were no for lykin whit he said,
an puit the Peter on him, sayin
that he haed shawn he haed mair bluid
fae Thorbjorn caad the Dwaiblie ben him
nor whit his mither micht hae gien him
fae thon auld Yrish keeng, Myrkjartan: 60
ay, weel they kent, ben monie the yin
the bluid o Yrish keengs made bluid
an baen thegither ben a bodie
as heidie in a brulyiement
as remmelsome athin stramash,
as weel as heidie ben ingyne
that made for laerin staves o verse
as siller-lippit sings a sang.

Lambi was gyan angrielyke
tae hear thae Olafsons yaup-yap 70
at him for daein whit he'd duin
that he thocht lyker devoirs-daein,
an said they werenae mainnerlie
for flytein at him, sair owerhaillin,
"because," as he gaed on tae say,
"it's I hae puhllled ye aff daith's gaet."

Wi that, mair nor enyeuch at that,
the Olafsons were left wi nocht
waarth blabbin on aboot, an Lambi
haed naething waarth an ocht tae speil, 80
aabodie in thon stuishie thare
as watter-brashit ben the mou wi't
as tho fair bylin ben thur bellies:
his ain mou splooterin lik thairs,
Lambi lowpt on his naig for hame.

Noo, Thorgils Hallason rade ower
til Haliefell, alang wi him
his ain twoe foster-britherbodies,
Halldor and Ornolf, and thae chiels
Bolli an Thorleik, sons o Gudrun. 90

Whuin folk were doverin abed,
Thorgils an thae yins wi him cam
til Haliefell, as late in eenin
as tyme for doverin becam
faur yont nid-nod and intil slaep,
Gudrun raise up on hearin soond
o graith o weire ootwith the hoose,
an gart her hoose-carles wauken tae
an gie thae traikin bodies waalcome
lik *My, we're awfie gled tae see ye!*
and *Are ye weel as naething ill?*
and *Is aa richt as naething wrang?* 100

Then, haein buskit bonnilie
the wy a wumman daes for men
tae luk at her an keep on lukin,
she gaed inbye her braw guest-chaumer
whoere Thorgils and his men were gethert,
and haein said *Hullo* aa roon,
she speired at thaem tae tell thur news.

Said Thorgils, "Ay, hullaw yersel!" 110
as cosielyke as cantie wi it,
for he haed laid asyde his cloak
alang wi aa the waepons on him,
an sat in aesement wi hissel
against the pillars o the hoose.

He haed a jaiket on his back
as ruid-broon as a buck-tree leaf
in autumn come a caller nip,
an roond his wame a siller belt
was skinklin in the leerie licht 120
an braid as three-fower fingers wyde.

As Gudrun sat upon the binsh
asyde him, Thorgils spak a stave
anent whit she haed waantil duin
bi him and he haed duin for her.

"Tae herrie Helgi's hoose we gaed,

giein the corbies het man-maet,
 scaddin oor blades wi guid ruid bluid,
 paddin-the-huif on Thorleik's gaet.
 Three helmet-heidit chiels we slew 130
 wuid weare steel bunnets neever mair
 as yince they wore them, for it's true
 Bolli was vengeit thon day thare."

The Gudrun speired at thaem again
 tae be as caunnielyke as tell her
 the ilka haet o aa they'd duin
 for daenae need tae dae ocht mair,
 an Thorgils telt her ilka taet ot
 for her tae pree the sooch o it.

"Weel," Gudrun said, "as you'll jalouse 140
 it's I maun thank ye awfie kynlie
 for aa that you hae duin in traikin
 awo on sic a herriein,
 yer devoirs duin that needit daein
 noo duin for aye nae mair need daein."

Thur byte an sup afore them set
 as lavrie as guid kitchen hunger,
 they chowed awo for bliss-the-broad,
 an taen thur drams for slocke-the-drooth,
 an then they gaed til bed an slep 150
 lik bairnies cooried cuddle doon
 for aa the lave was left o nicht.

Neist day, that coodnae come as quick
 as Thorgils waantit, naither wunner,
 he gaed til Gudrun, and he said:
 "Gudrun, the wy things are atween us,
 as you ken fyne and I ken tae,
 is this for lowp-the-tallie wi me;
 the gaet I haed tae gang I gaed,
 the darg I haed tae dae is duin, 160
 even as you said *Gang* til me
 and I said *Ay, Gudrun, I'll gang*,
 ay, even as ye said til me
Thorgils, gang you an dae for me,
 and I said *Gudrun, I'll dae that*."

"Whit I did wasnae duin for nocht
 tho Helgi's intil naethingness,
 sae I'm for askin you tae myn
 whit you hecht you wuid gie til me,

yersel the ocht I'll hae for greeance,
for I'm no naethingness lik Helgi." 170

The Gudrun said: "It's no that lang
sin we colloguit baith thegither
tae mak yae wurd no twoe things say,
sae no that lykelie I'll forget
the greeance thon timm made atween us
tae say no twoe things wi yae wurd."

"And here's anither yae thing said
that isnae twoe for mak a mant,
I'm gaun tae dae as I you hecht, 180
an that's a yae thing mant-the-nane,
even as you, I hecht, will ken:
but tell you me for tell me yince
that's no the twycet for think again,
whit dae ye think oor greeance was
no twycet for tellin but the yince?"

Thorgils telt Gudrun she maun mynd
as weel as he did, *Ach, nae boather*,
an Gudrun gied for aunswer til him
a wheen o wurd as easie-oasie 190
upon the lips as oniebodie
in commonalitie cuid ken.

S'she, "I'm thinkin I said this,
that o the men aa ower this laund,
I'm mairrie no the yin but you:
gin you hae ocht tae say againss
ma wurd, then let me hear yer ain."

"It's juist as weel then," she gaed on,
that I myn whit was said is true
as whit ye mynd yersel nae lee; 200
that bein sae can be nocht else,
nae langer I'm for haudin oot
on you that I hae taen a thocht
that gars me ken it's no ma weerd
tae be yer wyfe, nae mair nor yours
that you are gaun tae be ma man."

"But juist the same," s'she, "that maks
a differ in whit's duin, no said,
or gin ye lyke it, whit is said
a differ in the whit is duin, 210
whuin I say that I'm gaun tae mairrie

Thorkell Eyjolfson, naebdie else,
whoe's no athin this laund the-noo,
I'm shair ye ken that I'll dae nocht
nor hecht athin ma ilka wurd."

Ay, Gudrun was a yae yin, yon yin,
an smert as aye aa-thare, no thonner,
whoe weel cuid speil a peerie taet
that made a mickle o a pickle
that oniebodie no aa-thare
wuid neever thocht was thonner in it.

220

As flamein-ruid as sair hert-roastit,
wi whit the Gudrunbodie said,
for aa that, Thorgils' thochts were growein
as groo an cauld as winter-bree
rowein amang the voartimm saumon.

An sae he said in bitterheid
puit winter cranruch on his wurds:
"A cauld wuin blaws that gars me cryne
as tho I were the hauf o me
that I was thon timm breistin-up
til Helgi ginn he clootert me
wi thon aix made a meikle wound;
lik tak a tumble til masel,
I ken this cauld wuin's no a freit,
but straucht fae whoere cauld coonsel comes,
Snorri-the-Praest's ain pluffie lips."

230

Uplowpit Thorgils, angrielyke
as daud the feet upon the flaer,
then, sayin nocht anent the bleeze
o fyre-frustrate athin his kist,
gaed oot amang his fechtie freens
sayin that he was oot for aff
mair lyker dichtin fousome clart
slaigert his shuin at Haliefell.

240

Thorleik was awfie puittent-oot
ower whit haed happent Thorgils thare,
lykin-the-nane his mither's sleeness
gaed gart paer Thorgils champ the flaer;
but Bolli taen his mammie's syde
as tho sae aye straucht-furrit gaun
she coodnae jook athin a nyeuk:
the Thorleik chiel, an honest fuhlla;
his brither Bolli, mither's bairn.

250

Then Gudrun said that she wuid gie
Thorgils a wheen o guidlie gifts
tae soople-up his thochts anent her,
but Thorleik telt her: “Daenae boather,
for Thorgils is ower prood a chiel
tae tak whit you micht lyke tae gie him 260
for takkin sic a lend o him:
shairlie ye’re no for thinkin Thorgils
awo ayont as no aa-thare?”

“Ach, weel, gif that’s the case,” said Gudrun,
“he’ll hae tae dae awo hissel
whether faur gane fae whoere he’s gaun,
or lyke masel, ben Hameldaemae!”

Ay, Gudrun was a sonsie blade
whoe cairriet meikle graith o spreit
biggit ben flesh an baen an sinnen, 270
fuhll sixteen unce til ilka pund,
wi twoe-three mair athin her haerns
the weibauk didnae cowp tae ken,
but were snode-bookeit bonnilie
as wechtit baith her mynd an mainner.

Aa duin for waur as gart him be
as wuid as onie Mairch bawd yokit,
Thorgils rade aff fae Haliefell
wi baith his fechtie foster-brithers,
syne hame til Tongue in Hordadale, 280
no hauf the man he’d been afore.

And ach, altho a gomeril,
whiteever else cuid Thorgils duin,
thon wummanbodie priggin at him
tae dae, as gif she’d been a man,
she’d lykit for tae dae hersel:
as you’ll jalouse, an naither wunner,
yae pund o Gudrun on a weibauk
was waarth the wecht o twoe haill wemen.

Chapter LXVI

Osvif Helgison an Gest Oddliefson dee

That winter, Osvif, Gudrun's faither,
 gaed faurben in a seikness, then
 gaed furder ben ayont the licht
 that let folk see him gy no weel
 wuid see him furder yont the licht
 until he deed as ben the daurk:
 a meikle losse, the bodies thocht,
 as meikle as his wyssheid gane
 as faur as coodnae weel be fund.

They yirdit him at Haliefell 10
 athin the mools thare, whoere his Gudrun
 sae fair taen-on wi sic a name,
 haed haed a kirk upbiggit, thinkin
 it micht be halie as her ettlin.

Noo, that same winter ben his baens
 for awfie cauld roond-happin him,
 Gest Oddliefson fell ill anaa,
 Gest Oddliefson, thon chiel, ye'll mynd
 haed telt Gudrun her dreams nae dwaums
 but whit wuid be the naething less 20
 nor whit wuid be enyeuch tae gar her
 be gyan meikle mair in storie.

Great seikness growein hivvie on him,
 lik tak yae hinmaist thocht for freens
 wi wunner whit haed happent thaem
 for mak a sang or lilt lament,
 Gest caad for his son Shortie Thord,
 an said, "It's I'm for thinkin, son,
 that I'm for aff and you no wi me
 because I'm gaun as faurben daurk 30
 as daylight winnae let me see ye."

"Whuin I am faur ayont the kennin
 whit yince I was an whit become,
 cairrie ma corp til Haliefell
 and yird me thare as caunnilie
 as tho I heard the wurds abuin me
 will let the folk ken whoe I was
 yince puit ma ain wurds ben thur kennin:
 ay, I can tell ye, Haliefell
 will be a place abuin them aa 40

yae day, for I hae aften seen
a licht thare, halieness a lowe.”

Ach, whit it is tae be as auld
as ken whit yince ye did hauf-richt
as didnae let folk see ye haill,
an ken hauf-wrang whit you did nane
let folk see you for hauf the man
ye kent ye cood be, gien the chaunce!

Gest kent that Aabodie noo saw him
even as he saw his ainsel,
his back sae boued as set in eild
as haed naewhoere in hicht tae gang
tae gar him staund as sodger-straucht
as yince in yuithheid mairched til weire.

50

Ach, whit it is tae be as young
as cannae ken whit eild will mean!

Wi that, Gest deed, an naither wunner,
for winter eild was ben his baens
even as winter waather roond him
was thon byrodnar cauld that gart
the yce growe aagaets bearin-haurd
no juist for bairns tae sklidder on
but for tae puit-the-hems on ships:
Braidfrith itsel alow cauld grup
let nane sail fae the Bardistraund.

60

The corp o Gest was liggit-oot
in state, gy lyke hissel, folk said,
for twoe haill nichts, the neist yin, tho,
a stormer o a wuin played bowff
upon the yce tae daummer it
an caw it aff the straund in dauds,
the waather neist day caum an still.

70

Thord taen a ship wi Gest aboard it
made differ-nane in drawin watter,
then soothlins sailed acorss Braidfrith,
laundfaa at Haliefell that eenin.

A kynlie waalcome gien him thare
lik *Mibbes it was for the best,*
an *We'll no see his lyke again,*
Thord styed the nicht thare oot the cauld,
the byte an sup thare kynlie gien him

80

as *Hae anither bowle o kail*,
and *Here's a dram will gar ye slaep*.

Neist mornin, Gest was yirdit doon
no lanelie as he micht hae felt
gin juist hissel athin the mools,
gif sic a place in sic a state
is whoere a laneliness is felt,
an sic a state the wy tae be
tae ken a laneliness avaa: 90
naw, sic a state o laneliness
was naither here nor thare, because
they yirdit him in Osvif's lair.

Gest's ain soothsayin langsyne
badd wi him thare at Haliefell
whoere he and Osvif badd thegither
as Gest said yince, for thare his hoose
and Osvif's hoose were near enyeuch
tae let them crack awo, that is,
gif nocht an naebodie micht say 100
"Here, haud awo, you twoe: nae gabbin!"

The yirdin ower for happit snode
as byde-the-wheesht for voartimm flooers,
the Shortie Thord chiel made for hame
as suin as he cuid say "Fareweel."

An weel did he fare, did he no,
because, the neist nicht ben a blaw,
the yce was cawed upon the straund
bydein thare ticht aa thru the winter,
ay, ticht as gruppit ships about 110
sae nane cuid mak for aipen watter.

Men thocht thon was a ferlie thing,
that siccan waather let Gest's corp
be taen bi ship acorss the watter
whuin aa that samin winter cauld
thare were nae ither sailins made
afore that tyme nor efterwarts.

Chapter LXVII

The Daith o Thorgils Hallason, AD 1020

Weel noo, Thorarin was the name
o a man that leeved ower Langdale wy;
tho highheidyinlik as aye lykit
tae luk it, thon Thorarin wasnae
whit some folk micht caa michtielyke.

His son, but, was mair vyvielyke,
Audgisl caad, that was a name
for lang wuid myn folk whoe he was.

The wy they were nae wy they waantit,
whit cood they dae but byle awo
whuin yon yin Thorgils Hallason
taen whit highheidyinship they haed
awo fae thaem for guid for skelps. 10

Audgisl, tho, thocht thare was yae thing
that he cuid dae micht mak a differ,
and aff he gaed tae see thon chiel
Snorri-the-Praest tae tell him aathing
no juist no fair Thorgils haed duin
but mirkielyke as doonricht hellish,
an speired at Snorri for a haun
wuid see the Thorgils chiel duin doon. 20

Snorri, as folk aboot the doores
are lyke tae say, was “fly’s a jyler”,
spak til Audgisl fair enyeuch
but wuidnae puit hissel as furrit
as no the yin for hingin back,
sayin, “Man, this Thorgils jooker, ay,
this Halla yin, aye at the griggin,
is neever backward comein furrit,
ower gallus for his ain guid wi’t.” 30

“Is this yin Thorgils aye the lyke
can staund up, neever cassen doon?
The lyke can ayeways luk aboot
as neever see yae neebor lukin
tae see him puit upon his back,
duin doon for yince will be for aye?”

“Ay, doot nae doots, he’s gyan muckle
as no that monie marralyke,

but men the wecht o him hae drappt
the deeper doon in Hell because
ower wechtie for the flicht til Heeven.” 40

An gin Audgisl gaed awo,
Snorri gied him an inlaid aix
wi naething said for whit tae dae wi’t,
tho something o a wunnerment
juist whoere the aidge ot micht weel be
laid-in athooten flaze upon it:
ocht ay, an aix a hazard aye
for onie heid gat in its wy
athooten helm tae skyte the clooter. 50

Naething that Snorri did was duin
haufhertitlyke as no thocht thru,
thirlit thru myn fae lug til lug,
as you’ll can ken gin you’ll read on.

Neist voartimm, Thorgils Hallason
an Thorstein caad the Black gaed soothlins
til Burghfrith tae gie bluid-gelt
til Helgi’s sons and ither kinsmen,
wi paece an greeance ilka haund
and honour duin til Helgi deid. 60

Thare Thorstein pyed twoe pairs o siller
in earnest o the slauchterin,
the thrid pairt Thorgils was tae py
come suimmer at the Althing meet.

Aathing gaun on at Althing-tyde,
folk thrangitie as foggie-toddlers
getherin gowden hairst o hinnie
wuid see them thru the winter-tyde,
even as Althing clash an coonsel
wuid waarsle winter thru the cauld
ayont the blaw bi ingle-nyeuk. 70

That suimmer then, the Thorgils fuhlla
rade til the Althing wi his men,
but as they made thon lava-binsh
bi Thingvellir, they saw a wumman
was comein furrir ower til thaem,
an Loshie-loe-me, she was muckle!

No sweirt, lik *See the whoe’s fornent ye*,
Thorgils rade up til her, no feart,

lik *I see whoe's fornent me tae*, 80
 but thon fell bodie turnt awo
 an said, for tak a caunnie thocht:

“Gang furrit, ay,
 but mynd ye this,
 ye'll no win bye
 thon Snorri's wys;
 for nane, say I,
 is hauf as wyss.”

Wi that, she gaed upon her wy 90
 that wasnae Snorri's wy nor Thorgils.

An Thorgils said: “Seenlins it was,
 whuin aathing gaun for me guid greeance,
 that you were leavin Althing thonner
 and I gaun furrit thare lik noo.”

An ben his myn, the Thorgils' thochts
 were flypitlyke as ootsyde-in,
 as quiverie as ettle at it
 but waarth wurd-waarsle-nane on tongue.

Her wurds were lyke a winze upon him,
 for yon yin was yae muckle fetch 100
 the lyke o trows in days gane bye,
 yin neever gien the licht o day
 for blissin ilka day saw lyfe;
 a freit that wasnae bairnt in wumman,
 naw, nor was eever craitur kyn
 upon the gerss in suimmer parks
 or ben the shaws for winter beild
 wi horn on heid an cluit on huif,
 or hairie, paddit lyke a wolf;
 naw, thon was nocht avaa but thocht 110
 scaddit lik his auld mitherbodie
 yince gied his bairnlie caufs a skelp
 tae gar him ken that she kent best,
 an mynd him man is made bi wumman
 whoe sees him barescud as a bairn
 that yowls the braith that gies him lyfe,
 syne sees him rickle-baen in daith
 as barescud as made clean for tyme
 an quaet as braith-the-nane tae pech.

Thorgils rade on the Althing wy, 120
 an gaed til his bit bothie thare,

nae doot for byte an sup o thocht
tae chowe it ower an pree the bree ot.

Aer-on for no that meikle daein,
aathing was quaet as daein naething
tae mak this Althing yin byordnar.

Yae day, whuin folk hung oot thur claes
for droothieness tae gar them divot,
Thorgils ain braw, blue coulit cloak
spreid langwys on the bothie waa, 130
whuin it is said, thon wy heard-tell
micht said it, thon same cloak was heard
tae say in speak byordnarlyke:

“As weet as dreepin on the waa,
a hoodie-cloak lik hoodie-craw
kens yae braid made for cheatrie twoe
that neever will be waasht awo.”

Folk thocht thon was yae ferlie thing
for wunnerment, an naither wunner,
for some folk say the tongue that spak 140
fae in amang the blue claith cloak
belangit Thorgils’ trowlik fetch.

Neist day then, Thorgils gaed ower waast
the reever for tae py bluid-siller
til Helgi’s sons, hissel doon-saettin
upon the lava-bink fornent
the bothies, foster-brither Halldor
an twoe-three mair alang wi’m gaun

The sons o Helgi deid cam ower
tae tak the siller pyed bluid-lawin, 150
Thorgils the fautor coontin it,
whuin Audgisl Thorarinson
cam ower as coont was taen til ten,
an wheecht thon inlaid aix ootthru
paer Thorgils’ hause tae caw his heid
fae aff his shooters as his tongue,
folk say, Was heard tae coont eleeven.

Tak you thon wurd for wunnerment,
or daenae tak it, ferlie-nane,
it’s you’ll can tak for siccar telt 160
paer Thorgils neever gat the lenth
o coontin oot the nummer twal,
his pech bi that timm gane for aye.

As swythe as aff gaed Thorgils' heid
afore the coont haed gat til twal,
sae thon Audgisl ran awo
as faur's the Watterfrithers' bothie,
ay, swythe in case the heid said mair,
but no as fast as ower faur gane
for Halldor tae catch-up wi him 170
fornent the doore o that same bothie
an clooter him no juist a dull yin
but sic a dunt as cawed him deid
afore his tongue cuid coont til three
lik onie bairn caas O'Learie
tae "haud his whup" til he "birls his peerie."

As slee's a jooker eever jinkit,
Snorri-the-Praest, whuin telt the news
anent the slauchterin o Thorgils,
said til the man gied wurd o mooth 180
anent the brulyie, "Shairlie, noo,
thare's some mistak, for shairlie then
it maun be Thorgils Hallason
that did sic daein o the devoirs?"

The man said, "Aw, but shairlie naw!
Man, gin he did, it was hissel
he killt, for it was his ain heid
played stoat upon thon lava-bink."

The fell, slee, jinkin jooker, yon yin
Snorri-the-Praest said: "Dae ye tell me! 190
Then mibbes aa the devoirs duin
were meant tae dae the whit they did
because thon was the Thorgils' weerd
he haed tae dree as dree he did!"

Whether a weerd thon slauchterin,
lik cannae luft a haun tae stope it,
or whether chaunce lik tyme an place
an dae a yaething or a naething,
the wy paece-saettlement was made
is telt athin the wark is caad 200
Saga o Thorgils Hallason.

Chapter LXVIII

Gudrun's Mairriage wi Thorkell Eyjolfson

That suimmer Thorgils Hallason
 was killt for nichtit lyke the winter
 that he wuid neever see, no weerdit,
 intil Bjornshaven cam a ship
 belangit Thorkell Eyjolfson.

Bi that timm, gettin gy weel-aff,
 Thorkell haed twoe braw maerchant ships
 at wark for him athorte the swaw,
 the-tither boddom come ben Ramfrith
 at Bordeyr liggin: baith thae ships 10
 haed timmer til the gunnels stappit.

As suin as Snorri heard that Thorkell
 was hame, he didnae let the stoor
 hing roondaboot him as he rade
 fuhll-pelt til whoere Thorkell haed bertht.

Snorri, ye ken, was neever slaw
 in daein whit haed tae be duin,
 naw, even tho his speak was whyles
 a weething caunnielyke as let
 ither folk dae the daein in it. 20

Thorkell was awfie gled tae see him,
 giein him the waarmer o a waalcome,
 for thare were drams galore aboard
 the skipper o the craft poored oot,
 lik brim-fou and a bit skailed ower,
 tae slocken drooth wi *My, that's guid!*
 an soople thocht wi *I was thinkin!*
 Ay, monie were the things were said
 lik *Let me tell ye this! Believe me!*
 an monie were the things were thocht 30
 lik *Whit's ahint whit he is sayin?*

Syne, drammin-hunger gien its burst,
 a richt guidgaun tichtener,
 Snorri speired at the Thorkell chiel
 tae tell him aa anent the ongauns
 o thae yins ower in Norowaa,
 in Norowaa acorss the faem,
 an Thorkell telt him ilka thing
 as weel as drammin let him dae it,

an truithfoulyke thon wy the saw says
the truith is ben a tassie keekin,
mairsae fornent an ingle reekin. 40

Then Snorri telt aa ongaun here
in Yceland waastlins ower the swaw,
whuin Thorkell was awo fae hame,
tellin him ilka ither thing,
for drammin made him gyan caunnie
as tongue ower fankeltlyke tae speak
thon wy the saw wuid say gin able:
truith isnae ben a tassie keekin, 50
fornent a mirkie ingle smeekin.

Said Snorri til the Thorkell chiel,
thon wy wuid gart a bodie ken
he'd lykit fyne tae been as fly
as walk the ceilin upsyde-doon:
"Man, noo it seems til me that you
suid tak guid tent o whit I said
afore ye gaed awo the last timm;
ye ken, it's tyme ye didnae let
this seawys trailin efter siller 60
tak sic a lend o ye, because
it's high tyme that ye plappit doon
upon yer dowp as quaet as caunnie,
an taen a wyfe, ye ken, the yin
we crackt aboot afore ye gaed."

Then Thorkell said: "Man, shair I ken
whit you're gaun on aboot, for aathing
we said thon tyme is uppermaist
athin ma myn the-noo, and I
can tell ye I'll no chip awo 70
the chaunce o sic a waarthie mairriage
gin it be brocht aboot for siccar."

Said Snorri til him: "I'm no sweir
tae dae as I see's needit duin,
because the place is weel redd noo
o thae twoe maitters boathert us
gif Gudrun is tae be yer wyfe
sae you can dree yer weerd wi hers:
vengement haes noo been duin for Bolli
an Thorgils haes been wheecht awo, 80
weerdit wi Bolli faurben thonner."

Said Thorkell til him then: "Man, Snorri,

yer coonsels rin as deep as saumon
 an wyss as thae same fishes are;
 yer coonsels come an gang lik waather
 alang wi wuins that come an gang;
 and even as I am a man
 for lang haes seen the saumon come
 because o wuins that bring the waather,
 I'll think on you an whit ye say 90
 as weel as Gudrun and masel
 as tho you were baith wuin an waather
 and I a saumon comein hame
 amang the grush that gied me beild."

As some folk say, for twoe-three nichts
 Snorri badd on the ship, tho ithers
 say twoe-three days, it maitters little,
 the-tyme that Thorkell Eyjolfson
 was soomin ben his burns o kennin;
 an then they taen a ten-oared boat 100
 liggin alangsyde Thorkell's ship,
 an made it ruidie for tae cairrie
 a score-an-five menbodies in it
 as faur as ower til Haliefell.

Thare Gudrun was fair gled tae see them,
 giein the Snorri fuhlla waalcome
 lik *Och, high tyme we're bye wi tyme*
gane bye us lyke nae myndin bye us,
 as he til her, *Ach, Gudrun, hen,*
I 'm aye faurben wi gledness near ye: 110
 that duin, for say no meikle mair
 as needit-nane, they taen thur gless.

Yae nicht ongaun for let things byde
 the-tyme a thocht is taen anent them,
 Snorri caad Gudrun for tae hae
 a peerie bit o coonsellin,
 an said til her: "The things that 'aye
 maun be a somewy' are lik this
 that cannae be ocht else nor this
 or I wuid no be here avaa; 120
 I'm here wi Thorkell Eyjolfson
 as you ken fyne he's here wi me
 no for the sake o oor ainsels
 but for you twoe as somewy weerdit
 for waarthie mairriage, neever myn
 whiteever else may come o it."

“Thorkell, ye ken, is gy kenspeckle
as no that monie saut abuin him,
as you ken fyne whoe ken his kynd
as furrit as no laich alow
the saut in onie companie:
forbye, he’s naither shorte o siller,
nor wi it, shorte-the-shullin ot.”

130

“As faur as I’m concaernt, Thorkell
this bonnie day is yin maist lykelie
athin this waastlins airt will be
highheidyinlyke abuin them aa,
that is, gin he hae craikin for’t
will gar him pad-the-huif alang
the grushie gaet ot for the gree ot.”

140

“Amang the lave in Yceland here,
as you ken fyne that needs nae tellin,
folk thocht him aye a laud o pairts
become a man as haill as ocht
that made him aathegither ticht,
but even ower in Norowaa,
in Norowaa acorss the faem,
the highheidyins amang folk thare
luk up til him as tho he were
the heid an shooters ower them aa.”

150

Gudrun gied aunswer til him then:
“As meikle as ye say that I
hae heard that daenae need the tellin,
Thorleik an Bolli, ma twoe sons,
will hae a meikle mair tae say,
sae they nicht need tae hae mair tellin.”

“No juist that, tho, thare is anither,
Snorri, yersel, whoe else but you,
the thrid man nearest til masel
for coonsellin on meikle maitters;
and I can tell ye this nae lee,
ye aye hae gien me guid avysement,
lik haun for kent tae lowp a dub,
or airm tae lean upon in tribble,
or shooter for tae wecht a burthen.”

160

Til that speil, Snorri was as straucht
as naither jookerie nor jinkie,
sayin that Gudrun maun be wyss
as laith-the-nane tae mairrie Thorkell.

Then, caain-in the sons o Gudrun, 170
Snorri puit aathing furrit til them
tae let them ken they wuidnae losse
wi Thorkell's wecht o waalth ahint them,
as weel's the wyssheid gart him hain it:
thon Snorri speil puit furrit wasnae
a something gyan yuchellin
as tho a haar athin the hause
were fou o tyuch yins no for oot,
but mair lik hinnie aff the kaim
as swaet as dreeblie fae the mou 180
tae sook back ben as lavrie as
the best o kitchen ben the hoose.

It was the Bolli gied him aunsver:
"I'm shair ma mither's mair the yin
will see whit's ben yer speak as cleirlye
as tho she saw yer verie wurd
scartit athorte her kennin ee;
and you be shair I'll lippen on
whit she says she haes seen can please her."

Bolli gaed on: "Mynd you, tho, Snorri, 190
we think it wyss tae listen til ye
an tak guid tent o whit ye say,
because we ken as best can ken
whit you gane bye hae duin for us."

Gudrun puit wecht upon her wurd
wi her ain speak was nae smaa booke:
"Snorri, we aye tak your avysement
as aye abuin the lave for coonsel,
an neever hae we haed tae tak
til avizandum ocht ye telt us." 200

Wi ilka wurd the Snorri spak
he priggit on for better say it,
as wi the ilka ither wurd
he said as naither here nor thare,
he eggit on the mairriage ploy,
til coonsel said was coonsel made:
Gudrun an Thorkell were tae mairrie.

A caurrie yin the Snorri yin
til thaem were neever freens but faes;
an creeshie thick as clabber-da 210
til thaem were freens as neever faes.

Snorri said noo he'd lyke tae hae
the waddin ben his hoose at hame,
Thorkell the fair taen-on at that,
because, he said, "For siller, ken,
I'm gy weel-breekit, pootshes fou
as ruidie for the skailin-oot
for ocht ye'd lyke tae see weel duin."

Yae wurd fae Gudrun then, in passin,
said mair nor waasht twoe byne o claes 220
wi neebor wemen sooin at it,
thur tongues as clish-ma-claverie
as sapples thrangitie at wark.
S'she, "We'll haud the waddin-faest
richt here at Haliefell, because
the siller needit for tae haud it
will gar me blink an ee the-nane,
and here's anither thing no gaun
tae gar Thorkell nor onieyin
tae blink an ee, I speir at nane 230
tae boather heid or siller ower it."

"Och, Gudrun, hen, indaed-an-trothe,
said Snorri, "aften dae ye shaw
ye hae a spreit no juist abuin
the lave o wemen, but abuin
a gyan wheen o men at that!"

Lik clabber-da, the creeshie thick
wi thaem were neever faes but freens,
the Snorri yin the caurrie yin
til thaem were faes as neever freens. 240

Aa saettlt noo for nocht tae dae
but byde the wheesht until the waddin
wuid tak place thare at Haliefell,
as some say, waantin six weeks suimmer,
or as some ithers say, six weeks
afore the comein o the winter.

Aathing in haun for wark tae dae
as duin the wy the haun can dae it,
Snorri an Thorkell gaed awo,
Snorri for hame, nae doot tae think 250
whit he was no for tellin folk
unless he wantit thaem tae think
they aye haed thocht they thocht it furst;

or mibbes hame tae mak a plan
 that he wuid be for haein folk
 tae dae as tho they thocht they'd made
 the plan thursels thursels tae dae:
 an Thorkell til his ship tae see
 the suimmer thru as faur's the waddin,
 wi turn an turn aboot owerbye
 thonner til Tongue then back aboard. 260

Tyme ongaed til the waddin-day
 as tho the oors ower suin gane bye
 as left but little tyme tae pech
 at aa the wark was duin bi Gudrun
 tae mak aa ruidie byte an sup,
 altho, as cleckin bodies said,
 it wasnae lyke she didnae hae
 a kennin haun for whit was duin
 lik thon guid gangin fuit she haed
 for gettin no yae man but fower. 270

Snorri cam owerbye til the faest
 wi Thorkell Eyjolfson, an wi them
 a tail o gy near sixtie men,
 a wale o chiels, the maist o thaem
 as weel puit-on as rorie-lukin
 as staunds o claes cuid mak them, scaddit
 wi colours lyke a wheen o tartans.

Gudrun haed brocht thegither roond her
 nearhaund yae hunder and a score 280
 o guests, the chycest o the chaisen,
 whoe gaed oot ower the gaet wi Bolli
 an Thorleik for tae meet wi Snorri
 and aa thaem wi him, haudin-oot
 a richt guid waalcome til them aa
 wi *Here ye are for whoere ye're gaun!*
 an *Gin ye're comein, on ye come!*

The horse an claes an bits o things
 brocht wi the guests for thair ain yuiss
 were aa taen ower bi Gudrun's hoose-carles, 290
 aabodie gien guest-chaumer room:
 Thorkell an Snorri wi thur train
 taen saets upon the heicher bink,
 whyle Gudrun and her guests were saetit
 upon the laich bink o the twoe.

Chapter LXIX

The Castin-oot anent Gunnar

That autumn, as the Saga says,
 tho mibbe suimmer wearein intilt,
 a chiel haed been sent on til Gudrun
 for beild a place athin her hoose
 and hainin see nae skaith upon him.

Gudrun haed taen him ben in hiddlins,
 even his verie name in dern:
 that name was yon yin Gunnar, made
 an ootlin bodie for the slauchter
 o yin Thridrandi, Geiter's son, 10
 a fasherie that haes been telt
 at lenth in *The Nyardvikings' Saga*.

About the place, he gaed lik yin
 whose heid was in alow the wuid,
 because thare was a feck o folk
 lukin for him, highheidyin bodies.

The waddin-faest furst eenin, then,
 as men gaed doon tae hae a waash
 alang the wattersyde, they saw
 a muckle bodie staunin thare, 20
 wearein a bunnet on his heid:
 he was braid-shoothert ower the kist,
 braid-kistit haurd abuin the wame,
 wame sooplelyke athooten creesh.

Thorkell speired at him, "Whoe are you
 whuin you're at hame, gif no hame here?"

Gunnar gied him a name was no
 the name he haed at hame, nor was
 the lyke o name was kent here aither.

Said Thorkell til him then, as smert 30
 as kent a man can mak a name
 is no the same as maks the man:
 "Altho ye arenae speakin lood
 the wy a lee is aften telt,
 I'm thinkin you're no tellin truith
 that is as quaet as neednae gulder.
 And even as a cairriet storie
 can cairrie truith as weel's a lee,

fae whit heard-tell haes said anent
the chiel that slauchtert thon Thridrandi, 40
I'm thinkin heard-tell telt nae lee
gars you luk lyke Thridrandi's killer:
an gin ye're sic a flamein hero,
as monie ither bodies say,
whye dae ye keep yer name in hiddlins?"

An Gunnar then til Thorkell, as
straucht-furritleyke as mant-the-nane:
"Ye speak as lood's ye lyke for truith
as weel as quaet as tells nae lee,
sae gin I say the truith tae tell 50
is aathing ben baith quaet an din,
ye'll ken I cannae byde in hiddlins
athin a name I'm no at hame wi.
Ma name is Gunnar, as ye ken,
and I maun tell ye. Tell you me,
whit ettle you tae dae about it?"

"Ye'll ken that quick enyeuch," said Thorkell,
seikin his men lik duags on Gunnar.

Aa this gaun on, Gudrun was saetit
wi ither wemen on a bink 60
the heicher end o her haa-biggin,
the ilka yin o thaem weel-buskit:
the young yins, wyfies, ilka auld yin
haed heid-graith made o snaw-whyte linen,
young wemen kent for whit they were
bi wearein snoods telt aabodie;
thur mithers coift new-fankeltlyke
as telt folk they were in the faushioun
lik *Tak a luk at us, we're sayin*;
the aulder wemen wearein mutches 70
that telt o days langsyne whuin they were
yince young enyeuch tae weare a snood,
then auld enyeuch tae deck thur powes
afore they taen a mutch for comfort.

As suin's she kent o thae ongauns
wi Gunnar at the wattersyde,
up Gudrun gat fae brydal bink,
caain her men tae oot an gang
an gie the Gunnar bodie help,
tellin them for tae gie nae quarter 80
til oniebodie stuid againss them.

As Gudrun haed a guidlie wheen
o men the mair nor Thorkell haed,
the baess that waarslt ower the grun
was differ o a soo bi snoot.

Snorri-the Praest gaed in atween
the baith the sydes, an telt them aa
for Heeven's sake tae haud thur horses,
an for tae dae the Deevil doon
for onie sake tae hae a baurley.

90

An then he said, as fly's a chiel
as micht puit snitchers on a jyler,
"Thorkell, thare's yae thing suid be cleir
til you gif no til aa the lave
that think they see but cannae ken
whit you can ken that see for shair,
an that is hoo byordnar is
Gudrun, owerhaillin baith o us."

Thorkell, tho, said that he haed hecht
his namesake, Thorkell, Geiter's son,
that he wuid kill the Gunnar chiel
gif that yin airtit waastlins wy,
because, he said, his Thorkell namesake
and his ainsel were guidgaun freens.

100

The Snorri fuhlla, sleekitlyke
as ayeways said a yae thing twycet
for makkin siccar heard the furst timm,
whoe ayeways said a saecont thing
tae caw oot myndin o the furst
gif that yin no that thrang at wark,
then gied a mixter-maxter speil
tae pauchle truith wi hauf a lee:
said he, "Thorkell, the devoirs on ye noo
pynt oot the gaet that you maun gang
is doon the pad we'd gar ye traik;
but mair nor that, the wy it is
for your ainsel ye pad-the-huif,
hoo faur ye gang, the naewhoere else
will let ye licht upon the sicht
o wummanbodie lyke oor Gudrun."

110

120

Fankelt in myn bi Snorri's speak
that gart him think he'd heard the truith
as quaet as no lyke gulderin
that ayeways is as lood as lee,

Thorkell puit his ainsel athin
the caumest sooch he'd eever kent,
an that same eenin saw the Gunnar
get aff his merk for yonner gaun.

The waddin-faest gaed furrit noo
wi lauch athooten snicher in it; 130
wi sang that rowed aroon the lips
lik hinnie aff the kaim for swaetness;
wi storie made in verses liltit
o men the ilka yin highheidyin
as braw athorte the broo as braid
athorte the shooters in a brulyie;
o wemen ilk yin neeborin
the men were fit for thaem tae neebor,
thae wemen bonnie as men braw;
whyles folk were fain tae sing an owercome 140
as at anither tyme were quaet
as nod the heid til melodie
neeborin wurd were sangs thursels
were gowden sunlicht whyles fae singers,
and ither tymes lik siller muinlicht.

Syne, as heid-fuhll wi sang an clash
wuid mynd them whoere they'd been lang efter,
an bellie-fou wi tichteners
wuid see they werenae bosse gaun hame,
the guests made ruidie for tae gang, 150
wi aa the highheidyins an Snorri
gien guidlie gifts at Thorkell's hauns
tae see them gaun wuid mynd them been thare.

Snorri-the-Praest then speired at Bolli
that that young lauddie gang wi him
an byde as lang thare as he lykit;
Bolli then rade alang wi Snorri
til his new hame in Saelingsdale
at Tongue tae byde wi Snorri, sayin
"It's I maun thank ye awfie kynlie," 160
for whit else cood he say, the lauddie,
sae weel duin for bi Snorri as
nae doot Snorri weel duin for tae
bi Bolli gien the hauf a chaunce.

Noo saettlt doon at Haliefell,
lik tak a turn aboot the place
as deishilwys as richt gaet gaun,
Thorkell gat yokit at the wark

aroon the mains an ben the steidin
no widdershins as caurrielyke,
folk seem syne he was as guid
a fermerbodie as a trader. 170

Tae mak his merk upon the place
as naebdie else's but his ain,
he dangit doon the meikle fermsteid
an biggit up a braw new hoose
afore onset o winter waather.

Thare Thorkell and his Gudrun thrave
in luve as dearlie as they luv'd
the braith o thairsels dearlie tae,
as winter passed ootbye thur beild
an left them lown an snode inbye it. 180

Come voartimm for a caller braith
o air athorte the mains braid parks
vyvie wi gerss a scad o green,
an Gudrun speired as caunnilie
at Thorkell in the Snorri wy
that haed a something ben the speak
that wurd's thursels kep weel in hiddlins:
s'she, "Whit are ye gaun tae dae
anent Thridrandi's killer, Gunnar?" 190

This gars ye think, gif praise the Lorde
an luve alane were ben the wurd,
we'd hae nae speak for damn the Deil.

An Thorkell, soochin-in a braith
o air as caller as still myndit
auld winter blawin snaw aboot,
said, weel content wi caunnie paece,
that he wuid dae the whit she thocht,
because, as he gaed on, "I ken
ye're set in mynd as cannae moodge
unless tae caw thon man awo
wi honour lyke a sang o praise,
an treisure trove athin his kist." 200

Gudrun said Thorkell wasnae wrang:
s'she, "I'll tell ye whit I'm wantin,
an that's a ship as dacentlyke
as eever sailed acorss the faem,
an wi it, aa the graith aboard
it cannae sail awo athoot." 210

Said Thorkell, wi a wee fonde smirtle:
“Nae maitter juist hoo meikle is
a something ben the myn tae think on,
Gudrun, ye neebor it wi thocht
maks little o the daein o it.”

“Ye ken,” said he, “ye hae a man
the marra o yer mynd as man
as you the marra o his mynd
as gars ye neebor him aa thru:
that’s whit ye are; and as I am,
I’ll dae for you whit gars ye grein
tae be the neebor o masel.” 220

Aa this was duin. An Gunnar taen
the gifts as cantielyke as kynlie,
sayin, “Ma airms arenae lang enyeuch
as eever can rax ben a pootsh
as deep as hauds the kynd o siller
needit tae py the honour duin me.”

Gunnar gaed aff til Norowaa,
til Norowaa acorss the faem,
then later cam back hame again,
as meikle-hertit as gy waalthie,
as guid an true in wys o thocht
as highheidyinlik man an mainner. 230

Chapter LXX

Thorleik Bollison gangs til Norowaa

Thorkell Eyjolfson suin becam
 highheidynlyke abuin the lave,
 sortein hissel amang the folk
 in freenship til him aa aroond,
 even amang the yins he'd sorteit.

Whoere he was haed tae be the wy
 the folk aroond him haed tae be,
 even as whit he was an did
 was whoere the folk aroond him were
 the lyke o place an distance fae him.

10

He aye was thrangitie wi lawsuits
 merkit the yin whoe was fornent him
 an whoe ahint the yin fornent,
 as weel as whit anent them baith
 as faur as his ainsel affeekit:
 but thare is naething o thae warks
 spellt oot athin the Saga here.

But for Snorri-the-Praest, Thorkell
 aa thru his lyfe, as some folk say,
 was waalthiest roon Braidfrith watters,
 tho ithers puit it that he was
 the yin maist pooerfou thareaboos,
 as aa the yin-waan's eeksie-peeksie.

20

Thorkell puit hoose and hame in order:
 furst roond his feet at Haliefell
 for him and his, he made the waas
 as strenthielyke as let him mak
 the ilka biggin meikle mair,
 an then, for thaem an thairs aroon
 the place as weel's for him and his,
 he delved the foonds wuid haud a kirk,
 sayin he etlt for tae gang hissel
 athorte the swaw for timmer for it.

30

Thorkell an Gudrun haed a son
 that they caad Gellir: aerie on,
 he lukit lyke a laud o pairs.

Wi turn aboot for turn aroond
 is gang fae yae place til the-tither,

as turn aroon for turn aboot
is gang fae tither til the furst place, 40
Bolli wuid be at Haliefell
gin folk were lukin for him thare,
or else wuid be at Tongue gin folk
kent he'd gane thare fae Haliefell,
Snorri-the-Praest gy fonde o him.

Young Bolli's brither, Thorleik, badd
at Haliefell, the baith the brithers
growne heech o hicht as braid o kist
an strappinlyke as brawlik wi it,
Bolli the yin fuit-furrit maistlie 50
in ocht the daein duin at yince.

Tho Thorkell was, as some folk say,
kyn til his stapsons, ither folk
sayin that he was fonde o thaem,
Gudrun aye luvit Bolli mair.

At this timm, Bolli was as young
as sixteen winters auld come voartimm,
an Thorleik was as auld's a score
o winters waarmin intil voar.

Thorleik noo gaed tae hae a crack 60
wi his stapfaither and his mither,
anent a bit o greinin ben him
for gaun abraid acorss the faem,
because, he said, "I'm fair forfochen
wi sittin here at hame, hoose-maltit
lik onie wummanbodie cled
in lazie-tartan, aa year winter:
I'd lyke tae be set up for oot
tae gie ma craikin aesement ben me."

Said Thorkell til him: "Shairlie, noo, 70
sin I cam here amang the faimlie,
thare's naething I hae said or duin
haes made for castin-oot atween
masel an baith o you young brithers:
yince, haein been lik your ainsel,
I ken fyne whit it's lyke tae waant
tae gang amang folk ower the watter,
an see no juist the wark they dae
but hoo they yoke at it an whye;
gin you gang thare, I'm shair ye'll finnd 80
ye're guid as onieyin owerbye,

as meikle tae as smertlik wi it.”

“It’s no I waant that meikle siller,”
said Thorleik, “for as you maun ken,
I’m no that shair I ken masel
juist whit I’d dae wi’t bein young
at that, an no yit set in myn.”

Thorkell telt him that he cuid hae
as muckle siller as he waantit,
sae he wuid neever ken a waant ot, 90
for it’s no siller maks a waant
but lack ot, says the common clash.

That said for neednae say ocht mair,
syne duin for needit nae mair duin,
Thorkell then bocht a share for Thorleik
athin a ship at Brekfastness,
gaed wi him til the ship, an gied him
the graith an guids wuid see him richt.

That suimmer, Thorleik gaed abraid,
acorss the faem til Norowaa, 100
the dauphins lowpin ower the watter
on aither bowe for nae mischaunce
tae come upon the chiel wuid be
mair namelie gangin hame again.

At that timm, keeng ower aa the laund
o Norowaa acorss the faem,
was Olaf, caad the Halie Yin,
the man that Thorleik gaed tae see:
gy waalcome was he made anaa.

Olaf kent whoe an whit he was, 110
whoe fae his kin were kent for whit
they were, an whit he was because
he haed tae be the naething less
that cam fae kin sae meikle mair.

Olaf taen Thorleik ben his paelace,
an telt him for tae saettle doon
an tak his blaw alang wi him.

“It’s I maun thank ye awfie kynlie,”
said Thorleik til the sanctlik keeng,
bydein wi him that winter thru 120
amang the ryal guaird at that:

the keeng thocht him the verie dab,
 yae brawlik chiel for stramp the fuit
 an bin aroond athin a padyane,
 the some folk sayin Thorleik badd
 in saervice at Keeng Olaf's coort
 a wheen o months, tho ithers say
 a curn o years, you chaise yer chyce.

Back noo til Bolli Bollison:
 come voartimm, Bolli, aichteen winters 130
 ahint him gled tae see the suin
 yokin yince mair on gerss tae growe,
 gaed til stapfaither and his mither
 an said he waantit for tae pootsh
 his share o his ain faither's siller.

Gudrun then speired at him whit was't
 he'd set his mynd on daein, waantin
 the siller suddentlyke as this.

Bolli gied aunsver til her: "Mither,
 I'd lyke tae mairrie wi the yin 140
 that you, Thorkell, I'd lyke tae speir for
 an see the niffer spat a haund on."

Thorkell then speired at Bolli, "Whoe
 is this yin that ye're set on winshin?"

Said Bolli: "She is Thordis caad,
 Snorri-the-Praest's ain bonnie dochter,
 the wumman that I grein tae mairrie
 thon wy that gin I daenae mairrie
 I'll hurrie-burrie nane tae mairrie
 anither yin amang the lave: 150
 I waant this duin the wy I waant it,
 no somewy someyn ither micht."

Thorkell gied aunsver til him then:
 "Ma son, I'm fair taen-on tae help ye,
 the mair especial sin I ken
 the wecht ot ben yer myn can gar ye
 set blytheheid on the weibauk cowp
 yer ain wy doon, no dowieness."

"Afore we gang, thare's this tae say:
 I'm shair that Snorri's wurd's will be 160
Nae boather, naw, the-nane avaa,
 for he will ken yer hecht is guid

as cood be bettert-nane avaa
bi oniebodie, naw, bi nane.”

Then Gudrun: “Thorkell, I may say
at yince that is for aye, nae less,
that I sall spare nocht, deil-the-haet
I hae, gif Bolli hae the marra
he haes in myn will please him best:
and I say this for reasouns twoe 170
fankelt aroond ilk ither lyke
a gowden threed roond him an me;
the furst is that I loe him maist,
the saecont that he’s duin the maist
for me, thon wy haill-hertit maist
tae dae whit I maist waantit duin.”

As dacentlyke as dae his devoirs
as Gudrun’s man an staund-in dy
for Bolli, Thorkell said that he
wuid no be backward comein furrit 180
wi whit wuid be a something lyke
a guid doon-sittin in his mairriage,
gaun on tae say, “Ach, daenae myn
whit he haes duin is warth guid siller,
but myn this, you, I’m shair he’ll dae
his devoirs dacentlyke in mairriage
as will be duin til him bi her
he’s gaun tae mairrie gif she’ll hae him.”

A wee whyle later on, Thorkell
an Bolli gaed awo til Tongue, 190
a wheen o bodies in thur train.

Snorri-the-Praest gied yin and aa
the hertiest o kynlie waalcomes,
wi byte the best o kitchen furrit,
an sup the lavriest o maut
for thaem that tutsht, or chyce o yill
for thaem that didnae, tho the yins
that lykit baith aa drammed thur drooth
wi *Here’s til aa folk wi us here!*
and *Here’s til thaem wuid lyke tae be here!* 200

Thordis, the dochter o the Snorri,
was wi her faither ben the hoose:
she was a bonnie young bit wumman,
as doocelik in her gaun aboot
as kent whoere she maun gang, an whye,

the kynd o bodie fyne cuid mak
her hoose as braw as her ainsel.

At hame awo fae hame, a wheen
o nichts at Tongue, as some folk say,
tho ither bodies hae it ‘days’, 210
Thorkell puit furrin whit was gaun
for guid doon-sittin in a mairriage
atween his hoose an this yin Snorri’s,
doon-sittin brocht bi Gudrun’s Bolli,
its neebor tocher brocht bi Thordis.

Nae yeukie-scartin noo tae redd him
o nits fair hotchin ben his hair,
Snorri was clawin powe tae gar him
ken thochts he lukit inbye thonner
lik verses bydein ben a wurd 220
the-wy a poem’s ben a verse,
an sae he said: “I’m gled tae see ye,
thon wy ma een are pleased, as gled
tae hear ye say the whit ye say,
because ma lugs are kittlt hearin;
tho, mynd ye, juist tae see and hear ye
wuid kittle me as blythlie gled
gin you were juist gaun bye, no bydein;
this then the aunswer Tongue is singin
for Haliefell tae sooch an owercome; 230
a laud o pairts as Bolli was,
he’s growne a man gy haill thegither
will mak a wumman mairries him
hersel haill airt an pairt wi him.”

“Thare’s this til’t, tho; it’s no for me
tae say whit Thordis haes tae think.
nor for tae gar the lassie dae
whit she’d no think tae dae hersel:
she’ll mairrie naebdie but the man
she wuidnae lyke tae byde athoot.” 240

The wurd gien Thordis whit was on
that wuidnae up an gang awo,
seein she was her faither’s dochter,
she gied a caurrie aunswer til’t,
sayin she thocht her faither’s coonsel
the wale o avizandum wurd,
but juist the same, that maks a differ,
she’d raither tak an mairrie Bolli,
a man fae her ain kintrisyde,

nor onie man ower freemitlyke
fae onie o the freemit airts. 250

Whuin Snorri kent the airt she speired
was whoere the man she waantit leeved,
an Bolli, naebdie else, the man,
he said he'd pad-the-huif alang it,
betrothal aa the winshin needit.

Snorri wuid hae the waddin-faest
in hoose at hame in Tongue, the tyme ot
the middis o the suimmertyde.

That duin for dae awo noo duin for,
the lave aa thrangitie in myn, 260
Thorkell an Bolli rade aff hame
til Haliefell, whoere Bolli styed
until the day wuid see him waddit.

That tyme come roon, Thorkell an Bolli
buskit thursels lik mak a padyane
whuin leavin hame amang the train
o fieres an freens the chycest chaisen,
yae meikle companie as braw
as eever gaed til onie waddin 270
whuin they rade ower the wy til Tongue,
yae richt guid-hertit waalcome gettin.

At Tongue, thare was an awfie nummer
o bodies gethert for the faest,
the faest itsel byordnar meikle,
yae guid hoose-waarmin thon yin was,
an syne, ginn aathing ower for mynd
it weel is mynd it no for ill,
the guests gat ruidie for tae gang.

Snorri gied gifts were brawlik haund-oots 280
til Thorkell, Gudrun, freens an kinsfolk,
then aabodie was at the faest
rade hame, gif wearie, fasht-the-nane.

Bolli, af coorse, badd on at Tongue
that lang haed been his ither hame,
and he an Thordis suin becam
as luvinyke as lykit luvinyke,
as lykit luvinyke, luvinyke.

Snorri did aa was in his pooer

tae mak young Bolli feel he was
no juist at hame fae hame at Tongue,
but made mair waalcome thare at that
nor onie o the Snorri bairns,
sae Bolli taen this in wi pleasure
an badd that year in Saelingsdale
at Tongue, weel-in as gy weel duin til.

290

Neist suimmer come, a ship cam in
Whytereever wy fae ower abraid,
the yae hauf-share ot ben the aucht
o Thorleik Bollison, the-tither
belangin some Norwegian chiel
as some folk say, tho ithers hae it
belangin some Norwegian chiels.

300

Whuin Bolli heard his brither was
back hame in Yceland, he taen horse
an rade sooth til the Burghfrith,
whoere on the ship brocht Thorleik hame
the brithers met, as blythe as linties.

Bolli badd thare for twoe-three nichts,
as some folk say, tho you'll jalouse
some ithers hae it twoe-three days;
an then baith brithers rade awo
the waastlins wy til Haliefell.

310

"Come in!" said Thorkell, thair stapfaither.
"Ay, come on ben!" said Gudrun, minnie,
the baith thae folk as blythe aboot it
as mavises come suimmer daw.

They speired at Thorleik wuid he byde
the winter wi them, and he said,
"It's I maun thank ye awfie kynlie,
for fyne I'd lyke tae hae yer crack."

320

Thorleik badd thare at Haliefell
for some timm, then he rade awo
Whytereever wy tae see his ship
laid up upon the straund, the-tyme
he brocht his guids aboard it waast.

Thorleik haed haed guid luck gang wi him
for siller as for nameliness
because he'd been weel-in wi yon yin
Keeng Olaf, Lorde ower laich and heech

330

in Norowaa acorss the faem.

Bolli an wyfe at Tongue were bydein
owerbye in Saelingsdale awo;
Thorleik badd aa the winter thru
at Haliefell, richt gled tae be thare,
for fyne he kent, lik aabdie else,
he'd haed tae tak a thocht haed gart him
gang thon auld gaet belanged til him
tae gang the gaet belangit him:
it's juist the same the-day, ye ken,
ye tak the gaet belongs til you
tae gang the gaet that you belongs,
an gin ye daenae pad-the-huif
tae traik back haufwy roon the wurld,
yer thocht will aften lowp the swaw
tae plank yer mynd amang auld neebors.

340

Chapter LXXI

*Baurley cried atween
the Bollisons and Olafsons, AD 1026*

That winter, thae twoe brithers taen
tae bein thrangitie thegither
the wy they met, colloquin consant
as mak a plan then mak anither,
nae pleasure gaun til gemmes an ploys
that see the wintertyme awo
wi pech a bit then hae a dram,
and hae a baur can gar ye snicher:
yae tyme, the Thorleik ower at Tongue,
they crackt the day an nicht awo. 10

Ay, they gaed at it, thrangitie
throchin-an-thruin at it lyke
thon wy men see the faa o leaf
wi voartimm in it gied it lyfe
noo vyvielyke as suimmer made
the rucher ruits wuid see oot winter
tae mak anither leaf mak ruit,
even as men see thair ainsels
ruitit in tyme whuin weman mak them,
then see men yirdit lyke the ruits. 20

Nae doot they saw the whoere they were
wuid no be whoere they were for lang
gif they were ruitit lang afore
thur leaf o lyfe gane sear in faa.

Snorri, lik oniebodie slee,
thocht thae twoe brithers sleekitlyke
for no allooin him tae listen,
an then, jalousin thaem faurben
in maitters wechtielyke in burthen,
gaed doon tae speir the whit ongaun. 30

The brithers said, “Ay, ay, then!” til him,
as freenlielyke as glower-the-nane,
but didnae gie anither cheep
anent the speilin in atween them
afore the Snorri happent bye.

Said Snorri then: “Ay, ay, tho, tae!
An whit’s ongaun here will gang furder
gif naebdie says *Haud on ye, noo*,

that kens ye're baith sae thrangitie
as tak nae tent o slaep or maet!" 40

"Och!" Bolli said, ye ken, thon wy
a bodie's waantin tyme tae think,
"we're no colloquin coonsel crackin,
juist easie-oasie haverin
as little's waarth as meikle's nithin."

Jalousin that thae Bollisons
ettlt tae haud in dern o mynd
ongauns atween them that they thocht
no fit for him tae hear on tongues,
an thinkin thare micht weel be fash 50
gif whit they thocht tae dae were duin
athooten coonsellin fae him,
said Snorri til them: "I'm for haein
misdootins that yer lang colloquins
are naither wishie-waashie maitters
nor juist a wheen o snicher-ploys,
but still-an-aa, I faut ye nane,
even gif richt as you gy wrang."

"Noo, be as guid as tell me true
as quaetlie telt, no gulderie 60
as lood as onie lee is telt,
an daenae puit whit you're for daein
in hiddlins for tae blinn it fae me:
gif we three puit oor thochts thegither
an mak yae coonsel o the fash,
I'm shair that we can sorte it oot;
and I'll puit in nae staiver micht
weel snibble ye alang the pad
in honour gaun tae gether mair ot."

The Thorleik chiel thocht Snorri's wurd 70
anent thae things was kynlie meant,
an telt him they haed been colloquin
on hoo they'd yoke on Olafsons,
giein them aa thur paiks wuid puit
then hems upon them yince for aye:
the Bollisons lackt naething noo
tae mak them even-haunds at that
as step for step in gangin furrin
wi aa the Olafsons thegither,
because Thorleik was gy weel-in 80
an was he no, wi oor Keeng Olaf
acorss the faem in Norowaa,

an Bolli was the guidson here
in Yceland, his guidfaither Snorri,
as muckle as highheidyinlyke,
the sorte o chiel that naebodie
wuid come the tin man wi, naw, sur.

But this was hoo the Snorri aunswert,
as micht be thocht wysslyke at that,
tho thae folk no for lykin him 90
wuid say was sleekitlyke as eever:
“Yer faither, Bolli Thorleikson,
haed slauchter puit upon him as
the weerd he haed tae dree for deid,
but that’s been pyed for, lyfe for lyfe,
bi Helgi Hardbeinson’s ain weerd
that saw him thole the daith was gien him;
sic fasherie haes been enyeuch
tae gar folk say let’s hae nae mair ot,
an that’s whit I’m for sayin noo.” 100

The Bolli said, as micht be thocht
a weething afflik for a guidson
newfanglt yit wi bein mairriet,
“Snorri, whit’s this then that ye’re sayin?
That you’re no that taen-on wi daein
as meikle for us noo as yince
ye were, an that was no langsyne?”

“Thorleik wuid no hae let ye ken
whit was gaun on athin oor myns
gin he’d taen coonsel wi masel 110
on whit tae say and hoo tae say it,
as weel as whit tae think upon
afore he said the whit I telt him.”

“And as til that bit speil o yours
that Helgi’s lyfe was taen as gien
in vengement for ma faither deid,
ye ken fou weel that thare was siller
gien for the lyfe o Helgi taen,
even as Bolli Thorleikson,
ma faither duin til deid, is still 120
athooten lyke atonement gien.”

Snorri was no a gomeril,
nae mair nor onie ither bodie
as sleekitlyke as tak a thocht
an birl it roondaboot a bit

tae ken whitlyke the ilka pairt ot,
an whoere it cam fae whit airt gaun.

An seein thae young Bollisons
were no for sayin Ay in greeance
wi whit he said, but *Naw, I daarsay* 130
nae maitter whit he said, he mowtit
that he wuid lyke tae finnd a wy
for some atonement paecefoulyke
atween thursels and Olafsons,
raither nor hae mair slauchterins:
the brithers said Ay, *fair enyeuch, then.*

Wi that, that was as guid as gree
athooten kanglin onie mair,
Snorri rade ower the Herdshaw wy
whoere Halldor Olafson cam oot 140
wi waalcome guid enyeuch as speirt
wuid Snorri byde for byte an sup.

Said Snorri: “Naw, thanks aa the same,
for I maun ryde back hame the-nicht,
but I would lyke a wurd or twoe,
clamant as cannae byde thur wheesht,
gin you will gie’s yer bittock crack.”

Halldor said Ay an *Whitforno?*
an sae haed yae bit quaet collogue,
the Snorri sayin he was thare 150
because he’d come tae ken the brithers
Thorleik an Bolli werenae lyke
tae puit up onie langer laein
thur faither ligg amang the mools
in ongaun unatonement thare
as duin doon deid bi Olafsons.

Halldor was no for sayin Ay
the onie mair nor *Naw, I daarsay*,
but *Mibbes ay an Mibbes naw*
thon wy a niffer micht be made. 160

But juist the same, as you ken fyne
because ye hae been telt afore,
that that means thare’s a differ int,
Halldor gaed on tae say: “I ken
as weel as aa the lave aroon me,
that yon yin Thorgils Hallason
an thae twoe Bollisons were myndit

tae yoke upon me and ma brithers
 (as some say, ither bodies sayin
 tae yoke upon me or ma brithers)
afore ye cawed them aff tae skyte
 thur vengement ithergaets, thon wy
ye gart them think it betterlyke
tae slauchter Helgi Hardbeinson.” 170

“Aa thru thae ongauns,” Halldor said,
 ye mibbes were in jookerie
 lik jink aroon tae tig yer scadda,
 but no thrugaun in pokerie
 lik leave nae scadda for tae tig,
an neever myn the aer-on coonsels
ye gied amang us, kinsmen aa.” 180

At that, the Snorri fuhlla said:
“It’s I’m fair set as stickit wi it
 that this traik haesnae been for nithin,
 but that thare is a something in it
 the maik o whit I hain in hert,
the foondin o a saettlement
atween you kinsmen aathegither:
 I ken the kynd o men ye deal wi
 as weel’s I ken the kynd o men
 ye are yersels, nane better kent,
and I am shair the niffer made
 will last as lang as ayeways ongaun.” 190

Said Halldor then: “Weel, gin it be
 ma brithers are as willant as
 masel that’s sweirt-the-nane aboot it,
I’ll py bluid-siller for the wecht
 o thon fell steel was puit upon
 paer Bolli Thorleikson for deid,
 as meikle as the deemsters deem,
ma niffer that thare’s naebodie
concaernt will be made ootlinbodie;
 nor sall I tyne ma hoose at hame,
 nor ocht aroon, glebe, park or kailyaird,
 nor onie kynd o baestial;
 nor sall I tyne highheidynship;
 the ilka airt an pairt o thae things
as faur’s ma brithers are concaernt
 will byde the wy they are, still thairs
 athooten onie skaith upon them
 nae maitter whit befaa for duin:
ilk syde for mak the niffer o it, 200
210

will chaise its chyce o deemster daes it.”

Snorri gied aunsver til the speil,
kennin ower meikle said areadies
as left him little else tae say:
“Yer hecht is wechtit fair as fuhll,
an gif the Bollisons tak tent
o coonsellin that I sall gie them,
I’m shair they’ll tak ye at yer wurd.” 220

Wi that, Snorri rade hame an telt
the brithers ootcome o his eeran,
sayin that gif they’d gree-the-nane,
his darg o wark anent the fash
was ower an duin for aye and on.

“Dae as ye think fit,” Bolli said,
“an Snorri, I’m for haein you
chyce chaisen as oor deemster bodie”
myndin, nae doot, that his ain chyce
for mairriage was the Snorri’s dochter. 230

Snorri then sent wurd ower til Halldor
tae say the saettlement was guid,
an for tae finnd a deemster bodie
wuid sorte the saettlement wi Snorri.

Yin Steinthor Thorlakson o Eyr
was Halldor’s chyce for deemster wark.

Fower weeks o suimmer soople lowpin
alang the pad til caller autumn,
the get-thegither for the paece
tween Bollisons and Olafsons 240
wuid tak place Drangar wy on Shawstraund.

Young Thorleik Bollison noo rade
back hame til Haliefell; an naething
waarth onie pech o braith tae tell,
nor onie scart o quill tae scryve,
taen place aa thru that wintertyme
was wearie on the baens for voartimm.

The paece-colloquin oor oncomein,
Snorri-the-Praest gaed owerbye thonner
wi baith the Bollisons, alang 250
wi monie ither men, in aa,
a companie o fifteen men.

Steinthor and his yins tae gaed ower,
a companie o fifteen tae.

Steinthor an Snorri haed a crack,
nae boather comein til the greeance,
an then puit oot the wurd anent
the siller gien for bluid-atonement:
gif naething said athin the Saga
anent hoo muckle siller gien, 260
thare's this is said for daenae doot it,
the siller in the greeance made
was gien for paece as taen for paece,
an paece was kept as brakkent-nane.

The Thorness Althing saw the siller
pyed oot as luftit fae a kist
wi *Here is ilka maik o siller*,
an taen for puittin ben a kist
wi *Thank ye for the ilka stiver*.

But no juist that, Halldor gied Bolli
a sworde as guid as lukit braw, 270
an Steinthor Olafson gied Thorleik
a tairge that lukit braw as guid.

That puit the stopper til the Althing,
aabodie sayin aa folk thare
haed duin as meikle's gart thursels
puit hicht abuin thur shuin, as weel
as braidth athorte the kist an shooters.

Paeece-saettlement atween thae folk
 the Bollisons and Olafsons,
 as ower an duin as say yae ocht
 anent it better said nae mair,
 wi Thorleik that yae winter back
 in Yceland, Bolli made it kent
 he ettlit for tae gang abraid.

But Bolli said: “It’s lang that I
hae haed it ben ma myn tae gang
 yae day an traival soothlins wys,
for onie man that steys at hame
 is thocht benichtit ben the mynd
 as no aa-thare wi whit’s gaun on
gif kennin naething else nor’s seen
in Yceland, and in hearin nocht
 but whit is said the hearaboots.”

Bolli was aa for haein siller 40

as rowthielyke as jingle-jangle
athin the pootsh keeps tyme an tune
wi ilka fuitpad on the causey,
because, said he, the naething laith
tae say *Ay, shair!* as *Whitforno?*
“I’m no the yin tae be behauden
til oniebodie here at hame
or yonner faur acorss the faem.”

Soothlins til Burghfrith rade Bolli,
Whytereever wy for nifferin
that bocht the-tither hauf-a-share
o Thorleik’s ship for his ain aucht
fae thaem that were the awners ot,
the ship belangin noo baith brithers.

50

Waastlins awo hame noo rade Bolli,
his feet still yeukie ben his brogans,
gif kittlie yit, weel on the mend.

Bolli an Thordis haed yae dochter
was Herdis caad, a bonnie bairn;
an Gudrun hecht tae foster her,
the waen nae mair nor yae year auld
whuin she gaed ower til Haliefell.

60

Thordis hersel, as you’ll jalouse,
was ower thare tae an awfie lote,
the Gudrun gyan fonde o her.

Chapter LXXIII

Bolli abraid wi Thorleik, AD 1029

Doon til thur ship noo gaed the brithers,
Bolli wi meikle wecht o siller,
tho some folk say wi guids anaa.

Mak ruidie this, mak ruidie that,
the brithers made thur ship as snode
an gyan ticht as tiddley-made,
til aa was richt for doon the watter
and oot til sae the-tyme they saw
the dauphins vyvelik aither bowe
play lyke the swaw-bricht bairns they are, 10
doon stabbord strakes for skoosh an scoor
lik *Here, ye're no as swythe as we are!*
doon labbord strakes for lowp an dook
lik *Here, ye're awfie slaw, you folk!*

“Ay, here they’re comein!” said the dauphins,
tho naebdie heard them but thursels,
“And arenae they the brawlik men!
And here they’re gaun awo fae Yceland,
awo fae bonnie wemenfolk
til Norowaa, til Norowaa, 20
til Norowaa acorss the faem!”

Nae wunner dauphins thocht them slaw
as hunker-slydin, naething smertlik!
At furst, the wuins were no that guid,
sae leagues were lang wi sails as sleek
an plapperie as flafferie,
the ship noo back an furrit gaun
lik veer awo as scunnersome
as tack aboot wuid gar ye greet,
but syne-an-on, wi autumn comein 30
as caller’s gart the chafts growe ruid,
they gat til Norowaa at lenth,
til Trondheim norlins puittin-in.

Ower aestlins wy, bi Oslofrith,
Keeng Olaf was in hoose at hame,
aathing made ruidie thare richt ryal
for him tae tak his winter aesement.

Whuin Bolli and his brither Thorleik
heard that Keeng Olaf wasnae gaun

tae come til Trondheim leaf-faa tyme,
 Thorleik said he wuid lyke tae sail
 alang the shorelyne aestlins wy,
 sae he cuid caa-in on the keeng. 40

“No me!” said Bolli, “I’m no gaun
 tae stoat aboot the autumn thru
 fae maerket toon til maerket toon
 wi naething but wee fasheries
 anent the whit’s a wy o daein
 an whit is no the thing tae dae:
 I’d rather byde ma wheesht thru winter
 in this toon here wi things tae dae 50
 mair sib wi ma ain wy o daein.”

“They tell me that Keeng Olaf’s lyke
 tae come the norlins wy bi voartimm,
 an gin he daes, I’ll no say naw
 tae caain-in upon him here.”

Things noo the lyke atween the twoe
 nae differ nor they aye haed been,
 Thorleik let Bolli hae his wy;
 sae they unladent guids an graith 60
 an puit thur ship up for the winter,
 wi ludgeins ben the toon for thaem
 tae see them snode come caulder waather.

Aboot the place for *Luk at him!*
 as roondaboot for *Dae ye see him?*
 suin aabodie no even lukin
 cuid see the Bolli chiel gy furrit
 as yin wuid let nane gang afore him;
 for aa that, tho, gif gien the gree
 as aye the furst amang the lave, 70
 the man was seen tae staund his haund
 as rowthilie as gallus wi it,
 til aabodie in Norowaa
 thocht him byordinarlie dacent.

Bolli aye kept a wheen o men
 aroond him aa that wintertyde
 in Trondheim toon, an ginn he gaed
 whoere guild folk met tae hae colloque
 an tak a dram or twoe for drooth,
 aabodie saw his tail o men 80
 were buskit bonnier nor onie,
 thur graith o weire the brawest gaun.

An no juist that, he was the chiel
that pyed the lawin for his men
athin the guild haas drammin at it,
and on a par wi that, aa roond
in ither things, he'd toom his pootshes,
the ilka nicht wi him hoose-waarmin.

The brithers badd athin the toon
that winter thru, the-tyme the keeng
was saetit aestlins wy in Sarpsburgh,
 an wurd cam thru fae thare His Hieness
was no that lykelie for tae come
 as faur north as the lenth o Trondheim.

Aer-on in voartimm, then, the brithers
gat aa things ruidie on the ship,
twoe-sixin at it shipshapelyke,
an then sailed aestlins doon the shorelyne.

Aathing gaed weel, wi naething waur
 nor no enyeuch tae feed the sea-maws, 100
 an sae they made thur aestlins wy
 til Sarpsburgh, whoere oot they gaed
 at yince tae meet wi thon Keeng Olaf
 an feed him kennin o thursels.

The keeng gied his ain liegeman Thorleik,
as weel's the lave o Ycelanders
Thorleik haed brocht alang wi him,
a waalcome guid as gyan kynlie.

An then the keeng speired: “Whoe is that yin
staunin heid-heech abuin the lave? 110
Thon richt, braw, strappin chiel amang them?
Ay, lukin at him, I’m jalousin
thare naething o the chookie thare!”

“He is ma brither,” Thorleik said,
“ma faither’s namesake, Bolli caad.”

And Olaf said, "It's naither wunner
he's mettlesome and is he no!"

The keeng then speired at baith the brithers
 an wuid they come an byde wi him
 tae hae thur crack an let him ken
 the ongauns ower in Yceland thonner

anent the whoe was up-an-comein
as weel's the yins as doon as duin:
the brithers taen this hecht fae Olaf
wi meikle thanks, an badd wi him
the lave o voartimm, gyan snode.

The keeng was kynd enyeuch til Thorleik,
as meikle noo as yince afore,
 yit in thon wy o things aye made
 the younger brither something else; 130
 ay, luckie as the Twal Apostles,
 or mibbes as Eleeven o them,
Olaf thocht Bolli juist the dab
 as middis o the men aroon,
 wi no the yin o thaem his maik.

The voar gaed on, wi rin-aff watter
 streekit lik siller doon the braes
 an ben the burns tae puit some pech
 athin the saumon soomin hame,
the brithers haein some bit coonsel, 140
wi Thorleik speirin at the Bolli
gin he was myndit for tae gang
 back hame til Yceland suimmer comein,
or wuid he be for bydein on
a langer tyme in Norowaa?

Bolli gied aunswer, as ye'll guess
 was his ain thocht, nane neeborin,
"I hae nae ettlement tae dae
aither the yin or tither o them;
 and I can tell ye this for truith 150
 that neednae yatter ocht anent
 the mibbe-ays an mibbe-naws;
whuin I left Yceland wi the dauphins
 on aither bowe for caunnie-daes-it,
I taen a thocht that naebodie
wuid speir for news o me aroon
 the doores or ower the parks:
brither, it's I'm for waantin you
tae tak ower oor haill ship an gang
 yer wys, as I sall gang ma ain." 160

Thorleik was sair puit-oot tae hear
that he an Bolli haed tae pairt,
 for he'd thocht they'd dae mair thegither,
an sae he said: "Bolli, as aye
it haes been aa yer lyfe, ye'll hae

yer ain wy noo, for certaint shair
as naebdie else's wy's lik yours."
An honest chiel, the Thorleik fuhlla.

Things then lik that for certaint shair
the Bolli's wy an naebdie else's, 170
they telt the keeng, an that yin speired:
"Ye'll byde nae langer wi us, Bolli?"
An then gaed on tae tell the chiel.
"It's I wuid lyke it fyne gin you
wuid byde an ser amang ma guaird;
I'd mak ye lyke yer brither Thorleik,
leigeman in name an fame the same."

Bolli gied aunsver til him, but:
"I'd lyke it fyne, ma lorde an keeng,
an that wuid be some haunsellin, 180
yit furstlins, no for saecont-haund
it's I maun up an traik awo
the gaet will see me dree the weerd
that I hae puittent on masel
lik greinin winnae lae abee:
but gif that weerd grun me back here,
I'd lyke it fyne tae tak yer hecht."

Then said Keeng Olaf til him: "Bolli,
gang you yer wys ye waant tae gang,
for you Ycelanders can be thrawn 190
as winnae moodge whuin cawed against
unless tae caw mair furrit gaun.
For aa that, tho, ma hinmaist wurd
is that it's I'm for thinkin, Bolli,
in aa ma days, nane oot o Yceland
haes been byordnarlyke as you."

The keeng's leave gien for up an gang,
Bolli gat ruidie for his traik,
gangin aboard a maerchant ship
boond soothlins, airtit Denmark wy. 200

Wi meikle siller in his aucht,
a wheen o cullans wi him gaun,
Bolli and Olaf pairtit freenlie
as *Weel, I haed tae gang, ye ken,*
and *Ach, it's I kent fyne ye haed tae!*
as Olaf gied the Bolli chiel
a wheen o brawlik pairtin gifts.

Thorleik badd on in Norowaa,
liegeman til his Keeng Olaf thare,
as Bolli made his wy doon sooth 210
as faur as Denmerk, whoere he styed
the winter, weel-in, honours gien him
bi highheidyins amang the Danes:
whyle thare, he leeved wi nae less luft
nor he haed yaised tae hicht hissel
whuin he haed been in Norowaa.

Yae winter ben the Denmerk blast
that puit the ruid upon his chafts,
an gart him dirl fingers het 220
bi daudin haunds at oxter hicht,
Bolli begood his traik wuid tak him
til kintries faur ayont his ken
that he wuid come tae ken in tyme,
an furder on til Meiklegarth
yince caad Byzantium, then later
Constantinople caad, an then
caad Istanbul, its name the-day.

Bolli was no thare lang afore
he listit wi the sodgers caad
Varangian Guaird, an we hae heard, 230
tho mibbes it's a cairriet storie,
nae Norseman eever taen weiregeld,
or as some say, the Garth keeng's shullin,
afore young Bolli Bollison.

In Meiklegarth for monie winters,
Bolli was thocht the bonnie fechter
amang a rowthe o brawlik men,
aye furrit wi the foremaist o them
an neever yin tae dodge the column, 240
aa the Varangians at yin
in sayin he was waarth his wecht
in Meiklegarth whuin he was wi them.

Thorkell telt aabodie aroon
that he was gaun owerbye tae coff
a gyan hantle timmer graith 40
for biggin-up a brawlik kirk,
then aff he sailed ayont the frith
and ower the maindeep aestlins gaun.

Gin easie-oasie aa the wy
an slaw as no waarthwhyle for dauphlns
tae let the sailors see a turn
o speed the waarth the whyle tae luk at,
they did mak Norowaa at lenth,
athin the norlins airt ot gaun.

Keeng Olaf at that tyme was plankit 50
athin his Paelace Trondheim toon,
an Thorkell wastit nae tyme gaun
tae hae collogue wi His Ryal Hieness,
Gellir, his son, gaun wi him thare.

The keeng gied thaem a guidlie waalcome,
Thorkell weel thocht o as weel seen til
that samin winter that the clash
amang the folk was that the keeng
gied him a fuhll yae hunder merk
o siller, sterlin throch-an-thru it. 60

An no juist that, that mibbes was
as meikle's something ower the merk,
at Yule, Keeng Olaf gied young Gellir
a mantle waarth a wecht o siller
an made o claith the brawest gaun.

That samin winter, Olaf biggit
a meikle kirk athin the toon,
the timmer and the lave athin it
the chycest o the chaisen, wrocht
tae mak the biggin minster meikle. 70

Come voar, the timmer that the keeng
haed gien til Thorkell was brocht doon
for ladin on the ship, guid timmer
it was anaa, an lenthie tae,
for Thorkell haed been gyan caunnie
at walin onie waur awo.

Noo, aer-on yae tyne voartimm morn,

it happent that the keeng gaed oot
wi twoe-three fieres tae tak a daunner,
an saw a man heech on the kirk
the keeng was haein biggit thare. 80

He was a wee bit stammagastit
at seein oniebodie thare
yokit areadies, faur ower aer
for jyners or the ither tradesmen
tae be at wark, ay, faur ower aer
for even haein a chitterin byte
afore they sooded-in at the wark.

As suddentlyke as startlement
a wheech o kennin ben the haerns,
was it no Thorkell Eyjolfson 90
as thrangitie as eemocklyke
amang the timmers, merkin lenth
o raifters, corssbeams, winnock-soles,
and hichts o siccan things as peillars!

The keeng gaed ower the wy at yince,
an said: “Whit’s ongaun here then, Thorkell?
Are you for makkin aa thae timmers
ye’re takkin wi ye ower til Yceland
the samin lenth as thaem inbiggit 100
will mak ma ain kirk here in Trondheim?”

“The truith tae tell, ma lorde an keeng,
is naething lyke a lee tae say,”
said Thorkell, whoe culd say nocht else
athooten leein his ainsel.

Said Olaf then: “Cut you twoe ell
aff ilka lenth that maks the merk
upon the ilka mainbeam gaun
tae mak the kirk that you will bigg
in Yceland, and it’s you’ll still hae 110
a kirk the meiklemaist thare biggit.”

But Thorkell, noo as thrawnlik as
no langsin thrangitie wi timmers,
gied aunsver, Ycelander at hert:
“Keep you yer timmer til yersel
gin you think you hae gien ower muckle,
an gin yer haund is yeukielyke
tae tak it back athin yer aucht,
then I can tell ye this for nocht,

no yae ell lenth will I cut aff it. 120
 And here's anither thing I'll tell ye
 for naething mair nor say it yince:
 I ken baith hoo tae gang aboot
 the wy tae dae as weel's tae hae
 aa ither timmer I'll be gettin."

Keeng Olaf, noo a weething caumer,
 said; "Thorkell, that's the wy ot, then!
 It's no that you're no juist a man
 as meikle as ye think ye are,
 but noo ye mak yersel ower muckle 130
 as faur ower graun for yin whoe's juist
 an orrabodie's son at that,
 ower laich a chiel for you tae think
 tae hichten yoursel peels wi us."

Mynd you, Keeng Olaf didnae say
 hoo faur back his ain kinsmen gaed
 tae finnd the hinnermaist o his
 that howkit shuchs an dibblt kail.

Then he gaed on: "It isnae true
 I grummle giein you the timmer 140
 gin you were weerdit for tae bigg
 a kirk wi't, for gif that ye did,
 it coodnae be as meikle as
 gie your pryde room tae ligg athin it."

"Noo listen, for ye'll mibbes myn
 whit I'm for tellin you, whuin myndin
 will be the last thing you will think:
 it's ben ma thocht as wrocht for oot
 the wy it cannae byde in hiddlins,
 the timmer will be yuisslesslyke 150
 til oniebodie, and ye'll finnd
 a naebodie tae darg a day wi't."

The gab was ower, for gab it was,
 an no the caunnie, kynlie crack
 as Olaf birlled upon his heel
 an gaed awo, hauf in the strunts
 wi Thorkell for his nyucherie,
 the bodies roondaboot him kennin
 he lykit-nane the wy that Thorkell
 haed taen nae tent o whit was said. 160

Amang the folk aboot the toon, tho,

Olaf was dacentlyke enyeuch
as no for lettin dab anent
the castin-oot he'd haed wi Thorkell,
the Saga tellin us they said
fareweel at lenth wi richt guidwill.

Thorkell an crew then gaed aboard,
an sae puit oot fae laund for hame
fae Norowaa, fae Norowaa
acorss the faem fae Norowaa, 170
an tho they haed a guidgaun wuin
an werenae lang upon maindeep,
they neever saw a single dauphin
on aither bowe for best o luck,
tho mynd ye, they haed nae mischaunce.

Thorkell gat meikle guidliheid
for gangin whoere he'd gane fae hame,
an daein whit he'd duin owerbye,
but no a wurd athin the Saga
gies him a sooch o guidliheid 180
for whit he'd said owerbye fae hame.

Noo, tho, he hauled his ship ashore,
an made it sauf as shift-the-nane,
wi aa the timmer for his kirk
howfft weel awo as taen nae skaith,
the autumn back-end ower late
as some say, for tae hae it brocht
doon fae the norlins, tho some ithers
say autumn back-end ower late
tae hae it brocht the soothlins airt, 190
Thorkell the faur ower thrangitie.

Thorkell was hame aa thru that winter,
haein a guid Yule-drammin tyme
at Haliefell, wi monie freens,
as highheidyinlik as he lykit,
an nae doot as he thocht folk lykit.

Gudrun was no for sayin *Naw*,
but whit she did say was *Ay, ay*,
sin efter aa, whit was this siller
but yuissless troke and it no yaissed 200
tae booke a bodie up abuin
the lave o folk that haed nae siller:
an no juist that, she wuid hae said
gif she'd been speired at, she wuid hae it

tae let folk ken whoe she was tae;
Thorkell, her man, wuid see til that.

That winter, Thorkell divvied-oot
amang his freens a wheen o braws
he'd brocht back hame wi him til Yceland,
tho ithers say, brocht fae abraid.

210

Chapter LXXV

Thorkell an Thorstein and Halldor Olafson, AD 1026

Efter Yuletyde that winter, Thorkell
gat ruidie for tae gang fae hame
norlins til Ramfrith for tae fetch
the timmer he haed stowed awo.

Furstlins, he rade up til the Dales,
then ower til Leashaws for tae see
his kinsman Thorstein Kuggison,
getherin thare baith men and horse.

Norlins then til Ramfrith, an styin
a whylock thare, gy thrangitie 10
anent the flittin o the timmer,
gettin anither wheen o horse
around aboot the frith thegither,
waantin the nae mair nor yae traik
wuid see the wark duin in a waanie.

As thrangitie as Thorkell wrocht,
the wark gaed-nane sae bonnilie,
ay, Thorkell baestin at the graft,
ay, sooin-in at it til Lent.

Get tore-in, tho, will aye wurk oot, 20
sae syne he haed his timmer puhllled
fae norlins wy bi twintie horse,
then at Lea-Eyr aa stackit up
for shippin ower til Haliefell.

Thorstein haed yae great ferrie-boat
Thorkell was myndit for tae yaise,
hame-airtin wi his timmer lade.

Thru Lent, then, Thorkell badd at Leashaws,
the kinsmen croose as gyan fonde,
wi drams as fonde as gyan croose. 30

Yae day, the Thorstein said til Thorkell
that they haed better gang til Herdshaw,
because, said he, "I'd lyke tae puit
a hecht til Halldor Olafson
for something o his grund. Ye ken,
thare's little siller in his aucht
sin he pyed oot the Bollisons

the weiregeld for thur faither's deid,
an thare is naething I waant mair
nor thon grun ben ma aucht for aye." 40

Mynd you, that's whit the some folk say
anent the grun that Thorstein waantit,
whyle ithers say the haill the grund,
an that, as you'll can ken in tyme,
was faur the lyker o the twoe.

Said Thorkell til his freen: "You dae
as your ain humph comes up yer back
as I sall dae wi myne wi you,"
an sae they gaed wi aichteen ithers
awo the Herdshaw wy, an gat 50
a guidlie waalcome thare fae Halldor,
s kynlie gien as cantie taen.

Thare werenae monie men at hame,
for maist haed been sent norlins wy
bi Halldor ower til Steingrimsfrith,
whoere he haed some bit share tae hain
upon a grampus straundit thare.

Yin Beiner, that was caad the Strang,
was here at hame, the hinmaist man
still left alyve o aa were thare 60
alang wi Halldor's faither, yon yin,
ye ken, was caad Olaf-the-Peacock.

A dab haun kennin whit fae whaat
as weel as whitforno fae whye,
an jiffielyke as tak a thocht
an gar it jink an jook aboot
tae ken the best-gaun gaet tae gang,
whuin Halldor taen a caunnie keek
at Thorstein wi his Thorkell freen
come rydin ower the Herdshaw wy, 70
he said til Beiner: "I ken fyne
whit thae twoe kinsmen are aboot,
an shair as certaint's nae mair siccar,
they're here tae puit a hecht upon me
for ma grund here, an gin I'm richt,
they'll caa me oot tae tak a turn
awo fae lugs nicht hear the crack."

Halldor gaed on, "Here's whit they'll dae:
I guess they're gaun tae tak a saet,

the ilk on aither syde o me, 80
sae mynd, an gin ye see them fash me,
play wheech at Thorstein juist as suin
as I yoke on the Thorkell chiel.

I ken ye lang hae been gy leal
til aa oor faimlie Olafsons,
ay, fyne I ken whit you hae duin
in tymes gane bye tae see us richt,
and you ken fyne yersel whit you
can dae the-noo for me tae see
nae wrang avaa is puit upon me.” 90

“Areadies, that is suin enyeuch,
I hae sent wurd amang oor neebors
tae send us ower a wheen o men,
and here are twoe things I’d hae happen:
the men I sent for comein here
juist as oor crack begins tae creekle.”

Day wearein on lik waff awo
the caddis o the stoor aneath
a sooch o saftlik wishie wuin,
an Thorstein mintit at the Halldor 100
that they suid tak a turn ootwith
and hae a crack thegither faur
fae aa the lugs aroon micht hear them,
because, said he, “Thare is a ploy
atween nane but oorsels and you.”

Thorstein telt aa his companie
they neednae pad-the-huif alang,
but juist the same, ye ken, that aye
can mak a differ in the daein,
Beiner-the-Strang was no for bydein, 110
an gaed alang wi thaem because
he thocht whit Halldor haed jaloused
was near enyeuch as gyneer on them.

Inbye the mains, they gaed faur oot
ayont the steidin ben a park,
Halldor weel-cled athin a cloak
was haudit ticht aroond his kist
wi yae lang-preenit brawlik brooch,
as was the faushioun langsinsyne.

Here Halldor clappit doon his dowp 120
upon the gerss, the ilka yin
o thae twoe kinsmen aither syde,

nearhaund as gynear on the tails
 o thon cloak roond him whoere he sat:
 but Geiner stuid abuin the three
 wi yae great muckle aix in haun.

Then Thorstein said: "Ma eeran here
 is that I'm fair taen-on tae think
 I'll coff the grund alow us here,
 this hecht afore ye noo because
 ma kinsman Thorkell's here anaa
 tae ruidie it for stuidie it." 130

"I'm thinkin tae, as you maun think,
 it's no the waur we'd baith be daein,
 for I hear tell ye're shorte o siller,
 the grund itsel gy gutsie for it:
 sae I'll gie you for your ain grund
 another ferm will see ye richt,
 as weel's athin the niffer ot
 as meikle siller's ben oor greeance." 140

Furstlins, Halldor taen up the maitter
 as gin it were nearhaund his myn,
 the speil atween them this wy that wy
 anent the waarth o that an this,
 as tho in greeance lyke a rowp,
 syne, baith thae kinsmen thinkin Halldor
 nearhaun the niffer spit-the-luif,
 Thorkell inyokit wechtie wurd
 tae mak the niffer no neargaun
 on aither syde but rowthe for Halldor. 150

Then Halldor jookit back an furrit
 wi mibbe-ay upon his tongue
 lik *Whit was that? Tell me again!*
 an mibbe-naw upon his lips
 lik *Let me think whit you were sayin,*
 until the kinsmen pressed him mair
 tae gar him soor an craise apairt;
 an syne it aa cam doon til this,
 the mair they pressed as sairer pressed,
 the tichter did he haud thegither,
 as granite-haurd as wuidnae craise. 160

Then Thorkell said: "Dae you no see noo,
 ma cuizzin Thorstein, no juist whoere
 we're gaun, but hoo we're gaun tae gang?
 Halldor haes puit the hems on us

no juist the lee-lang day sooch-soochin
but aa the tyme lee-lyke as caunnie;
and hae we no been taen-in, sittin
about lik muckle sumpshs intakkin
aa his decaetfou bletherin? 170
Noo, gin ye waant tae coff the grun,
we'll hae tae waarsle nearer-haun."

Then Thorstein said he haed tae ken
the gaet he haed tae gang fuit-furrit
lik stramp alang an skludder-nane,
an telt the Halldor chiel tae oot
in honestie an no tae byde
in hiddlins lyke a deemster gane
athin the daurk o avizandum
anent the sellin o his grund. 180

Halldor gied aunsver til him then:
"I'll no keep you in mirksomeness,
for here's ma deemin duin for aye,
lik licht upon the gaet tae gang;
gang hame you wi this licht afore ye
tae let ye ken nae niffer made."

Said Thorkell til him: "Lyke yersel,
we see nae need for haudin back
whit we hae ben oor myns tae dae.
We're gaun tae let ye chaise yer chyce, 190
because we ken, as you ken tae,
we hae a wheen mair men aboot us;
and here's the hecht yae hae tae humph
that's naething lyke a meikle wecht,
that you be willant in yer greeance
an we sall gree tae be yer freens;
and here's the-tither hecht tae humph
that's waur as wecht maun bou ye doon
that you dae whit ye're no for lykin
an sell me aa the Herdshaw grund." 200

Hearin this gulderin fae Thorstein,
Halldor uplowpit suddentlyke
as onie saumon fae a linn
and ower a bink o watterfaa,
sae ruch a lowp it ryvit lowsse
the lang-preen brooch fae oot the faulds
o thon braw cloak aroond his kist;
and Halldor said, as gyte hissel
as gulderin gy angersome,

“A something else is gaun tae happen
afore I say ocht no ma lykin.” 210

“An whit will that be?” Thorstein speired,
an gat the aunsner was as orrie
as no expeckit, naw, it wasnae:
“A pole-aix wechtit in the nieve
bi yae strang hoose-carle’s gaun tae gurrie
athin yer haerns ben powe for deid
tae puit a stopper on yer snash
an bluid-oot ocht o honestie
ye didnae ken that you were blisst wi.” 220

Said Thorkell: “Man, ye speak a spae
as awfielyke as gy ill-gien
that I howp winnae be fuhlfoued;
and I’m for thinkin, Halldor, you
hae gien guid reasoun for the losse
o ilka bit o grund ye hae
an gettin naething for it, naw.”

Halldor gied aunsner then til Thorkell,
wi speak that folk micht weel jalouse
ill-mintit, spaein weerd o deid: 230
“It’s lyker you are gaun tae rowe
athin the Braidfrith tangle, Thorkell,
nor I am gaun tae sell ma grun
no willantlyke but made tae dae it.”

Wi that, Halldor was up and aff
acorss the park for hoose at hame,
juist as the men he’d sent for cam
aa booriein aroon the ferm.

Thorstein was fairlie angertlyke,
an wuid as waantit for tae yoke 240
upon the Halldor thare an then,
but Thorkell said, “Man, naw, I daarsay,
ye cannae dae the sic a thing
at sic a halie tyme o year:
but gin it’s ower, wi folk mair sib
wi Nickie Ben nor sauchie paums,
I’ll no be staundin in the wy
o collieshangie, bryle or brulyie
atween the lyke o him and his
an folk the lyke o us and oors.” 250

Halldor said he wuid mak gy shair

he'd aye be ruidie for tae fecht
the lyke o thaem, an wuid he no,
ay, that he wuid, baith thaem an thairs.

Aa ower for nithin duin they waantit,
as aa a waant for nithin duin,
Thorstein an Thorkell rade awo
wi yitter-yatter whit was duin
was hauf-duin better left alane;
the Thorstein fuhlla, speakin ot, 260
said truith tae tell that was nae lee
altho gy yuchlie in the tellin,
the ploy haed been a flamein failyie
that folk wuid no be lauchin ower
as muckle's haein a snicher at it.
"But Thorkell," Thorstein said, "whye were ye
sae feart tae yoke upon the Halldor
an sae puit shame upon the man?"

Some folk say *feart* lik that, tho ithers
say *sweert*, that haes a differ til't. 270

Thorkell gied him for aunswer, tho,
"Did you no see yon yin caad Beiner
staundin abuin ye wi an aix
as heech abuin hissel as ruidie
tae clooter ye upon the powe
an gurrie ben yer haerns for deid?"

"Man, thon was no a caunnie thing,
for gin I'd gien the weest moodge,
he'd cawed thon aix athin yer heid!"

Disjaiskitlyke, they aa rade hame 280
til Leashaws; syne Lent wore awo
an Passioun-week at lenth cam in.

Chapter LXXVI

The Droondin o Thorkell, AD 1026

Aer-on on Maundy Thursday morn,
Thorkell gat ruidie for the aff,
wi Thorstein deid against his gaun,
sayin, “Ma waather ee is blear,
an saut’s upon tho chaft tae spae
the bryne o Braidfrith on yer ain
whuin waalterin athin the weet,
a stormer o a storm oncomein.”

“Ach,” Thorkell said, “a stormer-nane,
but juist a bittock blast o wuin
for calleration on the chafts
an skytein faem the here an thare:
kinsman, haud me back nane the-noo,
for I’m for hame or Aester come.” 10

Thorkell ran oot the ferrie-boat
as trig as swee upon the swaw,
and haed his men lade timmer ont
as swythe as gart it bab an bou,
but fast as they cuid humph it on,
Thorstein and his men humpht it aff
wi swee awo an bab about. 20

Then Thorkell said, “For onie sake,
gie ower yer graft an let us gang,
for you’ll no hae yer ain wy this timm.

An Thorstein til him: “Yin o us
is gaun tae dae the whit he will
that’s no the whit the-tither wuid;
an this is whit he’s gaun tae ken
the-tither wuidnae hae him ken,
that kennin then will sorte it nane.” 30

Thorkell then said his fare-ye-weel,
until the day they’d meet again,
as sae he thocht, til cuizzin Thorstein,
but that yin cood hae telt him fyne
he’d said fareweel til his ainsel
until he’d meet wi his ain deid.

An Thorstein gaed awo inbye
his hoose at hame, gaed dowielie,

his ilka stap lik slap-fuit plap fuit,
kennin he gaed as dowielyke
as devoirs duin haed doakied him. 40

Some say that Thorstein gaed inbye
his guest-hoose (mibbes his guest-chaumer),
whyle ithers caad it *leevin-room*,
but yae place or the-tither gaun,
he speired tae hae a pillie-coad
put in alow his heid for aesement,
an that was duin for kynliness.

His saervant-lassie saw the tears,
that ran sae free fae Thorstein's een,
blebbit upon the bowster linen
in peeteousness for his freen. 50

No that lang efter cam a blast
o gowlin wuin that strack the hoose,
dirlin it, timmer ruif til foond,
an garrin Thorstein grane wi grue:
"Noo we can hear the rampage roar
o thon thing is the slauchterer
plays gansh an gurl at kinsman Thorkell."

Here noo, tho, for tae tell whit happent
Thorkell and aa his companie
sailin the day lang doon the Braidfrith,
ten men in aa aboard the boat. 60

The wuin blew laich furst, *Here, I'm comein!*
Then mair nor laich, lik *Here, I'll skelp ye!*
Then heech, lik *Here, I'm fairlie wheechin!*
Then heecher, lyke *Here, I'm fair birrin!*
Then no as heech, lik *Here, I'm pechin!*
Then laicher, *Here, I'll hae a blaw!*
Then laich lik *Here, I'm gyan stuidie!* 70

The men on board were yokit at it,
an strappin chiels were they, and haundie,
weel able for tae dae the wark
that gart thon bonnie boat rowe on
the better for tae mak it speed.

Thorkell haed thon sworde, *Skofnung*, wi him,
the braw blade liggin ben a locker.

Ye'll mynd thon was the sworde that Thorkell

haed gotten fae auld Eid langsyne
 tae tak an clooter ootlin Grim wi:
 thon was the blade, ye'll myn, that sunsheen
 haed no tae licht upon the haeft ot;
 an gif the onie wumman near it,
 it haed tae byde the shaeth inbye;
 an no juist that, gin it suid mak
 a skaith upon the oniebodie,
 thare haed tae be a haillin-stane
 play dicht an dab along the sair
 or thare wuid be nae betterin.

80

Thorkell an companie sailed on
 as faur as juist til Bjorn's Ysle,
 the folk along the baith the shores
 keepin the tabs on whoere they gaed,
 whuin suddentlyke as feet cawed fae ye,
 a skoosh o squaal claucht haud o sail,
 owerhaillin ship an men an timmer.

90

Paer Thorkell was as droondit as
 were aa the men along wi him,
 ay, droont a deider, that's for shair,
 rowed in amang the tangle-fankle
 wi selkies keekin caunnie at him
 as at the ither bodies wi him,
 lik his ainsel noo corps, ilk yin
 rowein aroond in sic a plowter
 slaigert them mair nor Thorstein's greet
 for Thorkell blebbit pillie-coad.

100

The timmer taen the wy o wuins
 upon the watter aa aroon
 the yslands, driftin here an thare,
 the corner-staufts o that same kirk
 the timmers werenae gaun tae bigg
 (as yince Keeng Olaf haed jaloused)
 drave on the ysland aye sinsyne
 caad Stauff Ysle (as we nicht jalouse).

110

Skofnung, fast-jaggit ben the hull,
 was fund waasht-up on Skofnung's Ysle,
 the name gien til the place sinsyne.

Come eenin-tyme the Thorkell chiel
 and sa his companie were tynt
 amang the Braidfrith tangle-fankle,
 it happent Gudrun gaed til kirk

120

owerbye in Haliefell, the-tyme
the lave haed beddit doon for nicht:
and as she steppit thru the lykeyett,
she saw a ghaist fornent her staunin,
bydein, ye nicht jalouse, tae see
his kist an corp alow the yett
afore thur yirdin ben the mools,
no left for aye wi selkies soomin.

The ghaist boued ower her caunnilie 130
as tho wi blissins on her powe,
an said til her as quaet as kyn,
“Gudrun, I come wi dowie wurd.”

S’she, as black-affrontit as
she thocht a mallasin abuin her
was lyke tae coorie roond her heid,
back-stertit, whyter nor the ghaist,
an said, as sherp as scart a face,
“Haud you yer tongue anent them, grueie.”

Then til the kirk she gaed, as furst 140
she’d ettlit for tae gang, an thare
she thocht she saw that her man Thorkell
and aa his companie were hame,
staunin fornent the kirk doore, quaetlik
as coodnae byte a thoom tae ken it,
thur claes fair sploonge in wi the bryne
rinnin in calleratioun aff
the ilka yin fae heid til brogans,
the nae man thare noo feelin could
an neever wuid feel waarm again. 150

Gudrun was no for speakin wi them,
mibbes ower halie-myndit gettin,
an thinkin for tae claik wi Gode
afore she haed a wurd wi Thorkell,
sae ben the kirk she gaed, an styed
as lang as guid enyeuch for her,
tho mibbes faur ower lang at that
as puit paer Thorkell in the strunts,
because noo he and aa his men
haed shote-the-craw, altho we ken 160
whit Gudrun didnae ken juist yit,
they’d no been thare tae shoot-the-craw
because they aa haed gane the Craw Road.

Gudrun gaed hame and haed a keek

in her guest-chaumer, thinkin Thorkell
and aa his crew haed daunnert thare
tae byde thur wheesht for her until
she'd tuimmed hersel o haverin
afore the Lorde, and he haed haed
His fuhll o her fonde bletherin: 170
no kennin yit whit we ken noo,
she was fair daumert no tae finnd
the smaaest hint or scad o hue
o Thorkell and his companie,
naw, deil the-haet, nor feint-the-taet.

Guid Fryday come, as ill a day
as onie Gudrun yit haed seen,
she sent oot men, some until Shawstraund,
an some ayont amang the yslands, 180
tae finnd in onie o the airts
gif wuin cuid blaw a storie til her
anent Thorkell an companie,
as swythe as eer it blew a suitor
til onie lass on Tintock Tap
that eever haed the name o siller.

The flotsam fae the ferrie-boat
bi that timm was ower ilka airt
amang the yslands and the shores
aroon the frith the boat gaed doon.

On Setterday, afore the morn 190
o Aester, aabodie haed heard
whit happent Thorkell, ilka yin
thinkin the wurd gy dowielyke,
for as highheidyin, Thorkell was
kenspeckle as abuin the lave.

He was twoe-score and aicht year auld
whuin he was droondit, juist fower year
afore Keeng Olaf, sanctlik, cowpit.

Gudrun taen Thorkell's daith til hert,
as weel she nicht, for he wuid be 200
her hinmaist man, as weel she kent:
for aa that tho, she taen it bravelie.

Ay, weel she kent her man, paer Thorkell,
haed been as hivvie's gowden helmet
upon her broo wi weeble-waable
wuid see it cowp amang the selkies

or on the heid o watter-kelpie
jookin amang the tangle-fankle.

For aa the bookein o kirk timmer
Thorkell haed puit athin the boat, 210
no muckle ot was gethert in.

Gellir, his son an Gudrun's, was
at that timm, juist fowerteen year auld,
an wi his mither he taen ower
the wark about the ferm-haudins
as weel his dy's highheidynship:
it wasnae lang or bodies saw
this laud o pairts a man haill-growne.

Gudrun grew gy releegious noo,
furst wummanbodie in braid Yceland 220
tae laer the Psalter, hert an tongue,
and aye was bydein lang, lang oors
athin the kirk at nicht for prayers,
wi Herdis, that was Bolli's dochter,
aye wi her in kyn companie,
for Gudrun looed the lassie dearlie.

Cairriet storie or no, it's telt
that yae nicht, this young lassie Herdis
dreamed that a wumman cam til her,
cled in a woven cloak, a hood 230
upon her heid: young Herdis, tho,
juist didnae lyke the luk o her.

The wumman spak: "Gang you an tell
yer granniebodie I'm no pleased
wi her at aa at aa, for she's
aye creepie-crawlie ower me gaun
the ilka nicht, an lettin faa
upon me sic a rowthe o draps
sae birnie I'm fair scaddit thru."

"The reasoun whye I let ye ken 240
about this fasherie's because
I'm lykin you a weething mair
nor her, altho, mynd you, thare is
a something hovit roond yersel
no caunnielyke, waanchauncielyke."

"But still-an-aa, that means that I
juist winnae haud ma wheesht anent it,

it's I'd get on wi you yersel
an no that bad at that gin I
kent-nane thare's muckle waur wi Gudrun." 250

Ginn waukent, Herdis telt her dream
til Gudrun for a ferlie thing,
but Gudrun thocht thare was inwrocht
some gyan haundie spaedom wark.

Neist mornin Gudrun haed the broads
lowssed aff the jysts alow the flaer
athin the kirk whoere she was aye
for plappin on a hassock prayin:
an then she haed the grund alow
uphowkit, whoere amang the mools 260
they fund a wheen o baens as blae
as gy ill-lukin, and a brooch,
as weel's a weizard's waand, as some
folk say, tho ithers say it was
a witch's, and a muckle yin
at that, a bittock caurrielyke,
because we're no richt shair avaa
gif waand or witch was muckle made.

Thinkin that they were howkin ben
the mools o some auld trowlik bodie 270
or mibbe some auld bogle bodie,
the baens were gethert up an taen
til some place faur awo whoere folk
were no that lykelie tae pass bye them.

Gudrun, ye ken, fair sorteit things
the yae wy that was naebdie else's,
for she was yin o thaem aye haed
yae place tae be, yae thing tae dae
afore she wuid be yin was made
tae gang an dae whit she'd no dae 280
gif she were whoere she meant tae be:
and even gif she werenae thare
but whoere she did nae waant tae be,
she'd gar some ither bodie dae
whit she cuid no weel dae hersel.

Chapter LXXVII

Bolli's Retour, AD 1030

Fower winters blawin cauld abuin
 whoere Thorkell Eyjolfson was droondit,
 a ship puit in til Yslefrith watters,
 crew maist Norwegians, ship itsel
 belangin Bolli Bollison.

Bolli haed lukt at dauphins soomin
 alow him on the aither bowe
 for pleasure at the sicht o him
 as he abuin them pleased wi thaem,
 an said, "The man that kills a dauphin
 kills kynliness in Gode an man." 10

And as the dauphins lukt at him
 abuin them, pleased tae see the man
 luk doon at thaem at peels wi pleasure
 at seein thaem alow thare soomin,
 they were as gled tae see him hamewith
 as he was gled tae be gaun hame,
 sayin til him in dauphin leid:
 "Noo, luk awo, son, luk awo,
 an fou yer een wi whit ye see 20
 that made ye whit ye are the-day
 at hame wi us as we wi you,
 an myn, whuin you were faur awo
 whit was't ye said o whoere ye were?

*Lik yae bit saw
 that says it aa,
 it's no the same
 ye ken, as hame.*

Bolli brocht siller hame galore,
 ay, rowthie wi it as wuid let him 30
 byde ruch ower monie years tae come,
 an wi it, meikle treisure trove
 princes and highheidyins haed gien him
 whuin bydein wi them faur abraid.

Back fae his traivels, Bolli was
 hissel highheidyinlyke as onie,
 for he wuid weare the nocht avaa
 but bonnie furs an staunds o claes
 made braw fae claith o crammasie,

tho some say silken, gowd embroidert;
his waepons tae were gowd inlaid:
Bolli-the-Graund, as some folk caad him,
Bolli-the-Prood, said ither folk.

40

He let his crew ken he was gaun
tae gang til his ain airt the waastlins,
an telt them they suid tak guid tent
o his braw ship and aathing in it.

Bolli rade fae the ship, alang
wi twal men, as some folk hae said,
tho ithers said it was eleeven,
the ilka yin in crammasie
lik his ainsel, wi saiddles gilt:
aa bonnie fechterlukin men,
Bolli, af coorse, abuin them aa.

50

Fur-cled in claes the Garth Keeng gien him,
as some say, ithers sayin wearein
claes made o gowd-embroidert silk
Byzantine Emperor haed gien him,
he wore a cloak o crammasie
ower aa, an wi him yit, thon sworde
Legbyter, haeft ot gowd inlaid,
the grup itsel gowd rowed aroon;
the helmet on his heid was gildit;
a ruid tairge liggit at his syde,
a knicht upon it pentit gowd.

60

Some folk say that he haed a dagger
athin his haund, ye ken, a dirk,
tho ithers say mair lykelie, launce,
as is the faushioun ither places,
but thare is greeance aa aroon
that at the ludgeins ilka nicht
the wemen taen but little tent
o ither folk nor yon yin Bolli
and aa his fieres in companie,
buskit sae braw in gauderie.

70

Thon was the Bolli sheen o gowd
that waarslt wi the sun's doon-settin
the ilka day that Bolli rade
the waastlins wy til Haliefell
wi aa his freens a tail ahint him.

80

Gudrun was doonricht gled tae see him,

but Bolli didnae byde thare lang
until he up an rade til Tongue
in Saelingsdale tae meet wi Snorri
his auld guidfaither, an tae see
Thordis his ain dear wyfe, thur meetin
as blythe as daenae haver ower it.

Snorri then speired wuid Bolli byde
thare at his place wi aa the men
nicht lyke tae stye, an sae he did,
the winter thru, wi ilka man
haed ridden fae the north airt wi him.

90

Bolli was gyan namelie noo
for whoere he'd been an whit he'd duin.

Snorri was fair taen-on tae mak
as meikle adae wi Bolli noo
as yince he'd duin wi kynliness
whuin Bolli hame at hame wi him.

Chapter LXXVIII

*The Daith o Snorri,
an the End o the Saga, AD 1031*

Whuin Bolli Bollison haed been
back hame in Yceland juist yae winter,
Snorri-the-Praest begood tae be
a bittock ongaun seiklik gettin.

Lang liggit Snorri seik in bed,
as malaisefou athin hissel
as yince he'd been sae malicefuhll
til ither men lang deid afore him;
an noo it poued him doon until
growne sair-failed kent nae betterin, 10
he caad thegither aa his kin
and hingers-on, an said til Bolli:
" Efter I gang the gaet o deid
I see noo streekit oot afore me,
it is ma weesh that you tak ower
ma fermtoun here and aathing wi it,
as weel's ma highheidyinship; ay,
I grummle-nane at honours gien ye,
nae mair nor gien til ma ain sons:
forbye, thare's yin o thaem no here 20
Halldor, whoe'll be abuin them aa.

Wi that, the Snorri taen lang pech
wuid see him sklim the brae o deid
that breistit up lik ilka brae
'that wasnae thare whuin we were young',
then ower the snab ot til the tap
whoere pech gaed oot lik ra-ta-tattle
athin the hause, and he was gane
ayont the licht for wunner whoere,
ayont hissel for didnae ken. 30

Whuin Snorri deed, his winters were
as cauld as seeven year abuin
the three-score year an ten we're gien,
his hinmaist wintertyde the yin
afore Keeng Olaf, sanctlik, deed,
as sae was telt til us at lenth
bi Ari Laer-faurben-yin caad.

Some ither folk, tho, say that Snorri
was seeven year abuin three-score

whuin he'd nae pech tae pech ocht mair. 40

Snorri was yirdit whoere he'd badd
at Tongue, his mailin thare taen ower
bi Bolli and his wyfe ye'll myn
was Thordis whoe was Snorri's dochter:
an Snorri's sons, bi aa accoonts,
puit up wi thon wi richt guidwill,
tho, as ye'll ken, guidwill ootwith
is whyles no willantlyke athin.

Bolli becam kenspecklelyke
as aye fornent folk, and he was 50
weel-thocht o as thocht weel hissel,
an weel-respeckit as weel-lykit,
respectabeelitie weel lykin;
muckle beluvit, some folk say.

Herdis, her mither Thordis, faither Bolli,
the quyne fostert bi her graunminnie
Gudrun, grew up at Haliefell
a richt wee stoater, then becam
the bonniest o bonnie wemen.

Yin Orm, that was the son o Hermund, 60
that was Illugi's son, syne speired
for Herdis' haund; an she was gien
til Orm, thur son, yin Kodran caad,
that haed for wyfe yin Gudrun caad,
that was the dochter o yin Sigmund;
the son o Kodran was caad Hermund,
whose wyfe was Ulfeid caad, the dochter
o Runolf, son o Bishop Kelill;
yin o thur sons was Kelill whoe
becam Abbot o Haliefell; 70

they haed three ither sons, yin Reinn,
the ither twoe Kodran an Styrmir:
thur dochter Thorvor mairriet Skeggi,
Bard's son, an fae them cam the Shawmen.

Ospak was the name was gien the son
o Bolli Bollison an Thordis;
the dochter o Ospak was caad Gudrun
that Bard's son caad Thorarin, mairriet:
thur son was Brand, yon yin that later
foondit the benefice o Hoosefell. 80

Gellir, the son o Thorleik, taen

a wyfe caad Valgerd was the dochter
o Thorgils Arison o Reekness.
Gellir gaed ower the faem, awo
 til Norowaa, til Norowaa,
til saervice wi the Guid Keeng Magnus
 whoe gied him gowd, twal unce o it,
 wi monie ither braws forbye;
Thorkell an Thorgils were the sons
o Gellir, and a son o Thorgils
was yon kenspeckle chiel was kent
as Ari Laer-faurben-yin aye.
The son o Ari was caad Thorgils,
and his son caad Ari-the-Strang.

90

Some gie us aa that fankle-freens
athin the Saga, ithers tho,
say nocht anent the maist thae folk.

The namelie Gudrun, whose ain name
was gien til monie ither wemen,
was growin gyan auld bi noo,
bydein in meikle dool, nae doot
for whit she'd duin, as weel as bydein
in dowieness for whit she'd said,
as haes been telt a wee whyle back
 bi clash for claik aroon the doores:
she was furst nun, furst eremyte
in Yceland, maist the folk aye sayin
 amang the highfalutin kyn
 thare wasnae yin her maik for marra,
 naw, no the yin cuid neebor her.

100

110

Gudrun becam faurben releegioun
as Ari faurben common laer,
makkin her darg o day the thocht
wuid gar her pray at nicht tae ken
that gif Gode haill is Aa-the-Yin
as twoe-fauld wi the Halie Spreit,
Mary was wummankynd that made
her Son three-faulditlyke as Yin
wi Halie Spreit an Gode Hissel,
as peels as Three-Thegither-Yin
as yae day men an wemen baith
will aa be yin-waan thonnerwys.

120

Noo, yince upon a wheesht-for-listen,
Bolli cam ower til Haliefell,
for Gudrun aye was gy weel-pleased

whuin he cam bye tae hae a crack,
sittin alangsyde his auld mither
tae hae a wurd on whit was daein
the nooadays on this an that,
an whit yince duin on that an this. 130

Yince on the sic a wheesht o tyme
for *Listen, and I'll tell ye mair*,
Bolli said, "Will ye tell me, mither,
anent a thing the hauf o twoe
that's juist itsel an naething else,
whoe is the man ye looded the maist?"

Gudrun gied Bolli aunswer then
was no the yae thing, nor was twoe,
nor three, but fowerfauld aathegither as
we micht expec that werenae thare
but lyke tae think we ken as muckle
as thaem that were but haenae telt us. 140

S'she, "Thorkell, abuin them aa
was michtiest, highheidinlyke,
but mibbes ower heid-strang, no heidie;
no yin amang ma men, son Bolli,
was maik for Bolli was yer faither,
in makkin ruidie for tae dae
or gangin furrit wi it, daein;
Thord Ingunnson amang them aa 150
was wyssest, fou o law-laer gaun,
no wyss, tho, kennin whoere it taen him:
anent Thorvald I say a naething,
for nocht can neever mak an ocht
ocht mair nor nithin bookein-nane."

Said Bolli: "I'm for kennin fyne
that whit ye tell me gars me see
the wy yer men were made, as tho
I dichtit blear awo fae een,
but still ye haenae said the yin 160
ye luvit maist amang thae fower:
thare is nae langer onie need
for you tae keep his name in hiddlins."

Gudrun gied Bolli aunswer then
that was lik switheratioun said
the yince wuid mak a bodie sweert
tae say whit was in myn tae say
afore anither thocht was taen
tae think on whit tae say the twycet:

s'she, "Ye press me haurd, ma son,
 ay, gyan haurd on this that's been
 gif ben ma myn, no on ma tongue,
 but gin it's I maun needs tell't noo
 til oniebodie, you're the yin
 that needs maun hear it, chycest chaisen."

170

Bolli said: "Mither, tell me noo
 the yin ye luvit maist o aa,
 no mibbe naw nor mibbe ay."

Gudrun gied Bolli aunsver then,
 nae mibbe ay aboot it, naw,
 nor mibbe naw aboot it aither,
 that said aa eever wuid be said
 thon wy the nae mair said the better:
 s'she, "The yin I luvit maist
 was yon yin that I yaissed the waarst."

180

Said Bolli: "Mither, noo I'm thinkin
 the haill truith telt nae cairriet storie,"
 an then gaed on tae say he thocht
 she'd duin gy weel tae let him ken
 whit he haed greinit ower for lang.

190

Whyles mibbes Gudrun thocht the reasoun
 whye she was no for deein young
 was that her Gode was aa-forgiein,
 but whyles again she mibbes thocht
 her Gode was no for waantin her
 tae share the blissins o His Heeven
 because He coodnae thole the thocht
 she'd kick up stoor in paecefouness
 or kick the paecefouness til stoor.

Gudrun grew gyan auld at lenth,
 some sayin that she losst her sicht;
 she deed at Haliefell, an thare
 she bydes her wheesht for thon Last Trump
 will gie her back her sicht again
 tae see her wy, as weel's her tongue
 tae tell the Heevenlie Host the wy.

200

Ay, aichtie-seeven year auld she deed,
 an gaed – yer guess as guid as mynes –
 ben Heeven or ben Hell, or haed
 a wee bit keek the noo an then
 athin Valhalla for tae speir

210

gin onie o her muckle men
haed gane amang forgotten godes.
A guid rin haed she for her siller
haed yon yin Gudrun, haed she no?

Gif naething else, tho, Gudrun was
yin wi ilk seasoun o the year
the-wy she was wi her fower men,
daein wi thaem nocht else nor whit
she haed tae dae as they wi her, 220
even as waather airts the gaet
we hae tae gang upon the grund
or in alow it wintertyme
oor deid upon it yont the mools,
whether whuin voartimm brekks the yce
in ilka lochan, burn or pown
tae gie a sooch o air til troot
or let them pook the auntrin flea;
or in the suimmer daffin-tyme
that aften maks for bairnin-tyde, 230
tae mak a wumman gy bechildert;
or in the faa o leaf that stowes
the byres wi chowe-the-coode for kye
tae keep us ruch wi melk an kebbock;
or in the winter-tyde itsel
that sees us waarm fornent the ingle
that aither gars us think o Heeven
alowe alow a gowden sun,
or else can gar us think o Hell
as het as lazie-tartan brandert. 240

Gellir, the yin was Thorkell's son,
was hoose-at-hame in Haliefell
till eild, byordnar things anent him
lang telt in monie ither sagas,
tho nithin meikle said in this yin.

A gyan brawlik kirk was biggit
at Haliefell bi Gellir, as
is telt bi Arnor, yon yin caad
the Jarls' makar ginn he scryvit
his *In Memoriam* on Gellir, 250
in wurds weel-waarthie o the deid,
the makar and the sang he made.

Whuin Gellir was faur gane in eild,
nane thinkin he wuid steer his shanks
excep tae dotter roon the doores,

he taen a thocht tae gang awo
 fae Yceland for a lang stravaig,
 furst gangin ower til Norowaa,
 til Norowaa acorss the faem
 the-wy a ballat's lyke tae say it, 260
 but didnae byde sae lang ower thare:
 then up and aff for pad-the-huif
 the haill wy sooth in pilgrimage
 as faur as Rome sae he cuid see
 the halie apostle Peter thare.

Whuin he set oot fae Yceland watters,
 the dauphin on his labbord bowe
 said til its neebor, stabbord skooshin,
Paer sowl, it's no juist Rome he's gaun til,
for he will pad-the-huif the Craw Road 270

A gy lang darg o days was that
 for clap the fuit doon on the causey
 or lowp a dub or jook around it,
 as weel's a darg o wearie nichts
 for claw the flechs an scart the flaes,
 or coorie ben the claes ower cauld
 for ocht but nid-nod oors awo,
 no able for tae bou an ee.

At lenth, he traikit fae the sooth
 as faur as Denmerk wy, an thare 280
 grew seik as gart him tak til bed
 for lang enyeuch, paer sowl, sair-failed:
 the last rytes gien him for his paece,
 auld Gellir deed, yirdit at Roskild.

Gellir haed taen upon his traik
 thon braw blade *Skofnung* caad, the sworde
 yince herriet fae the howie mools
 were biggit up ower Halie Kraki:
 the blade was tint for eevermair,
 an gin it wasnae, naebodie 290
 in Yceland clappt an ee on it.

Wurd o auld Gellir's daith at last
 come til Yceland, Thorkell his son
 taen ower the mains and aathing else
 at Haliefell haed been his faither's.

Anither yin o Gellir's sons,
 caad Thorgils, still a youngish man,

was droondit ben the Braidfrith, wi him
the ilka haund aboard his ship.

Thon Thorkell Gellirson yin was 300
weel-thocht o as a dacent chiel,
his mynd abuin the lave o men,
pangfou wi rowthe o meikle laer.

That's sa the saga says anent
the men o Saumonreeverdale,
whiteever else it daesnae say
anent thur wemenfolk in Yceland.

T.S. Law

(Made ower in Auchterarder
fae July 1991 til August 1992.)

Crib in English

to

THE LAXDALE SAGA

as made over in Scots Verse

by

T.S. Law

Source

The principal English text of *The Laxdale Saga* which was used in making the Scots verse form of the story is that one contained in the third edition (September 1924) of the work by Muriel A. C. Press: the editor was Israel Gollancz M. A. The book was published by J. M. Dent and Co. Recourse was also made to the valuable *Laxdaela Saga* by Magnus Magnusson and Hermann Pálsson, published by the Folio Society in 1975. The J. M. Dent volume was published originally in 1899.

As explained in the dedicatory verses entitled *Gift*, which introduce the Scots version, my copy was given to me by one Gavin Love, whose name and address appear three times in the front leaves of the little volume: beneath one of those records, the date 28.5.32 is given. As I was born in 1916, Guy could not have had the volume long in his possession before he passed it on to me. His address is given as 15 Whittagreen Avenue, County Houses, Newarthill. Another name noted on a front leaf above the legend *The Temple Classics* is in the hand-of-write of Hugh Moore, Moss View, Newarthill, Motherwell.

Hugh Moore was the eldest son of William Moore, one of the local coal-miners, a man who was a bard of those days and that place. The Moss of the View, by the way, was the self-same bogland where the young Keir Hardie wrocht at the wark in the Newarthill area. Hugh Moore became a school-teacher and emigrated to South Africa. Willie Moore, like myself and many others in the West of Lowland Scotland, was either immediately or one generation out of Ulster, his people from Carrickfergus as mine from Antrim, Fermanagh and Monaghan. That is one of the reasons for the heavy inlay of Ulster-Scots pronunciation and preoccupation throughout the verses.

Like Willie Moore, Guy Love was a miner, as was my father, my grandfather and myself at one time, but unlike the old bard and my father, Guy did not see his life out in retirement. That is one reason for the many mining references in the verses. Guy was killed in a pit accident many years after giving me the Laxdale book. He was my senior by a few years, enough to let him sit in my kirk Sunday School and discover (as he informed my sister Mary) that I asked questions that "he could not answer".

There is a peculiar blue stamp on the front leaf of my J. M. Dent copy. Within a square, information states

The A. B. C. Coy.

GLASGOW.

2-15 P. M. 29 APR.

80, W. REGENT ST,

(near Renfield St.)

My own name and address on the front leaf are given as Tom Law, 8 Laughland Drive, Newarthill, so I am in good company.

That was the book and those were the people. I read the Saga in my youth and went back to it here and there over the years, thinking that some day I might “do something about it”, never imagining that I would do what I have now done. In places, Muriel A. C. Press’s English is as obscure as the original language must be, but adding to one’s sense of historical perspective.

Unaware of my lifelong interest in the Saga, one of my sons gave me a Christmas present of the Folio Society volume in 1975, a quick glance through it advising me of its importance and worth. Nevertheless, I did not read it then, but kept it for better days and no bother, because I did not want to be influenced by it until I did the something I thought I might do to the text of Muriel A. C. Press. In finally taking the work in hand, I decided to use her text as guide, and refer to the Magnusson/Pálsson text of the Folio Society volume when light was required for the obfuscation in the older volume.

Manner of Presentation of the Verses

Because I used the older text, everything is included, even the tedious geneological material which is not included in the Folio Society text: the verse form used is very accommodating for such matter. Where that verse form alters in metre or into rhyme, the lines are double-indented. For the rest, single indentation is used to denote that the treatment given departs from the Saga information into decoration, extrapolation, judgement, dissertation, speculation and parochialism.

By the end of the versifying, it is obvious that all those departures from the original works are largely blessings upon the heads and hands of those who made those Originals for posterity. And equally, many of those matters introduced are not just part of the *In Memoriam* verses to Gavin Love who gave me the book, but to the environment of my youthful days which gave me the languages of both the verses and this Crib.

As the general form of the scansion is near enough ballad style, it was thought fit to introduce echoes of song and ballad as well as reference to bits of poetry here and there. Repetition and tautology are deliberate, since those are the staples of common idiom and ballads. Echoes will be dealt with below under the Chapter headings. Repetitions will not be noted, since they will be obvious.

Sources of Language used

Since the base of my pronunciation centres on the manners of the Lowland West in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, I am very aware of the distinction between the acute é and the grave è, nicely juxtaposed in the French word *élève*. One says *trade*, another *tredd*; and where the Afrikaner has given the

grave *trek* to the world, we have retained our acute *traik* which is used in the Saga verses in the sense of journeying and making expeditions, whether done wearily or comfortably. Much is made of this preferred acute sound in the verses, even where the ee sound becomes the acute ae sound so reminiscent of Irish usage in words such as *sae* (sea), *aesment* (easement), *praest* (priest), and *faest* (feast); or the conventional Scots grave *fremmit* becoming not the acute but the ee form *freemit*. Similarly, the conventional *smeddum* becomes *smeedum*. But *tae* always prepositions the verb, while *til* indicates the direction towards the object.

Because the *ch* is used to indicate the sound of those letters in words such as *loch*, they are not used in such words as *pootsh* (pouch) or *winshin* (winchin which means courting from the English word wench).

Generally, because the *ow* sound is often given to words with an *ou* spelling, preferred usage here is *oo*, words like *drouth* becoming *drooth*. An exception is *cou* (pronounced *coo*) for the English *cow*.

Because the conventional *dour* is often sounded erroneously as *dower*, the verses use the form *doore*, which, however, is also used in place of *door*, the house entrance.

Very importantly, the letter *y* is used extensively to distance the Scots pronunciation from the English in words with the vowel sound like *white* and *bite*, as well as *like* itself. *Like* itself is *lyke* when accented, but *lik* when unaccented, even as *tyme* becomes *tim*, and *thaem* becomes *them*. Also, unaccented *thur* (their) becomes *thair* when accented.

Sympathetically with the standard diacritical use of a final letter *e* on a word such as *knowe* to distinguish its pronunciation from what must otherwise be *know*, and on such a word as *howe* to distinguish it from the word *how*, that final letter *e* is added to words such as *bow* (of a ship) and *row* (roll). When unnecessary, as in the word *trow* (troll), it is not used.

In the Lowland West of my formative years, apart from the divisive acute and grave local accents, the broad *O* sound was common, so that such a word as *common* itself was not pronounced “caw-mon” but “co-mon”, that is, when the speaker was at ease in his parent tongue. The same is true today. In order to make the full *o* sound clear to the reader, the conjunct *oa* is used now and then, for example in the word *boatheratioun* instead of *botheration*. However, because such usage can lead to an “o-ah” pronunciation, recourse is made to the use of a final letter *e* in a diacritical manner to indicate that the *oa* sound should be used. This can be seen in the words *lote* and *losse* to indicate that the vowel sound is not *aw* but *o*.

One youthful local prejudice remains to be noted. The *ah* sound in words such as *hand* and *land* becomes *aw* sound, the spelling usually becoming *haund* and *laund* where the final *d* is retained. Conventionally in my own work, the final *d* is retained only in front of vowel or aspirate or where emphasis is required. I have seen fit to leave the *land* sound alone in the names of countries, while

changing it to the aw sound throughout in *straund*, *lauddie* and *laund*, though the diminutive *lassie* is never altered.

A spelling variation of the aw sound remains to be mentioned: aa at the end of a word as in *faa* or *caa* or by itself where it means *all*, is pronounced aw, but in the middle of a word such as *waant* it becomes ah to distinguish it from the English equivalent *want*.

Not quite a prejudice local to the Lowland West, but more into Glasgow itself, is the predilection for the use of the definite article in unusual situations, not to mention the substitution of the word *the* for *to* in such words as *to-day* and *to-morrow*. Such situations are made commonplace in the Scots version of the Saga. Once upon a listen, I heard an incomer say: "Why do I have *flu*, when all around me I hear people say that they have The Flu?"

Style of Composition

It might have been easier to play the parochial game by dipping here and there into the regions and making for local memorability by using a mixer-maxterie of phrases and peculiarities of pronunciation, but finally I decided to stick to the prejudices of youth and auld acquaintanceship. Thus, the composition was allowed to make its own language according to my ancient prejudices, for after all, that is what life is, reinforcement of first impressions. This is obvious if the original pencil manuscript is examined. It will be seen that the language is at first tentative and then becomes assured. My method of composition was to do it in its entirety and then to read each chapter, correct it and type it. The original dates of composition were from 26 July 1991 until 17 March 1992, the amendments and typing time being from 18 March 1992 until 2 August 1992.

In the information given below according to Chapter numbers, I shall do two things: refer to echoes of ballads and song from my youthful reading and hearing, as well as from subsequent reading and listening; and I shall gloss colloquial expressions as far as I am able to express opinion or fact, and where I cannot find information in the books to my hand. Because of the amount of peculiarly Scots words used, and peculiarly Scots usage in words common to English use, it would be a major effort to compile a complete glossary.

Because of repetition throughout the text, I shall explain the first usages only, and only where I consider explanation necessary.

I daresay everything this original saga is has long been explored in criticisms unseen by me, even as many things the saga is not may well have been examined or ignored. The continuity of narrative may easily call for adverse criticism, the whole work obviously in much need of recasting in form according to context. This is apparent even in the chapter headings, for the Muriel A. C. Press and the later Magnusson/Pálsson one use different advertisements of the story below each chapter. In order to preserve my ancient prejudices, by and large I have retained the Muriel A. C. Press headings.

With much of the Saga as basic as strike a blow and draw blood with it, the two translations into English are equally basic and often result in copy-cat language. Therefore, it is no surprise to find identical phrasing in both the translations. Generally, however, the simplicity of language by Muriel A. C. Press disappears in the modern, more Latinate language of the Magnusson/Pálsson translation. The latter is very useful indeed in shedding light upon the occasionally obfuscatory language of the former.

While endeavouring to keep the Scots text technically true to the time of Saga story, now and again colloquialism was allowed excess freedom, such as the reference to such things as “gunnels”, since though wales might well have been known in Old Norse times as in Old English, guns were unknown in saga days. Some of the food and drink alluded to may also be suspect, but the reader should bear with that because my common fodder menus may have been nearer the common Norse appetite than more modern cuisine: besides, the Saga is as silent on those matters as it is on the nature of the games I made its children and menfolk play.

The same indulgence is expected from the reader when the eye meets with words outwith the strictly northern tongues of Scotland, Iceland, Norway, Denmark, England and Ireland. There are plenty of them, especially French such as *devoirs*, *battle*, *renague*, *parley*, *leige(s)*, *champion*, *esperance*, *corselet*, *crew*, *company* and possibly a fair number more than fifty others. Apart from those words, which might seem to distance the Saga from its past, it was decided to use older Scots speak in order to preserve a sense of the remoteness of the saga-time; but also, in order to hold such language tightly within the present, those older mannerisms of speech were offset by current colloquialism more at home in the streets today. Among those things, attempts are made at playing melodies upon the relationships of words and phrases, not always avoiding dissonances and punning. Thus, sometimes the language is taken over by myself, even as sometimes it is allowed to take over its own utterances, the technique being to let the form of the versing speak the lines until they learned the language sufficiently well, or until the versing taught itself sufficiently well to let it speak itself in terms of lines of verse.

Somewhere I have seen laudatory criticism in the form of reference to economy of phrase and general bare statement in the composition of sagas. My immediate reaction was to dismiss that opinion, because it is at odds with the received poetic practice of elaboration of the commonplace: everything creatable recreates its original creation in some form or another. Even as annihilation of matter is merely transmutation of it into the all-pervasive energy from which it came, and even as pulverisation of a rock is merely recreation of the original dust that made it, so the addition to, and extrapolation from the bare stories within the Saga is merely the reconstitution of much that must, in the first place, have made for the original bare narrative.

Internal evidence, such as the occasional reference to proverb, as well as the occasional quotation of verse, point to some desire in the creator’s mind to enliven the work. Those are the facts which made for the additional fancies

put into the Scots version. Having done so, I am surprised that nothing artistically major has been done so far with the material of this particular saga in its countries of origin. Having done what I have done in a tentative manner, I am only too aware of the vast potential behind the stories and the characters in such early works. But perhaps something has been done, and here I am merely exposing my ignorance.

Undeservedly anonymous on radio, someone once said of an acquaintance that that person “could play tig with a fox and never be het”. I thought that was said as memorably as ever said by old Anonymous of the ballads. It was a remark of colloquial genius, the sort of utterance beloved especially by Glasgow comedians facing appreciative Glasgow audiences. It is also the antithesis of such a directive by Hugh MacDiarmid to “eschew humour”. He took tent of his own advice, for little of his work provides us with examples to the contrary.

Strangely enough, with the exceptions of Byron’s work and Shakespeare’s, the feck of high English poetry is notable for its having eschewed both humour and colloquial fashions of speech. It may have been that many poets have either been too unsure of themselves as all-encompassing writers, or were afraid high purpose would be contaminated with low manners. With that sort of thing in mind, and realising how deep the plunge from pathos to bathos, how thin the divide between the humourous and stumerous, I decided not only to be deliberate in verging on the music-hallish in places but also to be equally emphatic in using alliteration, pun, repetition and allusion, and thus to leave no doubt in the reader’s mind that the life of the common ballad was the liveliness of common speech. To say that and do nothing about it when given the opportunity, is simply to make a talking-point and nothing more: to do it may seem excessive, but after all, to say it and to do it is surely QED and QEF rolled into one.

What then made for the form of Scots versing used? Simply to verse the Saga would mean making nothing more of it than versified restatement, a fashion which retains less artistry than poetic prose. Verse it by all means then, but make the verse as artistically poetic as the language and story permit.

Which kind of verse to hold the poetry? Multiform rhymed or unrhymed lyrics interspersed with continuity passages where further lyricism fails the talent? Rhymed or unrhymed iambic pentameters, avoiding academic posturing upon the heroics in the narrative? Multiples of stanza forms made to set patterns of line quantities?

Finally, it was decided to use the common iambic tetrameter line which is so very useful in narrative compositions. And to use it as blank verse because rhyme can be a hindrance in extended narrative. While there is internal departure from that norm here and there because of the occasional rhymed portions in the Saga, the stanza form and lines are allowed to take over narrative, the masculine and feminine endings falling into place as the humph comes up the back of the language. The Chapter details given below will advise departures and the reasons for such.

One thing more. Because the idiom in common Scots song is so suffused with common speech, I may have missed the occasional echo from that source. The reader can assess personal mastery of idiom by finding those I have missed: and where there is success in discovery, let that reader decide if the find amounts to just another cliché.

Chapter I

In the Muriel A. C. Press volume which is followed faithfully throughout in these Chapters, the first stopper was in her description of Ketill as “a mighty and high-born chieftain (hersir) in Norway.” Initially, I used the word “chieftain” but seeing it qualified by the unusual word “hersir”, which is from Old Norse and means the ruler of a district, right away I decided to depart from academic and romantic language. The word of common currency made the character scribbled in as “highheidyin”, and would be used throughout in place of such people as chieftains and noblemen, though a king would be called a king and a queen queen.

Where I seem to be remiss in not mentioning the maker of any song or poem mentioned below, that is the silence of ignorance.

Chapter II

Line 20

A “nyaff” is a despicable person.

Line 22

A “nyuch” is a nonentity.

Lines 23-24

A “bowle o whammlins” is a bowl of emptiness.

Chapter III

Line 45

In the Muriel A. C. Press volume, the “wuiden totem stabs” of this line are glossed in the words “Bjorn found the pillars of his temple washed up in a certain creek...” The Magnusson/Pálsson book gives us “the pillars of his high-seat”.

Chapter IV

Line 23

The word “baurley” (elsewhere called “barley”) is a call for truce in a children’s game, or probably in a battle, and is generally thought to be a variant of “parley”

Lines 25-28

Normally, throughout the verses, where the Press book says one thing and the Magnusson/Pálsson one omits mention, or says something else, I add a phrase like “Some folk say. ..and ithers...” Here is the first mention of such a situation, one that necessitated editorial insertion of Line 28 to rectify the information when writing this Crib.

Line 73

In the Press translation, the word *Hersir* is used for the second and last time, but is ignored in this line.

Chapter V

Line 49

The word “commonalitie” here means the common people.

Chapter VI

Comments are unnecessary

Chapter VII

Line 35

The words “forment her lukin” do not mean the possessive, but “looking in front of her.”

Line 232

Even as “aye aa-thare” means always aware of what is going on, so “neever thonner” means never far away from awareness.

Line 253

“Bydein ruch” means living prosperously.

Line 294

As Herjolf, who married Thorgerd in her widowhood, is described as a “landed man”, opportunity is taken to describe his landedness in “ells an faas o grund”. The ell varied from country to country and is now retained in the Netherlands as the metre (39.37 inches). The English ell was 45 inches, the old Dutch and Flemish about 27 inches, the Scottish about 37 inches and the Jersey ell 48 inches. As the Danish ell was 24.7 inches, like enough I am advising Herjolf’s land in that measure. The faa or fall was 1/40 furlong, a pole or a rod, the square measure being 1/160 acre: in Scotland it is assessed at 36 square Scottish ells.

Line 321

The “sittin-doon” here is the same as a “doon-sittin”, that is, a settling down into marriage, with the means to do so around the person.

Chapter VIII

Line 58

Although the title of this Saga bears the name “Laxdale”, a name in itself not strange in Scottish ears, as the Isle of Lewis indicates, I decided to use the Muriel A. C. Press version of it throughout as given in Line 58.

“Saumonreeverdale” runs so well into Scots phrasing and scansion that it had to survive.

Line 64

Being “gyan ruch in siller” means being very wealthy.

Chapter IX

Line 153

“Clannit folk” are people loosely connected with the predominant group; such folk are rather like a sept of a clan, not clansfolk themselves.

Chapter X

Comments are unnecessary.

Chapter XI

Line 63

“Tae see whit was whaat” is a play on “what’s what”, the “whit” being the Lanarkshire Scots form of the word and the “whaat” being the Fife expression.

Lines 66-69

The mouth of the River Blanda is here given in the variations of the river-mouth term as known in Scotland, that is, the Scots “mooth”, the Gaelic “inver” and the Cymric (North Briton) “aber”.

Lines 77-78

Those lines are echoes from the Scots ballad *Sir Patrick Spens*.

Chapter XII

Line 37

“Lazie tartan” is the name given to the skin discolouration caused by persistent exposure of the legs to fireside heat. Sometimes, it is called lazy-woman’s tartan, and other such nomenclature.

Line 87

“Dollie-shots” are missiles cast at objects in a fairground stall.

Line 124

“Enyeuch” is a variant pronunciation of “enyeuch”

Line 221

“Timms” is the unaccented form of “tymes”.

Line 240

“It’s I maun thank ye awfie kynlie” was the expression used in my boyhood by an old, bearded man who used to come begging in the village of Newarthill. He came from the local poor’s-house (in the neighbouring village of Cleland) on occasional Saturdays, and thus was known as “the auld Setterday man”. We used to vie with one another to hand him a penny. The local Co-operative Store changed his coppers into silver.

Chapter XIII

Line 64

“Twoe-sixin” is a lift from Royal Air Force slang, meaning heaving or pulling at command, or any kind of physical effort in manhandling. Probably the expression was picked up from the Royal Navy in those days when the Air Arm of the Royal Navy was manned by Royal Air Force personnel. Two and six are reputed to have been two members of an old muzzle-loading gun team whose energies were employed in a particularly heavy manual task during gun firing.

Line 163

To “gie purr til’t” is to make a noise about it.

Lines 314-315

Mention of “faerie ysles” and “blue watters o Lough Erne” is a lift from some verses by Tom Law of Holytown, an old second cousin of mine who became the local schoolmaster in the village of that name. Part of of his verses are as follows:

To the mountains of Mourne, and where fairy isles lie

In Lough Erne’s blue waters, I love till I die.

Line 322

The word “cullan” is the Lanarkshire variant of the more usual “callant”.

Chapter XIV

Line 60

“Whye whyles whitforno” means “Why at times why not”

Line 71

“Divvie-up” means “divide”.

Line 96

“Losst-the-place” is a euphemism akin to “lost one’s head” where an individual takes precipitate action.

Line 99

“Shote-the-craw” here means that Thorold left hurriedly. The craw is the throat. In another long poem of mine called *The Magical Well*, I used the expression and explained it in the following note taken from *Crib to the Magical Well*.

“In his *Children of the Dead End*, Patrick MacGill, in saying of one character that ‘He had just come out of the jail after serving six months’ hard labour because he shot the crow in a Greenock public house’ explains in a footnote that “Ordering and drinking whisky, and having no intention of paying for the drink, is known as ‘shooting the crow.’”

In saying this, Patrick Macgill makes the same error as the ‘polite’ Scottish classes in imagining he is Englishing a Scots dialect pronunciation of the word for the bird, not the thrapple. The actual meaning of his note is the action of swallowing, nothing else.

Line 185

“Kinnafa” is a colloquial corruption of “kind of a”, that is to say, “somewhat”.

Line 192

The “wyfe o stoot courage” is an echo from William Dunbar’s poem *The Twa Mariit Wemen and the Wedo*, though in that poem it is certain gallants

“....stalwardlie steppis ben, with ane stout curage...”

Line 217

“Bonnie fechter”, now in common usage, is probably out of R.L.Stevenson’s *Catriona* from the mouth of Alan Breck, one of the characters in the book.

Line 221

To “mak a kirk or mill ot” is common clash for what may be done with, say, patrimony or good fortune.

Line 258

While “Cap out” is given dictionary space as verb “to drink to the bottom” and as a noun “the act of drinking”, “capootert” may have come into common talk via the German “kaput”. Though that is my own guess, “capootert” certainly was the state of Thord here in this Chapter.

Line 278

The expletive “By Sursse” is the old-fashioned “By Sirs” or “Sirs” where the Scots accent has annihilated both the “i” and the “s” in the words.

Chapter XV

Lines 157-158

A Gaelic saw says that the stone at the laird's door is very slippery.

Lines 182-183

"...the lavriest/o kail, the twoe-or-three-day-auld". It is said that soup older by a day or two is far tastier than that fresh off the fire.

Chapter XVI

Comments are unnecessary.

Chapter XVII

Line 6

A "rowster" is a "rowdy".

Lines 58-60

"Nyafferie" may be glossed here as "worthlessness", while "nyucherie" is near enough "nothingness".

Chapter XVIII

Lines 161-163

There are variations in the old counting-out rhymes in children's games. In this one, some begin with "zeentie-peentie", though others say "zeentieteentie". The village children of Newarthill, some ten years before I first held the *Laxdale Saga* copy in my hands would say:

Zeentie-peentie
picketie-pell,
zell-dell
dominell,
zurkie -purkie
taurrie rope,
zan-tan
joose-joke:
you are out
and out you must go.

Lines 170-173

Refer to Lines 161-163.

Lines 215-216

The reference here to the inability to see anyone in one's porridge is a colloquialism used to express how a certain person is considered to be insignificant.

Line 243

A "leear lood" is a "loud liar". The adjective "lood" as applied consistently in these verses is an echo from the ballad *Sir Patrick Spens*, in which that hero reiterates

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye leears lood.

Fou lood I hear ye lee."

Line 216

"Doakies" means "dares".

Lines 370-371

"...the airts/the wuin can blaw" are an echo from Robert Burns's song *Of a' the Airts*.

Chapter XX

Lines 96-97

The children's common cry "The gemme's a bogie" signifies that a game has become unplayable for whatever circumstances. Whether that originally meant that it had "gone to the Devil" or not, the children of my day and place could not have said, but when that cry arose, their counter-cry was "The wheels are mynes" because, of course the other bogey they knew was the flat undercarriage of a colliery hutch.

Lines 302-309

As is well-known, the word of the brogue slips on and off the tongue as easily as a well-worn shoe slips on and off the foot.

Chapter XXI

Line 44

A "hymie gairie" is a large, golden, stingless bee.

Line 74

Sometimes in Scotland there is a tautological habit of combining Scots and English words for effect, here given in "sych an sigh" and sometimes heard in "pechin an pantin" as in "sighin an sychin".

Line 126

"Chapman billie" is a lift from the opening line of Robert Burns's *Tam O'Shanter*.

Lines 190-191

The children's rhyme remembered here is

*Roonaboot, roonaboot,
catch a wee moose,
ben a closse, up a stair,
in a wee hoose.*

The accompanying action is that the adult tickles the child's palm, then walks the fingers along the length of the child's arm, then locates them in the armpit, where the final words are underscored in tickling. There is now an English corruption of the words.

Line 199

The songs in mind are *O weel may the Boatie row* by John Ewen (1741-1821), and the Jacobite *As I cam doon the Canongate*.

Lines 210-213

The colours in the first three lines are those of the Irish banner, the fourth line commentary on them.

Line 258

From Naval parlance that penetrated other Services, reveille used to be emphasised by a senior N. C. O. shouting to arouse sleepers,

*Wakey, wakey, rise and shine.
You've had your time and I've had mine!*

Line 738

The injunction to "screw-the-heid" means "Be sensible".

Line 782

"Makkin speils for fuils tae say" is a paraphrase of words from Robert Burns's poem *The Vision* where he speaks of

*"...
How I spent my youthfu' prime
An' done nae-thing
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing."*

Line 825

The words "turned richt an roonaboot" are an echo from Robert Burns's song *The Farewell*, where one of the verses says the following, though I am sensible of the slightly different version given to Sir Walter Scott by Thomas Sheridan, and included in Scott's *Notes to Rokeby*.

*"He turn'd him richt, and round about,
Upon the Irish shore;*

*And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore, my dear,
With adieu for evermore."*

Chapter XXII

Line 53

"Whittanlikken place" means "whatever sort of place".

Lines 107-108

"fareweel/lik waalcome ower the back again" means that the farewell was identically as pleasant as the original welcome had been.

Chapter XXIII

Lines 300-305

A "scatter" or a "scrammle" at a wedding is the casting abroad of coins among the children of the neighbourhood. Perhaps only a Scottish custom?

Chapter XXIV

Comments are unnecessary.

Chapter XXV

Comments are unnecessary.

Chapter XXVI

Line 10

There is an echo here from William Dunbar's *Lament for the Makaris*, written *Quhen he wes seik*.

*"I that in heill wes and glaidness,
Am trublit now with gret seikness,
And feblit with infirmitie;
Timor Mortis conturbat me."*

Lines 145-172

Those lines are double-indented, in this case because they are extra to the Saga as commentary arising out of it. They depart from the casual scansion of the verses in general since their scansions are regular as similar, and shown by the further indentation of the masculine line endings.

Line 191

"Whitlikken arval" means "What sort of funeral-feast".

Line 240

"Lassie wi the yallae coatie" is a lift from the Scots folk-song of that title.

Chapter XXVII

Line 74

“Broon or yallae ben the yill” is an echo from a song heard years ago in a BBC Third Programme which was concerned with the songs in the works of James Joyce. Perhaps that memory made for the inclusion of many of the references to song in these verses. The song in the BBC programme contained the words “O, the brown and the yellow ale” as sung by Joyce to James Stephens (1882-1950).

“It was from his grandfather John Murray that James Joyce as a small child learnt the words of a “lost song” The Yellow Ale , which he later told his friend, the Dublin writer James Stephens, was the most beautiful in the world, and which he was wont to sing for Parisian friends in the 1920s.”

from *James Joyce in the Years of Growth 1882-1915*

A biography by Peter Costello published by Kyle Cashie Ltd in 1992

3 Vincent Street, London SW1P 2LX.

Line 123

The translation of a Gaelic song sings of

“Islay for swordplay and Mull for a song”.

Line 132

“Yowies cawed til knowes” is an echo from the song ‘Ca’ the yowes’ by Robert Burns, perhaps extrapolating from the original by Isabella Pagan.

Line 210

“Will ye no come back again?” is from Lady Nairne’s song commonly called by that line as a title, though generally shown in print as *Bonnie Charlie’s now awa’*.

Chapter XXVIII

Lines 50-54

Here double-indented as a poem within the Saga. Where Muriel A. C. Press makes eight lines of it, the Scots form given has a look at haiku in the passing.

Chapter XXIX

Line 63

“Ower the maer amang the heather” is a line from a Scots folk-song,

Lines 81-83

To be given something “for skelps” is to have it given freely.

Lines 329-330

Should something go wrong in any enterprise, it is commonplace to say, “The ball is on the slates”, the game or ploy therefore coming to an end. Here, considering that slates were not the cleeding on Iceland roofs, it is suggested that the ball is on the thatch.

Lines 340-342

The suggestion here that whisky ran with a light can please the eye, is a lift from the poem by Frederick Robert Higgins entitled *Padraic O’Conaire - Gaelic Storyteller*.

Chapter XXX

The catalogue of old Scots money pieces is taken from an earlier verse of mine concerning our having been sold to the English State for a little cash.

*Dyot, bodle, plack or groat,
faurdin, bawbee, shillin;
merk an pund an that’s the lote
sellt us, sweirt or willin.*

A “tosser” is a coin.

Lines 207-208

The tongue-twister on which the lines are based says:

*Whuither wuid ye rither
or rither wuid ye whuither
hae a soo’s snoot stewed
or a stewed soo’s snoot?*

Line 243

“Shufflin-the-brogue” is Irish dancing.

Lines 275-279

The words in italics in those lines are from the Scots folk-song *The Wee Cooper o Fife*.

Chapter XXXI

Comments are unnecessary.

Chapter XXXII

Comments are unnecessary.

Chapter XXXIII

Lines 342-343

Those lines are double-indented because they make a couplet outwith the general scansion.

Lines 346-347

Double-indented for the same reason as Lines 342-343.

Line 348

“Speilin” is a name for touting goods in a market, even as selling-patter is.

Line 426

A “weeochie gant” is a momentary opening of the mouth.

Line 567

“Youngflas” is a corruption of “young fellows”.

Chapter XXXIV

Comments are unnecessary.

Chapter XXXV

Line 42

“Bahllaps”, pronounced in that manner, and usually plural, are the flies of trousers, elsewhere spelt curiously “ballops” and “ballups”, though referred to as “the old-fashioned flap in forepart of trousers”.

Lines 134-135

Those lines are double-indented because they have been made a couplet.

Lines 339-340

... as gyte/as fair stane-bunkered...” means “driven as mad as circumstances made her so”. It is conjecture to imagine that a golfer would be thoroughly exasperated if he were to find he had to play a ball from a bunker filled not with sand but stones!

Line 553

“Skin-the-cat” is the boyish exercise of hanging on to a beam, lifting the legs between the arms and then dropping down upon the ground. To “tummle wulkies” is to tumble head over heels. The definite article usually precedes “wulkies”.

Chapter XXXVII

Line 65

“Nane the waur o a hingin” is a lift from the utterances of the infamous Lord Braxfield, the Scottish judge.

Line 137

“Beezer-braw” means handsomely large.

Chapter XXXVII

Lines 9-16

Especially in the Lowland West, it is common to hear men say in passing, either the “Ay, ay” of Line 9 or the English “Yes” of Line 12. These convey subtle undertones of meaning, two of which are given in this group of lines.

Lines 514-518

Customarily long years ago in my childhood, when children saw a beetle pass in front of them, they would draw a finger across the throat and say, “That’s no ma grannie!”

Line 556

“Dear” in this line means “God”.

Lines 628-644

Preoccupation with Isaiah 60, 4 is also found in the eighteenth section of the *Orkneyinga Saga* where King Olaf has words with Earl Thorfinn that resemble what Olaf the Peacock said to old Hrut.

Chapter XXXVIII

Lines 171-172

The use of the singular in “...the kye/for yaisual aa comes hame for melkin” is a lift from James Hogg’s song *When the Kye comes Hame*.

Chapter XXXIX

Comments are unnecessary.

Chapter XL

Line 14

Here the “haar” spelling is pronounced “hahr”.

Lines 102-103

The conceit here that dolphins would leap and play is an echo of William McGonagall’s *The Famous Tay Whale* in which he describes how “the monster whale did sport and play”.

Lines 111-112

As the italicised words indicate, they are taken from the popular Scots song *We’re no awa tae byde awa*.

Line 156

“Wi you, ay, an wi you” are lifted from the Scots song *Johnnie Lad* where the singer lilts

*An wi you, an wi you,
an wi you, Johnnie lad,
I'll dance the buckles aff ma shuin
wi you, ma Johnnie lad.*

Line 161

The verbal form “speedikerrantin” of the “speedie-kerrant” noun seems likely to have come from the words speedy courant, a tautological fashion since a courant is or was a kind of rapid dance.

Line 454

See note below under Chapter LVIII, Line 9.

Lines 546-547

“Gaun thur dinger” here means “being extremely vociferous”, while “giein it purr” means “being assiduously so (vociferous)”, both those expressions being colloquialisms.

Line 576

Here “whoere the duags” means “where are the dogs”, for sometimes the verb is dropped in such constructions.

Line 615

While “stramash” means a tumult or disturbance, the simile “stramash lik rowe-de-dowe” comes from a sectarian Ulster song which says

*Then turn ye back some other way,
take my advice and go no furder,
for the papists they have gathered up
in Tillyorrie you to murder
whack, rowe-de-dowe,
fol-ol-dol-de-ray.*

Line 671-673

“Or pooterie as nuchin naither” in Line 673 means “or as insignificant as nothing into the bargain”, the expression using colloquially a confirmatory second “aither” (either) following the one in Line 671, but adding a sympathetic alliterative letter “n” to the “aither”.

Line 868

“Peeheein” is a colloquialism meaning “behaving obsequiously”.

Line 920-923

The variations of pronunciation in common usage are given here to illustrate the extent of King Olaf's spying on his compatriots.

Lines 928-929 and 932-933

Those lines are given double-indentation and italicising to illustrate their having been made couplets, and also show the different treatments in the Press and Magnusson/Pálsson books, the latter version being closer to the English tag "The better the day, the better the deed".

Chapter XLI

Comments are unnecessary.

Chapter XLII

Title

Although it is certain that the Scots "winshin" comes from the old-fashioned English "wenching", the meaning of "winshin" is merely "courting", both sexes using the word to denote that latter activity.

Chapter XLIII

Line 217

The mention of "honours three" here is an echo from the popular Scots song *Scotland Yet* which was written by the Rev. Henry S. Riddell. The three honours are the Scottish Crown, the Sceptre and the Sword of State which are held in Edinburgh Castle.

Chapter XLIV

Line 168

"Dividd" means "divided".

Chapter XLV

Line 15

"On the skyte" means becoming very drunk.

Line 16

"Losst-the-place" means becoming argumentative to the degree of becoming violent.

Line 131

"Hap-stap-an-lowp" means "hop, step and jump".

Line 134

"Buhlletie", also known as "bullety" is an old game concerned with casting a ball of some sort as far along a road as possible. Probably an import from Ireland, it used to be played in Newarthill before I was born. It is still played

in Ireland, where local betting is much involved. An illustrated description of its pursuit in Newarthill is contained in a long, unpublished manuscript by the late Hiram Law Sturdy, a relative of mine, and like myself, a native of that village.

Line 139

“Come, leg or I’ll leave you” is a colloquialism for self-encouragement, sometimes said facetiously.

Line 151

“Daein the dooblers” is skipping while using two ropes at once, or so I have been told, for experience of it was not a boyish exercise in my young days.

Line 156

“Fuit-and-a-hauf” was a leap-frog game which extended over long distances by virtue of a mark being set in advance of the person over whose back the others leapt. Whoever failed to leap properly, using the same number of steps as the leader, then became the person over whose back the others leapt. The past tense is used above because I have not seen that game played since my boyhood.

Lines 158-159

“Hunsh-cuddie-hunsh” is a boys’ game in which a line of boys bend, heads between the legs of those in front to where, against a fence or wall, one boy called a “pillow”, stands facing the opposition, an equal number of boys. The task of that opposition is to run and jump as far along the line of bent backs to straddle the line as completely and as heavily as possible. The “pillow” shouts to his bent team to “Hunsh, cuddie, hunsh” in order to dislodge the rivals. If any of the latter cannot remain secure upon the back of the cuddie, then it is the turn of the rival team to become the cuddie. This game is still played in Scotland and the north of England.

“Rin-sheep-rin” and “Levoi” (the latter sometimes known as “Relievo”) were similar games. In the latter, those caught were secured in a “den” by tapping them on the head and bottom: they were released when the den was relieved by a member of the rival side running through the den and shouting “Levoi!” In the former game, the sheep were sought by the rival side, among whom there was a shepherd figure who warned the sheep of the whereabouts of the pursuers by shouting “Rin, sheep, rin!” should the sheep be in danger of discovery. This game was played by boys and girls, but Levai was generally a boys’ game.

I have no knowledge of those games being played today. Motor traffic has put paid to more things than railway systems.

Line 190

“Bumbee tartan” is the name given colloquially to the Buchanan sett.

Lines 204-215

Those lines are an echo of a favourite stanza in Robert Henryson's introduction to his *The Testament of Cresseid*.

*I mend the fyre, and beikit me about,
 Than tuik ane drink my spreitis to comfort,
 And armit me weill fra the cauld thairout;
 To cut the winter nicht, and mak it schort,
 I tuik ane quair, and left all uther sport,
 Written be worthie Chaucer glorious,
 Of fair Cresseid and lustie Troylus.*

Line 303

To get one's "pit-een" is to have one's sight become accustomed to a degree of darkness. Apart from my own usage of the term, the only literary references I have come across are those contained in a long poem of about 1000 lines written by Alexander Smillie of Larkhall. The poem was published in the Stonehouse/Larkhall Gazette in 1973 when Mr. Smillie was 76 years of age. He had written it for his grandchildren who had emigrated to Australia. In it, they might have in hand the background of their native area. Apart from that, the story in the verse centred around the appearance of the ghost of a Black Lady, supposedly the Indian or Siamese wife of a local man.

In one place, the poem describes how two anglers were fishing in the River Avon at night, and one of them was

"...slowly gettin' his pit e'en.."

and later on, how the two men were

*"...Keepin gey close tae yin anither,
 Their pit-e'en seein mair an mair..."*

Line 327

"Bumphlie" means "fat".

Chapter XLVILine 32

Here "ben" means that it was Osulf's turn that had come around to visit Olaf.

Line 314

Here "fair bealin" means "very angry".

Line 315

“As heilliefou as hellachie” means “as ill-tempered as feeling hellish”.

Line 351

“Clash-the-pans” means “prepare food in the kitchen”.

Line 363

“Yin-waan” means “six and half a dozen”.

Lines 475-476

Those two lines make a something extra to the values given in the Press and Magnusson/Pálsson statements.

Line 537

“Stealie-thief” is an example of youthful tautological language.

Line 562

A “nyafferie” may be glossed as a “coterie of ignorant creatures”.

Line 549

A “nyucherie” may be glossed as a “collection of nonentities”.

Chapter XLVII

Line 49

Though the colloquial name “cludgie” refers nowadays to any kind of lavatory or such convenience, in saga days such a word must have signified either a dry closet or a dry stool.

Line 156

The comment “My, the snell” means “My goodness, how cold it is”.

Line 174

It used to be considered that one would put ill-luck on a farm, if, on leaving employment there, one overturned a plough in a field.

Lines 288-289 and 292-293

Those line are indented doubly because the play made with them rhymes them as couplets.

Chapter XLVIII

Line 3

Though some dictionaries advise that “Wednesday” is a word of two syllables only, here, as in the normal Scots practice, it is given three.

Line 21

Sometimes, as here, it is common speak to drop the second “d” from the word “droondin”.

Chapter XLIX

As those four lines are couplets extra to the story, they are double-indented. “Screw-the-heider” is colloquial for a “sensible person”, and “deider” colloquial again for one either dead or destined to die soon.

Line 65

Here, “squatter” means a collection of persons, though generally it is used to denote a fair number of family children.

Lines 115-124

The general burthen of those ten lines, as far as style is concerned, owes a something to the old, long Pace-Egg (St. George’s Annual Play) which was published in *The Halifax Courier and Guardian* on 4 April 1931. Much of that play is also the subject of part of Volume VII of *Select Writings of Robert Chambers*. My copy is the Third Edition, with the preface dated EDINBURGH, November 24, 1841. Some of this material, much corrupted, was known to me as a child and performed at Halloween. All this is dealt with fully in the verse and notes contained in a work of mine called *Away, Yeegie Landscapes*.

The rhymes in the first lines of each of the stanzas covered by 115-124 also owe a something to *The South Down Militia* which was written by Colonel the Right Hon. Robert H. Wallace, C. B., D. L. during the Boer War. That song is also analysed more fully in *Away, Yeegie Landscapes*.

Line 211

“Weet” and “waat”, though variations, both mean “wet”.

Line 220

“Swaatit” is a variation of “sweilit”, both meaning “sweated”. “Sweil” is used in Line 226.

Line 226

“Tyuch yins”, colloquialism for concentrates of phlegm.

Line 250

“Sheepie-mèh” is a childish name for “sheep”.

Lines 322-324

It is said that a particular stone, lying on the machair of Colonsay, was used anciently as an indicator of a man’s fitness to be a soldier. If such an aspirant could lift the stone, then he was ready for battle. Because of excessive back injury among the young men there, it is also said that a time came when the local laird forbade the exercise. Fairly mature in age myself, I attempted the

lift, but like so many before me, I failed to move it from the spot, maybe either because I was not fit for battle or because I already had a sair back from attempting to lift another stone in a garden plot elsewhere!

Lines 525-542

The conversation between Gudrun and Bolli was considered important enough to warrant separate treatment. As the double-indenting indicates, there is a departure from the normal general scansion. Each stanza is nine lines themselves sequentially ending masculine, masculine, feminine.

Line 565

For some reason that I have never understood, it is considered derogatory to describe a certain type of complexion on a woman as whey-faced.

Line 732

“Crantaralyke” means resembling the fiery cross.

Lines 779-784

It is said that it “hurts the face” to see work being done badly.

Chapter L

Line 10

The “cudgie” in that line means a helping hand, though often used to mean a lift, or many other things.

Line 18

The “d” is retained here in “and” because it is accentuated as emphasis.

Lines 112-116

Those lines use as a base the refrain from the popular Scots song,

“For we’re no awa tae byde awa,

We’re no awa tae leave ye;

Naw, we’re no awa tae byde awa,

We’ll aye come back tae see ye.”

Chapter LI

Line 54

When one round “o” sound follows another, as in “o Olaf’s sons”, the first one tends to be made more akin to the short “i” sound, like the “i” in “in”.

Chapter LII

Line 88

“Dad” and “daud” mean the same, a “knock” or a “blow”, the vowel variation here being convenient.

Line 117

To “puit the hems” on anyone is to restrain or render ineffective that same person. Here the grave accent has triumphed over the acute, since the word is another form of “hames” which are draught-horse equipment.

Lines 120-121

To “puit the heid” on anyone is to cause physical damage, so called from the way a person may be butted in the face by an opponent’s brow.

Lines 170-173

The simile used here is a memory of a beach in Cleadale in the Isle of Eigg where such things as intrusive hard boulders set in soft sandstone (post) may be seen not only in that post but scattered in the sand of the beach. The sand that had made the rock that had enclosed them is now once more the sand on which they lie, now released by the action of the sea.

Chapter LIII

Lines 61-79

The comment made by Thorgerd to her son Halldor, quoted as an old proverb, that there is “No stock without a duffer” as given in the Muriel A. C. Press volume, was thought to be strong enough to warrant double-indentation in four varying couplets all saying the same thing.

Chapter LIV

Line 18

“Immerage” means a spite or a grudge, probably from “umbrage”, but almost always used with the indefinite article.

Chapter LV

Line 12

There is an echo here of the English folk-song

“As I rode out one May morning,

One May morning right early...”

Lines 17-18

“Neever let bug it’s a flae” is a colloquial joke, Line 18 being a play on it.

Line 71

“As even on as even-tyme” means “As continuously as though running one hundred yards in ten seconds”.

Line 253

“Slooter-slauchterie” may be glossed as “messy slaughtering”.

Lines 294-295

Those lines are an echo of Robert Burns’s fancied motto:

“Better a wee bush than nae beild”.

Line 305

“Yovin” here means to teeter, to move aimlessly back and forward.

Line 446

“Dry-boke” is a retching.

Chapter LVI

Line 138

There is an echo in that line of once hearing a young boy exclaim that he was not yet coming into the house because the snow outside was “too good to waste”.

Chapter LVII

Lines 161-162

Those lines are a play on “maun-dae”, “mell”, and “melts yersel”. A “mell” is a hammer; a “Monday” hammer is a very large one, as is a “mell”; to “melt” anyone is to deliver a severe blow upon that person. The suggestion is that a “Monday” hammer took its name from “maun dae”, that is, if a hammer is large enough, it must be able to deliver a blow sufficiently hard to accomplish the desired effect.

Lines 163-164

“Gin aa/faa doon upon ye” is an echo from the Scots song *The Hills o Gallowa* which says in some of its lines:

*“I’ll sell my rock, I’ll sell my reel,
I’ll sell my grannie’s spinnin-wheel;
I’ll sell them aa when doon faas aa
And I’ll gang ootower the hills tae Gallowa.”*

Line 207

The notion of the bothy sitting by itself reminded me of a cottage in Dunfermline with the legend “Reek ma lane” above its door.

Chapter LVIIILine 6

“Doon the burn, Davie laud” is the Scots song that made for that line. Though there is a song with the title “Down the Burn” and “Davie, love” is in it instead of “Davie, laud”, I have never heard a singer sing anything but “Doon the burn, Davie, laud”. Generally, the song is Scoto-English. It was written by Robert Crawford whose dates are thought to have been 1695-1732. My information says that the third stanza given was altered by Burns.

Line 9

The Scots song that made for that line is entitled *Tak your Auld Cloak about ye*.

In *The Songs of Scotland*, published in 1871, this song is noted as one of our earliest and most popular songs. We are also informed that the fourth Stanza is sung by Iago in Shakespeare’s *Othello* (1611), and that the stanza there features King Stephen instead of our King Robert. Here is the original fourth stanza. It is easy to see why Shakespeare could not make a better of it.

*In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews cost but half a croun;
He said they were a groat ower dear,
And ca'd the tailor thief and loon;
He was the king that wore a croun,
And thou 'rt a man of laigh degree:
It's pride puts a' the country doon;
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.*

And here is Shakespeare’s version in the mouth of Iago.

*King Stephen was a worthy peer.
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.
He was a wight of high renown
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that puts the country down:
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Lines 45-46

The italicised words in those lines are the common slogans of a young boy upon an eminence to another below him.

Lines 92-95

The turning around of the healing-stone over the wounded arm of Grim, first sunwise then anti-sunwise, recalls the ancient superstitions of three and three times three.

Line 124 and Line 126

The salutation common in Scotland, “Lang may yer lum reek” which Grim gives to Thorkell by way of a toast, is given the common response from Thorkell who says “Lang may yer kail-pat byle.”

Chapter LIX

Line 18

“At the toot” is generally considered a corruption of *tout de suite*.

Chapter LX

Line 89

The use of the easterly “twae” instead of the westerly “twoe” is caused by the discomfort that would be noticed were the “o” vowel sound to be repeated in such a grouping as “the twoe o us”.

Lines 148-149

Those lines are double-indented because they are an intrusive couplet.

Chapter LXI

Line 20

“Ay, an weel I myn the tyme” is a lift from the song *A Fine Man, John* sung by Harry Gordon, the Aberdonian comedian.

Chapter LXII

Comments are unnecessary.

Chapter LXIII

Comments are unnecessary.

Chapter LXIV

Line 31-32

To say someone is “shortielyke” as suitable for Hogmanay or New Year’s Day morning is to make a pun on shortbread, one of the Scottish comestibles in general use at New Year time.

Chapter LXV

Lines 126-133

Those lines are double-indented because a rhymed, regular stanza has been made of them.

Line 147

It is a common Scots expression that “hunger is guid kitchen”, that is, hunger makes plain fare taste as good as something served as choice.

Line 151

That line is a lift from Alexander Anderson’s song *Bairnies Cuddle Doon*.

Line 158

“Lowp-the-tallie” is a colloquialism for marrying, from the old tinker custom where the bride and groom jumped over a branch of wood before more formal rites and registration of marriage.

Line 267

Sometimes, in response to the question, “Where are you going on holiday?” the reply is “Och, Hameldaeme.” That is, “Oh, home will suffice!”

Chapter LXVI

Comments are unnecessary.

Chapter LXVII

Line 77

“Loshie-loe-me” means “Lord, love me!”

Lines 83-88

Those lines are double-indented because a regular, rhymed syanza has been made of them.

Line 96

Where it is customary in England to say “inside out”, in Scotland the equivalent meaning is generated by “outside in”.

Lines 134-137

Those lines are double-indented because they are a regular, rhymed stanza.

Chapter LXVIII

Lines 41-42

The double indendation of those lines is made because they are a couplet.

Lines 50-51

Again, those lines are indented doubly because they are a couplet complementary to Lines 41-42.

Line 70

Here, “chip awo” means “throw away”.

Lines 107-108

In those two lines, the pronunciation of the word “bye” which is used three times, rhymes with the English word “high” which occurs in Line 107. However, the play on the word “bye” is that the lines mean that Snorri was given a welcome something like

Oh, it is high time we felt free from time which in any case has gone past us as though leaving no gift of itself beside us (to remind us of itself).

Line 210

“Clabber-da” was the colloquial name used in my boyhood language to describe coal-pit slurry. Further reference to this is made in another set of verses of mine called *Away, Yeegie Landscapes* and in an Appendix to that work.

Line 221

“Soo in at it” here means being very industrious, working very busily.

Chapter LXIX

Line 14

The reference here to someone whose head is below the wood, echoes the Clan MacGregor’s outlawing in Scotland; from the Gaelic which says:

Fear so cheann fo’n choille - “The man whose head is under the wood.”

Line 85

That line is a variation of the common “A soo bi a differ o a lug” though sometimes “A soo bi the lug o a differ”, that is “A sow by the difference of an ear”.

Line 112

“Pauchle” here (elsewhere spelt “pochle”) means “swindle” or “cheat”.

Chapter LXX

Line 196

Because of the “ch” in “touched”, it is thought the use of “sh” makes the pronunciation obvious. To “touch” in this manner means to be not averse to drinking strong liquor, though often used in the negative sense.

Chapter LXXI

Here, the word “staiver” means a “hindrance”.

Line 87

To “come the tin man” here means to be aggressively overbearing, and it may have more to do with a mailed soldier than a tinsmith!

Line 153

“Laein” here means “allowing” or “letting”.

Chapter LXXII

Comments are unnecessary.

Chapter LXXIII

Line 4

“Mak ruidie this, mak ruidie that” echoes the Sir Patrick Spens ballad, where that hero says:

“Mak readie, mak readie, ma merrymen aa...”

Line 239

To “dodge the column” is a soldier’s euphemism for managing to be absent from the ranks when the time comes for the line of march to become the line of battle.

Chapter LXXIV

Comments are unnecessary.

Chapter LXXV

Line 15

A “waanie” is a colloquialism for a single effort, a “one-ie”.

Line 18

“Baestin at the graft” means “working like a beast”, and is complementary to “sooin-in at it” in Line 19.

Line 20

To “get tore-in” is colloquial speech for becoming heavily engaged in activity.

Line 216

“Gurrie” here means “work among”, “be involved thoroughly”.

Line 238

“Booriein” here means “bustling”.

Line 242

“Daarsay” here is pronounced “dahrsay”.

Chapter LXXVI

Line 8

Here, “stormer” means something extra by way of a storm.

Line 52

Here, “freen” means not the conventional “friend” but a “relative”.

Lines 163-185

Those lines are a lift from the rhyme as noted in *the Select Writings of Robert Chambers*, published in Edinburgh with a preface dated November 24, 1841.

Lanarkshire Rhyme on Marriage

*Set a lass on Tintock tap,
Gin she ha'e the penny siller,
The wind will blaw a man till her;
But gin she want the penny siller,
There'll ne'er a ane be evened till her.*

The variation of that in my youth was as follows:

*Set a lass on Tintock tap,
Gin she hae the name o siller,
The wuin'll blaw a suitor till her;
But gin she daenae hae the siller,
Naebodie will be evened till her.*

Chapter LXXVII

Lines 25-28

Those lines are indented doubly because their intrusion in the Saga is rhymed.

Chapter LXXVIII

Lines 24-25

It is a common, rueful expression for age to say that there was no brae at a certain place “when we were young”.

Line 58

It is a colloquialism off the streets to say of a certain young girl that she is a “wee stoater”, that is, bouncy as well-proportioned.

Auchterarder,

August 1992

The Laxdale Saga