

## Ravenser Odd

Here's a tale that must be told,  
Ravenser Odd, Ravenser Odd  
New spilt blood cries out to old  
Down in Ravenser Odd  
Twas Malachy who set the light  
Who lured a ship out of the night  
His cold woman!  
He murder'd men for her delight

By her silent husband's side  
Ravenser Odd, Ravenser Odd  
Stretched awake, she hears the tide,  
Down in Ravenser Odd  
On the cliff above the sea  
Ailsa, the wife of Malachy  
That cold woman  
Waits and weeps incessantly

Thirteen men on Humber's Shore  
Ravenser Odd, Ravenser Odd  
Men whose hearts will beat no more  
Down in Ravenser Odd  
Voices in the eastern gale  
Alone, she hears the dead men hail,  
"Thou cold woman!  
Take the lantern from the nail!"

Wraps her shawl around her tight  
Ravenser Odd, Ravenser Odd  
Out she goes into the night  
Down in Ravenser Odd  
Kneeling there upon the brink  
She let's her long red tresses sink  
That cold woman  
Then the dead men rise to drink

Then the murder'd men beneath  
Ravenser Odd, Ravenser Odd  
Take her hair between their teeth  
Down in Ravenser Odd  
Loud their hollow voices laugh.  
"Lusty blood is this we quaff!"  
O cold woman!  
Is thine own as good by half?"

Now go, knit sarks for us to wear  
Ravenser Odd, Ravenser Odd  
Half of yarn and half of hair  
Down in Ravenser Odd  
Dead tongues whisper on the tide  
"What red dye thy hair has dyed  
Thou cold woman?"  
Blood from her dead husband's side

Knitting with her double thread  
Ravenser Odd, Ravenser Odd  
Half is blue and half is red  
Down in Ravenser Odd  
On the cliff, above the sea  
Ailsa, widow of Malachy  
That cold woman  
Weeps and knits eternally

