

747²²
(vol 2)

THE KING O THE BLACK ART :
A Study of the Tales of a Group
of Perthshire travellers
in their social context.

Appendix A

Nov 96

APPENDIX I

A SELECTION OF SIXTEEN TALES FOR WHICH ALL KNOWN VERSIONS
RECORDED FROM THE GROUP OF INFORMANTS ARE GIVEN

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|------|---|-------------|--|
| I.1 | <u>THE THREE DOGS</u> | AT300 & 315 | The Dragon Slayer and The Faithless Sister |
| | A Bella Higgins | MF | SA 1955/31 & 32 |
| | B Andrew Stewart | EF | 1967 |
| | C John Stewart | SD | 1982/29 |
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 | | | |
| I.2 | <u>FRIDAY, SATURDAY</u> | AT303 | The Twins or Blood Brothers |
| | A Willie MacPhee | MF | SA 1955/24/A8, 25/B9 |
| | B Willie MacPhee | SD | 1979/21 |
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 | | | |
| I.3 | <u>THE KING O THE
BLACK ART</u> | AT325 | The Magician and his Pupil |
| | A Bella Higgins | MF | SA 1955/35A, 36A |
| | B Alec Stewart | MF | SA 1955 |
| | C John Stewart | HH | SA 1956/127 - 8 European Folk-
tales 1963 |
| | D Alec Stewart | KG | 1973 |
| | E John Stewart | SD | 1978/7 |
| | F John Stewart | SD | 1978/12 |
|
 | | | |
| I.4 | <u>THE THREE FEATHERS</u> | AT402 | The Frog as Bride |
| | A Alec Stewart | MF | 1955 |
| | B Andrew Stewart | HH | SA 1956/118/B9 |
| | C Andrew Stewart | HH | SA 1956/128/B2 |
| | D Andrew Stewart | EF | 1967 |
| | E Alec Stewart | KG | 1973 |
| | F Alec Stewart | SD | 1978/10 |
| | G John Stewart | SD | 1979/15 |
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 | | | |
| I.5 | <u>THE HUMPH AT THE HEID O THE GLEN AND THE HUMPH AT THE FIT O
THE GLEN</u> | AT503 | The Gifts of the Little People |
| | A Bella Higgins | MF | SA 1955/153/A4 |
| | B John Stewart | SD | 1978/6 |
| | C John Stewart | SD | 1979/14 |

I.6	<u>AIPPLIE AND ORANGIE</u>	AT720		My Mother Slew Me; My Father Ate Me
	A	Andrew Stewart, Donald and Bella Higgins	HH	SA/1955
	B	Sheila Macgregor	PH	Stewart Film, date 1980
	C	Sheila Macgregor	SD	Edinburgh Folk Festival, date 1980
	D	Sheila Macgregor	SD	Videotape, date 1982
I.7	<u>THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL</u>	AT811		The Man Promised to the Devil becomes a Priest
	A	Belle Stewart	MF	SA 1956/176-177
	B	Belle Stewart	KG	1973
I.8	<u>THE KING O THE LIARS</u>	AT852		The Hero Forces the Princess to say, "That's a lie."
	A	Andrew Stewart	HH	SA 1956/113/B3
	B	Alec Stewart	MF	1955
	C	Alec Stewart	KG	1973
	D	Alec Stewart	SD	1978/5
	E	John Stewart	SD	1981/25
I.9	<u>THE KING AND THE MILLER</u>	AT922		The Shepherd Substituting for the Priest Answers the King's Questions
	A	John Stewart Sen.	HH	1955/37/A1
	B	Andrew Stewart	HH	SA155/152/B10
	C	John Stewart	SD	1978/6
	D	John Stewart	SD	1979/13
I.10	MISHAMAHEE	AT1137		The Ogre Blinded
	A	Bella Higgins	HH	1955/151/A9
	B	Andrew Stewart	HH	1955/151/B14
	C	John Stewart	SD	1979/13
I.11	<u>SILLY JACK AND THE FACTOR</u>	AT1600		The Fool as Murdered
	A	Bella Higgins	MF	SA1955/153/A5
	B	Alec Stewart	SD	1978/10

I.12 GEORDIE MACPHEE

A	Andrew Stewart	HH	SA1955/149/B2
B	Andrew Stewart	EF	1967

I.13 THE LORD'S PRAYER

A	Alec Stewart	KG	1973
B	John Stewart	SD	1979/20
C	Belle Stewart	SD	Videotape

I.14 THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

A	Alec Stewart	MF	1955
B	Alec Stewart	JB	1961, pp.138-41
C	Alec Stewart	KG	1973
D	Alec Stewart	SD	1978/4
E	Alec Stewart	SD	1978/5
F	John Stewart	SD	1979/14

I.15 JOHNNY IN THE CRADLE

A	Andrew Stewart	HH	SA1955
B	Andrew Stewart	HH	SA1955
C	Alec Stewart	SD	1978/4
D	John Stewart	SD	1979/13
E	John Stewart	FK	SA Videotape

I.16 BURKERS IN ABERDEENSHIRE

A	John Stewart Sen.	HH	SA1955/17
B	John Stewart Jun.	SD	1974
C	John Stewart	SD	1979/21

I.1 THE THREE DOGS

A Bella Higgins

A1 Once upon a time, it was not in my time or your time, but it was in somebody's time, very many years ago, there was a brother and sister lived away at the top o the glen. They had a small croft and the brother and sister worked the croft between them. But one day the brother was away out in the fields working, when a packman came by, and he called him to see his sister, wantin her to buy something. However times rolls by and this man's sister she gave birth tae a son, which the packman was the father. But however, I have tae leave that now, and go on to John.

B Andrew Stewart

B1 Oncet upon a time there was a king and this king had a man and a wumman and a son in the gatehouse at the top of the avenue and he kept them there for opening the iron gates for the coach to come through and the horses.

So one day the old man got sick and he died and there was nobody left but Jack to open the gates. But he was that lazy, he used tae gae roon tae the castle an go wi the servants tae the kitchen and he used tae scrape all the pots, all the meal pots, the stew pots, everything that was left, an he was gettin that fat an lazy that he would lie down an sleep all day and he wouldn't do one hand's turn.

The king used tae come up tae the gate an the footman would roar at Jack, "Open the gates boy! Where are you? Open this gate!" But Jack wasnae tae be seen. He was always doon in the kitchens at the castle. So the king gave the orders tae the old wumman that she had tae clear oot. Jack wouldn't do his work, wouldn't open the gate. He was awfu lazy.

C John Stewart

C1 This was - an auld wumman, an she worked up in the king's castle and she had a son Jack (called all their sons Jack at that time, Jack or Jim or Tom) but she just had the one and his name was Jack. An - he was very lazy. He wouldnae work or do nothing. She kept three wee cows - ken, kye, - there were two o them aye dry, an there was one maybe a good milker.

A2 That year was pretty hard, there wasn't much money to be made. So he says, "I'll have tae take one o the cows," and he says, "I'll try an sell it an raise the price o the rent."

"Well," she says, "ye'll have tae try an get a good penny for them. For," she says, "ye know we have nothing. Times is pretty hard on us," she says. "Just go to the market an try an get the highest ye can get for it."

B2. So anyway the old woman got that poor, she had the orders tae get out o the house an she got that poor, she hadn't one penny tae her name. So she said tae Jack one day, "Jack ye'll take Daisy the cow," she says, "to the market an sell her."

"Oh mother," he says, "ye're not goin tae sell Daisy?"

She says, "I have tae," she says, "son. Ye'll not do a hand's turn and," she says, "at least," she says, "before we starve tae death, ye'll get no porridge and no milk," she says, "if ye dinnae go an sell the coo at the market."

THE THREE DOGS

C2 So, it come a day when they were gettin things kin o tight. They hadnae any money, there was this tae dae an that tae dae, an she says, "I think I'll send Jack," she says, "tae the market wi one o the coos," she says, "an gie it him tae sell it, tae masel twa three shillings."

Well, away in them days, I don't suppose it wad be a big lot o money they would get, even for a coo. No the same that it wad get the day. So she says tae Jack, she says, "The morn," she says, "is the fair in the wee toon. An I want ye tae take that coo in," she says, "an sell it," she says, "tae the highest bidder. Whatever ye can get for it, because," she says, "our money's aa done, an it's comin on near the winter time," and she says, "it'll be a sair trachle," she says, "through the winter," she says, "fur the twa o us, 'cause," she says, "you dinnae dae anything."

A3 So he cleans this beast an he dawdles on the road. He comes tae cross roads. Here he sees a man standin with a dog. "Good morning John," he says.

"Good morning sir," he says. "It's a fine mornin."

"It is that," he says. "Where are ye gaun, John?"

"Well," he says, "I'm forced for tae take the cow," he says, "tae sell it tae pey ma rent."

"Ah," he says, "it's not a bad lookin cow."

"It is not," he says. "It's a good milkin cow."

He says, "I tell you, how if you an me could have a swop?"

"What?" he says. "With a dog?"

"Yes, John," he says. "Ye'll never regret it," he says, "for this is one o the cleverest dogs," he says, "that ever was pupped. And the wisest!"

B3 So she got Jack up in the mornin. She throwed water on the bed at him, tae get him oot o bed. He didn't get a bite o breakfast. He'd tae go an put a halter roon the cow an he took Daisy to the market.

So when he was goin tae the market he met a butcher. This butcher came wi the meat roon the houses in them days, wi horse an cart. So he pulls the horse up an he says, "Hullo Jack," he says, "where are ye goin wi that nice cow?"

He says, "We've got to go to the market an sell her. My mother's starvin," he says, "an I've tae get the biggest price for it I can get."

"Well," says the butcher, "I'll buy it fae ye."

"Well," he says, "no. Ma mither said I had tae go tae the market an sell it for the best bid I have."

"There's a nice dog," he says, "I'll gie ye," he says, "tied behind ma cart. Look at it."

A3 (Contd)

"Oh," he says, "I believe that. But," he says, "if I was to sell this - take the dog for my cow," he says, "I mightna go home," he says, "or ma sister would kill me. She would just meet me at the door with the brush in her hand, and she'd just gie me it owre the heid," he says. "I mightna go home."

"Ah," but he says, "when she begins to know the dog," he says, "she'll be very well pleased with it," he says. "This is Swift," he says, "and there never was a hare," he says, "or a rabbit ever took the hill that Swift couldn't catch."

"Oh well," he says, "ye're temptin me laddie," he says. "I just think I will have a swop, for," he says, "I'm awfy fond o a good rabbit dog."

"Ah well," he says, "ye'll have plenty o rabbits afore ye go home yet John."

"Very good," he says, "and here's your cow and good luck tae ye!"

B3 (Contd)

He says, "What kin o dog is that," he says, "that thin dog? What is it?"

He says, "That's a greyhound," he says. "That's the greatest dog," he says, "for killin Jack rabbits an hares an cottontails, ever ye seen in your life."

So anyway, he hummed an hawed and argued wi Jack, but anyway the butcher got - Jack gien the butcher the coo an Jack got the dog an he walks home wi the dog on a string.

C3 So he gets up the next morning anyway and gies hissel a big shake. His mother goes an puts a rope on the coo's heid fur him, roon it's neck, an away he sets oot for this wee toon where the fair wis. So he comes on and who does he meet on the road when he's gaun intae this wee toon but the butcher. An the butcher says, "Where are ye goin, Jack?"

He says, "Ma mother sent me in," he says, "butcher," he says, "tae sell this coo," an he says, "I've tae sell it tae the highest bidder," he says.

Says the butcher, he says, "She doesnae really look as if she's giein much milk," he says.

"No," says Jack, "she's no giein much milk, but still aye," he says, "she's a nice coo," he says. An he says, "I've tae sell it," he says, "an get as much as I can fur it," he says, "since I came to town."

"I tell ye whit I'll dae," says the butcher, he says. "Ye see that dog there?" Jack looked roon and he seen this dog. He says, "That's a full bred greyhound," he says. An he says, "It's the fastest in the country."

Noo he kent Jack was aye poachin an snarin an cairryin on, an he knew he likit a dog. He says, "If ye like," he says, "I'll gie ye that dog," he says, "for the coo." He says, "They caa that dog Swift." He says, "It - That dog," he says, "could catch the wind."

"Oh," Jack says, "I darna dae that." He says, "I wad get into a row."

"Oh no," he says. He says, "If you're oot wi Swift," he says, "an it can get up there," he says, "an catch a hare or two for ye," he says, "that would keep your mother's pot boilin."

"Oh aye, right enough," says Jack, he says. He says, "The dog could keep the pot boilin," he says. "The coo cannae." An he says, "The two - three shillins," he says, "I wad - we wad get for the coo," he says, "wad run done quick." He says, "I'll mak a deal wi ye, then," he says, "for the coo for the dog."

So Jack gets the dog and the butcher takes the coo.

THE THREE DOGS

A4 So he gets the dog an he's comin home with it. Just met his sister at the door. She says, "Is it had market already?"

"Aye," he says.

"Where did ye get the dog?"

"Ach," he says, "I had a swop wi a man that had the dog," he says, an he says, "It's the swiftest dog in the world. There nothing tae beat it," he says, "an Swift's his name. And," he says, "dinnae you worry," he says, "I'll get plenty o rabbits an hares. We'll no sterve."

Oh she near about killed him wi pokers an pans, an everything she got in her hands, she near about killed him.

"Well," he says, "it cannae be helped, but the bargain's made."

B4 So his mother was lookin oot for him comin an when she seen him comin she says, "Did ye sell the coo Jack?"

"Yes mother, I did," he says.

An she says, "What did ye get for it?"

He says, "Aa I got for it," he says, "was this dog. I selt it tae the butcher, Young, the butcher."

"Aw that butcher," she says. "What did ye sell the coo-?" an she nearly kilt Jack.

"Get intae bed," she says, "ye'll not get a bite the night." So she locked Jack in the room.

C4 So Jack goes back tae his mother an she says, "Did ye sell the
 coo?" When she seen him wi the ...
 He says, "Naw," he says, "I didnae sell the coo," he says. "I
swapped it," he says, "tae a butcher."
 "What fur?" she says.
 He says, "For a dog."
 She says, "Fur what?"
 He says, "I've swapped it fur a dog."
 Oh well there was an awfu - an she laid intae him wi her walkin
stick, ye ken. She says, "You," she says, "you've went an ruined me,"
she says, "pittin a guid aul coo," she says, "awa fur a dog." Ye see?

A5 "Now," she says, "ye know," she says, "there are only another two days o the market to be held. An you take the other cow," she says, "an if ye swop again for a dog," she says, she says, "ye neednae come back for ye'll be killed," she says. "I'll roast ye!"

But however he sets off again wi his cow an here he meets the same old man, and he has another dog.

"Man," he says, "John," he says, "that's a braw cow ye have. Ye're gaun tae the market are ye?"

"Aye," he says, "an dinnae speak tae me," he says, "about swoppin nae mair," he says, "I was near killed," he says. "Ma bones are sore yet wi the lickin I got fae ma sister."

"Ha but John," he says, "never mind that. This is a dog," he says, "that - this is Able. Man," he says, "an if a rabbit or a hare," he says, "goes intae a dyke," he says, "he can just knock it doon," he says, "an when it springs tae run," he says, "Swift can catch it. An," he says, "you'll be a rich man yet, wi your two dogs."

"Ah well," he says, "if (ma sister) beat me, I'm half killed already," he says, "I'll stand another one for the dog." So he swops again, gets the dog and gies the old man his cow.

B5 Two or three days passed and the next following week at the market she sent Betsy the coo wi Jack. The same thing happened again. The butcher met him on the road an he says, "Now Jack ye've got one greyhound," he says. "That's Know-all. Now," he says, "this is Able." He says, "There's the match tae the other one, the two dogs." An he says, "The one's no good without the other. You've got the first one," he says. "If ye gie me the coo," he says, "I'll gie ye Able, the other greyhound."

So Jack says, "Naw," he says, "I'm takin this cow tae the butcher (sic)." They argied an Jack came home wi the other dog. He says, "Ma mother'll kill me."

C5 But the row quietened doon anyway. He was oot wi the dog an oh! the dog could run. Oh fast - he took in a hare or two tae her but she was aye on aboot her coo bein pitten awa fur the dog.

She says, "Now," she says, "this week," she says, "it's the market again. An," she says, "go in wi the ither coo," she says, "for we'll need money, I'm tellin you, tae keep us through the winter. An," she says, "for the peril of your life," she says, "don't pit it awa, the same way as ye done the first yin."

So he gets up in the mornin an he gets his breakfast, ye see. Wadnae be much o a breakfast in them days. Bit o barley meal bannocks an a taste o brew or some'hin intae a bowl. Maybe sowans for aa ye know. An he gets the coo wi the rope roon its neck an awa he da's off doon the road. An he's comin on an on an on an on an on an here he bumps intae the butcher again. The butcher says, "Where are ye gaun Jack?"

He says, "I'm gaun," he says, "tae sell this coo fur ma mother." He says, "You got the ither coo," he says. "Oh," he says, "I got an affa tellin off," he says, "when I came back."

But he says, "Dae ye no like the dog?"

"Oh," Jack says, "the dog was right enough. But," he says, "I got an awfy sair hide over that," he says, "pittin the coo awa for the dog."

"Well," he says, "look," he says, "there's its neebor," he says. He says, "That's Know-all." An he says, "It knows where everything's lyin," he says, "an when it gets up an runs," he says, "an catch it." He says, "The one mak's the other -" he says, "if ye like," he says, "I'll gie ye that dog," he says, he says, "for the coo." An he says, "Ye'll hae the two dogs."

But tae put - ehn - long story short anyway, he bullyrags Jack intae takin the ither Dog, Know-all.

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A6 He comes whistlin back again an she just spies the dog. She never asked him no questions, she just goes in for anything she can get in her hand and his eyes is black an blue wi strokes wi pokers an tongs and big irons and chisels, anything that she could get in her hand, she'd let him have it.

B6 Back he goes wi the other greyhound an she says tae Jack the same thing. "Did ye sell the coo Jack?"
Jack says, "Naw," he says, "the butcher - I gied it for this dog Able."
Aw, she laid on tae him wi the broom. "Get intae bed, lie down." An she locked the door. She says, "We'll starve tae death. Ye're a silly boy," she says, "givin the cow away for a dog."

C6 So anyway, aw, he comes in the back o the auld hoose there where they're stayin this wee ferm, ye see, an she says, "Did ye sell the coo?"

 He says, "I didnae sell it," he says. "The butcher got it."

 She says, "Ye must hae selt it! Whaur's the money?"

 He says, "I didnae get nae money."

 She says, "An what did ye get?"

 He says, "I got the ither dog fae him," he says. "It's the neebor tae the dog I got."

 Well, there was a row the like o't ye never - ye never heard in your life! Ye see. Oh what a batterin an what a kickin, lickin he got, ye see?

 He says, "It's aa right," he says, "for you mother," he says, "I ken," he says, "your moves," he says, "wi the man," he says, "that comes roon here when I'm awa," he says, "the packman, the aul packman," he says. An he says, "Ye let him him in," he says, "when I'm oot." So he says, "Dinnae start wi me," he says. Ye see?

 Noo at this time o day, every day, she aye had a big pot on the fire goin boilin watter in it, ye ken. She aye kept plenty o boilin watter an a big - tank or a pot on the fire. An Jack kent what she done wi the packman because he watched her. Whenever she kent Jack was comin she used tae hide the packman doon intae a trap door in front o the fire like a cellar place, ye ken.

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A7 But however, she says, "Ye've anither morra tae go wi the cow," she says, "and if ye don't have a deal tomorrow," she says, "ye needna return here." But hooever tae make a long story short, we'll cut it short - off he goes again wi the third cow. Here he meets the same man. An his eyes is blue, he can hardly see. His lips is all swollen, his nose is aa swollen, an he's oh! he's a picture tae look at!

"Ah," he says, "dinnae talk tae me aboot anither dog," he says. "I was near murdert last night."

"Ah, wheesht, John," he says, "ye can stand another hammerin ower the heid o this dog," he says. "This is what they call," he says, "your swop this time. This is Knowall. Knowall," he says, "knows where every rabbit or beast," he says, "lies. When he gets the scent," he says, "ye can just whip the other two furrin." He says, "Able," he says, "can knock down any wall or dyke," he says, "and Swift can catch them." He says, "Ye've got the three dogs. An mind, John," he says, "they'll be worth money tae ye yet." An he says, "I'm tellin ye, ye're losin your chance now," he says. "Ye've stood," he says, "two rows an two batterins," he says. "Stand the third one."

"Oh well," he says. "Here ye go," he says. "A dinnae mind," he says, "what like she hits me or batters me," he says, "I'll stand it," he says, "for the sake o the dogs."

B7 So it went on, now they had tae get Maggie the cow - there were three cows. "Now," she says, "ye can say what yese like, I tell you," she says. "I'll shoot ye wi the shotgun, if ye don't sell this cow for the highest price - no more dogs! That's it!"

"All right mother," he says, "I'll go an naebody'll torment me this time wi the dogs," he says, an away he went. But he met the butcher.

"Well," he says, "ye've got Swift! Ye've got Know-all!" (That was it - Swift Know-all). "Now," he says, "this is Able." See?

An the same thing - argied and bargied, so he got Able. So there was the three dogs, Swift, Know-all and Able. That was the three dogs he got.

C7 So anyway he says nothin. She says, "I'm pittin you," she says, "next week wi the ither coo, an," she says, "this is Beauty," she says, "the best milkin coo," she says, "roon about the country." An she says, "If ye pit it awa," she says, "that's us done - for life." Ye see?

So anyway Jack goes away tae his bed, but he's gled he's got the two dogs, ye see. Oh he's pleased enough! So the mornin he gets up the next mornin, the followin week, back tae the market he goes again, an she gied him Beauty an she was greetin tae pairt wi this coo. A lovely broon an white cow, ye see. An it was a good milker.

So away he goes wi this coo an the same thing happens again. He meets the butcher again, ye see, so the butcher says, "Where ye gaun, Jack?"

An Jack says, "Aw," he says, "ye've got me - ye've got me ruined, kilt stone dead," he says. He says, "Wi ma mother when I go back."

"Well," he says, "ye've got two damned good dogs," he says, he says - he says. "What use was thon two aul dry coos tae ye?"

He says, "This is a be'er kin o a coo," he says.

An he says, "I kept back the best dug," he says, "because," he says, "your twa coos were nae sae good." He says, "There was - I - I had three o them dugs," he says, "but I kept the best yin back: Able," he says. "The three work together, Swift, Knowall and Able." He says, "Knowall - if it's a rabbit," he says, "'at's intae a dyke or a waa," he says, "he can jist go forrit tae it an push it doon." He says, "if it's intae a burrae," he says, "he'll jist tear it up in a second or two." He says, "Nothin can hide fae 'im. He'll knock it doon an get it oot." An he says, "If ye had that dog," he says "ye'd have the three," he says.

"Oh - oh," Jack says. "I'd be ruined," he says, "ruined," he says, an he's goin up an doon on the road wringin his hands. He's dyin fur the dog an he's feart tae pit the coo awa. Ye see? An he's sayin tae hissels, "Her - she's got the packman. I'll bet ye the packman's in the hoose the noo." Ye see? An he says, "I cannae get daein what I like."

But anyway, he pairts the coo for the dog.

A8 So whatever, he comes hame wi his dog, an that's three dogs he has now, Swift, Knowall and Able. Oh when she met him, she nearly - you talk about a lickin and a hammerin! She near about mass-acraed him. "Out ye go," she says, "ye're not tae be here!" An she drove the three dogs away. "Go on!" she says. "This is it! Don't enter my door!"

 The three o them went out. But they went away for a day's huntin, a day's huntin.

 Knowall says, "Jack."

 "What?" he says. "Can you speak?"

 "Yes," says the dog, he says, "I can speak."

 He says, "There's an auld packman an your sister," he says, "in the house. An he's been carryin on an correspondin wi your sister," he says, "for many years. An she's goin tae keep him all night. When you're comin home, when she's expectin ye home, if you do come home," she says, "she's gonnae put him - she'll lift the flagstone at the fire, and when the traps they're goin down, she's goin tae hide him there, in case ye come home. But," he says, "when ye do go home," he says, "ye'll hae plenty o rabbits and hares from us, ye see. You tell her, ye'll take doon the three fittit pot, the great big, big pot and tell her tae boil ye some o the rabbits an hares. Tell her not tae take time tae take the guts oot o them, or skin them or wash them, jist tae pit them in the pot as they are. Tell her it's for your three dogs, that they're hungry." He says, "Whenever ye get them tae boil," he says, "take off the pot an leave it on top of the flagstone. Throw

A8 (Contd)

a bit tae us dogs," he says. "When ye throw a piece o meat out to the three dogs, we'll start a fight," he says, "and Able will put his shoulder to the pot," he says, "and cowp it," an he says, "we'll burn the packman tae death."

"Very good," he says. So anyway he's knockin aboot, ah! but he couldnae carry the rabbits or hares he was gettin. He was gettin them in dozens. Every two or three minutes he was gettin big hares, mountain hares an rabbits an everything. He had a bagful. So when he come in, "Oh," he says, "we're awfa hungry, we're awfa hungry!" he says. "Doon the big pot till A get some o the rabbits on for ma dogs. They're hungry too." So she goes down an gets the pig pot and puts half o the rabbits or thereaboot in, pits in on the svey at the fire, bilet them up. "Oh that'll do," he says, "put them doon." Puts them on top o the flagstone, throws a wee bit tae the dogs. The three dogs starts tae fight. Able puts his shoulder tae the pot an it's aa broke flagstones, bits o't, an this boilin stuff went down on top o this auld packman, an he's burned tae death.

THE THREE DOGS

C8 An he comes in he kent the packman was there that day. An he kent whaur the packman wis, in aneth the cellar in front on the fire. So she's gettin at Jack - an oh! she's layin intae him an he goes across an he pulls the pot off the fire an off! pours doon ontae the floor, an it scalds the packman tae death: the packman couldnae get oot. Ye see? He's ruined.

A9 Oh she went lamentin around the house, but she couldnae say nothin ye see. But hooever him an the three dogs is away again. And now she has a baby expected an the packman was the father of it. She has this wee laddie an he's a bairn aboot twa or three year auld, an he's knockin about the garden. She gets the packman oot an she buries him in the garden, ye see. This wee boy he's diggin away in the garden an he comes in wi a splint o bone, an she says, "Where did ye get that sonny?"

"Oh," he says, "I got it in the corner o the garden Mam." An ye see, it was the splinter o the bone was two or three years maybe after the packman was buried.

"Well," she says, "son," she says, "that's surely a bit o your father's bone." But," she says, "I'll put it in your uncle's bed the night," she says, "when he comes home," she says, "he has a habit o throwin hissels on the bed," an she says, "I'll pit that through his body the night. I'll pay him back!"

So she goes with this sharp-pointed bone and she places it sittin up like a needle in the bed. Knowall says tae Jack, "Jack."

"Well," he says, "what's this now Knowall?"

He says, "The wee boy," he says, "is out in the garden today an fun a bone. Found a bone," he says, "and your sister's goin tae be revenged tae ye. She's pittin it in your bed. And fur the - be careful," he says, "for the love o Mike don't throw yoursel on the bed," he says, "when ye go home."

"Oh but," he says, "I'll mind that."

B9 So anyway, word went tae the king what he done, selt the coos, an he says, "I'll fix him." So he sent one o the guards up. Jack was oot diggin tatties in the garden. An they went an they put a sharp bone in Jack's bed. Jack had a habit when he came intae his room, when he'd been diggin tatties, he would throw hissels on the bed an he wad lie in bed all day. An one o the guards wantin tae get rid o Jack, he put sharp bone beneath the blanket, and Jack came in like that. He had his dogs tied in the shed an everything. He'd killed aa the rabbits. One dog knowed where the hares wis, the jack rabbits wis. Wouldnae get them when they went intae a dyke an it was knock the dyke owre, strong dog an that was it. The dogs were worth hundreds o dollars an Jack didnae know it.

THE THREE DOGS

C9 So she's layin intae Jack an aw! what a cairry on there was, see? an he goes tae his bed that night, an when he goes tae his bed, she drags the packman oot, the auld wife, the auld yin, an she drags him doon roon intae the gairden, an throws him doon at the fit o the gairden, buries him, ye see. An she comes back. An she kent what Jack - what Jack done every day, she kent her ain laddie fae A tae Z. She said, "I'll wait till the morn an I'll sort him, because I'm fed up wi him."

THE THREE DOGS

A10 So home he comes. Aw, he couldnae carry aa the rabbits an hares he's gettin. Anyway, he forgot, ye see, and threwed hissel down backwards on the bed. He got it right through up inside his heart, right up through him, an he was dead. She throws him away doon by a dykeside, where there was a kind a kind o moss place an soft moss, and she took a wee bit o the sand frae the mossy, watery ground and just threwed him in there an left him lyin. She chased the three dogs away after him.

 So the three dogs is sittin murnin on the top o the grave. An Knowall looks and he sees a rat and a weasel fightin. The weasel killed the rat, then the weasel went off an it's brung a wee vial, a wee bottle, an it took oot the cork an it rubbed the rate owre wi its fingers, or its paws, wi this stuff that was in the bottle. An the rat jumpit up livin again. So Knowall lookit down. He says, "Dae ye see that, Able?"

B10 So anyway, he came in lookin tired like that an throws hissel on the bed an this sharp bone went into his side and Jack's as weak as water an lost a lot o blood. The mother went out, cut the dogs, let them out and chased the dogs for their life - no more dogs!

A10 (contd)

"Yes," he says, "do you see it Knowall - er, Swift?"

"Aye," says Swift, "I seen it."

"Well," he says, "Able, you knock the dyke down," he says, "I know where the bottle is lyin," he says, "an if it goes tae run," he says, "Swift can catch it."

"Very good." Able put his shoulder to the dyke, an he's jist put the dyke all away, an the weasel run oot wi the bottle in its mooth, but Swift just catched it the first jump, catched the weasel, took the bottle out of its mouth, digs up the grave and rubs Jack all over with it. He rubs his eyes. He says, "Goodness I've been a long time asleep."

"Aye, yes," says Able, he says. "It's two or three days ye've been sleepin. Two days anyway, ye've been sleepin." An he says, "Remember on the hill when I told ye," he says, "about your sister puttin the bone in your bed?"

"Yes," he says, "I do."

C10 So Jack got up in the mornin, he gets his three dogs an he's away oot, ye see. Wi the three dugs. An he's away up this hill side an big auld dykes, an the dogs is killin everything that gets up in front o them, nothin could get away, see? An he says tae the dugs, "Here! Stop!" The dogs stoppit. Jack seen it, an he seen a wheasel an a rat fightin. Ye see? At this dyke. An he sits doon on a stane an he's watchin the wheasel an the rat fightin. An the wheasel kilt the rat, an the wheasel went intae a hole in the dyke an it come oot wi a wee bottle, like a wee castor-oil bottle, an there were a feather on the end o the cork, intae the thing, an it rubbit the rat aa owre, an here the rat was as good as ever, an run away. Ye see? An the wheasel back intae the dyke, in this hole in the dyke, wi the bottle.

"Aha," says Jack, he says. "I ken," he says, "whaur that bottle is," he says. Ye see? He says, "I'll hunt ma wey roon this thing," he says, "an come back doon an get ma tea, an come back up, round again in the efternoon an I'll go an get that bottle." Ye see? So Jack come on roon, comes doon an the first thing he done efter he got his wee bit o supper, tea, was he went in an thrown hissels on top o the bed. Well, it wasnae flock beds or onything in them days, or hair mattresses. There was nane. But I suppose it was a straw bed they had, or breckans, in the corner. But he didnae ken that she went an got a-a-a- bone an she poisoned the bone, the point o the bone, shairp bone, an she laid it in the bed, so's it would jag him, go intae him. Ken what I mean?

So Jack comes in an he gets his tea, an he gies a yawn an he goes owre tae the corner an throws hissels on the bed, an the bone goes into his back. Poor Jack's out - dead as a herrin! See? So she goes an gets her stick an spits on the stick an she gets at the three dogs an she lays intae them an she's chasin them roon aa the corners o the hoose, an she's batterin them an she kicked them an she chased them down the road an told them to be off an never to come back. Ye see? An the poor dogs, they run, an they got away doon the road. An they hung about lookin back at the hoose, up the brae, lookin doon on the hoose, an the three dogs. So Jack's lyin there an she gets Jack. The next day she gets Jack an she drags him oot, an she pulls him away doon the side o the fence, away doon the bankin, right doon [indistinct word] place, an rowls him intae the ditch, ye see.

"Ye can lie there," she says. "Naebody'll fin ye." Ye see? So she came back up.

"Now," says Able, "come on wi me," he says to the ither two dogs. An they goes back to where the wheasel was an Able Kn- Able knockit the dyke doon an the three dogs got the bottle an they cairried the bottle in their mooth doon tae whaur Jack was, an they got the bottle an they got the thingmy oot o the - the cork oot o the bottle, an they rubbit some o the stuff aa owre Jack, an Jack comes tae life [clap] just like that! Ye see?

An when he seen what they done an they got the bottle, "Aw!" he says, "ye're ma darlin dugs," he says, "yese is good." See?

All So he says, "Ah well," he says, "we'll have to go," he says, "and not go back, but go on and push wur own fortune." So they're away. Oh travellin on, night after night, day after day. A good-lookin fellow, this handsome young man. But they travelled on till they came to two or three big houses an Jack got a job in some big mansion, he got a job. But here this girl o the big house, she fell in love wi Jack, ye see? So anyway, when they fell in love, he's more interested in the girl he's goin wi now, an he's clean forgettin about his dogs. They're aa here an there, an they're shootin an they're away fishin, aa these dogs is forgotten.

"Well," says Knowall, he says, "I think," he says, "by the looks o things, we're not wanted now," he says. "Able," he says, "I think we'll go an push for our ain fortune. But they're away two or three days, three days or four days. All of a sudden Jack one night remembers on his dogs.

"Oh by the way," he says, "I haven't seen my dogs this day or two. Where did they go?"

"Well," says the girl, "I haven't seen them either."

B11 Jack came roon steadily and in two or three weeks he went out to look for his dogs. An no dogs left. They were gone. So he comes in and says, "Mother, where's ma dogs?"

"I don't know son," she says. "The king came up," she says, an she says, "the [blank] was oot o here an they tried to do away wi you," an she says, "the dogs is gone."

THE THREE DOGS

C11 So Jack came back an he's workin away wi his dogs, ken, but oh boy! she got him lyin doon an she took the dogs an she took them miles. An she laid into them an battered them tae they were meek as anything, ken? An they has tae clear oot fae her - she was a pure madwoman!

So when she comes back and in the mornin Jack went to look for - feed his dogs, an his dogs is away!

He says, "Did you see my dogs?"

She says, "Yah - I chased them for their lives," she says. "They'll no come back efter whit I gien them," sort o thing. Jack waitit till the next day. No dogs! He waitit till the next day. No dogs!

A12 "Well," he says, "I must go an look for my dogs." He's away but he could get no hide nor hair o them, no - didn't know what tae do. But he says, "I'm goin tae get these dogs anyway," he says, "tae see if I can find them."

On he goes and he comes tae a wee house at the roadside. He knocks at the door. "Here," he says, "my good old man, did ye see or hear anything of three dogs?" he says.

B12 "Well," he says, "mother," he says, "bake me a bonnock an fry me a collop," (that was the scones in them days) an he says, "I'm goin tae search for ma dogs."

She says, "Laddie," she says, "ye'll never get your dogs," she says, "they've been away for a week."

He says, "I'm goin tae look for ma dogs."

So he got a bundle in the hankie an he's a stick on his shoulder an he's away oot the door an he's lookin for his dogs. So he goes on an goes on an goes on, till he comes tae a hoose, an auld hoose at the side o the road. So he went in an he banged on the door like this. He must have walked over fifty or sixty miles owre mountains an hills an dales, an he came tae this wee hoose an the chinney was reekin, ye know. He knocked at the door. The only house he'd seen for weeks. So it was an old woman come. She must ha been a hunder years old. An she looks at him. She says, "Jack," she says, "ye must be tired."

He says, "How do you know my name?"

She says, "I've been waitin on ye son. Come in an get some'hin tae eat."

An he goes an sits at the table an she gies him supper, scones an jam, porridge an milk, whatever he wanted. An he was tired. She says, "Ye're lookin fur - ye've come in search o your dogs."

He says, "Yes, I did."

C12 "Ach," he says, "I'll have to go an search for my dogs." So he spits on his stick an he walks on an on an on an on an on an on, owre sheep's parks, bullock's parks an aa the parks o Yarrow, an owre wuds an thro fields an owre burns an up banks, ken, till he come tae this wee hoose. An he sees an auld wumman standing at the door.

"Excuse me, auld wumman," he says. "Ye wouldnae happen," he says, "tae have seen," he - she - he says, "a dog passin, or three dogs," he says, "or wan or two," he says, "a dog o any kind? Did ye see ony o them passin?"

A13 "A yes," says the auld man, "I tried to entice them," he says, "over tae me to have a bite, but they wouldn't come near me." He says, "They're goin - they seemed to be very weary, sore," he says, "their feet were very sore." An he says, "There one a bit behind the others," he says, "and it seemed very forlorn and tired. An," he says, "it went right down tae yon little rash bush over there," he says, "an it's vomited up its hairt's bluid."

"Oh dear me," says Jack, "that's terrible." Down he goes tae the rash bush, he spreads his handkerchief out and he lifts up the dog's hairt's bluid, pits it in his pocket.

B13 "Well," she says, "they passed this way," she said, "aboot three days ago. An they were awfy forlorn lookin, sick looking." An she says, "One o them went out," she says, "an there's a well down there an it vomited its stomach up an it vomited up its hearts liver an lungs at that well." An she says, "an it died."

So Jack was nearly greetin for his dog. But she says, "It's dark now, ye cannae go down an look now," she says, "where the dog's dead." She says, "Wait till tomorrow morning daylight an go down an take the heart, liver and lungs an put them in your hankie," she says, "an put them in your pocket."

So anyway in the mornin they got up an Jack took his breakfast an he's run doon to where the well war, where the weeds was, this well, an there was the dog - dead an the flies was on it an everything. But he looked at the side o the well an there was the hearts, livers an lungs lyin. He taked the hankie oot o his pocket an rolls them in the hankie an pits them in his pocket.

C13 "Oh aye," she says, "there was three dogs passed here," she says, "a few days ago. An there was yin o them," she says, "looked affa sickly an forlorn lookin," she says. An she says, "I tried tae throw them somethin tae eat," she says, "but they wouldnae look at it," she says. "They were jist trampin on wi their heids hanging amongst their feet." An she says, "That yin that wis the worst, that was aye trailin ahint," she says, "went doon at the back o that bush doon there," she says, "an it spewed up its hairts livers an lungs." But she said, "If you go doon," she says, "an see for yoursel," she says, "[indistinct phrase]"

So Jack went doon tae the back o the bush an seen what his dog had spewed up there, he took his hankie oot spread it on the grun an pit the contents o what his dog had spewed up intae that hankie, its hairts livers an lungs, an rowed it up an pit it in his pocket.

A14 He's on again. "I don't know," he says, "the way they went," he says, "where I'll find them, dear knows."

He travelled on for a long long way, night after night, till he came tae another shepherd's house. He says, "Here now," he says, "did ye see three dogs, or did you hear any barking or any sign," he says, "that might be dogs?"

"He yes," he says, "lad," he says, "the other evening there three dogs passed here," he says, "but I don't think," he says, "they'd be able tae bark, for they were very tired and forlorn looking." An he says, "there were wan a good bit behind the other," an he says, "that could hardly walk. An it went down," he says, "tae that little fern down there," he says, "an vomited up its hairt's bluid."

"Oh dear me," he says, "that's terrible. Thank you." An he liftit the dog's hairt's bluid an pit it in his pocket.

B14 Now this old woman says tae him, she says, "Ye're gaun on, an ye've got about a hundred miles tae go," an she says, "ye'll put on this two pair o shoes," an she says, "every step ye make," she says, "ye'll cover five mile," she says, "wi these magic shoes." An she says, "Ye'll go tae ma sister's. Now," she says, "that dogs will be by that place," she says, "ye'll never catch them. They're by ma sister's. But," she says, "she'll gie ye all the information ye want."

So he bid the old lady goodbye an he says, "Thank you ma'am," an he pits the shoes on, an every step he made he was covering five miles till he got to the old woman's place. An if one woman was a hunder years auld, she was terrible lookin, the other was about a hunner and fifty. An her teeth - she'd two teeth - they were growin intae her face like that, just like a wolf, like a were wolf.

Jack knocked on the door. "In ye come," she says, "an get somethin tae eat," she says.

"Oh, just tell me aboot ma dogs, granny," he says, "I want tae find ma dogs."

"Get something tae eat," she says, "it's dark," she says, "an I'll tell ye aboot the dogs," she says. "One o them went doon," she says, "there was two o them - one o them went doon," she says, "to a spring well doon there," she says, "an afore it died, it spewed up its hearts, livers and lungs," an she says, "ye'll take them an put them in your pocket."

So Jack could hardly wait; he couldn't sleep that night for thinkin aboot his dogs dyin, that dogs was dyin, an keepin the hearts, livers and lungs.

So anyway he went doon an got the hearts livers an lungs an put them in a hanky an pit them in his pocket an he bid the old woman farewell. See?

C14 So he come on an on an on an on an on, till he come tae anither hoose. This was anither auld woman. She says, "Yes," she says, "I did see two dogs," she says, "passin the other day," she says, "see-in ye mention it," she says. "An they were awfu tired lookin," she says. "I was wonderin tae masel," she says, "where - where they were goin, an where they were comin fae." An she says, "One o them went doon," she says, "there at the side o the road," she says, "by that bush, an it spewed its hairts livers an lungs up."

 So Jack went doon an he seen the hairts livers an lungs at the back o the bush. So he took the hankie an pit it in the hankie an made a division wi a knot, ken - keepin them separate an pit it in his pocket. It wisnae a hankie, it was a big muffler.

A15 Well he's on again till he come tae anither kind o cottage, an he calls in there. "Did any of the children," he says, "or any-one see three dogs pass this way?"

"Yes," says a lump o a boy, he says, "I did see three dogs," says he. "But they're very, very tired and done-lookin," he says, "sick-lookin, very sore-lookin. They could hardly walk." He says, "Wan o them was behind the other," he says, "an they went down over there," he says, "at the back o that heap o grass an it vomited."

"O thank you," he says, "that's very kind o you tae tell me." An he goes an he lifts the last dog's hairts bluid in his hankie.

B15 Now the old woman says, "Ye'll go tae ma ither sister's aboot a hunder miles fae here. Here's a walkin stick. An every time ye make a step," she says, " - aboot two hunder miles -" she says, "ye'll cover aboot ten miles every - wi the walkin stick."

So the same thing happened again and the dogs didnae die at aa. I'm gaun through ma story. The dogs was still gaun on, but they spewed up their hearts livers and lungs. So he come tae the last house an this woman was about two hunder years aul. An next mornin she told him the same story, tae "Go tae the well, an ye'll get your three dogs down there." That was it! She says, "There's was one o them," she says, "vomiting its hearts livers and lungs up right now. If you go down," she says, "ye'll get them."

So he runs out an down tae the well. There's the dogs lyin sick. An he took the hearts livers and lungs an put them in his pocket.

C15 So he says, "Ma dugs is ruined," he says, "I don't know what tae dae." So he's walkin on an walkin on an walkin on, an lay oot aa night, an he was soakin wet, an he was walkin an walkin an walkin, till he come tae another hoose, another wee low hoose in a kin o a wud.

 This was an auld man. He gaed up an chapped at the door an this was an auld man came oot tae him. "Well," says the auld man," he says, "I seen a dog," he says, "settlin doon there," he says, "an it lay for oors. An what? A couple o oors," he says. "But," he says, "I seen blood an stuff lyin," he says "at the time. I didnae know what it was aa aboot."

 So Jack went doon an looked an here's the ither dog's hearts livers and lungs.

A16 So anyway he walkit on till he come to a kind o a big cottage.
 "Oh," he says, "there's an old lady here," he says. "They call
her the Witch of Endor. A wild-lookin auld wumman," he says, "an they
follaed her. She says in a cave," he says, "away at the roughest part
o the sea, above the sea. That's where she stays," he says, "an I've
seen the dogs follaein her. So you'll have to go there to get your
three dogs."

 The boy walkit on till he came tae the cave an he lookit in an
he says, "Good mornin ma auld woman."

 An she lookit roond and she says, "The devil take away your
learnin ma boy," she says. "It's a good job," she says, "ye got the
first word of me. If I'd a ha'en the first word," she says, "you'd ha
been torn tae pieces."

 But he says, "Where," he says, "where is my three dogs?"

C16 So he went back up an he telt this auld man the story..He says, "Ah well," the auld man says, "if that's the case," he says, "your dogs will no go for yon bit (?)" he says, "that's doon," he says, "at the Witch's Rock," he says, "doon near the seashore," he says. "Ye've a good long road," he says, "tae go." An he says, "Whatever she has," he says, "it'll take a lot - she'll take a lot o gettin back fae her," he says. But he says, "I've had a lot o contraiversy an arguments wi her," he says. "But I'll tell ye whit," he says, "take that sword wi ye." An he gien Jack a sword. He says, "When ye got tae her place," he says, he says, "she'll come at ye," he says, "in a shape o a beast or onything at aa," he says. "She can turn hersel intae any-thing," he says. "An she's got your three dogs," he says, an he says, "she'll take a -" he says. "Ye'll need tae be far, far better than her, before she'll pairt wi them."

So Jack thanks the auld man very much an he takes this sword, ties it roon his waist, ye see. The auld man - kin o gies him direc-tions but he says, "Where it is I don't know but ye cannae go wrang," he says, "if ye keep follaein due that way, towards the - the be - shore."

Jack walks on, on an on an on an on an on, till he comes doon this long path an he looks an he sees this great big cave an a thing like a turret on each side o the cave. An there's a lion on that side and a lion on this side, chained. But he goes on, on up, an he draws his sword. An oh! the sword seemed to be powerful, it was daein it itsel, ye know. He cut the heids off the two lions, an then this witch come oot. An the auld man telt him, he says, "When ye go there, she'll come at ye," he says, "in the shape o a beast," he says, "or it could be a l- a serve aa ready(?). But if she comes in her own shape," he says, "grab her by the left breist, wi yer han'," he says. "That's the only place," he says, "that ye'll be able tae hold her."

So Jack comes in an here she comes at him like a mad skirlin witch, wi her hair fleein ahint her. But Jack just grabs her by the left breist an he hings on. But the sword widnae work, but he hangs on wi his le - his hand, ontae her breist. But the sword didnae seem tae be workin, or lost its power, ken.

She says, "Let me go, let me go."

Jack says, "I'll let ye go when ye give me ma three dogs. If ye don't," he says, "I'm goin tae split ye in two wi this sword." But the sword didnae seem tae be workin right, ken. But he held on tae her, an held on tae her, an held on tae her.

But she said, "Let me go an I'll give ye your three dogs."

He says, "Ye'll have tae take a sw- oath on that." Ye see" "Well," he says, "you swear tae me," he says, "by all the powers in the Universe," he says, "that you'll give me ma dogs."

She says, "I swear," she says, "by all the powers in the Universe," she says, "I'll give your dogs back if ye'll let me go." So he let her go - an she vanishes like that! Ken?

A17 They were lyin in the corner. "Here we are master. But we can't come, we've no hearts bluid.

He says, "There's your hearts bluid." Every one o them knows their own. So he took out his handkerchief and spread it out on the floor, an each lifted their own heart's bluid.

"Now," says this lady, she says, "that's wir enchantment broken," she says. He lookit round and there was three young boys, three young men. The three dogs is three lovely young men. He says, "That's my three brothers, an this is my foster-mother." That's the old witch an she's changed an aa, ye see. An that's the finish o ma story.

B17 An the dog looked up at him an says, "Jack," he says, "ye were a long time a-coming." So the dog says, "I couldnae help it."

He says, "Can ye speak?" he says to the dog.

The dog says, "Yes." The others were seek, couldn't talk.

"Take this - go up," he says, "tae the hoose an get a hatchet an cut wir heads off."

"Naw, naw," says Jack. "I wouldn't do that ma dogs. I'm gonnae nurse ye an bring yese back tae life," he says. "I couldn't do that."

He says, "Go up!" he says, "an get the hatchet!" the dog says. "An cut wir three heads off."

Jack got up an the wumman says, "Yes." Told the old woman. The old wumman says, "Yes, Jack, ye've got tae cut the heads off your dogs."

He says, "What would I do that for?"

"Ye've got tae do it!" she says. "Go down an do that. Cut their heads off."

So he went down an he closed his eyes an cut the heads off the three dogs. An he opened his eyes like that an that was his three brothers that were lost; they were enchanted. An the three dogs was his three brothers, missin aboot twenty or thirty years ago, an Jack an the three brothers united the four o them, an back tae the mother, an she had lots on workers, an that's the end o ma story.

THE THREE DOGS

C17 Ah here the three dogs came walkin oot, ye see? So when the three dogs came walkin oot, Jack's walkin back the road wi them. Yin o the dogs stops. He says, "Jack." An Jack says, "Whit?" He says, "Ye've got something belanging tae us." An he says, "We'd feel better if we had them."

"What's that?" says Jack.

He says, "Wur hairts livers an lungs."

"Well," Jack says, "I've got them mixed up noo," he says. He says, "Yours is in that corner, the ither one's in the middle an the ither yin's in that corner."

He says, "Jist pit yer muffler doon," he says. "We'll pick oor ain."

So he left them doon an they lapped up them, hairts livers an lungs, ken. An when they lapped them up, he says tae Jack, "Take your - that sword ye have there an cut wur heids aff."

Jack says, "Naw - a, naw, naw!" he says. "I couldnae dae that," he says. "We're gaun back tae ma mither's hoose," he says, "an I'm pittin thon auld bitch oot," he says, "an we're gonnae stay there wursels."

He says, "You cut wir heids aff," he says, "or we cannae go ony further."

But oh! they argues an argues an argues. So at the finish up, Jack cuts the three dugs heids aff. In fact there was two dogs an a bitch. I should ha mentioned that before but I didn't. He cut their heids off, an this was two princes an a princess. An they belonged to all the country roon aboot, for they had been at this king's castle. So Jack - they took Jack back an they went up an it was the long-lost family o this king. Ken what I mean? Been token away when they were young. An Jack married the princess an they all lived happily ever after.

Sheila: And where did you get that story John?

John: That's aboot the right - that's about the right wey o it as I mind o it, ken.

Sheila: Was it your father?

John: Aye, it was ma father.

Sheila: Your father.

John: That's the wey me an Alec an aa heard it.

I.2 FRIDAY, SATURDAY

A Willie MacPhee

A1 This man wes out walkin this day, och, way up the road, shootin or daein somethin, ye see, so he wes lamentin aboot this no haein nae faimly, ye see, grummlin like blazes about it, so he's wann-erin away an he looks at the road an he sees an aul wummin. "Oh," he says, "what're ye doin, sittin there, Granny?"

"Aw," she says, "son," she says, "A'm jist sittin restin."

"Aw dear me! Whit ye daein onyway?" he says.

"Well," she says, "A'm gaitherin a puckle sticks in this wuid here."

He says, "Whaur are they?"

She says, "Owre there, bit A cannae git them off that bank, ye see."

"Och," he says, "A'll take them aff the bank fir ye."

He went owre, an he liftit this wee puckle sticks off the tap o the bank, ye see.

"Man," says she, "ye're a strong, powerful man."

B Willie MacPhee

B1 Well, this is a story about a lady and a gentleman who lived in a big castle and had no family. And as time went by they begin tae get a bit worried because they had nobody tae leave their estate tae, and nobody tae leave it, nae heir or nothin, nobody but theirsels, just the two, and they had no relatives o no kind, but their two sel-ves. So the old laird was gettin very, very worried. Well, he wasnae an old laird, he was a middle-aged man, also his wife. An he was wannerin doon thro' the gairden this day an he's very depressed and suddenly oot frae below a bush comes this wee man, a wee fairy.

A2 "Och," he says, "A'm a strong, powerful man right enough, in a way, bit no in anither way."

"Whit wey?" she says.

"Well," says he, "we live in that wee hoose doon their, ye see, an we've no faimly or no nothin fir to leave ma business ahin me."

"Oh dear me!" she says, "that's bad. Bit whit wey, what's wrang wi ye? Are ye no healthy or somethin?"

"Oh," says he, "A'm healthy enough. There's somethin wrang some place," he says, "ma wife cannae make any."

"God bless me!" she says. "Well," says she, "A'll tell ye whit to dae. And," she says, "ye'll hae a faimly."

"What'll a dae?" he says.

Says she, "Thir a big well at the bottom o yir gairden."

"Aye," he said.

She says, "Gae doon their, an ye'll see floatin in that well, ye see, swimmin, a troot," she says. A troot, that's a fish, ye see. An she says, "Ye'll tak that fish out, ye see, an ye'll gie it to the cook to fry. Tell the cook, fir the peril o her life, no to take ony o this fish, ye see, no eat ony o it."

"Aw," he says, "A'll dae that."

B2 He says, "Ye're very depressed, sir,"

He says, "Aw," says the man, "I am very depressed," he says.

The wee fairy says, "What's up wi ye?"

The old gentleman - the gentleman says, "Well," he says, "we've no faimly," he says, and he says, "when I die," he says, "I've nobody tae leave the estate tae," he says, "or nothin," he says. An he says, "I don't know what tae dae."

"Oh," the fairy says, "I think," he says, "we could sort that oot," he says, "sir," he says.

"Well," the gentleman says, "if you could sort that out I'd be more than obliged tae ye."

"Well," the wee fairy says, "go down tae the bottom o your gairden, there," he says, "and ye have a well down there."

"Aye," the gentleman says, "a well."

"Well," he says, "you look in that well," he says, "and ye'll get a trout, about half a pound weight," he says, "a brown trout about half a pound weight. Get that trout," he says, "take it out," he says, "and take it up tae your cook," he says, "and tell the cook for tae cook it an give it tae your lady," he says, "and for the peril of your life," he says, "don't let no other body eat this trout, but the lady."

"Oh," the gentleman says, "I'll see tae it," he says, "that nobody'll touch the trout," he says, "'ceptin herself."

"Very good," the wee fairy says, "on ye go."

A3 Down he goes, back tae his hoose, he wis as proud as Punch, back he goes, down to the well, looks in the well an he sees this troot, lovely, swimmin about. So he said, ..."A doot A'd hae to eat a bit o that fish masel, bit A wis tellt no to take it noo, to gie it to ma lady." Taks the fish oot onyway, guddles it, see, taks it oot, taks it back to the hoose.

"Now," he says to the cook, "there's a fish," he says, "an ye're to make it ready for the lady. Fir the peril o yir life," he says, "don't touch one inch of it, don't take it at aa, jist fry it, don't touch it."

"Aa right," the cook says, "A'll dae that."

B3 So the gentleman went down tae the bottom o the gairden, down to the well, an there was this troot in the well. So he took the troot up, took it out, kilt it an took it up tae the cook.

"Now," he said tae the cook, "there's a troot," he says, an he says, "cook it or fry it or dae anything ye want wi it," he says, "but cook it," he says. "It's for the lady o the house," he says, "and I don't want," he says, "no one little bit o't," he says, "tae enter nobody's mouth but her mouth."

"Oh," the cook says, "sir," she says, "that'll be seen to right away." She says, "Nobody'll take none o this trout but the lady herself."

"Right," the laird says.

A4 So the cook takes that beast in, she cleans it, guts it, salts it, an she fried it, lovely an broon, it wis, aw, it wis that tasty-lookin that she couldnae resist it.

"Ach," she says, "she'll niver miss a wee bit." So she broke a wee bit o the tail aff, and she pit it in her mooth, ye see, an she gien the rest o the fish to the lady. So the lady ate this fish. Bit when the lady ate this fish everything went on lovely, aw, jist as things should gaun on, fir a long time.

Bit by the wey, the cook began to swell up a bit, ye see, she began to turn kinna fat in a wey. So did the lady. Bit as time gaed on, och, it come on an on, in nine month's time, ye see, here, bejaibers, the cook fell no-weill, ye see, an she gave birth to a lovely young son. Well, that wes on a Friday.

Bit, on the Setturday mornin, the lady had a son, see, an they cried him Setterday; Friday and Saturday. Well, that wis two different mithers, ye see, two brithers wi this fish!

B4 The cook took this troot an she gutted up, salted it and fried it aw lovely and brown! An it was that nice-lookin an that tasty-lookin. Says she, "I wonder, if I take a wee bit o that, would it be missed?" She says, "I'll break a wee bit aff this tail," she says, "an it'll no be missed anyway." So she broke a wee bit off the tail, just a wee, tiny, fraction bit off the tail and she put it intae her mouth, an she ate it. An she said, "Aw that's lovely!"

But she took the troot an she put it on a breakfast tray an she took it up tae the lady. She says, "There's a trout," she says, "ma'am, and there's your breakfast."

"Oh," she said, "thanks very much," she says tae the cook.

But anyway time drew by, but to the odds o ninth months time, this cook - she was very fat an plump - an she gave birth tae this baby boy. Now then, it was on a Friday she gave birth tae this baby boy. But on the Saturday mornin, the lady o the house also gave birth tae a baby boy. So everything was in a turmoil an they didnae know really what was wrong.

An when they christened the two weans, the one that born on a Friday, he was called Friday. The one that was born on the Saturday tae the laird and his wife, he was called Saturday.

A5 So, as time went on, these fellies grewed up, ah, two big strong, strappin men, an chieftains. So this yin cried Friday, aw, he wes the biggest o the two, ye see, big strappin man.

"Aye," he says, "A think A've wastit ma time lang eneuch aboot this auld castle. A think I'll gaun away," he says, "an push ma fortune." (Says to his mither, ye see, this cook.)

"Oh well," she says, "son, away ye go," she says, "an may good luck go wi ye.

B5 But anyway, time drew by and these two boys grew up together, an they were just like two peas in a pod. Ye wouldnae know one from the other, and the laird just called them the two brothers. They were brought up together, they were reared together, schooled together and they were just like two brothers. But Friday was a day older.

So this day, Friday got up this mornin, this early mornin, an he says, "Well," he says, "I think," he says, "father," he says, "I think I'll go away," he says, "an see what I can see round the world," he says, "an see if I can get onythin tae do," he says, "see if I can get a job or somethin," he says, "because," he says, "I'm gettin very sore browned off sittin here every day."

"Oh, well," the old laird says, "please yersel, son, please yersel." He says, "The estate's here tae ye," he says, "you an your brother," he says, "A may as well caa ye brothers," he says, "the two o yese come the same way," he says. An he says, "Whenever ye like tae come back," he says, "ye can come back," an he says, "ye're free tae go any time ye want."

"Well," he says, "I'll go away tomorrow," he says.

A6 So away he goes on his journey, aw, away on an on an on, on his horse, away miles an miles an hundreds of miles on this road, ye see. An, come nicht, he felt aafu tired an weary. He says, "I wisht I had some place to lie doon an sleep," he says, "I'm gittin very fed-up, tired." So he jumps on his horse an he traivels along, holdin the horse by the heid. So he sees a wee licht afore him on the road, says, "That's a wee hoose or somethin," he said, "so A'll jist mak ma wey over there." When he comes this is a wee ludge, side of the road, a ludge belonging to a big hoose, ye see, a big estate. So he raps at the door, an he raps at the door. The door's a good while of gittin answert.

[A wife says, "Aw, it's you come at last, Friday." Says, "Somebody kens me here."]

"Aw," she says, "Friday, A've been waitin on ye, this long, long time. Ye're a lang time of comin."

"Oh," he says, "A'm sorry," he says, "if I came late, bit how dae ye ken my name?"

"Haw," she says, "fine A ken yer name, Friday. Bit niver mind," she says, "come on, ye're tired."

B6 So, the next mornin, he got up very early, got his horse, an he got his huntin hound wi him an he got his hawk, an away he set sail, away God knows where, far up north. But anyway, he run for three or four weeks, away as far as he could go, an this night it got very dark an dull on him, an the rain was pourin down. He says, "I wonder," he says, "what I'm gonnae do tonight," he says, "I don't know where I'm gonnae go," he says. "I'll look for ludgins somewhere," he says, "but" he says, "I don't know where."

He's comin trudgin along the road in the dark an he sees this wee light. He says, "Here's a wee house," he says, "I'll go in here," he says, "an I'll ask for some place tae stay for the night."

So in he goes, tied his horse at the door, an he goes an he chapt at the door. Door opens, an this oul wumman comes tae the door. "Oh," she says, "ye're there Friday!"

"Oh," he says, "that's right," he says, "I am Friday. How do you know my name?"

"Oh," she says, "I know your name," she says, "son, very well." She says, "Come away in." She says, "Ye're very wet an tired."

"Oh," he says, "I'm wet an tired," he says.

"Well," she says, "come away in, an we'll see what we can dae."

"Oh," but he says, "wait a minute, what about ma horse?"

"Oh," she says, "we'll just take it round the back, an ye'll see a wee shed roon the back. Put your horse in there an your dog in there, an your hawk in there," she says, "an they'll be alright in there for mornin."

So he went right roon the back an he pit his horse, his hound and his hawk in this wee shed, an gien them food tae keep them goin, an he come back round and went intae the house aside this aul wumman. Oh, she fed him well an gien him a good bed.

A7 So she took him awa intae the hoose, an she set him doon in front of the fire, gied him a bit meal of brose, a bit braxy, an then she says, "How's ivrything gaun, back at the castle?"

"Aw," he says, "ivrything's goin on aa richt," he says, "when A left the rest of the folk."

She says, "Whit are ye daein awa up here?"

"Well," he says, "an A jist went to push ma fortune," he says, "to see if A can get a better livin?" Says, "A'm purely browned-off," he says, "fed-up."

"Well," she said, "ye go up to the Castle up there," she said, "ye'll maybe get a job up there. Because," she said, "they're short of a man up there. Ye'll maybe git a good job up there."

"Well," he says, "A'll go up anyway."

B7 In the mornin, he got up. She says, "What are ye doin," she says, "away up this way?"

"Oh," he says, "I'm jist up this way, lookin for a job," he says, "lookin for work," he says.

"Oh I see," she says. "Well," she says, "this is the gate house o the big estate up there," she says. "An up at the estate," she says, "they're lookin for a man tae look after horses. Can ye look efter horses?"

"Oh aye," Friday says. "I can look efter horses," he says. "I was brought up wi horses aa the days o my life."

"Oh well," she says, "there's your job up there," she says. "Son," she says, "go up there an ye'll get that job."

A8 So he had a good night's sleep, washed hissel in the morn, freshes up a bit, an up he goes to the Castle. So he goes up to the Castle an he raps at the door. Gentleman comes out.

"Well," he says, "what can I do for you?"

"Oh well," he says, "A doanno, sir, A'm lookin fir a bit of work," he says, "left home," he says, "an jist lookin for work."

"Oh," he says, "jist come away in. A'll see if A can fix ye a job. Are ye hungry?"

"Na," he says, "A'm not hungry. A'm eftir ma breakfast, jist doon the road there."

"Oh, A see. Well, jist wait there a minute," he says.

He gaes away roon the back, an calls anither aul man, wes lookin eftir the stables, ye see.

He says, "Here's a new boy fir ye," he says. He says, "He'll be a bit smarter than you, climbing up," he says, "aboot the place. An," he says, "take him in custody an see whit ye can dae wi him."

Said the aul man, "A'll dae that."

The aul man takes the fellie round an says, "What's yer name?"

He said, "They cry me Friday."

"Oh aye, that's aa richt. Come on away in," he said, "an A'll show ye whit to dae."

So he took him away roun the back, an showed him whit he had to dae, clean the stables, an sort the horses, an feed the horses, an aa this cairry-on, ye see.

B8 So, up Friday goes, on his horse, on the back o't, all his gear wi him, his dog an his hawk wi him. Up he goes tae the big house, rings the bell. Out comes this man. "What do you want?" he says.

"Well," he says, "I hear," he says, "that ye've a vacancy," he says, "for a man that looks efter horses."

"Oh yes," he says, "we have," he says, "but just a minute an I'll go in an see the lady." He's away aboot five minutes an he comes back, an this young lady wi him, young wumman.

She said, "Can ye look after horses?"

He says, "I could look efter horses aa the days o ma life," he says, "I've been daein so."

"Oh well," she says, "you're the man we want." She says tae the butler, "Take him round an show him the stables," she says, "an show him where tae put his horse an everything, an what tae do."

So away he went round tae the stables. An he was there for a good long while. He lived up abeen the stables, an all his work was doon ablow him.

A9 So anyway, to cut a lang story short, Friday wes there, aw, he must ha been there echt or nine months, ye see, so Friday wannert aboot here an there, an away roun the back of the Castle he could hear singing, he see.

Says, "That's a good voice, whoever's singing it up. Tak a look an see," he said.

He wes away doun the side, it's comin frae the back o a hedge, ye see. He's peepin owre this hedge to see wha wes singin, he climbed up owre faur an he fell oot owre the hedge, an this wes a young lassie, ye see, a young maid, an this wes the dochter of the big hoose, ye see.

"Oh," he says, "A'm very sorry," he says, "Ma'am. Have I disturbed ye?"

"Oh, it's quite aa-richt," she said. "Ye didnae disturb me, bit ye gied me a wee bit of a fright. Whit are ye doin?"

"Oh," he says, "A'm workin," he says.

"Are ye working here?" she says.

"Oh aye," he says, "A'm workin here."

"Oh," she says, "you're the first A've seen fir a long time," she says. She says, "whit are ye doin?"

He tellt her whit he wes doin, sortin horses an aa that.

Well, anyway, to cut a lang story short, Friday seen this lassie a few time back an forrit, ye see, so they began to git great mates wi one another, an ye ken how it is, as time grew by they got better an better friends.

B9 So he was there for a good long while. An every day this young wumman, this young lady wad come down, an she would admire this man - so he was a good-lookin man an he done his work well, an every-thing he done was first class, an nothin wrong aboot him. But finally, as time went by he was a good while there, he was aboot nine month there, as time went by, she began to get very fond o this man, an there was nobody there in the hoose but hersel. She was gettin very, very fond of Friday, and Friday an her finally spliced up, an the two o them's walkin oot together.

A9 (Contd)

But anyway, to cut a lang story short, the aul man dee'd, ye see, in the Castle, an there wir nobody to look efter this castle, so it was eftir that the lady dee'd, there wir nothin left bit the young lady, hersel, ye see. So Friday says, "This is terrible," he said, "A doanno how we're goin to git on in this castle, the Boss bein deid, ye see, so the auld man's gittin that dotty, he'll no take nae biddin frae naebody."

He's in crackin that nicht wi the aul man, when this lady comes in, quite a nice-lookin young wummin. She says, "Friday," says she, "A'm gonnae ask ye a question."

"Well," says he, "whit is it."

"She says, "Thir's nobody here," says she, "an I have no friends in the world, not a friend left in the world, bit maself. An," she said, "this gret house," says she, "an thir's nobody to look efter't", she said, "an you're the only friend A know," she said. "How about marryin me?"

"Oh ma'am," he said, "that wad niver do. You don't know me," says he, "I might be a bad doer, I might be a good doer. You niver know what I have done."

"A'll take all that for grantit," says she. "If you marry me," says she, "A'll guarantee ye'll be the richest man in the country."

"Well," he says, "it's O.K. wi me. It winnae worry me wan bit," he says.

A10 So anyway, him an this leddy got married, ye see, so there wir a great celebration, a gret dancin the wey it's in aa thae hooses when folk git marriet - pipers playin, fiddlers playin, wemen dancin, jokes an aa the rest o it, ye see. Well, anyway, it cam on ti be their bedtime, ye see, so up gaes this lady to her bed, right up on the tap, ye see, in that gret big room. So, opent the door an in they comes. He was comin in last. He wes in the room first, when the first thing sprung oot frae ablow the bed wes this big hare, big broon hare.

"Oh," he says, "thair a hare. A wonder whaur that cam frae." He says, "A must git that hare."

"Aw," says she, "come back, niver mind that hare."

He says, "A'll git that hare if it's the last thing A dae on earth."

B10 But as time went by, to make a long story short, or a short story long, Friday an this young lady got married. Now, they had a great big celebration, oh a great dance, a great celebration, an everything, an efter the celebration was finished, they went up tae go tae their bed.

Now, up the stairs they went tae this room, an him bein a gentleman, he went intae the bathroom, till she got intae her bed. But when he came back in from the bathroom, she was in bed, but out frae below her bed, this broon hare come oot, big broon hare.

"Oh," he says, "there's a broon hare!" He says, "Where did that come fae?" He says, "I'll need tae get this broon hare."

"Oh," she says, "don't go near it!" She says, "Forget about that!" she says. "It must have got in through the windae."

"I'm gonnae get this broon hare," he says. Out after this brown hare, doon the stair, an this broon hare is goin roon about him in circles, but he could nae get a grip o't. It's runnin away an it's comin back again, an it's runnin away an it's comin back again. He says, "I'll get ye!"

All He's down the stair after this hare, an the hare's doon an jookin aboot, he's after this hare in the moonlicht, intae the stable, an he got his horse, an he got a hound, ye see, aa the men had hounds, huntin-hounds. He got his hound out o the kennel, an he got a hawk, ye see. So this hare hadnae gane away faur aff him, bit aye keepin roon about him, ye see. He pits the hound eftir the hare, bit the hound couldnae blaw wind on the hare. This hare's limp in away to the wuds an owre, ye ken. He's callin his dug an he's hauf-way down, he's followed this hare, he's oot an he's eftir this hare an he's eftir this hare an he's eftir this hare across this moor, owre, owre ... parks and mountains ... bit he couldnae blaw wind on this hare's tail, an he's eftir't, away, och, he wes eftir't fir aboot two or three hours. He was fair seik an fed-up, an he cam away up intae this gret big valley, an the hare went intae this valley, ye see, an he lost the hare in the valley. He cam doon intae the bottom o this valley, searched here an searched there, bit, ah, he couldnae git the hare no place. An he sat doon to rest, d'ye see? An when he sat doon to rest, naturally, wi the wey he'd been dashin aboot, he kinna fell asleep, ye see, dovert asleep fir maybe haaf an hour or so, an he waukent up, an he's all shiverin wi cauld, an it wes rainin, ye ken, when he waukent up. So, when he waukent up, his horse wes still there, his hound wes still there, an his hawk wes still there. No words o the hare nor nothin else, all lookin about him, he says, "A wunner," he says, "what direction A cam frae," said, "A've lost maself." Says, "A dinnae ken whither to sit here," he says, "or whit to dae."

He looked away owre across, an he seen this wee light, ye see.

"Oh," he says, "thaim castle's no faur aff eftir aa."

B11 He went and he got his hound an he got his hawk an he jumpit on his horse, an he's efter this broon hare, this clear moonlicht night. An he's efter this hare an he's efter this hare doon through the estate, owre fences an owre dykes an owre ditches and owre everything. An the hare wad go a wee bit afore him, an it wad stop an he wad come up, an it wad go away again, till it led him away miles an miles an miles fae the big hoose, oot intae this moorland.

So he lost sight o it in the moorland, in the dark moorland he lost sight o it among the heather. An the rain startit tae come doon, an it got affy affy dark.

He says, "There noo, I'm daein well noo!" he says, "I'm miles fae hame," and he says, "I don't know where I'm," an he says, "it's rainin - owre the heid o this daft hare," he says.

So he's wanderin on, him on his horse's back, an he sees this licht away ahead o him.

"Oh," he says, "that's right," he says, "there the castle!" he says. "I'll be back in a minute."

A12 He jumped on his horse, he's makin fir this wee licht, ye see. Right across to this wee licht. When he cam near the licht, he seen that it wirnae his castle, it wes only a common wee hoose.

"Well," he says, "A've niver seen this hoose afore," he says.

So he cam up to the wee place an he lookit in, seen a gret big bleezin fire burnin wi peats. He couldnae see naebody in the hoose though: he rapped on the door, nobody answert the door for him.

Says, "That's funny." He wes thinking tae himsel, "A'm gaun inside."

Opent the door an in he cam, ye see. An whan he cam inside, ivrything wes aa lyin reesh-rash, an this gret big fire, an owre in the faur corner there wir a pig an a litter o young, ye see, wee young-lookin pigs an some o them, so high.

B12 But he come up tae this licht. When he come up tae this licht, it wasnae the castle, it was a wee hoose, a wee thatched hoose, a wee low thatched hoose, an this light burnin in the winae. He luckit in through the windae an there weren't a sowl in this hoose, not a sowl! But there was a great big fire burnin and everything aa seemed tae be nice inside. He says, "I think I'll go in here for a heat," he says. "I'll rap at the door," he says, "an see if there anybody in."

So he left his horse at the door, an he rapped at the door. Naw! Nut a sowl! Rapped again. Nut a sowl! He opened the door an went in. Oh an this great big roarin fire! It was a peat fire, roarin up the lum! An in the corner o the hoose, was this pig an a bing o wee young pigs, lyin in the corner o this hoose, intae a wee pen thing.

A13 "Here, there must be folk here," he says, "when they're lookin eftir these pigs." Says, "A'll have a seat here oniewey."

He sat doon an hes gittin hissel dried at the side o the fire, faain awa dovert wi sleep. He hears a rap at the door.

"Oh," he says, "that meest be the folk back," he says. He says, "Come in."

"Hoho! A cannae come in," says she, "Friday."

"Haha," he says, "thir's something wrang here. Why can ye no come in?" he says.

"A'm feart to come in," she says, "fir that big lang-leggit hairy beast, an that lang-faced beast, an that hairy hairy gobbit beast."

B13 But he sat doon on this auld fashioned chair in the corner, an he's heatin hissel at this fire. He says, "I'm awfa hungry," he says. "I wunner if I could kill some o they pigs," he says, "would onybody say onything about it?" he says. "I wunner," he says, "whaur the people is anyway."

But he went owre an he caught one o these wee young pigs, an he kilt it, an he got it open an took aa the puddens an everything out, an he stuck his sword in it, an he's roastin it on the tap o the fire. He's roastin it an aw! the gravy's runnin oot an it's just aboot ready tae eat, when a chap comes tae the door. He said, "Come in!"

"Naw!" the voice said, "Naw! I'm no comin in, Friday, I'm no comin in! I'm too feart tae come in!"

Friday says, "Ye mustna be feart," he says, "I'll no touch ye."

"Naw!" the voice said, "I'm no feart o you! But I'm feart o that lang-leggit thing ye have there, an I'm feart o that hawk ye have there an I'm feart o that hound!"

Noo he took his horse an hound inside wi him, because o the weather, ye see.

A14 "Ach," says he, "they'll not touch ye, ye mean the horse," he says, "an the hound, an the hawk?"

"Aye, that's them," she says.

"Ah," says he, "they'll not touch ye. They'll no harm ye at all," he says, "come awa in."

"Oh na," she says. "If ye tie them up," she says, "A'll come in."

He says, "A cannae tie them up. A've naethin to tie them up wi."

"Here a hair," she said, "oot o my heid, an ye can tie them up wi'd."

"Aw," says he, "funny hair on your heid." He said to hissel, "A'm gonnae tie them up."

Oot he cam, an she gies him this hair. In he comes wi this hair, aboot three fut lang, oot o her heid, an he just tied a wee bit roon the horse, lettin-on he's tied the beast up, ye see, tied it to the waa, tied a wee bit roon the hound, tied it roon the hawk, an tied it to the waa.

"There noo," he says, "come in noo, an ye'll be richt enough."

B14 "Aw Christ," he says, "they'll no touch ye," he says. "Come on in. They'll no touch ye."

"Naw," she says, this voice - says, "Naw! I'm no comin in."

He says, "I'll need tae go oot, an see who this is onyway." So he left his wee pig doon, roastin at the fire, an oot he comes. An this was an oul wumman, oh! an her teeth was aboot five or six inches growin oot o her mooth, roon the tap, an oul witch!

"Oh," he says, "God bliss me, ye're an affa-lookin oul wumman!" he says. "How will ye no come in?"

"Oh," she says, "I'm feart," she says.

"Whit are ye feart in?" he says.

She says, "I'm feart wi that hound ye've got," she says. "It'll bite me!" An she says, "I'm feart wi that hawk ye've got," she says. "Hit wud pick the een oot o anybody." An she says, "I'm feart o that horse ye've in there," she says, "hit nicht kick me!"

"Not at all!" he says. "They'll not touch ye at all," he says. "They'll no go near ye."

Says she, "Tie them up!"

He says, "I have nothing tae tie them up wi!" He says, "I've no ropes or nothing tae tie them up wi!"

"Ah, but," she says, "I'll gie ye somethin tae tie them up wi." She put up her hand tae her heid, an she pullt three hairs oot o her heid. Says she, "Tie them up wi that," says she, an says she, "that'll dae them."

"Oho ho!" Friday says, "tie them up with that?" he says, "I sat (?) this oul wumman's silly," he says, "this oul wumman."

So he went in back in again, an he tied wan o the hairs round his horse's bridle, an he tied it to the side o the thing where it was tied inside. He done the same wi his dog, tied hit up tae, an done the same wi the hawk. "Richt!" he says. "They're tied up!" he says. "Come in, noo!"

A15 So in she cam, ah, when she cam in, this was an owld wumman, an her aa wrinkles an tattered an torn. Ye'd think she wes struck wi lichtnin ten hunder times, she wes that sair tattert an about three teeth in her heid, an a plaid owre the tap o her mooth, ye see.

He says, "That's a queer-lookin owld woman," he says. "Whaur did ye come frae, Grannie?"

"Aw," she said, "laddie, A've been lyin oot on that moor oot there," says she. "A'm fair done-oot with rain."

"Aw," says he, "ye must hae been pittin in an aafie time," he says. "It wes a wild night. A wes oot thair a while myself."

"Well, anyway," says he, "A'm feelin aafie hungry," says he. "A could dae we wome'in to eat."

He lookit all roun the house, na, he couldnae git anythin to eat. He lookit at these young piglings.

Says, "A think A'll try wan o these. A'll roast yin o these."

Catched yin o these wee piglins. Stuck his throat, ye see, an kilt it. Tuk the puddens oot, an flung't in a corner. He startit roastin this wee piglin in front o the fire, ye see. So this aul woman ses lookin at him. He's roastin this wee pig on tap o the fire. Says she, "Will ye gie me a wee bit o yir pig?"

"Aw," says, he, "A'll gie ye a wee bit o ma pig, Granny."

He cut a wee bit aff and gied her, ye see. She rummelt it in the ashes. Feuch! She swallowed it - one gulp.

B15 Oh, in she come! An she sat doon on that side: he sat on this side, oh! an she's the terriblest oul wumman ye ever seen! Oul witch!

He started tae roast his wee pig again, an she's luckin at him. Says she, "Are ye gonnae gie me a wee bit o that?"

"Oh aye," he says, "granny, I'll gie ye a bit o't," he says, "when it's ready."

So efter he got it ready, he took it down and he tore a hind leg off it, an he gien't tae her, an he put the rest in aside him, cut a bit of it nice an lean. This hind leg she took, an she rummelt it in the ashes, the peat ashes in the fire, an she [loud sucking noises] second an it was away, the hind leg!

A16 "My Gode!" says he. He's sittin pickin anither wee bit.
 "Aw," says she, "gie me anither wee bit."
 "A'll gie ye anither wee bit," says he. Cut aff anither bit.
 Aw, she jist duin the same. Three seconds and it wes gone.
 "Gode bliss me! Ye're an affie aul wumman."
 Sittin munchin says she, "Gie me anither wee bit."
 "Aw naw," says he, "A cannae gie ye onie mair," says. "A gien ye a big hauf aaready."
 "Aw," she says, "ye'll need to gie me anither wee bit."
 "Ah," says he, "A'm no gonnae gie ye'd at aa - no sich thing A'm nae daen." Says, "A'm no gien ye nae mair."
 Says she, "Gie me anither wee bit, or it'll be the worse fir ye," she says.
 "Aw, it'll be the worse fir me," he says. "A well, in that case," says he, "A'll gie ye anither wee bit."
 Cut aff anither bit, an gied till her, ye see, an she rummelt it in the ashes again, swallowed it again. Says he, "That's aa." He's sittin pickin the last wee bit.
 Says she, "Gie me that wee bit."

B16 He luckit at her, "Oh," he says, "ye can eat, aul woman!" he says.
 Says she, "Gie me anither wee bit," she says.
 "Oh," he says, "I'll gie ye another wee bit granny!" He gien her a front leg tore the front leg off, an he gien't tae her. Oh seconds, an she [loud suckin noises] seconds, an it was away tae! An he's still at his hind leg yet, one hind leg he's eatin away.
 Says she, "Gie me another wee bit!"
 "Oh," he says, "ye can fairly eat, oul wumman!" So, "Well," he says, "here ye are!" Pullt the front leg off, an laid the front leg doon aside him, an gien her the body and the heid.
 Says, "That should dae ye!"
 Oh just seconds, she rummelt them amang the ashes [loud sucking noises]!
 "Well," he says, "oul wumman," he says, "I dunno how ye saut, but ye spice gey weel," he says, "wi that dirt that ye pit intae ye!"
 Noo he had this leg lyin aside him, this front leg, ye see. An he's still eatin the hind leg yet. She says, "Gie me anither wee bit!"

A17 "Ah, naw, naw," says he, "ah naw. A gien ye three bits aa-ready," says he. "A gien ye mair nor the hauf o't," says he. "Mair nor three quarters o't," says he. "Ye're no goin tae git it." Says she, "Gie me'd, or A'll mak it worse fir ye." "Ah, Gode!" says he, "A'm no goin gie ye them to swallow," says he, and he pit it in his mooth, ye see. "Oh," says she. "Ye done that, ye're goin to be sorry for't." "Ah, how can A be sorry wi you?" says he. "Burden o soup."

B17 "Haw, no!" he says, "no, no, no, no, no! I gien ye," he says, "mair than three quarters o it," he says. "I've only the hind leg," he says, "I've still the hind leg," he says, "an I have the front leg, lyin here," he says. "Now I gien ye mair than three quarters o it," he says, an he says, "that should be plenty for ye." Says she, "Gie me the rest o't," says she, "or it'll be waur fur ye!" "Ha, ha, ha!" he says, "Na na! Na na!" he says. "You're no on!" he says. "Not at all," he says, "ye're no gettin nae mair!" Says she, "Are ye gonnae gie me it? Or," she says, "Am I gonnae make it worse for ye?" "How can you make it worse for me?" Says she, "Are ye gonnae gie me't?" He says, "No!" he says. So he liftit it and scoffed the lot, ye see, in seconds. "Ye done that," she says, "but ye're gonnae dearly rue the day," she says, "ye done that."

A18 Well, she's up, and she's at him, see. Aye, he flung her doun,
 "Ach! sit doun there !" That wes nae yuis, she jist rose like a
 baa, an stottit. An she talkit him an workit him an talkit him an
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 wumman wes too sherp fir him. She wes jumpin aa roun aboot him, hittin
 him at all angles. She knocked him doun at last.

"Aw," says he, "hey!" he roart to the horse.

"Whit is it?" says the horse.

Says he, "Come an gie me a wee haun here."

"Aw," says the horse, "A wid come t'ye bit a cannae git awa. A'm
 tied firm an fast, wi this hair."

"A hair'll no haud ye," he says.

"Aha," says he, "that hair," says he, "wad haud the wildest
 horse....."

He cried for the hound now the hound wes held firm fast
 an aa. That's terrible. However, she gied him this battin, an he
 couldnae move haun or fuit. She took a big long wand, ye see and she
 struck him we't. Turned intil a ? great big stane.

"Now," she says, "You lie in it," and she flung this stane at
 the door, ye see.

Now then, that's the last o Friday at the meantime, ye see.

B18 She's up an she's made a dive at him. Oh an she's gien him
 socks, right, left an centre! An he's tryin his best wi her, ye
 ken, but she's knockin hell oot o him, in aa directions! She's kickin
 him an boxin him an bitin him an tearin him an worse.

"Oh," he says, "this oul wumman's gonnae kill me!" he says.
 "I'll need tae get a wee bit help."

He roared tae the dug (now beasts could speak at that time, all
 beasts could speak at that time). He roared tae the dug. He says,
 "Hound," he says, "come an gie me a wee hand here," he says, "an see if
 ye can bite the legs aff this oul wumman!"

The hound says, "Aha, master," he says, "I cannae move," he
 says. "I can't move an inch," he says. "This hair that ye tied me up
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He roared tae the hawk. He says, "Hawk," he says, "could ye
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 like that?"

Says the hawk, "I can't move either," the hawk says, "can't move
 - I'm tied firm an fast."

The horse? "Naw," says the horse, "I cannae move either, I'm
 tied firm an fast."

So this oul wumman says, "Dae ye see noo?" she says, "I'm gonnae
 kill ye," an she says, "an I'm goin tae lea'e ye oot at the door in a
 pillar o stone."

But she got stuck intae him anyway, but na! Friday was no use
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 turned him intae a grey stane at the door o the wee hoose. So that was
 the last o poor Friday!

She done the same wi his horse, done the same wi his hawk, an
 done the same wi his hound, oot at the door. Four grey stanes lyin at
 the door!

That was the last o poor Friday.

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A21 In he cam, an he had his supper, an he went tae his bed as usual, an he's up aafie early in the mornin, an he washed hissel, an off he goes, ye see, tae the castle. So when he cam up the road, all in this castle he couldnae see naebody. So he rapped at the door. First yin that opent the door wes this young lady, ye see.

"Oh," says she, "ye're back, Friday."

Oh, the brither tummelt right away, ye see.

"Oh," he says, "A'm away," he says, "A lost masel an couldnae find ma wey back."

"Aw," says she, "ye'd better come in," says she, "ye're aafie tired-lookin."

So he went into the house onieway. An he sat doun, ye see. He's very whither-or-no tae hissel, what happent tae his brither. An he's weyin this lady up, ye see. So, he cairriet on aa day, daein this an that, an it cam nicht again, ye see. So, he was aye wonnderin whit he wes goin to tell her, whither to tell her the truth, thit it wisnae him at aa, d'ye see. An he thought maybe better jist keep it intae hissel till an see whit wes goin tae go on at nicht.

B21 When mornin come, up Setterday went tae the big hoose, an the minute he rode up intae the big hoose, he stopped at the front door. An whenever he stopped at the front door, this young woman come gallopin oot! "Oh," she says, "you're back!"

"Oh aye," he says, "I'm back," he says, "Aye."

Now Friday an Setterday was like two peas in a pod. Ye wouldnae know wan fae the other. Now this young wumman that had married Friday, she thought Setterday was Friday! An she thought this was him back.

She says, "Where were ye, aa this time?" she says.

"Oh," Setterday says, "it's a long story," he says. Setterday was keepin dumb! "It's a long story."

"Well," she says, "ye better come away in," she says. "It's three weeks since ye went away," she says. "An this is the first sight o ye."

"Oh well," he says. So in Setterday come, an he never asked no questions, never asked nothin. But they got their supper an everything went on well an it come tae bed time.

"Now," she says, "we better go to wur bed."

"Aye," he says, "we'll go up to wur bed, my dear," he says. Now, Setterday was curious. He didnae know what happened tae his brother. An he didnae know if it was this young woman was wrong, or the old woman was wrong, or what was wrong. An Setterday was wantin tae fin oot.

A23 An he wes jeest gaun to git untae the bed when this big hare (?) o the bed.
 "Oh," he says, "that hare."
 Says she, "That's the same hare that yese followed the last time."
 "Aw," he says, "A see."
 He's gane eftir this hare again, the ither brither. Same thing happent tae him. Efter this hare, owre this fields and mires an up tae the wuid.

B23 He jist went tae get aff aa his claes tae get intae bed, when this hare jumped oot from below the bed. "Oh," she says, "there's that hare again!"
 Setterday tummelt, "Whit hare?" he says.
 She says, "That hare ye went away efter."
 "Oh," he says, "that's it again!" He says, "I'll get it this time," he says. "I'll get that hare this time," he says.
 So out he went after this hare, down to the courtyard, the stables an everything, this hare was gaun here an there an everywhere, afore Setterday. But it's no coming close enough to him so he could grip it. It's keepin oot a bit. An he's tryin tae get a grip o't. Naw, he couldnae get a grip o't. It's runnin roon here an there an runnin back again. He says, "I'll get ma hound." he says, "hit'll sort it! It'll sort this hare." So he got the hound. No, the hound couldnae get it!
 He jumpit on his horse's back, an he got his hawk wi him, an he's efter this hare, as Friday done. Efter this hare, owre these fields an owre these marshes, an owre these dykes an owre these fences an everything, efter this hare! An this hare wud go oot for a bit, then it wud come back, meetin him again. It wad run an it wad stop, an cairry on so's this - so's he could follae it an see where it went.
 But finally it come oot intae this moor an Setterday's efter it, gaun tae this dark moor. But when he come oot intae this dark moor efter this hare, he lost sight o this hare. He couldnae get it couldnae get the hare. He says, "There, now," he says. "I've lost the hare," he says, an he says, "God knows where I'm gonnae get it noo," he says, "or what I'm gonnae dae." An it was dark an rainin, as usual. But he seen this light again. "Oh," he says, "that's the light o the castle," he says. "I'll maybe get back there," he says, an he says, "they'll tell me somethin o what happened tae Friday.

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 the door!

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A19 Noo we'll go back tae Setterday.

Setterday was aa these years, he wes aye wonderin whit's happent tae his brither, ye see, he's aye wonderin if he's pushin his fortune or gittin on better nir what he did. An he riz up this mornin seik an fed up.

"Aye," he says, "Faither A think A'll hae to gae awa," he says, "an see whit happent tae ma brother."

"Aw well," he says, "son, if ye dae," he says, "be sure," he says, "an try an git back some way," he says, "send somebody back an let us ken what happent to you an whit happent to him."

"Very good," he says, "A will."

B19 Now Friday was a good while away fae hame an Setterday was be-
ginning tae get worried about his brother no comin back. He got up this mornin, he said, "Luck," he says, "Dad," he says, "I'm very worried," he says. He says, "Friday never come back," he says, "an never sent no word back," he says, an he says, "I think maybe something must hae happened tae him."

"Aye," the old laird says, "that's right enough," he says, "he never sent us no word back," he says. "There could be something happened tae him," he says. "He could hae been killed or drooned or something," he says, "wi the weather there's been."

"Well," says Setterday, he says, "I think," he says, "I'll go an luck for him. I don't know where I'm gonnae luck," he says, "but I'll go away an luck for him anyway."

"Alright," says this oul laird, he says, "away ye go son," he says, "an luck for him."

A20 Away he set an he goes. On the same road as his brither cam. Right on an on an on an on an on. An by chance he cam to the same wee house again. Knocked at the door. Same voice again answered him.

"Aha!" it said till him, "ye've come."

"Aye, "A've come aa richt," he says, "bit how, how d'ye ken ma name?"

"Yir brither passed here," says she, "a good while ago," she says. And she says, "A niver seen him since."

"Aw, and whaur did he go tae?"

"He's living," says she, "up in that house up there. Up in the castle."

"Aw, A see."

Says she, "Jist come in, an git a wee bit supper, an ye go up there an see what's keepin him in the mornin."

"Very good," he said.

B20 Next day Setterday got set, got his horse, got his hound, an he got his hawk, an away he set. Now as luck would have it, I don't know what it was, but Setterday went the direct same road as Friday.

An he had been traivellin on for long enough but he come tae the same wee hoose in the same situation as Friday come.

When he come tae this wee hoose, just the same, it was a dark, stormy night, an he seen the wee light. An he went in tae see if he could get some place tae lie doon, an the wumman said, this oul wumman says, "Oh," she says, "it's you Setterday."

"Aye," Setterday says, "it's me," he says, "I'm Setterday," he says. "How did you know, old wumman?"

"Oh," she says, "fine I know," she says. "I knew you were comin," she says, "an I knew your name."

B20 (Contd)

"Oh I see," he says. He says, "Ye didnae happen tae see," he says, "another rider passin by here?" he says.

"Yes," she says, "that was your brother," she says. "It was Friday that passed by here."

"That's right," Setterday says, "how did you know?"

"Oh," she says, "I know mair than what ye think." But she says, "Ye better come away in," she says. "Put your horse roon the back," she says, "an your dog roon the back, an your hawk roon the back." An she says, "come away in."

So Setterday did that an he come in an he got his supper, got whatever he was gonnae get, an a night's sleep.

"Now," this old woman, she says, "now," she says, "are ye lookin for your brother?"

"Oh aye," Setterday says, "that's what I'm lookin for! I'm lookin for ma brother."

"Well," she says, "it's over a year ago." She says, "he went up tae that big house up there," she says, "an I never saw him since. He went up there tae get a job an I never saw him since."

"Oh well," Setterday says, "I'll go up the morn an see."

A21 In he cam, an he had his supper, an he went tae his bed as usual, an he's up aafie early in the mornin, an he washed hissel, an off he goes, ye see, tae the castle. So when he cam up the road, all in this castle he couldnae see naebody. So he rapped at the door. First yin that opent the door wes this young lady, ye see.

"Oh," says she, "ye're back, Friday."

Oh, the brither tummelt right away, ye see.

"Oh," he says, "A'm away," he says, "A lost masel an couldnae find ma wey back."

"Aw," says she, "ye'd better come in," says she, "ye're aafie tired-lookin."

So he went into the house onieway. An he sat down, ye see. He's very whither-or-no tae hissel, what happent tae his brither. An he's weyin this lady up, ye see. So, he cairriet on aa day, daein this an that, an it cam nicht again, ye see. So, he was aye wonnderin whit he wes goin to tell her, whither to tell her the truth, thit it wisnae him at aa, d'ye see. An he thought maybe better jist keep it intae hissel till an see whit wes goin tae go on at nicht.

B21 When mornin come, up Setterday went tae the big hoose, an the minute he rode up intae the big hoose, he stopped at the front door. An whenever he stopped at the front door, this young woman come gallopin oot! "Oh," she says, "you're back!"

"Oh aye," he says, "I'm back," he says, "Aye."

Now Friday an Setterday was like two peas in a pod. Ye wouldnae know wan fae the other. Now this young wumman that had married Friday, she thought Setterday was Friday! An she thought this was him back.

She says, "Where were ye, aa this time?" she says.

"Oh," Setterday says, "it's a long story," he says. Setterday was keepin dumb! "It's a long story."

"Well," she says, "ye better come away in," she says. "It's three weeks since ye went away," she says. "An this is the first sight o ye."

"Oh well," he says. So in Setterday come, an he never asked no questions, never asked nothin. But they got their supper an everything went on well an it come tae bed time.

"Now," she says, "we better go to wur bed."

"Aye," he says, "we'll go up to wur bed, my dear," he says. Now, Setterday was curious. He didnae know what happened tae his brother. An he didnae know if it was this young woman was wrong, or the old woman was wrong, or what was wrong. An Setterday was wantin tae fin oot.

A22 So onewey, it cam tae bed-time oniewey again. Up the two o them goes. An he wes jist gaun away to lie doun, d'ye see, intae bed. An he drew his big long sword, an he left it doun on the bed, ye see. An she went tae her bed, sees that big lang sword in the bed.

"Says she, "Whit are ye doing that fir?"

"Aw," he says, "that's an old custom," he says, "thit we had this years an years back," he says. "The first night," he says, "thit we lie on the bed, we always pit the sword between on the bed."

"Aw," says she, "that's a funny thing."

B22 So Setterday played along, and went up tae the bedroom wi this young wumman. Now, she took aff her claes. He went intae the thingmy, an she took aff her claes an went tae her bed. Now, when Setterday come back in, he was fully clad in aa his uniform, his sword. He took his sword aff his middle "Now," he says, "this is a thing," he says, "that we do," he says, "the first night we're married," he says, "pit a sword atween us." An he pit the sword langways atween them in the bed.

A23 An he wes jeest gaun to git untae the bed when this big hare (?) o the bed.

"Oh," he says, "that hare."

Says she, "That's the same hare that yese followed the last time."

"Aw," he says, "A see."

He's gane eftir this hare again, the ither brither. Same thing happent tae him. Efter this hare, owre this fields and mires an up tae the wuid.

B23 He jist went tae get aff aa his claes tae get intae bed, when this hare jumped oot from below the bed. "Oh," she says, "there's that hare again!"

Setterday tummelt, "Whit hare?" he says.

She says, "That hare ye went away efter."

"Oh," he says, "that's it again!" He says, "I'll get it this time," he says. "I'll get that hare this time," he says.

So out he went after this hare, down to the courtyard, the stables an everything, this hare was gaun here an there an everywhere, afore Setterday. But it's no coming close enough to him so he could grip it. It's keepin oot a bit. An he's tryin tae get a grip o't. Naw, he couldnae get a grip o't. It's runnin roon here an there an runnin back again. He says, "I'll get ma hound." he says, "hit'll sort it! It'll sort this hare." So he got the hound. No, the hound couldnae get it!

He jumpit on his horse's back, an he got his hawk wi him, an he's efter this hare, as Friday done. Efter this hare, owre these fields an owre these marshes, an owre these dykes an owre these fences an everything, efter this hare! An this hare wud go oot for a bit, then it wud come back, meetin him again. It wad run an it wad stop, an cairry on so's this - so's he could follae it an see where it went.

But finally it come oot intae this moor an Setterday's efter it, gaun tae this dark moor. But when he come oot intae this dark moor efter this hare, he lost sight o this hare. He couldnae get it couldnae get the hare. He says, "There, now," he says. "I've lost the hare," he says, an he says, "God knows where I'm gonnae get it noo," he says, "or what I'm gonnae dae." An it was dark an rainin, as usual. But he seen this light again. "Oh," he says, "that's the light o the castle," he says. "I'll maybe get back there," he says, an he says, "they'll tell me somethin o what happened tae Friday.

A24 Then they cam tae the house, ye see. So he lookit in, an he says, "A'm kinna hungry. A'm goin a roast yin o those wee pigs."

He niver kent, ye see, his brither was in this house afore him, see. So, he's sittin roastin this wee pig, when he hears this thing at the door, roarin to git in.

Says he, "Who's that?"

"Aw," says she, "it's me," she says, "Setterday."

"An who are you?" he says.

"Aw," says she, "a poor auld woman," says she, "that wes lost on the moor."

"Well, A see," he says. "A dout thir's something aboot this aul woman," he says. "An aul woman in the ludge wi's," he says, "seemed to ken my name. A'll need to watch oot," he says til hissels. "Well he says, "Come awa in, Grannie," he says, "just come awa in an mak yersel at hame."

B24 But when he come on tae this licht, it wasnae the castle; it was this same wee hoose as where Friday went. He jumped aff his horse, looked intae the door; he seen this great big fire burnin. Aw, just everythin the same way as what Friday seen't. In he goes, took his horse inside wi him, took his hawk inside wi him, an took his houn' inside wi him, put hit in the corner. Now, he done the same as Friday done. Aa these wee pigs is in the corner. He took one o the wee pigs oot, an he's sittin roastin this wee pig, when this rap come tae the door.

"Aw, let me in! I'm cauld an I'm wearit an I'm hungry!"

"Aw, come in," Setterday says, "come in what ever ye are. Come in oot the cauld."

A25 "Ah na," she says, "Saturday, A'll no come in unless ye tie up thae three beasts ye have in there," says she.

"Ah," says he, "A havenae oniethin to tie them up," he says.

"Ah," says she, "A'll gie ye a hair out o ma heid to tie them up."

"Ah well," he says, "Gie me't."

He got this hair. Instead o tyin his horse up wi't, he cut it in bits an pit it in the back o the fire, ye see. So, "Aye," he says, "ye'd better come in noo," he says.

B25 "Aw," this voice says, "naw, naw, naw. I cannae come in, I cannae come in. I'm too feart tae come in."

Setterday says, "Ye mightna be feart tae come in," he says.

"I'll no touch ye!"

"Aw," the voice said, "I'm no feart o you. I'm feart o that lang-leggit thing ye have there, an that dug there, an I'm feart o that hawk!"

"Aw," says Setterday, he says, "they winna touch ye," he says.

"Just you come in. They'll no touch ye."

"No," the voice said, "no, ye'd better come oot, an tie them up."

Setterday says, "I have nothin tae tie them wi."

"Aw," the voice says, "I'll gie ye somethin tae tie them wi, if ye come oot an let me in."

"Aw, well," says Setterday, he says, settin doon the wee pig. He come oot tae the door, an this was this oul woman again.

B25 (Contd)

"Oh," Setterday says, "here a carry on, oul wumman!" He said, "what dae ye want anyway?"

She says, "I want a night's shelter," she says. "I'm wet an I'm cauld."

"Oh," he says, "come in, granny."

"Naw," she says, "tie they beasts up afore I come in."

He says, "I have nothin tae tie them with. I have no ropes. I have no string, or nothin."

She says, "Here three hairs fae my heid," and she says, "tie them up wi that," and she says, "then I'll come in."

"Oh," says Setterday, "if that's the way ye feel aboot it, I'll tie them up."

She gien him this three hairs oot her heid, an comin back in, instead o tyin the horse up, he cut them up intae three or four bits an he flung them in the fire, this hairs.

So he come back, "There," he says, "they're tied up noo," he says, "come on in!"

A26 In she cam, an she sat doon.

"Oh," says she, "ye're makkin a fine tightener there," says she.

"Aye," says he, "A'm tryin tae," he says, "dae somethin fir ma appetite here."

Says she, "Gie me a wee bit."

"Oh," says he, "A'll gie ye a wee bit."

Cut a wee bit aff. She rummelt it in the ashes, peat ashes, swallowit it.

"Funny oul wummin this," he said.

Says she, "Will ye gie me anither wee bit?"

"Aye," he says, "A'll gie ye anither wee bit, Grannie."

Gied her anither wee bit, ye see. Same thing again. Gien her anither bit, gien her a third bit. Same thing again, she swallowit it. He's sittin eatin the last wee bit.

Says she, "Whit aboot that wee bit?"

B26 In she come, an she sat doon in a chair. An he's roastin his pig. Says she, "Are ye gonnae gie me a wee bit?"

"Oh," he says, "I'll gie ye a wee bit, granny, aye, certainly!" Tore off the hind leg and gien't tae her. Oh, she's rummelt it among the ashes [loud sucking noises] seconds, till it was away! She done the same wi the front, seconds tae it was away! An he's still eatin the hind leg. He tore off the front leg an left it aside him, the same as Friday done. Says she, "Are ye gonnae gie me anither bit?"

"Ah well," he says, "there ye are. There the body tae ye, an the heid," he says, "eat that!"

Aw, just seconds, and it was away! "Well," she says, "ye'll need tae gie me anither wee bit," she says.

A27 "Well, na, no gie ye that, na. A'm eatin this wee bit masel."
 Says she, "Gie me that wee bit, or it will be the waur fir ye."
 Says she, "If you dinnae gie me that wee bit, the last bit," says she,
 "A'll dae the same wi ye as I done wi yir brither."
 "Oh will ye?" says. "A'm sorry to hear that." He says, "Whit
 did ye dae wi ma brither?"
 She up an tellt him.
 "Aw, A see," he says. "Ah well," says he, "ye're no gittin this
 wee bit. A'm swallowin it."

B27 "Aw, naw!" he says, "I've only one leg left," he says, "here,"
 he says, an he says, "this is the yin I'm eatin," he says, "I've
 only the front leg." He says, "I gien ye the hind leg," he says, "an I
 gien ye the front leg, an I gien ye the body," he says, "that's mair
 than three quarters o't."
 "Ah," but she says, "ye'll need tae gie me the lot!"
 "Ah, no!" Setterday says, "I'm no gien ye that. Naw, naw, naw,
 naw," he says. "I gien ye mair than three third o't," he says, an he
 says, "this is only a wee bit I've got left," he says, "an I cannae gie
 ye that."
 Says she, "Ye better gie me it or," she says, "I'll make it
 worse for ye."
 "What dae ye mean," he says, "ye'll make it worse for me?"
 "Well," she says, "your brother was here," she said.
 "Oh," Setterday says, "was he?"
 An she says, "He done the same as you," she says, "he wadnae gie
 me," she says, "the last o the wee pig," she says, an she says, "he's
 lyin," she says, "peaceful an quiet," she says, "an naebody'll dae
 anythin fur him."
 "Ah, is that right?" says Setterday. "Well, you're no gettin
 this!" he says, "an I'm eatin this!" he says. So he liftit the leg an
 he ate it.

A28 Well, she startit on him again. Bit na! He was makkin no - she wes jeest daein the same wi him as wes duin wi his brither. She's hittin him, aw, an layin him we a stick, aw, she had him in blue lumps. An he's down now, out for the count!

"Aha!" she says, "A've got ye beat nou tae," she says, "alang wi yer brither. A'll turn ye intill twa grey stanes afore morn."

"Ah," says he, "well, sae ye may be." He gien his horse ... "Ye'd better come," says he, "an gie me a wee hand wi it. A bit," says, "A'll nae be lang o daein that, neither.

Says she, "Haud on, hair, haud him!"

"Haha!" said the hair, "how could A haud on?" says he, "A'm on the back o the fire burnin, ye see.

The horse cam, an the first two kicks he gien the aul woman, in the house. Bit she's up, but she wes very near maisterin the horse an maisterin the man, he roared to the dug, an roart to the hawk, an wi the fowre o them, they managed to knock the aul woman down, ye see.

B28 Oh, just like that she riz! An she's at Setterday, punchin him an haulin him an tearin him an that, an she was gonna kill him. "Oh," Setterday says, "this aul wumman's gonnae kill me!" he says.

"Hey!" he said tae the horse.

"What is it?" the horse said.

"Come an gie me a wee hand here!"

"Oh," said the horse, "I'll dae that."

"Haha!" says she, "haud on, hair, haud on!"

"Aw," says her hair, "how can I haud on when I'm at the back o the fire burnin?" her hair said.

The horse come oot an it's kickin this aul woman an knockin her about an Setterday's kickin her an taein her wi a hook in, but naw! she was gaun for the aul man - she was goin for Friday, she's goin for Setterday I should say, an she's goin for the horse. She's gonnae kill the two o them. But Setterday had tae roar on the dog, an the dog come in, an the dog joint in. Naw! she was gonnae conquer the dog, an she was gonnae conquer the horse, an she was gonnae conquer Setterday. She was killin the three o them. Says Setterday, "Hawk! C'mere," he says. "See if ye can scart anythin oot o this aul woman," he says. Oh the hawk come an he flew at her, an tore in at her, an she couldnae see what she was daein, an she's gropin in the dark, but then Setterday got the better o her, an efter the horse kickin her an Setterday doin what he could wi her, they finally got her doon in the middle o the flair.

A29 "Oh," says she, "let me up," says she, "an A'll gie ye anything in the world," says she, "ye ask."

"Na," says he, "A'm killin ye out, richt now," says he, "... to leave this wee house."

Says she, "Fir Gode's sake, let me up," says she, "an A'll gie ye - castles," says she, "A'll gie ye men, an horses, an all that you want."

"Aw no," says he, "ye're no gettin up! A'm gonnae kill you."

Says she, "If ye let me up," says she, "A'll gie ye the Rod o Enchantment."

"Whit's that?"

"Well," says she, "that's a cane thit ye can wave," says she, "an thae stanes," says she, "right doun the road there, an aa the wee humples," says she, "will aa rise warriors an men. An yir brither is there an aa," says she.

"Gie me't," says he.

She gien him it, ye see. The magic wand, he gien this aul woman a whop wi't. First thing he seen, he turnt this wummin intae a big grey stane, see.

B29 "Aw!" she said, "spare ma life!" she said, "Setterday," she said, "spare ma life!"

"Aye," he said, "I'm gonnae spare your life," he says, "I'm no gonnae spare your life at aa!" An he pit the sword tae her throat. He says, "I'm goin tae paste your throat wi this sword," he says, an he says, "I'm gonnae kill ye," he says.

"Oh," she says, "for God's sake," she says, "I'll gie ye gold," she says, "I'll gie ye silver," she says, "I'll give diamonds," she says, "I'll give ye everything," she says, "that'll make a millionaire, if ye spare ma life!"

"No," he says, "I'm no gonnae spare your life! I'm no gonnae spare your life at aa!" he says. "What did ye dae wi ma brother?" he says, "Friday."

"Oh," says she, "I'll tell ye where he is." She said, "He's oot at the door oot there, intae a grey stane, an his horse is oot there in a grey stane, an his dogs oot there turned intae a grey stane, an his hawk."

"Oh, is he? Well, how dae ye turn him back again?" he said.

"Oh," says she, "this rod," says she, "but I cannae gie ye this road. This is the Rod o Enchantment."

He says, "Ye better gie me't!" An he gien the sword a wee jag at her.

"Oh well," she says, "if she spare ma life," she says, "I'll gie ye this rod."

So she gien him the rod, an he stuck his sword an bluid intae her throat, an in there, an he kilt her.

A30 So, he comes oot tae the door, an by that time it wes breakin wi licht in the mornin. He lookit aa back an forrit, he seen aa these big stanes lyin. The first yin he touched, it wes his brither jumped up. See!

"Aw," says he, "A'm gled to see A fund ye," says he, "A thocht ye wir away fir life."

He kent his brither wes a stone, ye see. So they're goin doun the road. They're touchin this an touching that thing wi this - wand, see. Thir's castle here, an big chieftains risin there ... fir this aul woman wes pittin them intae this, ye see. An then they went further, an they touched this other place an this an that, a beautiful princess ariz.

Says he, "A've seen waur than that," says he. "A think A'll keep you tae masel." Ye see. Setterday says.

B30 He says, "I wunner," he says, "if that thing's ony use?" he says. Wee lang stick aboot that length, wi a star on the end o't. He went oot tae the door, an he touched this great big lang stane lyin at the door, touched it wi this rod. Oh, an up sprung his brother Friday!

"Oh," he says, "ye're here!"

"Oh," he says, "that aul wumman," he says, "turned me intae a grey stane."

"Ah well," Setterday says, "she'll no turn ye nae mair. There she's lyin there, luck, in front o the fire." This oul thing was lyin in front o the fire, an the bluid runnin intae her neck.

"Aw," says Friday, he says, "that was very good o ye." So Friday says, "come oot here," he says, "an stroke ma horse oot tae me."

Setterday come oot an he touched this other stane wi the thing an the horse jumpit up, touched this other stane an his hound jumpit up alive, touched this other stane an the wee hawk jumpit up alive. An everything he was touchin, aa the grey stanes he was touchin aa roond aboot, it was ladies an lords an everything like that was rising up oot o these grey stanes, that this aul wumman had enchanted wi this thing, this stick she had.

A31 "Oh, that's fine," he says. "Bit whaur were you last night, man?"

"Aw," he says, "whaur was I? I was," says he, "whaur you were-nae anyway?"

"Whaur were ye?"

"A wes," says he, "alang wi yer wife, back in the castle."

"Aw, wir ye?" says he. "Man," says he, "You wir smart."

The first whop, thit he gien him, under the chin, it scattert him in the gutter. An he liftit the wand, this wand, ye see.

"Now," says he, "I was a grey stane first," says he, "but you're goin to be yin."

An hut his brither, ye see. Turned him intae a grey stane wi this wand. He's touchin this thing an touchin that thing, aa the things he wes touchin wes men, an women.

B31 Friday says, "That's very good o ye doin that," he says. "I'll tell ye what ye might dae," he says, "seein ye done aa that."

"What is it?" says Setterday, he says.

He says, "Seein," he says, "that you've got all the money," he says, "an all these lords an things," he says, "tae your command, ye might gie me that wee stick off ye, that wee thing."

"Aw," says Setterday, "there's it's tae ye, if it's any good tae ye. I got it for nothin," he says, "there it's tae ye." So he gien Friday this wee Rod o Enchantment.

So they set sail back across this moors, back for this castle. So Friday startit tae tell him about the mairriage an about everything he come through, an the mairriage wi this lady, an the hare, an everything.

"Oh, aye," says Setterday, "that's aa right enough," he says. He says, "I was up there last nicht," he says, "the other night," he says, "up at your hoose." An he says, "I was in bed," he says, "wi your wife."

"What!" Friday says, "you were in bed wi my wife?"

"Aye," he says, "she thocht I was you," he says, "wi us bein alike," he says. "She thocht I was you. Wi us bein alike," he says, "she thocht I was you."

"Oh," Friday says, "Ye shouldnae have done that," he says, "that's one o the worst things every ye done in your life," an he says, "I'm gonnae sort ye oot for that," he said tae Setterday.

"Aw," says Setterday, "not at all," he says. "That wasnae any hairm."

"Aw," he says, "ye shouldnae have done that," he says, "I'm gonnae turn you in a grey stone!"

An he hut him wi the rod an turned poor Setterday intae a grey stane at the side o the road.

A32 They cam back to the castle, to cut a lang story short.
 Says she, "Ye're back again!"
 "Aye," says he, "A'm back again."
 Says she, "Whit's yir idea fir rinnin awa so often as this,"
 says she. "Now," says she, "if ye do it again, ... A'm no wantin
 nothin to do wi ye."
 "Well," says he, "A couldnae help it, A ran iftir a hare."
 "Ah well," says she, "dinnae rin eftir nae mair hares."
 "Na," says, "A'll no rin after mair hares."

B32 Hame Friday come doon tae the castle when he come doon tae the
 castle, aw, this young lady was waitin on him at the castle. An
 she was gaun mad aboot him gaun away for the second time roon this -
 efter this hare, gaun mad efter this silly hare.
 She says, "Ye're back again!"
 "Aye," he says, "my dear. I'm back again," he says, "I'm back
 again."
 "Oh," she says, "that's a terrible thing you're doin," she says,
 runnin away every night like that, when I'm just goin tae ma bed," she
 says, "efter that daft hare."
 "Ah," he says, "I don't think," he says, "I'll run away the
 night," he says, "efter the hare," he says. "So we'll go to wur bed."

A33 So the day gaun by, an it cam tae bed time again, ye see. So, cam up tae his bed, thir wes nae hare this time.
Says she, "That wes a very funny thing ye done last nicht, while ye were away."
"Whit did A dae?" he says.
Says she, "Pit that lang sword atween us on the bed," says she, "afore ye gaun to bed."
"Aw," says he. Says he, "is that what A done?"
"That's whit ye done," says she.
"Ah well," says, "jist wait thair, A'll gae oot fir a walk."

B33 So efter their supper they went up tae their bed. She went tae her bed first, when he come back in, she was lyin in the bed. He's stripped aff his claes an went intae his bed, an he's lyin in his bed.
She said, "That was a very funny thing ye did last nicht," she says, "afore ye went away efter that hare."
"What was that?" he says.
She says, "Puttin that sword atween us in the bed," she says. "Whit did ye do that for?"
He says, "What?"
She says, "Puttin that sword atween us in the bed. Whit did ye do that for?"
"Oh," he says, "I see. Is that what I did? Oh," he says, "my poor brother," he says, "that's what he done," he says, "pit a sword atween you an him, so that wan couldnae cross tae the other."

A34 He went away back again. Wes touchin this an that. He cam back to his brither. He touched him, he upriz.

Says he, "A'm very sorry," says he, "a thought," says he, "right enough," says he, "you were lyin wi my wife," says he. "And A'm very sorry," says he, "A've fand oot the truth."

"Aw well," says he, "it wes only a wee bit fun," says he. "A didnae think ye'd tak it in earnest."

"Ah," says he, "niver mind," says he.

So the two o them cam back, an this ither yin, Setterday, he got this young princess, that he turnt oot o the grey stane, an he got her castle an ivrything away in anither kingdom, an both couples lived happy iver eftir, an that's the last o ma story.

B34 So he jumpit oot his bed again, and away back up again wi this wee long wand thing he had, this Rod o Enchantment.

"Oh," he says, "my poor brother!"

An he come back up tae where he was lyin in this grey stane, an he touched the grey stane like that, an of coorse, Setterday jumped up natural enough.

"I'm very sorry," he says, "brother," he says, "I took ye up very wrong," he says. He says, "My wife was tellin me," he says, "that ye put a sword atween them in the bed," he says, "when you were gonnae lie doon beside her."

He says, "That's right," he says, "if ye'd gien me time, man, I'd ha telt ye all about it."

"Oh," he says, "I'm very sorry," he says. "Ye better come back doon we me," he says.

So the two o them went back doon tae the castle, an they had a great ball, an a great celebration, an he explained tae his wife, Friday explained tae his wife aboot his other brother Setterday, an how everything come aboot, an the two o them lived happy there ever after.

So I don't know if that's a lie or if that's the truth! That's the way that I heard it!

I.3 THE KING O THE BLACK ART

A Bella Higgins

A1 Once upon a time, Willie, not in your time or yet in my time, but in somebody's time, there was an old man and wumman, and they lived at the side o the sea. So the old man was out pretty early, and he was gathering bits o sticks along the shore, ye see, for his fire. So he looks out an he sees a box comin in, something like a hamper. So he wades out - it was comin in with the waves and he pulled it in, and this was a wee baby all rowed up, an he wis sae glad. He says, "My goodness," he says, "it's a funny thing," he says, "tae find a child on the sea." But he says, "However, it's a thing my wife wants, for company," so he took the baby home. He says, "I've got something for ye today," he says, "and you'll be proud of it."

She says, "What that - some sticks?"

"Naw," he says, "it's not sticks. Take this." And here he handed her - it was well-dressed, with a lovely big white shawl roon it, and the auld wife took the bairn.

She says, "In the name o the heavens. Where did ye get this?"

He says, "I got it comin floatin in on the tide."

Oh, well the auld wumman was sae proud, for she says, "It's fell overboard, or somebody's thrown it in the water."

B Alec Stewart

B1 This is a story about a fisherman that stayed on the banks of the sea and made his living off fish, him and his old wife. Well, one day he was out fishing and he was casting his nets in the sea and he lookit and he saw a box, a big square box, coming in with the tide. So he lifted the box up and took it in his boat and he looked and he burst the lid open and inside was a nice wee baby boy in the box.

"My goodness gracious," he says, "where did that baby come from?" And he looked all round about to see if he could see a boat or a steamer, but there was nothing. So he thought he must go back to his wife and see what she says. So he rowed the boat back and went up to the house and he asked her, "What was the one thing that you were wanting all the days of your life?"

"Oh," she says, "you know what I was wanting. It was a bairn that I was wanting."

"A bairn," he says, "Well, I've got one now. Look at this," and he put the box down on the floor and lifted up the baby.

"My goodness," says his wife, "where did you get that?"

And he told her where he got it, how it was coming in with the tide. And she said, "Did you see any boats about?"

And he told her, "No! there were no boats in sight."

"Well," she said, "it must have come off some boat."

C John Stewart

C1 Once upon a time there was an old fisherman and his old wife and they had a little house at the side of the mouth of a big river, where he used to go out fishing with his nets every day for his living. So one day he went down to the water-side, and he saw a thing like a box floating on the tide; and he put out a big long stick and carefully pulled it in. And this was a box, sealed up so that no water could get into it, and there was a small child in it - a boy child.

So the man looked at this box in surprise, he didn't know where it had come from, because years ago there weren't as many houses and inhabited places as there are now - and the place where the fisherman was living was a kind of wilderness. And sections of the country were owned by kings, and one thing and another, like that.

But his wife had never had any family, and he lifted this little child out - there was a shawl or an old blanket round it, you see, to keep it warm. And he carried it up to the little house where his wife was, and he went in, and he said: "Look what I've got you!"

She says, "What is it?" And she says, "What are you wanting now? Are you not down doing your work," she says, "and getting something to eat, without coming in tormenting me at this time of the morning! I thought you'd be away out in your boat fishing at this time.

D Alec Stewart

D1 Once upon a time there was a man and a woman who stayed in a wee house away at the sea side, and he made his living by fishing. He was out this day and he was casting his nets when he heard a baby crying. So he lookit and he saw a basket. And he says, "I wonder what's in the basket. There must be something in the basket for I hear some noise in it." So he pulled it in and this was a wee boy in the basket ... a baby boy about six months old. "I wonder," he says, "where this come from," and he looks all around to see if he can see any ships or boats about. But there was nothing about ... no ships nor no boats. He says, "I wonder where it come from." So he took the baby out and put it into the basket in the boat, and he rowed to the shore side. So he carried it up to his wife in the wee house and he says: "Look what I've got. It's not fish this morning. You're always crying for a baby and there's one now." "Oh my goodness," she says, "where did you get that?" "Well," he says, "I found it in a basket out in the sea. There were no boats or no ships or nothing about the place, so I don't know where it come from." Oh, she was highly delighted from having this baby.

C1 (Contd)

He says, "Look what I got you," he says.

And she turned round, and she nearly fell on the floor when she saw the young infant in her husband's arms. So she takes the child, and she unwinds the shawl, and goes and gets milk for it, and heats milk, and feeds it, one way and another.

E John Stewart

E1 That was an auld fisherman and his wife stayed at the side o this loch or sea, or whatever it was. He fished every day and they were lonely, you know what I mean? They never had any family. And one day he was doon mendin his nets and lookin about his boats and he saw this thing floatin into the side o the water, and he said, "I wonder what that is?" And he never bothered for a while, you know. But eventually curiosity got the better of him, and he went and it was a basket, lined so that the water couldn't get in and there was an infant in the basket, and he took the kid out, wean out, and he looked aa roon about. He thought maybe there was somebody watchin him, but the place he was, there wasnae a house within miles. So he carried the wean up tae his wife, the wee fisher cottage, and he says, "Look what I've got," he says, "for you," he says, "doon at the side o the water."

And, "Aw," she says, "Aw," she says, "A wee laddie, a wee wean!" she says. "Gie me it here," she says, "and I'll gie it milk or somethin," she says. "It's maybe stervin o the hunger."

So anyway, she gets the wean and warms it at the fire and heats milk for it. At that time there were nae sookin titties or any'hin like that. Maybe fed them wi a wee horn teaspoon or somethin.

F John Stewart

F1 There was this man and woman, and they lived at the side o this lake, or sea, whatever you would think. And the ould man an the ould wumman fished, fished an fished an fished, for a livin. An they always wanted a son, but they never could get a son, ye see. So the auld man an wumman's fishin away an fishin away an she's lookin after him an he's lookin after her, and one day the auld man goes down tae the side o the sea, you know, an he sees this basket or box, an what's in it, but a young wean. A young wean. So he pulls it in wi a stick an he lifts it oot, an he says, "Oh my God," he says, "a wee laddie wean, a wee boy wean." You know. He says, "My wife was often at me fur a - fur a - fur a son, or a dochter," he says. "Now," he says, "I've got yin tae her."

So he picks this wee wean up oot o this box at the seaside, cairries it up the beach an intae his cabin, or his hoose. He says tae his wife, he says, "Bey!"

She says, "What d'ye want, man?"

He says, "Look what I've got ye!"

"Ah," she says, "you would get me a lot!" she says.

He says, "Luck!" he says, "A young wean." Ye see.

She says, "Oh my God," she says, "so it is a young wean!" She says, "Gie me it quick, gie me it quick!" Ye ken. And she gets in an she pits it doon and she rows it in cloots an she's making it milk an she's makin it everything, ye see, an she's feeding it.

A2 But, however, the auld wife takes the child and she rears this boy. And he wis a boy about eighteen - or seventeen - and he was out wi the father fishin. Now we'll call the old fisherman his father now. He's out fishin wi him. So, anyway, the old man he looks and he sees a great big ship comin in. "My - oh!" he says, "but that's a terrible big ship." When it was comin farther in, ye know, he sees a man on the top deck, and he's throwin golden balls up in the air and he's catchin them in his teeth. "My - oh!" he says. "That's a clever gentleman!"

"Yes," says the boy, "father, he is clever."

B2 Well time rolled by and the wee boy was about fourteen or fifteen, and oh! a nice little boy he was. One day they were out fishing, him an his father, and all of a sudden they saw this boat coming in, and on the deck of the boat there was a man and he was throwing up knives, four knives and he was standing there throwing the four knives up. "My goodness," the old man says, "that's a clever man that. Look at what he's doing, throwing these long knives up in the air and catching them again."

C2 So time rolls by, and the child grows to a good size. She rears it as if it were her own, and the old man, he's going on with his fishing, day in and day out. And the boy grew to a good size, and he used to help the father to mend his nets, and scraped the boat when it was needing a cleaning, and one thing and another, like that, till the boy reached the age of maybe about thirteen or fourteen.

 But one day, he and the old man are down at the boat, and they see a ship coming in. And on the bridge of this ship there was a man standing and he was flinging three poison balls with spikes on them into the air. Well, if he'd let one of those balls slip, or if he'd got cut or jagged at all, he was finished. But he was standing and throwing them up - he was even catching them in his teeth, you see! So the old man looks, and he says: "Look at that ship just coming in," he says, "and there's a man on it," he says, "he's some kind of King by his wearing apparel," he says. "I can see medals and things glittering in the sun on his chest" - you see.

 So the boy looks, and he says, "So it is!" - And the old woman she was out with them.

D2 So time wore past 'til he was between twelve an' fourteen ... About thirteen he was. And he was down at the shore with his father. So they lookit out to sea and they saw this big ship anchored away out and there was a man standin' and he was throwing up fiery balls ... seven fiery balls ... on the deck. And he was throwin' them up and catchin' them again.

E2 And oh! the wean thrived on, ye see. And they reared him and reared him. There were nae schools at that time. But when he came thirteen, fourteen, he would be doon helpin the auld man wi the nets, and oot helpin him tae fish, and one thing and another like that.

So one bright early mornin the auld fisherman and the laddie was doon at the waterside, daein somethin wi their boat, when they saw this ship ye see. And the ship lowers a boat and the auld man looked. He says, "Oh," he says, "that's somebody of importance," he says. "I can see the jewels," he says, "and a star on his - up on a crown on his head," he says, he says. "He's some kind o a king," he says, "fae a foreign land."

F2 Now, the wean's gettin on aa right, and the ould man's gaun oot fishin every day, doon at the beach, an he's fishin away, so the wean's growin, an she's feedin it an the wean's growin, month efter month, year efter year, till the laddie - till the wean's aboot fourteen years o age. Ye see. So the boy o fourteen an the man, they're doon at the beach yin day, and they're fishin away, and the wee laddie's mendin nets, ye see. When they looks roon the sound an the point o the loch, an here's a great ship comin in, wi sails on it, like that, ye see, comin round. An there's a man in front o it firin up poison balls, an a juggler in the front o that ship. Ye never seen the like o it, in your life. And the laddie stands back, an the faither stands back, you know, them that was fishin. He says, "Look, faither."

His father says, "I see that," he says.

C3 But this boat came in fairly close, and they lowered a small boat, and this man came in. And he came up to the old man, and said: "It's a fine day, my old man," he said. And he asked, "What are you doing?"

And the old man told him he was a fisher, and told him what he did for a living.

And he said, "That's fine." And he said, "That's a rare-looking boy you've got there," he said, "a fine strapping lad, to help you."

"Oh," says the old man, "yes," he says, "he's a fine lad, he's the only one we've got."

So they started talking about the boy and the King says - (this was a King, but the old man didn't know that at the time) - he says to the old man: "I'll tell you," he says to the old man, "if you could give me your son for one year and a day," he says, "I'd make a very clever man out of him."

So the old man says, "Oh," he says, "I couldn't say anything about that, you would have to see the old wife," he says, "because," he says, "if I was to take it into my own hands to give you my son, and anything happened to him," he says, "I wouldn't take the responsibility. You'll have to see her yourself."

D3 So they were standin' watchin' him and he stopped and he got into a wee boat and he come into the shore side. And he asked the old man, he said, "I saw you watchin' me and I just come in to see what you think of it."

"That was the greatest trick ever I saw," the old man said. "How do you do that?"

"Oh," he says, "plenty of practice."

"How many balls were you throwin' up?"

"I was throwin' seven up. I could throw more up but I practice with seven."

"That's great. I never seen the like of that before."

"That's a nice wee boy you've got here."

"Yes, this is my son."

"Would you like your son to do that with the fiery balls?"

"I would that."

"Well, if you give me your son for a year I'll make him do better than that."

"Oh, I couldna give him away. You have to go and see the old wife first."

"Oh, we'll go up and see the old wife."

E3 So the boat come ashore and this king stepped out o the boat onto the beach, and he came up to the old man, and he says, "Good mornin," he says, "old man."

 "Oh," he says, "good mornin," he says, "your honour, your highness, king," he says.

 He says, "It is a lovely mornin. What do you do here?"

 "Well," he says, "I just fish and do one thing and another like that," he says.

 He says, "There'll not be much of a livelihood in that."

 "No," he says, "there's not."

F3 An the ship comin right in, lowers the sails, ye see, lowers a boat an comes in.

 He says, "You're a fisherman."

 He says, "Yes."

 "Well," he says, "I'm the King."

 "Oh, your honour, I'm pleased tae meet ye," he says, "I - I - I'm only a poor fisherman."

E3 (Contd)

He says, "That's a nice boy you've got there," he says. "What age is he?"

He says, "Fourteen," he says.

"He's a strappin fellow," he says. "He'll be a fine man yet," he says, "that boy." He says, "Has he nothin to do?"

"Well," he says, "he helps me," he says, "with the nets and the fishin," he says, "one thing and another like that," he says, "and he's handy in about the house for, splittin sticks and goin for wud an that," he says, "to the auld wife when she's makin the grub an that," he says. "We'd miss him if he wisnae there."

"Well," he says, "I'll tell ye what I'll do," he says. "If you lend him to me," he says, "for a year," he says, "I'll let ye see a man made o him."

"Oh," says the auld man, "I couldnae dae that." He says, "If I done that," he says, "my wife," he says, "would kill me." He says, "I wouldnae be - in fact," he said, "I'd be feart tae go and ask her."

He says, "Go, you and ask her," he says, "and see what she says," he says. "Or let me have a talk wi her, and," he says, "I'll make your boy," he says, "worth his weight in gold."

F3 (Contd)

"Well," he says, "I'm the King o all this country," and he says, "I was passin," he says, "and noticed," he says, "that ye were fishin," he says, "and that's a very nice boy you've got there," he says, "a very substantial, proud boy."

"Oh," the man says, he says, "he is," he says. "He's helpin me an ma auld wife. He's the only laddie I've got."

"Well," he says, "I'll tell ye," he says, "if you lend that laddie tae me," he says, "that man on that deck that was doin aa that tricks," he says, "if you'll lend your boy tae me," he says, "for one year an a day, I'll have him doin a lot more."

"Ah but," says the auld man, "A couldnae dae that, for," he says, "A would have tae go an see the auld wife aboot that," he says. He says, "If I was daein that the noo," he says, "she wad kill me!"

He says, "I'm telling ye," he says, "I'll make your son," he says, "A lot - lot better than that man on the ship, for," he says, "I know your boy's very, very intelligent."

"Well," he says, "I'll have tae go up an see the auld wife aboot it."

"Well," he says, "on ye go an see her."

A4 So him an the auld fisherman goes up to this auld wumman, and he told the old lady what the captain o the ship wanted.

"No, no," she says, "although he was tae make him twenty times the cleverest man in the world," she says, "I wouldn't give him my son, I wouldn't part with him."

"Oh, but," he says, "look here my old lady," he says, "your son'll be back to you," he says, "in a year and a day," and he says, "for months you'll have as much money," he says, "as'll keep you an the auld man," he says, "quite comfortable. Till we return," and he says, "it's only for a year and a day," he says. "Look at the boy," he says, "when he comes home," he says, "you'll be proud of him."

So he turned the old lady over, so she would give him for a year an a day, you know.

So away - the captain took the old lady - took the boy away. The mither kissed him an shook hands wi him, an away he goes.

B4 Well, the three of them went up to the house and the old man told his wife what the gentleman asked, that he wanted to take the boy away for a year and teach him to throw knives and fiery balls and other tricks. "Well," his wife says, "if I knew that you would bring him back in a year, I would give him to you. But how do we know you really will bring him back?"

And the man says, "I'll guarantee to bring him back. I'll definitely do that."

So the old woman says, "All right. Take him - but bring him back in a year, mind."

"That's all right," says the man, "I'll keep for just a year."

So the man and the boy went away.

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

C4 So this King, he shouts to the old woman to come down, and between her and the old man - the King coaxing them, and saying that he'd make a man of him, and see him in a good position, and one thing and another - the old woman agreed to give him the boy for the year and the day.

 She says, "There's nothing here for the boy barring mending the nets, and the old man could nearly do that himself."

 So the King gets this boy.

 So the two of them go out to the ship, and the ship turns and sails away.

D4 So he went up to the house and they asked the old woman would they let him have the boy for a year and he'd learn him a lot o' tricks. "Oh," she says, "you would never come back with him." "I guarantee," he says, "I'll come back in a year's time." So one word followed the other till she says, "All right, take him away for a year. But be sure and come back in a year's time."

E4 So he went up and he explained it aa tae the auld wife, but oh! she wouldnae, no! No! "But look," he says, "the laddie's daein nothin here anyway," he says. "He's only wastin his time, and" he says, "that man," he says, "is willin tae take him," he says, "and learn him some kin o a trade." He says, "We're as well," he says, "lettin him go," he says, "for the sake o a year," he says, "and when it's benefitin him."

But anyway, argying-bargying, this that and the next thing, and the king havin his word here and there and through it, the auld wife consents tae let him go for a year an a day. So the laddie takes his bits o things wi him and steps on the boat and cuddles his ould mother, shakes hands wi his father, jumps on the boat and away oot tae the ship. So the auld man and the auld wumman came up tae the hoose and she's sittin an she's greetin an she's sayin tae him, "It wis you that done it, lettin me pit awa the laddie." Ye see?

F4 So the auld man walks up, shouts his auld wumman out o the wee cottage. He says, "The King's wantin," he says, "tae take the laddie awa," he says.

Well, "Oh!" she says, "I wadnae hear o it! Naw, naw, naw, naw!" she says. "I wadnae hear o it, at aa!"

"Well," he says, "look," he says, "he's wantin tae make a real man o him." He says, "Ye seen hoo that ship came roond that corner," he says, "and there was a man there," he says, "firin balls up intae the air, one efter the other," he says. "Now," he says, "he's willin tae tak the laddie awa for a year," he says, "an pey us for it, an make him a lot better!"

"Well," she says, "that's good enough, tae," she says, "what d'ye think we should dae?"

"Well," he says, "I think," he says, "we should dae it."

"Well," she says, "fair enough."

So the laddie packs his puckle things and he goes on board ship. The auld man gets a few sovereigns, and away the ship goes, tae e back within a year an a day.

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

A5 Well, anyway, time rolls past. A year and a day was comin up, and when he seen the ship comin, when the day and a day was up, the old man wis out wi his glasses, lookin for the ship. Here he sees the ship comin in, and the boy was throwin up the balls - and the old man never seen the beat o what this boy was doin wi golden balls - seven and eight o them up an catchin them in his teeth.

"My, but," he says, "my son's clever!"

So he goes up tae the auld lady and told her. He says, "Come an see your boy," he says, "what he's doin!"

B5 Well, the time rolled by and the year was up and the old man's down on the shore and he's watching. For two days he watched for the boat coming in. Next morning he went to the shore again and the old woman said before he went down, "I doubt my boy's away," she says, "my poor boy's away.

But the old man looked out of the window and he says, "Ah, I see the boat coming in now." Then he went down to the shore and there was the boat coming in. On the deck was his son and he was throwing up four fiery balls and catching them again and he kept going and kept going.

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

C5 So the old man, he goes on from day to day, just catching his fish and taking them in, and mending his nets, and looking after the house, and one thing and another, like that: till the year and the day roll by, and he's out very early in the morning down at the water, watching for this boat.

 But by about ten o'clock, he sees the sails coming over the horizon of the sea. And this is this full-rigged ship coming. And when it came in closer, the old man saw his son standing on the bridge, and he's flinging seven poison balls up, and catching them in his teeth, and doing great tricks.

 So the old man's delighted, and he runs up for the old wife. "Come on down," he says, "the ship's in," he says, "and I see our son on the bridge, and the King's standing beside him, and he's flinging seven poison balls up into the air. The King must have taken a great interest in him," he says, "to teach him to juggle with seven poison balls.

D5 So time wore on 'til the year was near up and he was down at the shore side watchin' for this boat. And he saw this boat, and he saw his son on the deck throwing these seven fiery balls up. "My goodness," he says, "my son learned at last about these fiery balls."

E5 But as the weeks went in the thought was gaun oot her heid. She was waitin for the year an a day comin up. But the auld man he's fishin away and workin here and daein this and that thing, aroon about the hoose, and the year an a day was a lang time in draggin by, because they were waitin.

But the year an a day was up and the auld man's up bright an early an he's down on the beach, and here the boat comes right roon and comes tae the shore. An his son's standin on deck throwin three poison balls up above his heid, golden poison balls wi spikes in them, and catchin them on his feet an everything, know what I mean? The ould man says, "Oh my goodness," he says, "what that laddie can do now!"

F5 Now, the auld man's fishin away hissself, the auld wife's making his grub, an they're carryin on an buggerin aboot, then she gets wearied aboot her laddie bein away.

She says, "Look," she says, "it was you that pit him awa."

He says, "I didnae," he says, "you let him awa."

She says, "Look," she says, "I'm wearied for - what'm A gonnae dae?"

"Well," he says, "we'll just need tae wait till he comes back."

Waits on, waits on, waits on. The year an the day was up, and the auld man's doon fishin, and roond the heidland comes the ship. An his son's in the bow, firin poison balls up an catchin them in his teeth, and flingin them an kickin them an back an catchin them again, see.

"Oh," the auld man says, "look at it," he says. "Did ye ever see a boy like that? Oh he's well away wi hissself." Ye see. Shouts the old wife oot an she's lookin and she says, "Aw, ma laddie, ma laddie, ma laddie." (claps hands.) Ye see?

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

A6 So anyway, the captain came ashore, an they were aa for enjoyment there, when the boy was returned home. So anyway, he got him for another year an a day an he came back.

B6 -

C6 -

D6 -

E6 So the laddie came aff and cuddlet his mother and faither and gave them what money he had, telt them aboot the great castle he was in, miles away. He says, "Lovely place," he says.

 So the king was crackin away tae them. He says, "I'll tell ye," he says. "Ye think that's good," he says, "what he can do now." He says, "If ye lend him tae me for anither year an a day," he says, "I'll make him twice as good."

 So the gledness, and the king gave them two or three gold pieces an that. The ould wife consented tae let her son go for another year an a day. So the laddie shakes hands wi them again, and says, "It'll no be lang in passin, mother," he says. He says, "I'll be hame in nae time."

 "Ah," she says, "it's aaright for you," she says, "away in strange places," she says, "and ye've got things tae look at and wan thing an another like that," she says, "but we're in the wilderness here," and she says, "it's a lang time in passin."

 But, anyway the laddie goes away, boat turns and hoochs away into the - horizon, out o sight. So the auld man keeps workin away an fishin an mendin his nets. Eventually the time drags on and drags till the year an a day was up again. He couldnae sleep that night, he couldnae sleep a week before the boat would come. But he's down on the beach, anyway, waitin, and here the boat comes again, and the son's standin wi a shimmerin kin o gold suit on him, an he's firin seven balls up in the air and catchin them wi the spike, poison balls make o gold and jags on them; they were like a horse chestnut wi jags.

A7 He asked them for another year an a day. But the third time, the year an a day was up, but there were no signs o the boy comin back. Didnae come back.

So the old man, the old man's in an awfu state an so is the old wumman. She says, "Ye'll have tae get, my son," she says to the old man. She says, "Ye'll have tae go an tramp the world," she says, "an bring him back tae me."

B7 Then he stopped and the gentleman and him got into a boat and rowed to the shore. "Well," said the man, "what do you think of your son now? Did you see him throwing up, these fiery balls?"

"Yes," said the fisherman, "that's very clever, very, very clever."

They went up to the house and they had something to eat, and afterwards the gentleman said to the old man, "Now your son can do lots of tricks, but I can make him ten times better than he is if you let him away with me for another year."

"Oh," says the old woman, "I was that wearied to death for him back that I don't want to part with him no more."

But the laddie spoke up, "Let me go mother. The last year I've had a good time."

So the old woman said to the man, "Well, if you promise to bring him back in another year, I'll let him go."

And he said, "I'll guarantee he'll come back." So the next morning they went away.

Well, another year was up and fifteen months was up and he never came back. So the old woman got onto the old man and told him to go and look for their son. So the old man says, "All right. Bake me a scone," he says, "and a collop and I'll go and try and find your son."

C7 So the King came in in a little boat, and the boy was glad to get home, you see, and cuddled his mother, and shook hands with his father, and they all went up into the little house. They hadn't very much to give him in those days - perhaps a bit of barley bannocks, and a drink of milk and some fish, or something like that. But they got whatever was going.

So the old wife was well pleased with the boy. And the King says, "Mistress," he says, "if you could give me him for another year and a day, I'd make him twice as good."

So glad enough to see her boy getting on, she consented for the next year and a day - you see?

So away the ship goes with the boy again - and the old man he's just at his work as usual - till the next year and day rolls by. And he's down at the beach as usual, standing at the boat, and continually glancing out to see if the boat was coming. But he stood all day, and there was no sign of the ship; nor was there the next day, nor the day after that. He could have stood there for another year and never clapped eyes on the boat.

Well, when he went up, she pitched into him, and she hit him over the head with the poker, and she gave him the wildest drubbing with sticks - would have nothing to do with him at all, until he undertook to go and get her son back.

So he has to go. He pulled his boat up from the water, and rolled his nets up and stowed them away in a dry place in the shed. And she baked him a barley bannock, and a pancake of some kind, and she rolled them up for him, and stuck them into his hand.

"Now," she says, "you'll go," she says, "and you'll get my son."

D7 So he went up and asked the old woman.

"Well," she says, "you brought him back this time, but am I assured for you to bring him back the next time?"

"Oh yes," he says, "I'll bring him back. He'll come back. I'll guarantee he'll be back in a year's time." So she says, "All right. Take him away again."

So he went away and the year turned up and he never come. So the old man he's up and down the shore watchin' to see if this boat was comin'. But no no, no boat come and it was, oh, about a month after the year. And the old woman she says, "You better go and try and get the laddie. You better go and try and get him. I wasna wantin' to put him away this time at all." "Very well," he says, "I'll go and see if I can see him."

E7 Oh the father was well pleased wi him, the mother was well pleased. He gies his father a handfu o money, his mother a handfu o money. The king gets a cup o tae, or whatever they had at that time, a refreshment aff them. An comes time for to go again. "Now," says the king. "This'll be his last year. If ye let him go for another year an a day," he says, "I'll let ye see," he says, "that your son is a man."

So they consented again and the laddie goes away down wi the king onto the boat and drifts away. Away they are.

Time's slow, very very slow o passin and it's makin the auld woman argu wi him when the laddie's no there and her sittin aboot the hoose thinkin, and she's no in a good mood. But oh! the time flies in - it doesnae fly in it creeps in, till the year and the day was up again. The auld man's doon at the beach, ye see, lookin an lookin an lookin an lookin. An he stood aa day - but no boat! When he comes back tae the hoose, she's oot lookin, wi his han up tae her eyes like this tae see, ye see, and she lifts a stick an she's layin intae him. She says, "You'll pack up," she says, "tomorrow mornin," she says, "and you'll go an search for my laddie." Ye see?

F7 The auld man says, "What d'ye think o your son, noo? Oh, nothin could beat him." See.

"Well, I'll tell ye," says the auld man, he says, "lend him to me far anither year an a day, and," he says, "I'll make him ten times better."

He goes an asks the auld wife. "Aw," she says, the mother, she says, "he's daein it well now," she says. "We'd be as well tae let him go."

Now, away the ship goes again. So the ship's away and the auld man's fishin away an fishin away an fishin away. The auld wife's makin his grub, and one thing and another like that, an time rolls by. They're waitin for the year an a day, ye see. The year lands up - no ship. The year and a day lands up - no ship. The auld wife's oot wi a stick! She says, "You get my laddie," she said tae him, "or," she says, "I'm tellin ye -!"

He says, "I'm waitin on the boat comin in."

But there was no boat come. Know what A mean?

An she's at him! Know what A mean? She's got him telt, wi brushes an she's cairryin on something damnful!

"Well, look," he says, "leave me," he says, "I'll need to go an look for him."

"Well," she says, "tomorrow mornin," she says, "you get your things packed up," she says, "and you go get my laddie!" Ye see.

"Well," he says, "fair enough! Leave me alone the noo," he says, "an I'll find my own laddie."

A8 So the old man was gettin no peace wi the old lady, so he just packit up his things an he took to the road, away.

These days, you know, they were very, very, very far between houses, or farms. Very long distances, ye see. So he's trampin weeks an weeks, an his feet wis sore, an he was tired and weary. Through mosses, an woods, moors of aa description, an he was fair exhausted, so daylight was leavin the sky an night was comin on, when he lies down at the fit of a tree in a forest, big wood.

B8 So he's away next morning with a bundle on his shoulder and he's tramping and trailing and trailing and tramping and tramping over hill and dale, down this road, up that road, till he come to a wee house at the roadside and he says, "I must go in here and have a rest."

He chapped at the door and who come out but another old man and this old man says, "Aye, ye're on the road."

And the old fisherman says, "Aye. I'm on the road."

And the old man says, "What do you want?"

"Well," says the fisherman, "I'm sorry to come and disturb you but you wouldn't mind if I rest for a while?"

"Och aye, have a rest," says the old man. "In fact, stay here all night. I'm wearied here on my own. Come in and have a seat and I'll make you something to eat."

So the old fisherman went in and sat down at the fire and the old man made something to eat. "Now," he says, "can you not tell me what you're on the road for?" And the fisherman told the story as I began it. And at the end the other man says, "Well I know nothing about it. And never seen any gentleman passing here and there's no big house round about here or castle. But I'll tell you what to do. You go on," he says, "for about a hundred miles and you'll come to another old house at the roadside and that's my brother's house. Tell him I sent you and he may have some news for you."

C8 So the old man went off - he didn't know what way to go. But he just marched straight on - on, and on, and on - there was sheep fanks, bullock-fanks and all the fanks of Tara - till he came to a great forest. And he's going through the forest and through the forest, and he comes to a little house: and there's an old, old, old man in this little house. And he goes up, and he knocks at the door. This old man comes out, and he says: "It's a rare day," he says, "my man."

"Yes, old man, it is a rare day, sir," he says. "But I'm not enjoying it at all," he says, "because I'm not feeling very well after long walks," he says, "and I haven't had much sleep."

"Oh," says this old man, "come in and I'll give you something to eat," he says, "and a night's shelter. And you can freshen yourself up for your morning walk, wherever you're going."

So he went in, and he got something to eat from this old man, sitting at the fire and talking away, and the old man says: "Where are you going?" he says.

"To tell you the truth, I'm looking for my son," he says. "He was taken away in a ship. I don't know what the man was or what he wasn't, but he was a very clever man. And he was to make a real gentleman and a clever man out of my son," he says. "But," he says, "the first year he came back right enough: but the second year he put in no appearance at all. And," he says, "I must search for him."

D8 So he got his stick and he's away on the road. And he's travellin' this place and travellin' that place, and askin' this person and that person if they knew where this gentleman came from. One night he came to a wee house at the road side, and this was an old, old man in the house. So he rapped at the door, and this man was standin' at the corner of the house. He says, "Is there no one there? Are there no one in?"

"No, there's no one in at the present time. My brother's out, he belongs to the house. But, what do you want to know?"

"I want to know if he knew where a great captain stays. He's an awfy man for throwin' fiery balls and throwin' knives and everything up in the air."

"No, no, I don't know nothing about him, but if you wait 'til my brother comes he might know where he is."

C8 (Contd)

"Well," he says, "I can't tell you much about it," he says, "but it looks to me as if the King of the Black Art has got your son. But I can't tell you where he is, or where you can find him. But," he says, "you can keep on - maybe a week's travelling - and you'll come to an older brother of mine, and he'll be able to tell you more about it than I can.

E8 So next day comes an she gets him a piece put together, or some-
'hin, in them times, an his bit o tabaccy, a big auld pipe he
has, and he says fareweel tae her. He says, "I'll get him," he says,
"wudnae matter," he says, "if it were the ends o the earth," he says,
"I'll find him."

So he's on, an on, an on, an on, an on, owre sheep's parks,
bullock's parks an aa the parks o Yarrow, and through wuds an down
glens an up hills, like that, that an the next thing. In them days the
hooses was very scarce in the forest an hills, an if ye did come tae a
bare bit o grun, it was a moor. So anyway he comes owre this place an
down intae a great dell, an everythin was very very quiet, when he come
intae this place, and it was dark - the trees were that high! It was
as dark as a dungeon. But he's comin on an on an on through this wud
an he comes tae a wee hoose, a wee log - a hoose made wi sticks an bits
o trees, an he went up an looked aboot. He chapped at the door and an
auld auld man came oot. "Ahaw," he says, "I've been expectin ye," he
says. "Ye're goin tae So-and-so a king's castle."

He says, "I dinnae know where I'm gaun," he says. "I'm lookin
for ma son." He tells the auld man whit happens.

F8 So, he goes, and lies doon that night, and gets his breakfast in
the mornin, his wee sup o tea as it wis, and she packs him a
bannock an a collop, pits his bits o things intae a cloot, gies it tae
him, an she says, "Go an get ma laddie." So he pits it on his shoul-
der an away he goes, the auld man.

So he's walkin an walkin an walkin an walkin, an walkin, ye see,
walkin an walkin, through sheep's parks, bullock's parks an aa the
parks o Yarrow. An he doesnae know what wey he's goin. He is jist
keep goin! Till at last he comes tae a great wud, an he's gaun through
this wud, an through this wyd, ye see. An he comes tae this hut, like
a wee auld - whit d'ye cry them - ken, the man, the thingmy - burners.

Charcoal burners?

Charcoal-burners' hut. Just a wigwam, an a charcoal burner's
hut. An he comes up. An the man says, "What d'ye want, sir?" ould,
ould man.

He says, "I'm lookin fur a man," he says, "the King. He took ma
son away, an A never seen him since."

"Oh ho!" he says, "I know who you're talking aboot." He says,
"That's the King o the Black Art. Oh," he says, "that's a real tartar,
that!" he says. "I cannae tell ye where tae go, but," he says, "come
in, and," he says, "get a night's lodgin's," he says, "an get a bit tae
eat and," he says, "I'll maybe help ye in the mornin."

So the man went in and he had a bite tae eat, and crackit away
tae this man, and went tae his bed on the floor. The man made him a
bed on the floor, see.

E8 (Contd)

He says, "I know where your son is," he says, "only about three days march fae here. But," he says, "ye'll need tae watch," he says, "what you're doin," he says. "Y'll need tae watch, for that's the King o the Black Art," and he says, "ye'll have tae be very, very careful." But he says, "I'll tell you," he says, "rest the night," he says, "and" he says, "when ye go away in the mornin," he says, "I'll tell ye what tae dae."

F8 (Contd)

So the mornin come an the man got up an "Now," he says, "listen!" He says, "if you keep," he says, "towards the settin sun," he says, "I cannae tell ye, but," he says, "ye'll come tae my auldest brither, and," he says, "he'll be able tae tell ye a lot more than me, but," he says, "ye've a long way tae go, and," he says, "tae help ye," he says, "ye'll come tae a wud," he says, "and instead o gaun through the wud," he says, "take up the outside o it."

So the man says, "Aa right."

B9 The old man thanked him and said he would do as he said. And soon afterwards he went off to bed. Next morning he rose early and was on the road again. And he's tramping and tramping and tramping till he come to this house at the roadside. And it was pitch dark at night. He chapped at the door and this man came out and says, "What do you want?" So the fisherman told him how he had stayed last night with his brother.

"And he told me to come," he says, "and see you."

"Oh yes," says the man, "come on away in." So the same happened as happened the other night. He was taken in and he sat at the fire and he's cracking away. "Now," says the man, "what is it you want to know?"

"I was wanting to know," says the fisherman, "if there was any houses hereabout that has a gentleman that throws up four knives and does lots of tricks.

"I've heard about that man," the other says, "but I don't know where he lives. But it doesn't matter. In the morning I might have some news for you." So the fisherman thanked him and went to bed to sleep till morning. And in the morning when he got up the other man says, "Now you'll go the same distance as you done yesterday and you'll come to my brother's house. He might have news for you."

D9 So the brother came and he says, "Come on away in afore you ask the questions. And you better stay here for the night."
 So he the fisherman asked him and he answered, "No I don't know where that man is at all. But about a hundred and fifty mile on this road you'll come to a little village. I have a brother stays there and he might know."

F9 So he comes away an he's walkin an walkin an walkin an walkin. He doesnae know where he is, because in them days, it was dense forest, know what I mean? But he comes to this great clearing like this, ye see, an a wud, and he's gaun roon that side o it, when a crow lands doon, ye see, at a wee river comin doon, you know. An he says, "Look, that's a crow."

So he sits doon an the crow instead o fleein away, flying away, you know, it hopped towards him. So he's sittin wi a bit o breid an he's flingin it a bit o breid, an the crow says, "Follow me," see. So when he finished his grub, the crow flees away that way, and he gets up an he packs them up, an he's walkin through dense brush but he misses sight o the crow, couldnae get near it. But he's walking an walkin an walkin an walkin, until latterly he comes to anither wee peep-hole o light like that, you know, kind o the haze o the dark. An he walks up an this is this man's brither that he'd been at. So he says, "O come in," he says. Oh an auld auld man, wi bushy beard, long grey hair, ye wouldnae - oh the man was a very, very aged, aged man. He says, "I was waitin on ye comin," he says. He says, "you were at ma brother's last night."

He says, "Aye," he says, "an A seen a crow," he says, "on the road."

"Oh but," he says, "that's my crow," he says, "I keep it there," he says. "There it's there." An it was haverin aboot. He says, "Sit down," he says, "till I gie ye somethin tae eat," he says. "I know ye'll be very, very tired."

F9 So he comes away an he's walkin an walkin an walkin an walkin. He doesnae know where he is, because in them days, it was dense forest, know what I mean? But he comes to this great clearing like this, ye see, an a wud, and he's gaun roon that side o it, when a crow lands doon, ye see, at a wee river comin doon, you know. An he says, "Look, that's a crow."

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He says, "Aye," he says, "an A seen a crow," he says, "on the road."

"Oh but," he says, "that's my crow," he says, "I keep it there," he says. "There it's there." An it was haverin aboot. He says, "Sit down," he says, "till I gie ye somethin tae eat," he says. "I know ye'll be very, very tired."

F9 (Contd)

So the chap sits doon, and he says, "Whit were you lookin for anyway?"

He says, "Well, I'll tell ye," he says, "auld man," he says, "I was lookin for a king," he says, "that come an," he says, "he promised tae take ma boy back," he says.

"Ha, ha," says the ould man. He says, "That's the King o the Black art." He says, "He does a lot o depredation, he does that," he says. "He's done a lot o depredation. But," he says, "if ye take your bit meat," he says, "or whatever A'm gonnae gie ye," he says, "when we get up in the mornin," he says, "I'll tell ye where tae go. You're no that far off him."

So the boy got a bite tae eat an lay doon, an he got up in the mornin, an the auld man says, "How're ye feelin this mornin?"

He says, "I'm still lookin for ma laddie."

"Well," he says, "I'll tell ye where tae go." He says, "Keep gaun through this forest, in that direction." He says, "When ye go through there," he says, "there'll be a ken o a valley, and," he says, "look right doon," he says, "and ye'll see a great castle, and," he says, "before ye go doon there," he says, "go in - there a wee cott- age," he says, "before ye go doon," he says, "an there's an auld wumman stays in there," he says. "She looks after the hens an the things about the castle." An he says, "Go on," he says, "an tell her whit you're efter an," he says, "she'll pit ye a lot better than I can the noo. But," he says, "that's my 'erchin (direction) fur ye. Noo," he says, "sup your tea," he says, "or whatever ye're gettin an," he says, "get goin."

B10 So the fisherman set off an he's marching and marching on till he come to this other wee house at the roadside. He chapped at the door and this man came out. "Och come away in," he says, "I heard the news that you were with my brother last night."

"My goodness," says the fisherman, "how did you ken that?"

"Oh," says the man, "no matter. I know. Come on away in and get something to eat." So he went in and got something to eat. Then he told the story and asked about this gentleman. "Yes," says the man, "I know where he says. He stays a good long road from here, but I know his house. It's up in a big wood and there's a river passes it. I'll give you directions in the morning. You'd better get to your bed and have some rest for you've a long road to go in the morning."

So the fisherman went to bed. He got up early in the morning and when the man saw him he said, "My goodness, you're keen to get away."

"Yes," said the fisherman, "I'm keen to get away and see if I can find my son."

B10 (Contd)

So he set off and was on the road and on the road and on the road until he came to this great big estate, and it was a great big house oh! an awful size of a castle, and he says, "Oh that must be the place." Oh the gate at the lodge there was a great big bill that said, "Help Wanted." It was for someone to feed the poultry. The fisherman went up the avenue and rapped on the back door and the butler came out. The butler says, "Well what do you want?"

The fisherman says, "I was going to see if I could get that job that's going. I saw the bill down and the gate."

"Oh," the butler says, "you mean the job feeding the poultry?"

The fisherman says, "Yes."

The butler says, "Wait a minute. I'll see the gentleman." He went away and he came back with the gentleman and the gentleman says, "Yes you can get the job old man and you can lie in that old house down there at the gate house."

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

C10 So in the morning the old man gets some bread from the other old man to take with him on his journey, he spits on his stick, and away he goes. And he's on, and on, and on, for another full week he travels on, until he comes to another little house, and he knocks at the door. And out comes another old man. Well, if the first old man was old, this other one was three times as old. He was very nearly rockin' on his two front teeth - you see?

So the old man says: "Come in," he says, "my man, you look weary and tired," he says, "and it's looking like rain," he says, "it's not a night for a dog to be out. Come in," he says, "and get what's going."

So in he goes, and tells him about being at his brother's place, and tells him about his son.

D10 So next mornin' he got his breakfast and he's away on this road 'til he come to this wee village. And he went and rapped at the door of this wee house, and the old man come out and he says, "Ah, you was at my brother's last night, was you?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Oh, I know a lot o' things. You're inquiring about a captain throws the fiery balls up."

"Yes."

E10 So the boy takes his pack, it was barley bannocks in them times, you know. So he goes away an he's on an on an on an on an on, and he comes through the wud, through the wud, an on through the wud an on through the wud, an on through the wud. An he looks doon. All of a sudden he comes oot o the wud and there's a kind o a valley.

An he looks doon an he sees this great castle, and gaun doon, jist gaun roon tae the gates - an there were nae roads. It wis jist beaten tracks, you know. An he sees this wee bit o a cottage place. So in he goes there. There an auld, auld woman, woman, you know, like a witch. Her nose an her chin were crackin nuts. You know, her nose an her chin were crackin nuts. An she says [high voice] "Ha! ha! You've landed. You've got landed!"

"Aye," says the boy, "I'm here."

She says, "An - ye're gaun tae the castle?"

"Oh aye," he says, "I'm gaun tae the castle," he says. "They've got ma laddie, and," he says, "I need tae hiv him."

"Well," she says, "ye better come in! Ye better come in!" Ye see.

"Well," he says, "I'll come in," he says.

"Well," she says, "come on in," she says, "and I'll gie ye a bite tae eat." See. So the boy goes in, ye see.

"Sit down! Sit down! An aye, aye, aye, aye." See. An there an old cat sittin at the fire, "Miaow! Miaow! Ye see, this old cat. An she says, "What hae ye in?"

The man says, "Ma laddie," he says, "was taken away wi a king here."

"Ah!" she says, "I know that! I know that!" she says. But she says, "I'll tell ye in the mornin all about it."

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

All So he fell fast asleep, an at the dawin o the mornin, he hears,
"Father! Father!"

So he looks up. He sees nothin but two or three pigeons, flyin above him. He says, "Father, ye're not far from the King o the Black Airt's Castle," he says. "An when you go there," he says, "ring the bell, an stamp your foot, an demand your son out at once, that they were a long time comin back with me," and he says, "he'll come out," he says, "he'll come out with an armful o pigeons and he'll throw them up in the air." He says, "He'll tell ye tae pick your son out of THAT!" But he says, "Take you the wan that's nearest tae you, the wan that's flying the lowest. That's the wan tae pick for your son."

Bll So the old fisherman started work and he was working away and wondering, "I wonder where my son is." He was working away and working away until one day he went away into this fowl place and he saw this great big cockerel sittin on the perch. And the cockerel says, "Is that you father?"

"My God, is that you, son?"

"Yes, he's changed me into a cockerel. And he's got this hood on my face. I can't see day nor light. I can't see anything."

"Oh," says the fisherman, "that's terrible. Will I take it off?"

"Now in the now," says the cockerel. "If you take it off the now," he says, "the bells of the castle will ring and he'll know there's something wrong. But tonight you come down here and take me away. Take me about ten or twelve miles into the country and then take the hood off and we'll be all right."

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

C11 "Well," says this old man, "you'll have a job getting him. Because the King of the Black Art rules all this country - this countryside here - he and his two sons. And," he says, "you'll be very very lucky if you get him back. But I'll tell you what to do when you get up in the morning. If you keep straight on through the wood," he says, "you'll come to the castle. And," he says, "when you go up and ring the bell, and he comes out, you'll ask him about your son. And," he says, "they'll laugh at you," he says. "And you'll go in, and he'll fetch fourteen pigeons out, and there will be seven strung on his arm, from there to there. And he'll throw them up in the air, and he'll tell you to pick your son out from among them. And the one you'll pick," he says, "will be the little ragged looking one at the bottom," he says, "pick that one. But," he says, "don't mention you were here, don't mention my name at all," he says.

D11 "Well, I know where he stays. He stays in a big house in the wood away up there, about five or six mile. You go on this road about five or six mile and you come to great big gates. You go right through the gates and right up to the big house. But don't go tonight. You stay here all night and go up in the mornin'."

"All right."

Ell So the auld fisherman stayed in the hut aa night, an in the mornin he got up, gets his taste o meat o some kind. This auld man, he says tae him, "I'll tell ye," he says, "keep due north," he says, "straight as a die," he says, "ye can't miss it," he says, "aboot three days march. An," he says, "when ye go tae it," he says, "go straight up tae the front door," he says. "Don't go down any backs, or anything like that," he says. "Go straight up tae the big front door," he says, "and pull the bell," he says, "and he'll send a butler out. Tell him you don't want tae see the butler. Ye want tae see the king himself or ye'll make the highest stone in the castle the lowest in five minutes. And," he says, "he'll come. And," he says, "when ye ask about your son," he says, "he'll start arguin with ye. There's no boy here, and you're makin a mistake. You keep perseverin and he'll say, 'Wait then,'" he says, he'll say, 'an I'll give you your son.' Now," he says, "he'll go in," he says, "and he'll come out," he says, "wi twelve pigeons, aa strung on his arm," he says, "and he'll say tae ye, 'There's your son,' he says, 'Pick him oot o that,' and he'll throw the pigeons up in the air. Now," he says, "there's one wee plucky-feathered cratur," he says, "amang the rest o them, aa doon like that," he says, "and flyin haulf sideways," he says. "You would think it's in the moult," he says, "and aa gutters." He says, "Tell him," he says, "ye'll take that one.

Fll So he lies doon there aa night, and in the mornin she says, "Take your breakfast, too." An it was bannocks an some milk, or somethin like that, you know. An she says, "Now," she says, "dae ye see that castle doon there?" she says. "When you go doon," she says, "don't hang aboot."

He says, "What dae ye mean, auld granny?" She says, "Dinnae stand back fae the door! Go right up," she says, "an ring the bell."

"Oh aye," he says, "aye."

"When they come oot," she says, "it'll likely be a fitman," she says. "An you tell him ye want tae see the King, or if not, the highest stone o the castle'll be the lowest before two minutes." She says, "Don't hesitate!"

"Well," he says, "that's fair enough." he says.

"Now," she says, "I'm tellin ye what tae do," and she says, "you'll go in," she says, "and the King'll come out," she says, "and when he comes out," she says, "he'll ask ye whit ye want. And tell him ye want your son. Now, he'll turn roon an ask ye whit ye're talkin aboot but," she says, "persist! Go on, you want your son. And," she says, "he'll tell ye tae wait then and he'll fetch your son. And," she says, "he come out," she says, "wi nine doves on his airm. And," she says, "he'll throw them up in the air, and," she says, "he'll tell ye tae pick your son oot o them doves when they're flyin! Now," she says, "the doves'll aa be nice doves, but," she says, "there'll be wan dove," she says, "at the bottom," she says, "aa skittery lookin and prabbit, and it'll be flutterin aboot doon at the bottom o the lot," she says. She says, "You tell him you'll take it, and," she says, "be on your way and good luck tae ye." Ye see.

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

A12 "Very good, my son," he says. "I'll do that." So he was glad wi the good tidins an he got up an got hissel - bundle on his back, an his piece. So he's away tae the big house.

He rings the bell, an out come one o the sarvints. "Tell the King," he says, "I want tae see him."

So the King came out. "Well," he says, "my man. Ye're a long way from home."

"Yes," he says, "I'm a long way from home. An," he says, "I want my son, delivered to me at oncet. Put him out, at oncet," he says.

C12 So all well and good, the old man went to his bed, and he couldn't get up quick enough in the morning to get up to the castle - you see?

So he goes up, anyway, to the castle - it would be about a couple of hours' walk from this old man's hut in the wood to the castle - and he rings the bell.

Out come two men with swords - you know what I mean - old-fashioned soldiers.

"What do you want?"

"I want to see the King," he says.

"Oh," he says, "you can't see the King," he says, "get out of here, you tramp," he says, "or I'll put your head on the poisoned spears."

"Ho ho," says the old man, "you'll not do that," he says. "You go in and tell the King that the old fisherman wants to see him."

So one of the soldiers goes away in and tells the King. The King comes striding out.

"Hullo," he says, "my old man," he says, "what are you after?"

"I'm after my son," he says, "and if I don't get him I'll make the highest stone in your castle the lowest inside two minutes."

"Oho," says the King, "I'll give you your son," he says. "Wait there a minute or two."

D12 So next mornin' he went on the road and he come to these big gates. And he opened the gates and went right through and away up to this big house. So he rapped at the door and he says to the butler, "I heard word you're lookin' for a man for the garden."

He says, "I don't know. I'll go and ask the gentleman."

So he went and asked the gentleman. And the gentleman says, "Yes, we are lookin' for a gardener. Tell him to go down to the cottar house in the garden and he can stay there."

So he went down to the wee cottar house and he's lookin' at this house. And he says, "Not a bad house." And he stayed there all night.

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

E12 So the auld man thanks this other auld man very much, spits on his stick and he's off through the forest, marchin and marchin an marchin an marchin. Drink o water here, drink o water there. The auld man gien him some meal wi him in his pocket - lick o raw meal an a sup o water. So anyway the dawnin o the third day, he looks doon on this kin o valley and there's this great castle, ye see. He couldnae get doon tae it quick enough. He's fa'in and stumblin, owre bushes an roots, an doon tae where there was an open bit, a path gaun in. So he goes right up tae the front door and he pulls this big bell. I don't suppose it'd be a brass bell in them days, raither it'd be somethin maybe on a rope, and he hears it clangin inside. So out comes this uniformed butler or footman o some kind. He says, "What is it, my man, what is it?" he says. "You know this is the king's palace you're at?"

He says, "You go an tell the king," he says, "I want to see him immediately. If not," he says, "I'm gaun tae make the highest stone in the castle," he says, "the lowest," he says, "in five minutes. And go in," he says, "straight an tell him that." Ye see. So he goes in and a whilie efter that, out comes the king, this king. Oh he knew him right away when he saw him.

F12 So, the boy says, "Thank you very much, granny. I'll just do that." So he buttons his jaiket an he's down this brae, through this wud, right away towards the castle ye see, an he comes down to the castle an through this big gates, and there's a large front door, ye know. And he mindit that she told him no tae go tae the back door, but to go straight up to the front door. So he walked straight up to the front door, "Ding dong, ding dong," wi the big bell, ye know. Waits a minute or two. Nobody comes. Again, "Ding dong, ding dong," wi the bell. Then a butler comes oot.

"Well, ma good man! What d'ye want?"

He says, "Tell the King," he says, "that he's got my son an A'm here tae pick him up. An A want him! And if he doesn't come oot tae give me ma son, I'm makin the highest stone of his castle the lowest before two minutes!" Ye see.

E12 (Contd)

"I've come tae see," he says, "where my son is."

"Oh," he says, "I don't know."

"Now, now," he says, "don't come that. You got my son," he says, "away for a year an a day, and he come back. And he got him for another year an a day an he come back. But," he says, "the third time ye came for him tae take him away, he never come back. Now," he says, "I want him. And," he says, "I'll tell ye another thing," he says, "it's a good thing," he says, "that I come," he says. "If she had a come," he says, "it was dear days to you."

F12 (Contd)

He says, "Wait an A'll go in an tell him."

So away this butler goes. So the man waits for two three minutes an out this king comes, in a rage!

"What d'ye want, ma good man?" he says, "what d'ye want?"

He says, "I want ma son," he says. "You took him away! An," he says, "I want him back!"

"I haven't got your s- "

"You have ma son!" Oh there was a great contreversy and there was argument! He says, (banging table) "I want ma son!"

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

A13 "My - oh!" he says, "your son," he says, "ye'll have him just in a few minutes," So here he comes wi his arm full o pigeons, an he throws them up in the air. He says, "Pick your son out o that, now."

"Oh," he says, "ye've gien me a hard task. But," he says, "I'll take the wan that's nearest, nearest tae the land," he says, "nearest the ground. The wan that's flyin the lowest. That's the one I'll pick for my son," he says.

He says, "There ye are, and the Devil take away your learnin master!"

So there his boy was at his side.

B13 "All right," says the old man. So about twelve o'clock at night he comes down, lifts the cockerel off the perch, puts it under his oxtar and he's away now. An he's about three or four miles out on the road, and he says, "Will I take it off now, son?"

"Aye," he says. "Take it off now."

So the fisherman took the hood off, an the cockerel changed into his son.

C13 So in he goes, and he comes out with the fourteen pigeons, and he flings them up into the air.

"Now pick your son out of these," he says.

So the old man looks.

"Well," he says, "I'll take that one," he says, "fluttering at the bottom - that ragged-looking one."

"Well," he says, "take him, and be damned to you."

And, just like that, the son was at the father's feet. And the two of them turn and walk away, you see - down this path, away.

D13 The next morning he got up and he went to the garden, and he couldna work in the garden with thinkin' of his son. He says, "I'll have a walk around the big house and see if I see anything." So he walkit round the big house and he come to this horse stable. And he looked through the door and he seen about seven horses in this stable. The butler come runnin' down. He says, "Come back out o' that. Don't stay there. What are you doin' there? You should be in the garden."

"I know," he says, "but I just had a walk around to see the place."

"Well, seein' you're here now, you might go in and give the horses a drink o' water."

"Certainly. I will."

So he went down and he took this bucket and he went over to the horses and gi'en them a drink, 'til he come to the last stall. And this horse lookit round and he says, "That you, father?"

"Yes, that's me. Is that you, son?"

"Yes, that's me. The gentleman stays in that house and if he sees you, he'll know you. He turned me into a horse into this stable."

"My goodness, what are we going to do?"

"Well, you take me out to give me a drink, to the river, it's only a few yards from the front door to the big house. Take off my helter. And when you take off the helter, you run. Run away for your life."

D13 (Contd)

"All right." So he took the old horse oot and was takin' it doon to the water, and the butler roared to him, "What are you doin' with the horse?"

"I'm givin' him a drink at the riverside."

"But you're not supposed to do that."

"Och, the old horse'll do no harm to take a drink at the water-side."

"Well," he says, "you better hurry up." So the butler went away into the house.

So he went to the riverside. He took the helter off the horse and the horse dived into the river. And the old man started to run. So he run about three mile or four mile on the road and all of a sudden his son was at his side. He says, "That was well done, father. When I dived into the water I heard the bells of the castle ringing that there was something escaped. But," he says, "they'll no catch us now."

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

E13 "Well," he says. "Wait there," he says, "and I'll go in," he says, "and see if I can get him."

So the king he was away in. He was away aboot ten minutes, quarter o an oor. The auld man's pacin up an doon waitin. So the king comes oot an he has twelve pigeons on his airm. He says, "There ye are," he says, "pick your son out o that." An he throws them up in the air. So the auld man looks at them, aa this lovely pigeons flyin aboot. This wee one is flutter, flutterin, flutterin away at the side, dirty, skittery-lookin feathers on it, ye know. He says, "I don't know," he says, "what one tae take, but," he says, "I think I'll chance takin that wee one at the bottom," he says, "that bad-lookin one."

"Well," he says, "take him an be damned tae ye." And (claps) just like that the boy was standin at his side, ye see.

F13 "Well," says the King, "wait there an A'll go an fetch him oot tae ye."

So in he goes. In a couple o minutes this king comes out and he has nine pigeons on his airm, an he throws them up in the air like that. They flutters away up there. He says, "Pick your son oot o that."

There was one fluttered away at the bottom, a low flyer. He says, "I think I'll take that one at the bottom," the auld man says.

So the king looked at him. He says, "Well, take him an be damned tae you!" (Claps) An jist like that his son was standin at his feet, ye see. Aboot eighteen years o age he was then. So the faither an son cuddled an cairried on, an telt one another aboot their experiences an that, ye ken.

A14 Now they had three towns to come - to pass by - on their way home. Three towns. The way they were going. The old man didnae go back the same way as he came away. They were going round another road, because there were three fairs in each town. The boy says tae his father, he says, "Father, when we're goin through this village, there's a big fair in it, with horses an dealers," he says. "An I'll turn maself," he says, "in a stallion, an," he says, "you show me through the fair," he says, "an you'll get plenty o buyers for me. But," he says, "the King o the Black Airt'll come up, wantin tae buy me, and he'll be the highest man in the fair, he'll offer big money for me. But," he says, "father, if ye sell me to the King o the Black Airt," he says, "don't sell the halter that's on ma head," you know, the halter o the horse. "Don't sell the halter," he says. "Keep hit, don't sell hit."

"Very good," says the father.

B14 "Now," says the boy, "take that hood and put it in your pocket, father."

His father says, "All right,"

"Now," says his son, "if we're going home we'll have to get two or three pounds. We daren't go home without any money."

"Oh no," says the fisherman, "but how are we going to get it?"

His son says, "I'll show you a way. Tomorrow, we'll go through a village and there's going to be a market in it. There'll be an awful lot of people there and I'll change myself into a greyhound, a beautiful greyhound. There's a gentleman there and he'll come and ask you the price of the greyhound. You sell him the greyhound for a good price and for the love of God, when you give me away, take the collar off my neck."

"Oh but," the fisherman says, "I'll mind that."

"Now be sure and ask a good price," says his son.

"I'll do that," says the fisherman.

C14 The son says, "It's a good thing you came for me, because I would never have got away," he says. "There's the King and his two sons," he says, "and they do all the black magic, all the black art in the country. And," he says, "I've learned a good lot from him. And I'll tell you," he says, "when we're going back this way to our house, I'll tell you how we can get some money, going back the road," he says, "to keep the old woman at home. Now," he says, "in this first village there's a fair tomorrow, and on the road going into the fair," he says, "I'll turn myself into a greyhound dog, one of the loveliest dogs that you ever saw. And," he says, "I'll be sporting and jumping, and jumping over the confectionery stalls, and jumping over the horses' backs, and everybody will be wanting to buy me. But," he says, "don't sell me," he says, "until the King of the Black Art comes to you - he and his two sons. And he'll offer you five hundred pounds for me. Well," he says, "take his five hundred pounds, but," he says, "Don't on the peril of your life sell the belt that's on my neck. Before you give me to him," he says, "take the belt off my neck."

The father says, "All right," he says, "I'll do that."

D14 "Now," he says, "when we're going home, father, I don't want to go home penniless. I've got a knack to turn myself into anything. And when we go to this village here, there's a market in it, and I'll turn myself into a greyhound dog. You sell me, but don't give away the collar. Always take the collar off."

He says, "All right."

E14 So the faither says, "Come on then," he says, "come on, son," he says, "we'll get oot o here." So the faither an son walks oot, an crackin away. He was askin the son what happened.

He says, "Oh," he says, "he is an enchanter," he says, "the black art," he says, and he says, "I'll tell ye this much," he says, "I've learned that much o him that," he says, "I can dae nearly everythin that he can dae." Ye see? "An I'll tell ye," he says, "we'll no get back yon road," he says, "that you came. We'll go this other way. And," he says, "there's a congregation o hooses, a wee village place, way on here," he says. "And," he says, "when we go in there," he says, "I'll turn masel," he says, "intae a dog, a greyhound dog. And," he says, "They're great men roon aboot this airt," he says, "for good dogs. And," he says, "I'll have a lovely big brass-studded buckled belt," he says, "aron my neck, and a lead. And," he says, "they'll aa be at ye at the fair," he says, "tae sell the dog and," he says, "as for a thousand gold pieces for me," he says, "and ye'll get it. But," he says, "when ye give me away," he says, "don't part wi the collar and leash."

F14 The son says, "Come on, faither, we'll have tae get away." He says, "Now," he says, "listen," he says. He says, "I've got a lot more power now," he says, "than I had when I left you." He says, "I'm a very, very learned man, now," he says. An he says, "Come on," he says, "and we'll get on," he says, "and there's a place," he says, "away here," he says, "tomorrow morning," he says, "that there's a fair." A fair, ye see? "When," he says, "fur the sake o takin money home tae ma mither," he says, "we'll go there." He says, "A'll turn masel," he says, "A'll turn masel intae a horse. And," he says, "A'll be jumpin here, an jumpin there," he says, "and ye'll no be able tae hold me, and away! And," he says, "I'll be jumpin an jumpin and kick-in, and A'll be an Arab horse, ye know. An," he says, "all the people there," he says, "'ll be efter me, tae buy me! But," he says, "don't sell me, because," he says, "the Black Knight, the Knight o the Black Art'll be there," he says. "He'll come tae ye, an," he says, "he'll offer the biggest price. An," he says, "get the biggest price an," he says, "take it. But don't sell the bridle that's on ma heid. When ye sell me, an give me," he says, "take the bridle off," he says, "and sell me."

"Well," says the father, he says, "fair enough."

A15 So anyway, when they come near hand the town, the young lad turned hissel intae a stallion. Oh, a lovely - his tail wis swishin the road, an his head looked jist like a rainbow. What a lovely beast! So it was prancin through the fair an the old man's holdin it, ye ken, an aa the farmers and dealers an aa kinds o people's comin up wantin tae buy it. But here comes up the King o the Black Airt.

"Well, my old man," he says, "that's a lovely beast ye have!"

"Yes," he says, "it is."

"How much d'ye want for it?"

"O-oh," he says, "I need a lot for THAT stallion," he says.

But however, the old man put a price on it.

"Well," he says, the King o the Black Airt, he says, "I'll just take it."

"Well," he says, "ye'll have tae go an get a bittie rope," he says, "for my halter's comin off. I'm not sellin ma halter," he says. "I wouldnae give the halter for twice the money you've given for my horse, my stallion."

But anyway, the old man's trampin on the road, on to the next village. When he was goin on, he heard a whistle behind him, looks round, an this is his son comin.

B15 So the next morning they came to this village and the laddie turned himself into a greyhound. It was jumping and rearing as they went along - a beautiful beast it was. They were coming through this market and everyone was looking at it. So this gentleman comes over. "Will you sell the greyhound, old man?"

"Yes, "I'll sell it," he says, "but I must get a good price for it. It's a pedigree dog."

"How much will you take for it?"

"I'll take five hundred pound for it."

The mans says, "I'll take him."

"Before I can let you have him," says the old fisherman, "have you a bit rope?"

"Oh yes, I have a bit rope."

"Well, put it round his neck for I can't give you the collar. That collar belongs to my son and I can't give it away."

"Oh but," the man says, "you can take the collar."

So he took the collar and he went on his road and he was about two or three miles out the road when just right beside him his son jumped up.

C15 So, the next morning, they come up to the village - this village where the fair was; the son turns himself into a big brindled hound - O, the loveliest looking you ever saw! And it's jumping, and it's galloping, and it's springing over the confectionery stalls, jumping over the horses' backs - and all the great gentleman - in those days, you know, they liked greyhound dogs, and hunting falcons, you see! And the nobility loved a good dog, you see?

So every gentleman that sees him, "Will you sell the dog? Will you sell the dog?"

So the King of the Black Art comes.

"Will you sell the dog, my man?"

"No," he says, "you wouldn't give me enough for him."

"I'll give you five hundred guineas for him," he says.

"All right," says the old man, "he's yours - but I'm not sellin' the belt that's on his neck."

He takes the belt from the dog's neck, and puts a string round it, and hands him over with the string round his neck, you see? And he gets the five hundred guineas, and the old man walks out of the village - and just like that, the son's walking just behind him.

The son was the belt - you see?

D15 So they come to this village and oh, there's a big market on.

There's stalls here and stalls there. And they were selling horses, goats, hens an' everything in this market. So he's comin' with this greyhound dog through the village, you know, and this man come over and he says, "My goodness, what a nice greyhound you've got."

"Yes, it's a good greyhound ... pedigreed."

"Will you sell him?"

"Yes."

"How much will you take for him?"

"Two hundred guineas."

"Oh, no, it's too dear ... two hundred guineas. I'll give you a hundred guineas for him."

"No, I'll take a hundred and fifty guineas."

"All right."

"Before you take him away, I can't give you the collar."

So he took the collar off the dog's neck, put it into his pocket and tied a bit string and give it to the man. So the man's away now and he's away on this road and all of a sudden the son come again. He says, "That's well done, father. That's a hundred and fifty guineas we've got to go home with. But there's another market in the next village, and we'll go there and I'll turn myself into a horse ... a stallion."

E15 So they comes on and they comes intae this fair place, an there were stalls an men aa drinkin an women an lassies an weans squealin, runnin up an doon, ye see. So the men - one man passes. "How much for the dog?"

He says, "Oh," he says, "I wouldnae like tae sell it."

"How much dae ye want for it?"

He says, "I'll take a thousand gold bits for it," he says.

"Well," he says, "I don't know about that. I'll give ye five."

"Naw, naw, naw." But eventually he sells it for a thousand gold pieces or whatever the money was called in them days an at that place.

But he says, "There's your dog," he says. "I wouldnae take," he says, "ten thousand," he says, "for, the belt that's on it's neck," he says, "it's a keepsake."

So he lowsed the belt round it's neck and put a string on the dog's neck and handed the man the dog on a string. So the man went away with the dog, peyed it and went away with it.

Aw, just in aboot five minutes his son was standin at his fit.

F15 Now they comes on oot through this woods, an tracks, an they comes in nearer the end o this week town. An, sleeps there aa night. Next day, they walks oot the toon. This boy turns hissels intae an entire horse. He's jumpin, boy, an kickin, an he's even went jumpin the stalls, an the showmen's aa oot, an everybody's aa oot, looking at this horse. An his father's holding him wi a brown bridle wi brass on it. He's kickin, and everybody's tryin tae buy him. Everybody! Nobody could buy it, boy, but up comes the King o the Black Art, ye see.

"Oh my old man," he says, "how much do ye want fur your horse?"

"Oh - oh," says the old man. "Money wouldnae buy him," he says.

"But I'll buy him. How much dae ye want for him?"

So they argied and bargied. The ould man says, "I want fifteen hundred pound."

F15 (Contd)

"Well," he says, "I'll give ye that!"

An he peyed him in gold pieces, ye see.

"But," says the ould man, ye bought the horse, but," he says, "ye didnae buy the bridle."

"Oh I'll hold on!"

"Against the bargain!" he says. "You're not gettin it." He says, "I've tae get the bridle." So they peyed him, and he snapped the bridle off. The King o the Black art took the horse, and the ould man had the bridle like that in his hand. An as soon as the King o the Black Art went oot o sight, his son was there at his feet. Ye see?

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

A16 "Ye've done well," he says, "father, in THAT fair! If ye do so well in the next fair," he says, "we'll be all right. But however, mind," he says, "don't sell the halter that's on ma heid," he says. "Whatever ye do," he says, "stick tae hit, and," he says, "the King o the Black Airt'll come up and buy me again."

But as he said, in the fair, here was the King o the Black Airt again. Bought his stallion, but the old man wouldnae gie him the halter. So he went away, come on the road again till he - the old man was on the road again, here he heard this whistle. This was his boy on the road ahint him.

B16 -

C16 -

D16 -

F16 He says, "Very good, father," he says, "ye done well." He says, "That was very very good," he says. "Now," he says, "we've a good long road tae go haime," he says, "tae the auld wife, tae ma mother," he says. He says, "We've another fair. We've another fair," he says, "between this an that. An I'll turn masel," he says, "intae a greyhound dog, and," he says, "there'll not be a dog on that place," he says, "that A can't jump over the heid! But," he says, "they'll be aa after ye for me, but don't sell the collar on ma neck." Ye see?

Now, he went tae the next Fair, an boy! The fair's goin like that, ye know. An he's got this dog, an he's jumpin an barkin an jumpin. An everyone's after this dog, ye see, for a deerhound or something like that, a hunting dog.

"How much will ye take for't? How much will ye take for't?"

He says, "I wouldn't sell it," he says. "I wouldnae sell the dog."

So he sells it, and he takes the belt back off it. An as soon as the King o the Black Art was away, the boy was at the faither's arm, ye see.

A17 "Ye've done well," he says, "father. Now, this is the last fair," he says. "But remember," he says, "if you do so well in this LAST fair," he says, "we're aa right, an we're not far from home," he says. "You jut do the same as ye've done aa ready."

"Very good," says the old man."

B17 "You did well there father," he says. "That's five hundred pounds we got and I'm back again. It's a good thing you took away the collar off my neck. Now we'll go through another village," he says, "and this is a bigger one. There's a market in it too. I'll turn myself into a stallion. You ask plenty for me because I'll be a beautiful beast. But when you sell me, don't give away the halter off my head. If you do that I'll never come back to you."

"Oh," but his father says, "I'll not do that. I'll take the halter off your head."

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

C17 So they go on their way, and reach the next town.

"Now," the son says, "father," he says, "the fair will be held in the town tomorrow. And," he says, "When we get to the next town, I'll turn myself into a stallion pony. And I'll be jumping, and kicking, and stepping up and down that street," he says, "the like of it you've never seen. And the same procedure will happen again," he says, "everyone will be wanting to buy me. But don't sell me," he says, "till the King of the Black Art comes, he's the one with the most money. And," he says, "when you sell me to him," he says, "don't sell the bridle that's on the horse's head, or I'm undone."

D17 So they came to this village and he turned himself into a stallion. "Now," he says, "don't give away the bridle. By no means don't give the bridle away or you'll never see me again."

E17 He says, "Well done, father," he says. He says, "when we get home tae the auld wife," he says, "we'll have some money." Ye see?

So they goes on again, on again. "Now," he says, "the next place," he says, "we come to," he says, he says, "there'll be cock-fighting." No - I'm tellin a lee, it was horse-racin. Horse racin. An he says, "I'll turn masel intae a lovely black stallion and," he says, "ye'll sell me," he says, "at a big lot o money. But," he says, "mind," he says, "and don't sell the bridle that's on ma heid, the halter. Don't sell the halter," he says, "or the rope that's on it."

So the father says, "All right then," he says. "Fine."

F17 "Now," says the boy, he says. "He knows he hasnae got the horse, Dad, and he knows he doesnae hiv the dug. Now," he says, "it's the horse he's after. Now," he says, "there's only one other thing," he says. "There's another wee town in here where there's a wee Lammas Fair, an he'll be efter the horse." He says, "I'll turn masel intae a horse again."

A18 So anyway when he comes tae the fair, here was the King o the Black Airt appeared again. He says, "Ha, ma lad," he says, "ye've a g - braw horse," he says. "How much for him?"

However, he bought the horse. He says, "Now," he says, "wan thing I want ye tae do," he says. "Give me two or three minutes o your halter," he says, "tae see whit wey," he says, "he'll go. I want tae see him runnin out," he says. "I want tae try him."

So he gien him the halter. He says, "Bring it straight back tae me!"

But when he jumpit on the stallion's back, he went away with the halter, an never come back. But the old man lookit in his pocket for his money, it was bits o stones and stuff he was gettin in his pocket for his money, when he sellt his horse seven (?) times. "Oh," he says, "I neednae go home," he says. "A'll get killt!"

B18 So next morning he went through the village and he was holding the stallion, a chestnut and it's a lovely beast. And this gentleman comes across and he says, "Hey, will you sell the stallion?"

The fisherman says, "I will."

"How much do you want?"

He says, "A thousand pounds."

The gentleman says, "I'll take him."

"Well, before you can take him," says the old man, "I'll have to take the halter off his head. I can't give you the halter."

"Will you not give me it for five minutes," says the gentleman, "to let me run up and down to see if he'd all right?"

"Oh yes, you can do that, but come back and give me the halter," says the fisherman. Then the gentleman started to run with the stallion jumped on the stallion's back and he's away and never come back. The old man he's roving up and doon the road and up and doon the road. "What am I going to do and what am I going to do now?"

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

C18 So the next day, they're coming in this town, you could see the cattle and the old men, and their goats and beasts, going to the fair - you know - to get started. And this young lad, he turns himself into a stallion pony, and it's jumping and it's kicking, and it's rearing, and - O, it's the loveliest pony you ever saw. Everybody's admiring him going up the street. Two or three men try to buy him, but no, the old man hangs on until the King of the Black Art comes.

"How much do you want for your pony, my old man?" he says.

"Well," he says, "I wouldn't like to sell him," he says.

"I'll give you a thousand pound for him," he says.

"No," says the old man, "I wouldn't like to take a thousand pound for him."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he says, "I'll give you two thousand pound for him," he says, "if you let me get one try on his back."

"No," says the old man, "I wouldn't let you do that."

D18 So he comes into the village and he's goin' up and down the market with this stallion horse. Oh, and it was rearin' in the air. Oh, a beautiful beast it was. This man come over and he says, "Will you sell the stallion?"

"That's what it's here for."

"What do you ye want for it."

"Five hundred guineas."

"Will it ride?"

"Oh yes. It's broken in."

"Give me a shot of him."

"Ah, but, I can't give you the bridle. I can't give you the bridle."

"Just for a little shot, up the street and back again."

The old man thought, and says, "All right then."

So he jumpit on the horse and away. Never come back. So he was just as bad as ever now, the old man. He says, "What am I gonna do now. If I'd a knew I'd hae nivir give him the bridle at all. But he's away now and I'll just have to start and search again."

C18 (Contd)

"Well," he says, "I'll tell you, come here till you see this." And he takes the old man - the old man has the horse by the head, you see - he takes him over, and he opens the door of a shed - like a stable-place - and he shows the old man, and he says:

"Do you see that heap of gold sovereigns there?"

The old man looks over - I guarantee there was a heap of sovereigns about two feet off the ground - you see? He says:

"I'll give you that heap of gold sovereigns for your pony," he says, "but I would have to get a small run round on his back - a short run round on his back," he says, "for you can't buy a pig in a poke. If you can allow me that," he says, "I'll give you all the gold that's lying there."

Well, the greed was in the old man - you see what I mean?

"Well," he says, "I can't think a ride around the place where the tents are on the fair-ground would do much harm."

So he says, "All right."

So the King takes the horse's reins, jumps on its back and goes galloping away, and the old man turns to look at the gold, and it's nothing but horse-dung! A heap of horse-dung - you see? And the horse is away, son and all - you see?

Well, the old man's afraid to go home. He wandered about, and he lay in the woods. He wouldn't go home.

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

E18 So on they comes an on they comes, comes tae this town, the other fair. Oh and there's horses an cattle an goats an everythin like this, this place ye see. But the lad - the auld man didnae know that the King o the Black Airt wasnae far off him, ye see. The King o the Black Airt turned hissels intae a man that was supposed tae be lookin for a horse, ye see. So this boy turns hissels intae this black stallion, an he's kickin his heels, he's jumpin an he's even clearin some o the stalls, you know what I mean? So this King o the Black Airt comes up tae him. He says, "Hallo, man," he says, "wad ye sell that horse?"

"Oh," he says, "that's what I'm here for, and the horse is for sale."

"Well," he says, "how much dae ye want for him?"

He says, "Oh I'll bid five thousand for it anyway."

"Oh," he says, "I wouldnae give ye that," he says. "I could buy a good horse -"

"Aw, but," he says, "ye'll no buy one like that. Give it another run." Aw an it's buck-leppin an skirlin up in the air, ye see.

F18 So the next day, the next wee place, he turns hissels intae the horse again. An here he's jumpin an kickin an bargin an kickin an jumpin an gallopin ye know - oh! a real guid yin!

E18 (Contd)

The man says, "Oh he is a good horse right enough. But," he says, "I don't know whether he'll be good or not," he says. If I could get a ride on his back -"

"Oh I'm afraid I cannae do that," he says, "I wouldnae let ye ride him."

"Well," he says, "he wouldnae be much good tae me unless I got a try on him." He says, "Let me try him," he says. "I'll see what he can do."

"Naw, I wouldnae like to do that," he says.

"I'll tell ye what," he says, "come here." And he opened the door o this shed. He says, "See that heap o gold there." A heap o gold like that! [indicates height] "I'll gie ye that heap o gold," he says, "if ye'll let me test him tae the end o the village and back."

The man looked at the gold and he says, "Very temptin. Well," he says, "don't go past the end o the village noo." So he gives the King o the Black Airt the rope o the halter and the King o the Black Airt jumped on it's back - and away! Off!

F18 (Contd)

The King o the Black Airt's there. Come up tae the auld man, he says, "Ye done me the last time," he says.

"Naw," says the auld man, "A didnae do ye."

"Ah, but," he said, "ye did." He says, "Ye widnae gie me the bridle."

"No," said the old man, "ye're right enough."

"Well," he says, "ye done me. But A'll tell ye what A'll do," he says. "Ye've got that horse there, now," he says. He says, "A'll gie ye anything ye want for him, but," he says, "I want a ride o him."

"Well," says the ould man, "A cannae do that," he says. He says, "I wouldn't take any money for him, tae give ye the bridle."

He says, "I'll tell ye what I'll do," he says. "Come here!"

So he takes the auld man across tae this shed. When he pulls the two doors open, he says, "Dae ye see that heap there? Solid gold! Solid gold! Solid gold!" He says, "You can have that," he says, "for me tae get a ride on that horse," he says, "wi that bridle. An," he says, "aa that gold's yours, lyin in a heap there." He says, "I'll not go too far. I'll only go up the street and down again."

E18 (Contd)

Aw the old man's tearing his hair now. He doesnae know what tae dae. He's up an down the village, goes away through the bushes an trees an down this ould road, lookin an lookin an lookin, till next mornin. No signs o the boy, or horse, or nothing, ye see. He come back. He says, "I'll go back an see ma gold," he says, "in case somebody steals it." Back he goes tae his shed an he pulls the door open, and what is it? A heap o horse dung! The King o the Black Airt made him think it was gold he was lookin at, ye see.

"My God," he says, "I'm well -," he says. "If the auld wife kenned I'd done that, I'd be murdered stone dead," he says. "I need tae dae somethin," he says. "I dinnae want tae leave roon aboot here in case he comes back." Ye see?

F18 (Contd)

The auld man looks at this heap o gold. "Well," he says, "fair enough," he says. "But dinnae go too far, mind," he says. "There's the bridle tae ye, but dinnae go too far." So he gies the King o the Black Art the bridle. Away! Now the ould man's searchin for his son, up an doon, through aa the town, every place that he could think o. No us! Couldnae see him. An he comes back an he says, "Well," he says, "it's no sae bad," he says. "I've got the gold anyway, and," he says, "I'll still go back for ma son." But when he come back an looked in the shed, it was a heap o horse dung! It was a heap o horse dung! He says, "I neednae go back to her now," he says. "She'll kill me! An: he says, "the son - I don't know what he's goin tae say." He says, "I'm bugged now!" Ye see?

A19 But, however, we'll leave the old man now an go back to the boy. He was taken an he was put in a nine-stalled stable, locked up, an nothin but three buckets o salt beef every day, and not a drink o water. He's stuck there.

So anyway, how long he was there I cannae tell you, but wan day there was a lot o shootin visitors come to the King o the Black Airt, an he told his stable man, "Remember," he says, "give that horse," he says, "It's buckets o salt beef, an," he says, "just a tickie water - not much water."

But however, the shoot, this is all away up tae the hill, an here the young lad said to the stable boy, he says, "Oh dear!" he says, "a bucket o water's nae use tae me," he says. "If you could only let me," he says, "down to the lake," he says, "I could drink as much water," he says, "as'll do me for a long, long time!"

"No," he says, "it's only wan."

He says, "Ye can take me an hold me, an let me get a drink o water."

So he prigged on this boy for tae let him oot tae get a drink o water. "Well, well," says the boy, "if the King o the Black Airt fund oot, I'd be be - the head wad be off me, I'd be headed."

"He'll not know," he says, "I'll just come back in one o ma stables an nobody'll know."

But however the lad let him out tae get a drink o watter. Whenever he got out, he's away in a salmon intae the lake.

B19 That must have been the gentleman that came from the big estate. I must go back there and see if I can see him. So he went right back to the big estate. Before he went up to the house, he looked in to see if he could see the stallion. He saw it standing in the stable. There were four or five horses and it was in the end stall.

The stallion says, "Is that you father?"

His father says, "Yes. You're back."

And his son says, "How did you give away the halter? You shouldn't have done that. If you take the halter off now all the bells will ring in the castle and he'll come down and cut the head off you."

"Well what can I do?" asks his father.

"Take me down to the water," he says. "Then take the halter off my head and I'll show you what I'll do. When you've taken it off, you make for home father."

So the old man says, "All right. I'll do that." He took off the halter and led the stallion down to the water and when he took the halter off it's head, he heard the bells ringing all round the castle. Then the old man ran away as he had been told to do. Meantime the stallion dived into the water and turned itself into a salmon.

C19 But we'll leave the old man now, and we'll go back to the King's castle.

They take the son, and they keep him in the form of the horse, and they put him into a nine-stalled stable, with other horses. And the food he got was three buckets of salt and beef a day, and not a drink of water, till the horse's tongue was stiff and thick, and coated with a white crust - you know what I mean, with the want of water.

But one day he was standing in the stable, in the shape of the horse, till he looks around and sees the stable-boy coming in, you see, with the bucket of salt beef, and he says to the stable-boy:

"Listen, stable-boy."

"What is it? says the stable-boy.

He says: "You wouldn't," he says, "give me one drink of water?"

The stable-boy says: "Look," he says, "you know I can't give you water, because if I give you water, my head will be on the poison spears before the sun sets."

"Well, God bless me, would you not give me one drop?" he says. "Nobody'll know, they're away out today on the hill shooting, there's not one of them about the castle. If you could even take me," he says, "by the reins to the water, I'd get so much at a single gulp that you wouldn't need to do it again."

D19 So he's back now and back this road again. Back, and away back 'til he come to this big house again. And he come back up to the butler's door, and the butler says, "Oh, you're back again."

"Yes, I'm back. The last time I was here the horse broke away from me and dived into the water and away."

"Was it not your fault?"

"No, it wasna my fault. The helter broke and come off its head."

"All right, away down to the big house."

So he went down to the big house and he's back up next morning, and he come up to the stable and he lookit in and he seen the old horse again. It was at the end stall. So the butler says, "Give him a drink now, and don't take the horses out this time."

He says, "All right."

So they give the horses all a drink 'til they come to the old horse. The old horse says, "Well why'd you give away the bridle, father, the last time?"

"I couldnae help it. He just said he was gonna take a wee shot up the street and back again."

"Never do that again, because once they take the bridle or anything off a horse in this castle, you never get back."

"Well, well, what will we do now?"

C19 (Contd)

Well the boy looked all round about - you know.

"Well," he says, "I'll take you to the stream, but I'll never take you there a second time," he says. "I'll give you one drink, and one drink only."

"Well," says the son, "that'll be enough."

So the boy loosens the reins, and takes the horse to the water, and he tried to get a drink. And he says to the stable-boy, "Look," he says, "I can't get a proper drink because of the bit in my mouth. Couldn't you take the bit out?" he says, "and loosen this choke-strap, so that I can get a proper drink while I'm at it."

So the boy loosens the choke-strap, and slips out the bit - and as soon as this was done, he just did That with his head, and he was out of the bridle, and away as a salmon in the stream. And all the bells of the castle started to ring! The noise that came from the castle, you could have heard it about ten miles away.

D19 (Contd)

"Just take me down to the river again."

"Well, the butler'll see me taking you down."

"Doesna matter, take me down. And take the helter off me afore you put me into the stable."

So he took him out the door, and he took the helter off. The horse made a dive into the water and turned hissel' into a salmon, and he's swimmin' through this water.

E19 So now, we'll leave the auld man and go with the horse. The King o the Black Art takes the horse back to the castle. He tells his grooms an the men that looks efter the horses, "Tie him up," he says, "never take the bridle off his heid. Never take the bridle off his heid. I'm warnin youse. And," he says, "don't give him anything but a bucket o salt beef a day tae eat." Ye see?

So he tarried in the stall, he's getting this bit o meat, but efter a week or so, his tongue is swollen like that an cracked, for a drink o water. And the best o it was the stable doors looked oot on a lovely wee stream rinnin doon, a wee burn, ye see. But the groom cam in, bucket o salt beef. He says tae the groom, "Look," he says, "look," he says, "wad ye no gie me a drink o water" The horse said tae the groom, ye see.

He says, "I can't," he says. "It wad be worth more than I'm worth tae gie ye one spot o water," he says, "because he would know right away."

But the next day passed and the next day and the groom cam in again. He says, "Look groom," he says, "could ye no just - dinnae take the water in tae me," he says. "Lead me oot," he says, "tae that wee stream till I get wettin ma tongue at it." He says, "If I could get wan dip o the water," he says.

F19 Now, we'll go tae the son. He was taken back tae the King o the Black Airt's Castle, and he's taken intae a stall and he's tied up. An all he's allowed is two buckets o salt beef a day, and not a drink o water. Haa! he's sittin there, he's standin there, and his tongue's oot that length, and it was aa dry, ye know. And every time that the other boy came in, he would say tae him, "Will ye not let me get a drink? Will ye no gie me a wee drink at aa?"

"Och, I cannae, I cannae, 'cause the King o the Black Airt - ye know what he is!"

"Well, look, gie me a wee drink for God's sake, gie me a wee drink!"

"Now look, I can't, because as soon as I'd gie ye a drink, he'll ken."

Aw, that went on for a week, see? His tongue's aa swelled up, with it. When he comes in he says, "For God's sake, man, have compassion," he says, "wad ye no get me," he says, "two minutes at that wee burn passin there," he says, "tae dip ma tongue in the water."

E19 (Contd)

"Well, says the groom, he says, "I'll take ye oot," he says, "by the halter," he says, "and I'll let ye pit your nose to it, but," he says, "never say nothing that I've done this," he says, "or I'll be beheaded."

So the groom lows the rope, leads the horse oot and richt tae the water and the horse is daein that, an snuffin and he says, "Look," he says, "the rope's too short." He says, "Could ye slacken the halter," he says, "aff ma lug," he says, "lowse the neck band," he says, "and slacken it a wee bit so that I can get a right drink?" He says, "It's the last thing I'll ask ye."

The groom says, "You'll be the daith o me," and he lows the halter.

When the boy got the halter lows and the groom got the top o the bridle like that, he gied his heid a pull and his heid slipped oot o the halter and he dived intae the burn as a salmon, and he's off, boy!

F19 (Contd)

Whereas the boy says, "They're away oot up tae the hill the day, the King o the Black Airt and his two sons. An," he says, "I'll let ye oot," he says, "for a minute just tae dip your tongue in the water," he says. "I cannae dae any mair."

So he looses him fae the stall and he takes him oot, let him dip his tongue in the water, ye see. "Oh," he says, "A cannae. That's nae use. Could ye no louse the bit oot o ma mooth," he says, "an that, an slacken the choke strap," he says, "So's A can get lickin," he says. "A cannae get a drink at all."

So the boy slackened it, boy, and he jist whizzed off [clap] and he's away as a salmon in the burn. Now as soon as he does that all the bells in this King o the Black Airt's castle rings. "Ding, dong! Ding dong! Ding dong! Ding dong!" Ye see?

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

A20 Aw, the King of the Black Airt, whatever way he knew, he knew he was away. So they come in five otters - there were five o them after him - five otters! But they're after the salmon and after the salmon and after the salmon. But hooever this salmon, when he was near hand at the end, goin down the river, he looks an he sees a big castle.

Now, didn't he spring up an jump in a gold ring on the girl's finger.

B20 The gentleman he came running down to the water's edge and he saw what had happened and so he turned himself into an otter and two men who were behind him, they turned into otters and they all dived in after the salmon. They were after the salmon up the water and up the water. Now the salmon knew the otter could outrun him so he turned himself into a hawk in the air. Then the three men, they turned themselves into three eagles. So they're flying after the hawk and it was flying over the countryside and saw below a great big castle. "Now," he thought, "if I could get above that I might escape this three." So he made for the castle and he dived down the chimney. He came into a roon and he saw a bed and a young girl in it. So he turned himself into a ring on the lassie's finger.

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

C20 So the King and his two sons, they're away out on the hill shooting and they hear the commotion - you see? And they're back down, as fast as they could come. And when they found out that he was away as a salmon in the water, the King and his two sons, they changed themselves into three otters, and they're into the river, and they're after him. And they're down the river, and down the river, and down the river, and down the river, till they started to gain on him. They're gaining on him till there wasn't the breadth of this house between them, these three otters and the fish. Till this Jack - they called the son Jack - he turned himself into a swallow in the air - and he's away as a swallow - you know. And these three otters, they turn themselves into three hawks, and they're after the swallow. And they're diving, and skidding, and dipping and swooping over woods and valleys, till they come to the outskirts of a village. And as the swallow's diving - you know the way swallows dive over the ground - he looks into this garden in front of this little house, where there was a lady sitting knitting - and this Jack, he turns himself into a ring on the lady's finger - you see?

D20 And the gentleman heard that and he just dived into the water and he turned hisself into a otter. And he's after the salmon and after the salmon. And the salmon seen that the otter was catchin' up with him, and he turned himself into a hawk in the air. And the gentleman he turned himself into an eagle and he's after the hawk. So they're flying across this big forest, and the hawk lookit down and saw a castle, and he dived right doon the chimney. Now when he dived doon the chimney this was intae a room where there was a young girl lying on the bed. And he turned hisself intae a ring on her finger.

E20. An the King o the Black Airt was oot on the hill wi two o his sons, shootin or wild boar huntin or somethin, and they heard the bells. He said, "I know what's wrong," he says. "That horse has escaped." He says, "Come on!"

So in two or three minutes they were down at the place an the groom telt them the horse was in the water. So the father, the King o the Black Airt and his two sons, they changed themselves intae two otters, and they dived intae the water, and they're down this burn, and down this burn, down the streams an down the streams, efter this salmon. An they're gainin on him, they're gainin on him, and they're - oh, the length o the table off him, this three otters. An he changed hissel intae a swallow in the air, ye see. And when he done that, they changed themsels intae three hawks and they're chasin this swallow an chasin it. And the swallow's divin an dippin an divin an swervin an it come across this two or three hooses, an there's a wumman sittin oot in the gairden sewin, ye see. An he changes hissel intae the ring on the wumman's finger.

F20 Him an his sons is oot on the hill, away huntin a boar and everything like that. "Listen boys, listen! Oh! There's some'hin wrong!" Him an his two sons boy are back, back like rockets.

"What happened?"

Oh, the other has tae tell him. He's beheaded right away. They turns an they're in three otters, an they're intae the river, and they're down the river, efter the salmon, ye see. The salmon's goin, he's goin, he's goin, by Christ, boy! This otters - an they're down the river an down the river an down the river an down the river. An the laddie looks back an he sees they're gainin on him and he shoots oot o the water as a swallow in the air. An he's flyin aboot, an they turns theirsels intae three hawks an they're efter him, flyin here an flyin there, an divin at him an divin at him, an tryin tae hook him wi their claw, when they're divin at him, ye see. An he's flyin an he's hookin, an he's divin an he's twistin an he's divin an he's twistin, an they come over a wee village, an looks doon and he's sees a wumman sittin in a garden. Sees a wumman sittin like that, when he's divin, ye know. And he dives doon an he changes hissel intae a ring on the woman's finger.

A21 So this - five men - the King o the Black Airt was one - he went up an he says tae this gentleman in this big house. "I hear," he says, "ye're wantin a new house built, a new cottage, a castle."

"Yes," he says, "I do."

"Well," he says, "we're five masons, an," he says, "in no time we'll pit up your castle for ye."

"Very good," says this man.

So there they started to the castle. The masons finished the house and the gentleman asked, "How much will you take for building my castle?"

"Oh," he says. "Go up tae your daughter," he says, "and ask did she find a strange ring on her finger, and if she gives the ring to us, that's all the payment we'll ask. Nothing else," he says, "only the ring."

"Oh," he says. "Ye'll get that an something else," he says. "We couldnae just pay you with the ring."

B21 "Oh," the lassie says, "what's that?" She looked at the ring on her finger.

He says, "Shh, don't talk, don't speak. I've just turned myself into a ring on your finger. I'll tell you what to do. There will be three men come for me tomorrow morning. They'll be asking your father if they can build a castle for him. Your father's looking for a castle, isn't he?"

She says, "Yes. He advertised for someone to come and build a castle for him."

"Well," he says, "these three men will come and make a castle that you never saw the like of. But the only payment they'll want is the ring on your finger. Now you say, 'Before I give you this ring, we'll have a big bonfire and a celebration for the castle.' And when the big bonfire's lit up and blazing away, you scratch the ring and throw it into the heart of the fire."

"Oh," but the lassie says, "I couldn't do that to you."

"You do that," he says, "you do that and I'll come out all right."

A21 (Contd)

But the young man told this girl that night when she was in bed. He went in his own uniform, he turned in his own uniform. "Now," he says, "ma lass," he says, "don't be alarmed," he says, "don't be afraid," he says. "I won't touch ye." He says, "I'm here tae tell ye something." He says, "They five masons," he says, "they'll want nothing from you," he says, "but the strange ring, from your father, but the strange ring. But tell them," he says, "ye want a great bonfire built up," he says, "before ye pay or give over the ring. Tell him ye want a bonfire for rejoice, tae celebrate the castle.

"Very good."

"An," he says, "before ye give them the ring, throw it in the hert o the bonfire, just where it's at it's worst," he says, "just throw it right intae the hert o the fire."

So anyway, "Very good," she says, "I'll do that."

C21 Well, they couldn't very well turn into their own shapes, and come and take the ring off the lady, or there would have been a commotion - you see what I mean? They turn themselves into labourers. But before they come up to her, Jack speaks to the lady - you see - as the ring. But she's looking for the voice, and he explained to her not to be frightened - you see? And in those days people weren't frightened at anything like that, because witchcraft was plentiful. You see what I mean - things like that were supposed to happen.

"Now," he says, "lady, you'll be getting a visit from three labourers, and they'll be offering to do small jobs - jobbing labourers," he says, "they'll call at your door. And," he says, "they'll do a job for you - your wall is needing repairing: I know. And when they get the job done," he says, "they're not to get any payment bar the ring that's on your finger. And before you give them the ring off your finger," he says, "you must collect all those branches and sticks that are lying at the back of your house," he says, "and make a great big bonfire of them, with tar, and any kind of burning material to get the fire started. They'll blaze up," he says, "because they're dry. And," he says, "when they do the job for you, before you give me to them, just turn round and tell them you'd rather throw me in the fire, and fling me right into the centre of the fire."

So she promised she would do it.

D21 And when she felt the ring goin' on her finger she cried, "Ooh, what's that?"

"Don't say anything," the ring said to her, "because I'm a man that's getting chased by a gentleman and he wants me back to the big house and the castle. I turned myself into a ring on your finger and they'll come in the morning and they'll chap at your door. And your father's gonna build a castle, isn't he?"

And she says, "Yes, he's gonna build a castle."

"Well," he says, "This man's gonna build the castle for him, and all the payment they want is the ring that's on your finger. But before you give him the ring, tell him to make a great big bonfire. And when the bonfire's well lit and red you just catch the ring and throw it in the fire."

"But why do I have to do that," she says, "with a good ring?"

"Never mind. You just do what I tell you to do."

So she says, "All right."

E21 An the hawks is fleein roon aboot, roon aboot roon aboot, roon aboot. And the ring says tae the wumman, it says, "Missis." And she looked roon aboot for the voice. Couldnae see nothing. He says, "It's me," he says, "I'm on your finger."

And she looked and she says, "Oh, where did that ring come from?"

He says, "It's me," he says. "Don't say anything at all, tae anyone," he says, "that I'm speakin tae ye." He says, "I've got the power to do anything I want." The wumman started tae get kin o feart. He says, "Don't get frightened," he says. He says, "Look," he says, "there'll be three gold dealers come and," he says, "they'll ask tae buy anythin made o gold," he says, "and they'll promise ye the world for it and," he says, "what ye want tae dae now," he says, "if ye'll do it for me," he says, "is go an build a big fire in your back yard." He says, "I'll make it worth your while," he says, "and have that big fire well bleezin," he says, "because they'll be here before long and," he says, "walk by the fire when they're askin tae buy the ring off ye," he says, "and before ye give in tae them, tell them ye'd rather fling it intae the fire, and throw it straight intae the fire. Now," he says tae the wumman, "be sure ye do that. Give me your word."

F21 An he actually sits waiting tae see whit's happenin, ye know. An he's sittin there on the wumman's finger - she's knittin. An they flies roon aboot, aa owre the place, divin here an there an lookin for him, ye see. So when he gets intae the way, he says tae the wumman, he says, "Missis."

She says, "Whit?" Ye see.

"Look, it's me!" He didnae know what tae do. He didnae know whit tae do tae get her attention, you know what I mean? He says, "It's me, I'm on yer finger."

She says, "What on ma finger?"

He says, "Look tae your finger," he says, "and see a ring," he says, "it's never been there afore."

An so she did. She looked, an there was a ring there. She never had before. "Oh," she says, "that's right enough."

"Well," he says, "don't speak." And he explained tae her, everything that happened, and he says, "They're after me. Now," he says, "what A want ye tae do. Will ye follow," he says, "what A'm tellin you?" he says.

"Well," she says, "fair enough," she says, "I'll do what ye say."

F21 (Contd).

So he says, "Well go round the back," he says, "and build a great big heap o sticks so ye can pit a fire tae it. Put paraffin or somethin on it, ye know. An," he says, "they'll come tae ye," he says. "I know what they're gonnae do." He says, "They'll come tae ye," he says, "as three gold buyers, an", he says, "they'll ask ye if ye've any valuables here," he says, "an they'll want tae buy the ring off yer finger. An," he says, "you walk round the back," he says, "you want round the back, and," he says, "you tell them," he says, "before ye would sell me tae them, that ye would rather," he says, "throw me in the fire. An put a match tae the fire," he says, "wait till it's burnin well, and," he says, "throw me intae the heart o the fire. Now," he says, "will ye promise an that?"

She says, "Yes."

A22 So anyway, when they come to ask the daughter for the ring, she wantit this big bonfire, ye see, for rejoice, celebrate. So they got all this, an she says, "I want five bags of barley, right round the bonfire. I must have five bags of barley." That's what the young man had told her tae pit round it, ye see, in a circle.

So anyway, the bonfire was built up, an lit, an the five bags o barley was right round it. So when the fire was done, she says, "Before I'll give any of the masons my ring," she says, "I'll do that with it!" An she threw it right in the fire.

B22 So next morning the bell rung and the butler went to the door and he came back to the gentleman and he says, "There are three gentlemen at the door want to see you." So the gentleman went out.

"Excuse me," says one of the men. "We're three masons. I heard word that you were looking for men to build a castle."

The gentleman says, "Yes."

"Well," says the man, "we'll build a castle for you in one night."

"Impossible," says the gentleman.

"Well, give us a chance."

"Oh, but it'll cost a lot of money if you build it in one night."

"It won't cost you a penny," he says, "but after we build the house, the only payment we want is that ring on your daughter's finger."

"The ring on my daughter's finger?" says the gentleman.

"Yes," says the man.

So the gentleman roared to his daughter and she came out and he says, "Have you a ring on your finger?"

She says, "Yes."

He says, "Will you give it to these men if they build me a house?"

She says, "Yes, I'll give it to them."

He says, "All right. You build the house."

B22 (Contd)

So the next morning the gentleman got up and looked out of his window and he saw the bonniest castle that ever you saw. It was built on four pillars and it was going round and round and round and round and it was all gold and silver and everything studded with diamonds and other precious stones. "My goodness," says the gentleman, "that's a great, great castle. How did you manage it?"

"Oh never mind," says the man. "We managed it and the only payment we want is that ring on your daughter's finger."

"Well," says the gentleman, "give him the ring, daughter."

She says, "Before I give you the ring we must have a big bonfire and I'll give you the ring when the bonfire's lit."

So they built a great bonfire and put a match to it and it was blazing up. Then she says, "All right, if you want the ring, there it is." And she took off the ring, scratched it and threw it in the centre of the fire.

C22 So she's just sitting there, maybe about another half-hour or so in the sun, when up come these three jobbing labourers, looking for a job.

"Well," she says, "I've got a job I need done - my walls. Do you make a good job?"

"Yes," they say, "we make a good job - very cheap."

Well, they did this repair for the lady, and O, they made a lovely job of the wall, in a very short time.

So she asked them how much the job came to.

"Well," he says, "we don't take any money," he says, "we'll let you off with the money part of it," he says, "if you could give us that ring that's on your finger."

"O," she says, "you can't have that," she says. "Before I gave you that I'd rather fling it into that fire."

And she flung the ring right into the middle of the fire.

D22 So next morning when she got up there was a chap come to the door. The butler come in and he says, "There's three gentlemen here to see you, my lord."

"Well, I'll be out just in a second."

So he went out.

"I see," this man said at the door, "that you're goin' to build a big castle here. You're looking for somebody to build a big castle."

"Yes, I am that."

Do ye want it built here or do ye want it built on the hill?"

"Up on the hill there, I'll show where to build it. But it'll be a while before you can built it."

"No, I'll build it one night's time, you'll have your castle."

"My goodness, you must be awfy quick."

"Well, you can see for yourself when I build this castle, it'll please you all right."

"But, it must cost a lot of money."

"No, it won't cost a lot of money. The only thing that I want is the ring on your girl's finger there."

"Oh, well, you'd best to ask the girl yourself."

So she came out, and he says, "This man says he's gonna build a castle for that ring that's on your finger." "Oh," she says, "all right. You can get the ring." So everything was settled.

D22 (Contd.)

When the king got up next morning, he lookit out the window and he seen this castle. Oh, a beautiful castle. And the pillars all around the castle was all diamonds and gold, and was just goin round about like that, round and round in circles. "Well," says the king, "that's the most beautiful castle every I seen in my life. Do ye no want payment for?"

"No, I do not. The only thing I want is the ring on your girl's finger."

"Well," she says, "before I give you the ring, I want a great big bonfire made and lit up to celebrate the new castle." "Oh, but we'll soon do that," says the builders. So they made a great big bonfire and it was pure red. "Well," she says, "you can get the ring ... now. There it is." And she threw it in the fire.

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

E22 So she went and she made a big fire, and the fire was roastin the same as ye've saw them at the burnin o the brushwood in a wud. Right big fire she had, ye see. "Now," he says, "go roon again an sit doon."

So she went roon an sat doon again an oh! a while after that, boy, comes these three men, tappin the doors, lookin for gold, ye see. Any of it that was tae be had. And the King o the Black Airt came in and, "Good mornin, ma'am," he says. "Have ye any gold pieces or any-thing at all in the jewellery line tae buy aff ye this mornin?"

"No," she says, "I haven't a thing."

He says, "That's a nice ring ye've got on your hand there."

She says, "Yes, it's a nice ring."

"Will ye not sell it to me?"

"No," she says, "I wouldn't take any money for it."

He says, "I'll give ye ten thousand for it."

She says, "I wouldn't take anything for it. I wouldn't sell it at all." And she's walkin back by the fire, ye see. She says, "In fact, before I would sell it," she says, "I'd rather do that with it," and she flung it straight into the heart o the great raging fire.

F22 So the wumman's sittin knittin away, and the ring on her finger, sittin knittin away there about an hour after that. In comes three men, "Excuse me, missis, we're gold buyers, and we buy anything like that, ye know," and one thing an another like that. "Oh that's a nice ring on your finger there. Will ye sell it?"

She says, "No."

He says, "We'll give ye five hundred pound for it."

"No, no."

We'll gie ye a thousand pound for it."

"No," she says, "I wouldn't take it." So they're tryin tae deal for this ring, ye see. Now she walks round the back, an she sets fire tae this big - sets a match tae this big fire. An it's roarin an jist roarin, ye know, an they're tryin tae buy this ring off her. "Now," she says, "there's the ring," she says. She whips it off her finger like that. She says, "Before I'd give ye the ring," she says, "I'd fling it in the fire."

She flung it straight in the fire.

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

A23 This five masons turned in five cocks an they picked an picked an picked at the barley, an picked at the barley, till they had the whole five bags all et up, all but two or three seeds. When they were still in the five cocks pickin up aa the barley, he turned in a fox and bit - ta'en off the three (sic) heads, he killed the three cocks, ta'en off the three heads.

B23 At once the three men turned themselves into breezes and they blew and they blew and blew and blew until they blew the fire out. And when the young man saw what they had done he turned himself into a grain of barley in amongst a lot of other grains of barley. And when they saw what he had done they turned themselves into three cocks and they started to peck the barley - pick the barley, pick the barley, pick pick the barley, pick the barley. And when the young man saw that, he turned himself into a fox and cut the head off the three cocks.

C23 Well, at the back of the fire, there was about half a ton of barley, in bags - you see? Sitting up against a shed where they'd been thrashing.

The three labourers, they turned themselves into three blacksmiths with bellows. And they blew the fire, and they blew the fire, and they blew the fire, and they blew the fire, and they blew the fire, till the sparks and the flames were flying everywhere, until there was nothing left of the sticks but a handful of red-ends - you know what I mean, just a small heap of red-ends. And they were blowing and blowing.

Jack, he turned himself into a grain of corn in one of the sacks. So they turned themselves into three cocks, and they're picking, and picking, and picking, and picking, and picking, and picking at this barley, till, when they had just about six or seven seeds to go, Jack turned himself into a fox - very, very sharp! - and nipped the three heads off them with his teeth.

D23 Then the three men turned themselves into water and they put the fire out. So when he seen that, he turned himself into a stack o' barley. And when they seen him turn into a stack o' barley, the three men turned themselves into cocks and they're peckin' at the barley. When he seen that, he turned hisself into a fox and he snappit the heids off the three cocks.

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

E23 So the King o the Black Art and his two sons, they turned themselves intae three blacksmiths wi bellows, and they blew the fire an they blowed the fire, an they blowed the fire and they blew the fire, an they blew the fire an they blew the fire, till there was just about six wee red grains left, ye see?

When the boy [clap] changed hissel intae a seed o corn that was in the wumman's shed for feedin her hens, four or five bags o corn an barley or somethin, for feedin her hens. He changed hissel intae a seed o barley and they changed theirsels intae three cocks and they picked an they picked an they picked the barley, an they picked the barley, an they picked the barley, an they picked the barley, an they picked the barley, till there were jist about quarter o a pound left in the last bag an they were that full wi the barley they were hardly able tae move, and he changed hissel intae a real savage fox [clap] and he went snap! snap! snap! [three claps] and snapped the heids off the three cocks.

F23 Now there was four bags o barley in the shed beside the fire, the woman for her hens, ye know. An she flung the ring in the fire an they turned theirsels intae three blacksmiths, an they blew the fire, an they blew the fire, an they blew the fire, an they blew the fire, an they blew the fire, till they had everything like that, barrin about three or four red coals. An he turns hissel intae a barley aun (?) intae one o the bags, an they turns theirsel intae three cocks and they started pickin the barley, an pickin the barley, an peckin the barley an peckin the barley, an peckin the barley, an peckin the barley, because they knew he was there! You know what I mean?

An they pecked, an they pecked, an they pecked, an they pecked, an they pecked, an they pecked, an they picked, an they picked, an they picked, an they picked, an they picked, till they were like that [fat] an they picked, an they picked, an they picked, till there were'nt half a dozen seeds left, an they were that heavy and lazy, that they couldnae hardly peck any mair. An he turned hissel intae a fox [clap] and snapped [clap] the three heids off them like that [clap, clap, clap]. Ye see? So that was then finished.

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

A24 So he goes home tae his father an mither, an he lived happy ever after.

B24 And he got the daughter to marry. And that's the last of my story.

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

C24 And that finished the King of the Black Art. Jack, he goes and he collects his father on the road, and goes home to the old wife, and they lived happy ever after. They moved into a great big castle, with the money that Jack earned after that. And the last time I was there, I was at the back door, and I got my tea off a little thin table - and the table bended - and my story's ended!

D24 And he got the girl to marry. And the last time I was there I got a piece and some tea at the back door. And that's the last o' my story.

THE KING O THE BLACK ART

E24 So he comes oot an walks back tae the village where he'd lost his faither, and the faither's on the booze. He's drunk up an doon the street wi the two three shillins he'd got before that for the dog, and when he saw his son, he couldnae get owre it! The son gied him a tellin aff but he says, "It's all right now, father," he says. "Come on now," he says, "and I think when we get hame this time we'll maybe get on better," he says, "than we done fishin." So they landed hom, and they lived happily ever after.

F24 So he turned hisselt intae his ain self again, and he went back tae the village, got his father, and went hame tae his auld wife - his mother, and the auld man tae the wife, and they had a good few pound wi them, and they started fishin again. You know this, the last time I was there I got ma tea off a wee tin table, an the table bended an ma story's ended!

1.4 THE THREE FEATHERS

A Alec Stewart

A1 Once upon a time there was a King and he had three sons. And one morning he says, "Hey sons," he says, "I might die any time and I don't know who to leave the castle to, and my money. I think I'll give you another task to do. One of you will go one road, the other another road, and Jack here will go his road."

But the oldest son says, "Whatna road will we go, Father?"

He says, "I'll tell you what road to go. In the morning I'll give you three feathers and whichever road the feather will go, that's the road you'll have to go on."

"And what have we to get?" his second son says.

"You have to get a tablecover. And the one that brings me the best tablecover, will be the one that will get the castle."

B Andrew Stewart

B1 There's a story about that - "The Three Feather," and Jack. The three brothers went up the king gave them a - they had to go onto - they had to push their fortune.

C Andrew Stewart

C1 Well, oncet upon a time there was a king and this king wis gett-
in up in years, he wid be away nearly the borders o eighty year
auld, ye see, and he took very ill, and he wis in bed. So his doctor
come tae see him ... and he soundit oot the old King lyin in bed, an
everything - he come doon, he's asked for the oldest brother and he
says tae the oldest brother, he says: "Yer father hasnae very long tae
live," he says, "the best o his days is bye, an," he says, "Ah wouldn't
be a bit surprised," says the doctor, "if ye come up some mornin an
find him lying dead in his bed," ye see?

So, of course, it wid come as a blow tae the oldest brother, and
here, the oldest brother sent for the other two brothers, ye see, sent
for Jeck and the other two brother like, ye understand they cried him
'Silly Jeck' he wis awfae saft and silly, ye know, he widnae dae noth-
ing. He wis a humbug tae the castle; he'd done nothin for the father -
in fact he wasnae on the list o gettin onything left when the father
died at aa. That wis jist the way o't, ye see. He wis a bad laddie.
So anyway, here the three sons is stannin, the oldest tellt them that
the father wis goin tae die and something wid have tae be done, and 'at
he was goin to be king, ye see. So the good adviser said: "Well," he
says, "before the father dies," he says, "he told me that the one that
would get the best tablecover that could be found in the country, would
get the castle and be king," ye see?

D Andrew Stewart

D1 Oncet upon a time there was a king and this king had three sons
and as usual he had one cried Jack and he was lazy, he would do
nothing. The other two men were very smart, done all the work in the
castle, roun about but Jack would do nothing, in amongst the servants,
seein what was to eat an lie down all the time.

So anyway the king got very old and he was afraid he was gonnae
die, so he sent for the good advisers and they came up an they're sitt-
in beside Jack, sittin beside the king's bed. And he says, the king
says tae them, "My, me," he says, "I sent for yese," he says, "I have-
n't too long to live now," he says. An he says, "I want to leave a
will," he says, "for my boys," and he says, "whose gonnae be the smart-
est, or what to do," he says. "They're good boys tae me. Only Jack,"
he says, "he's my favourite because he's the youngest. An I would do
nothing," he says, "behind Jack's back," he says, "without telling
him," he says. "I want tae make him equal wi the rest, even though
he's the laziest boy an a dumbskill that knew nothin."

So anyway, "Well, what d'ye want us to do," they said, "your
highness."

C1 (Contd)

"Well," says the oldest brother," he says, "What are we goin to do," he says, "have we tae go an push wir fortune?"

"No," says the good adviser, he says, "your father gave us three feathers," he says, "here they're here," he says, "out of an eagle's wing," an he says, "each o yese got tae take a feather each an go to the top tower o the castle and throw yer feather up in the air," he says, "an whatever wey the feather went, flutter't, that wis the way he had tae go an push yer fortune for the tablecover.

D1 (Contd)

"Well," the king says, "I was thinking," says the king, "tae make three tasks, an whichever one done the three tasks best would get tae be king." An he says, "An I want you to recommend what you would suggest the three boys should do."

Well, the two - the three, advisers were sittin an they said, "We've come to an agreement that they'll take a feather each an go tae the tower o the castle an throw a feather up an whatever way the feather went, they had to go an seek a bride." An the prettiest girl was to be queen and the son was to be king.

That was okey. So they got Jack - they didnae know where tae find Jack - Jack was still in the kitche. Here he was lyin sleepin at the back o the boiler, y'know. They got Jack up anyway. He says, "What does ma father want me for?"

"Come on," he says, "son," he says. "Ye've got to get up. Your father is dyin."

So he goes up an the three boys is standin there. The other ones is smart, guard's clothes on them, ye know, princes - an he's in rags, Jack an he didn't care for nothin.

"Here's the three feathers, boys. There's one each for yese. An yese go up tae the top o the tower an yese throw up these feathers, an whatever direction the feather goes that's the way ye has to go an seek a wife. Look for a girl." Okay an them that got the nicest-lookin wife, was gonnae be king.

THE THREE FEATHERS

E. Alec Stewart

E1 Once upon a time there was a castle away in the far parts o the country, that I don't know where it was. And he had three sons and he was gettin very old. He was mostly in his bed all the time. So he got up one day and he came out and he went up on the turret in the castle and he called on his three sons. "Now," he says, "sons," he says, "I'm gettin very old," he says, "I'll not last long," he says, "and I must give you a task for to do, so's I know the one I could leave the castle to."

He says, "Whatna task is that?" the oldest one says.

"Well," he says, "the one that brings me back," he says, "the best tablecover that ever A seen," he says, "'ll get the castle."

"Well," he says, "that'll no be hard to do." [Watch they bairns doesnae come ben.] And he says, "What way will we go?"

"Well," he says, "I'll give you three feathers in the mornin," he says, "and which ever way," he says, "thae three feathers flies, that's the way ye'll go for to look for your cover."

He says, "that'll be all right then."

F Alec Stewart

F1 There was a king once who stayed in a castle. I don't know whatna country it is. I'm gonnae tell you the story as I heard it. An he'd three sons and the old man sent for them one day an he says, "I'm gettin old," he says, "sons and I don't know who to leave the castle to an all the money, but," he says, "I'll give yese three feathers, one each, an," he says, "whatever direction that feathers goes in the mornin, when ye throw them up, yese go that way," he says, "an the one that fetches me the best bedspread is the one that's gonnae get the castle."

G John Stewart

G1 Jack, Tom and James. Now Jack wasnae altogether right, ye see. An he was always made work in the kitchen, as the scullion, y'know what I mean? Doing this odd job and that odd job, while the other two, they'd be out on horseback, carrying on. But anyway, time rolls by and the old king, he's getting very old, and he's lyin very bad, ye see. So he says to Tom and James, he says, "Now boys," he says, "I'm getting an old man," he says, and he says, "I was just wonderin," he says, "before I die," he says, "who tae leave the castle tae," he says. "Aa the land, a that." He says, "I could split it up between the three o ye," he says, "but who's tae get the title of king?" he says.

"Oh well," says, James, he says, "I'm the oldest."

"Ah but," says the father, "ye're maybe no the best."

And Tom says, "Well," he says, "I'm here, I could be King."

But the King says, "What about Jack?"

"Oh," he says, "you're no gonnae need him," he says. "He's doon noo wi the servants," he says. "Pitten intae him," he says, "eatin aa the best bits," he says, "afore it comes up tae the dining room." He says, "What dae ye want," he says, "wi him?"

He says, "Look," he says, "he's a son the same as any o youse. But," he says, "I've been lyin thinking here," he says, "for months now," he says, and he says, "I'm gonnae put yese tae a contest." He says, "The one that fetches me the nicest ring," he says, "I'll be a certain distance on being king. But," he says, "I'm gonnae give ye three different tasks," he says. "Yese has tae get me a ring first." He says, "An the one that gets the best ring," he says, "that'll be three points tae him."

"Well," he says, "where we gonnae get a ring father?"

"Well," he says. "I'll tell ye what to do," he says. "I'm giving ye three feathers. An yese'll go tae the highest tower in the castle," he says, "An each wan o yese'll throw your feather up. An," he says, "whatever way your feather goes," he says, "that's the way each o yese have tae go, tae look for that."

They werenae too pleased at this. But the king was adamant, and he would - that was it. So he tells them gae down and get Jack, and Jack comes up, an he has tae clean his feet at the door afore he come in the room. An he says, "What is it faither?"

"Oh," he says, "Jack," he tells Jack.

He says, "Oh, I'll never get a ring," he says. He says, "The only ring I ken aboot," he says, "is maybe some of them rings," he says, "that's on the Leghorn legs," he says, "that's in the henhouse. An," he says, "they wadnae be much use."

THE THREE FEATHERS

A2 So next morning came and the King brought the three feathers and he says, "Come up to the top of the tower of the castle." And they went up and he says, "There you are Geordie, you're the oldest son. There's one feather to you. And William, there's a feather to you. And Jack, there's one to you. Now, throw up your three feathers," he says, "and whatever direction your feather goes in, you go that road."

 So they says, "Alright."

 Now Geordie, he threw his feather up and it went away north. William, he threw his feather up and it went away east. And Jack, he threw his feather up and it landed right at the back of the castle.

 "Oh, my goodness, what will I get down there, down at the back of the castle?" Jack says. "I can't go down through the ground, for to get the tablecover."

B2 They went tae the top o the castle, each o the brothers had tae take a feather, and they threw the feather up, an whatever direction the feather went they had to go an push their fortune. Well, the first brother, the oldest brother threw the feather up and it went away be the north. And the other second oldest brother threw a feather up, and it went away be the south. And Jack, he was supposed tae be the stupid brother, the silly one that didnae know nothing, ploored the fields, and went doon tae the kitchen tae look for grub, an one thing and another. He threw his feather up and it just whirled doon at the back o the castle. The two brothers laughed, an they said, "Haw, haw, there's Jack. He'll be at the castle aa his days. He'll no get the ring for his wife." They had tae go an get a - they had tae go, ye see, Hamish, and get a wife. Did ye ever hear that before Hamish.

 No.

 Well, they had to go - this - I'll tell ye the story. They had to go and get a wife. The father was dying, the old king was dying, ye see. So, here, they threw the feathers up, like and one o the brothers went and jumped on his horse, the two oldest brothers. One went away be the north, the way the feather went, ye see, wi the wind, tae look for a wife. No, to look for the ring, I'm sorry, tae look for the ring. And the other brother went away - [inaudible remark]. No, no tae get the ring. They had tae get a ring tae win the father's kingdom, a valuable ring, a good ring, ye see? So the other brother went, the second eldest brother went, and he went away by the south on his horse. Now Jack's feather went round - swirled round about, and went right down the back o the castle, and Jack says, "Well, I cannae go no place, I've just got tae stay here and do the work, and help me father in the castle."

THE THREE FEATHERS

C2 So right enough they aa agreed, ye see, and Jeck wi his guttery boots an everything on - the other yins wis dressed in gaads, ye know, and swords at their side, and Jeck jist ploo'ed the fields an scraped the pots doon in the kitchen an everything, cleaned the pots, but Jeck wis up wi his guttery boots along wi the rest o the brothers ye see, an they threw the feathers up, ye see, the two brothers, an one o the feathers went away be the north, the oldest brother's. "Well," he says, "brothers," he says, "see the way my feather went," he says, "away be the north," he says. "A suppose that'll have to be the way A'll have to go an look for the tablecover." The other second oldest brother threw his feather up, and hit went away to the south. So poor Jeck, they looked at Jeck, and they werenae gaen tae pey any attention tae Jeck, ye see, but Jeck threw his feather up an it swirl't roon about the castle, ye see? Aw the brothers startit laughin at him: "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

 They were making a fool o Jeck, ye see, because his feather went doon at the back o the castle. So Jeck gein his shooders a shrug like that an he walks doon the stairs, intae the kitchen.

D2 So right, they went up tae the top o the castle an they threw up the feather. One feather went away tae the east. The oldest brother had tae go tae the east. The other one's got carried up, it went away tae the west. The other brother had tae go tae the west. Jack threw his feather up and it went round about like this, and fell at the back o the castle.

 So all the guards came in an started laughin at Jack. "Ha ha ha, Jack, ye're no gonnae leave the castle!" The brothers laughed at Jack ye see. "That's where your wife is, at the back o they weeds owre there!" he says. "You're goin no place."

 So Jack didn't bother, ye know, an he come down. He was contentit tae go intae the kitchen wi the servants and have his belly full of food an lie down sleepin.

THE THREE FEATHERS

E2 So the three o them went away down again and went tae their bed and the next mornin they got up, went up on top o the turret again and the father was there and he handed them aa a feather each.

 "Now," he says, "throw up your feathers tae see which way ye're gonnae go." So the oldest boy he threwed his feather up and it went away south, the other went away east and Jack he threwed his feather up and it went right doon at the back o the castle, jist there straight at the back o the castle. So the father laughed. He says, "Ye'll no get much o a cover," he says, "there," he says, "at the back o the castle."

 "Aw," Jack says, "I cannae help it."

F2 So the next morning came and he handed the three feathers tae the sons. So they got up on the turret an they threw up - the oldest one threw the feather up and it went away north. The next one threw the feather up an it went away south. So Jack he catches his feather and he threw it up and it just went right at the back o the castle.

 "How," the King says, "ye'll not get much at the back o the castle, Jack."

 "Naw," he says, "I will nut," he says, "father."

THE THREE FEATHERS

G2 But he gies them aa a feather apiece, and up they go to the top. So, James being the auldest, he threw his feather up first, and the air carried it away in that direction. Y'know this wee light feather. Tom threw his up an it went tae the east, that way, ye see. So they says, "Well, Tom," he says, "that's the way you've tae go. That's right. You're goin that way, James?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll see you in maybe three or four months, maybe six months. Whatever time I get back." Ye see?

They turns and they says, "Jack, are ye not throwin your feather up?"

Jack says, "Aye but you're no gein me time," he says. "You're on your way aaready, afore I get mines up in the air."

So Jack he throws his feather up like that, and it just went right doon like that, an it fell down at the bottom o the back o the gairden.

They started to laugh. "I telt ye," they says, "the kitchen for you, aa the time! Down tae the kitchen!" Ye see?

So Jack says, "Ooh well," he says, "on yese go," he says, "I can stay in the kitchen."

THE THREE FEATHERS

A3 So they all went away looking for this tablecover, and time rolled on and they had to come back in one week's time. And Jack, he's waiting and waiting. He's down among the cooks and in the scullery, washing dishes and sweeping the floors and that. And one of the cooks said to him, "How do you no go looking for the tablecover, Jack?"

 "Ooh," Jack says, "what's the use of me looking for a tablecover. My feather went right at the back of the castle."

 "Oh you never know," the cook says. "You better go and have a look and see where your feather went."

 So Jack says, "Alright, I just will go."

B3 So, they went away. They got a year and a day tae find a ring. Them what got the best ring, got the father's castle and all his kingdom before he died, ye see. So, time went on and time went on, till about nine month, and Jack's always thinkin aboot his feather. He says, "My brothers'll no be long till they're back," and he says, "I'll have to go an see where my feather is." He went out, and the maids, and the servants in the castle laughed at him, when he said he'd go and see where his feather was.

THE THREE FEATHERS

C3 Noo the two brothers, they got a year an a day to get a good tablecover. So Jeck never bothered goin to see aboot his tablecover or nothing, ye see, aboot his feather, rather, or nothing, ye see, so he'd jist about a couple o days tae go when the year and the day wis up and Jeck's up one day lyin in his bed and he says: "Ma God!" he says, "A should go an hae a look at ma feather tae," he says, "A've never seen where it was gettin." It wis a warm kind o afternoon. He says, "A'll go for the fun o the thing," he says, "an see where ma feather went."

D3 They got a year and a day tae seek a wife, so one o the brothers mounted his horse wi his armour and everything an he's away tae the east. The other brother mounted his horse and he's away tae the west. Jack he's lyin sleeping in the castle, down in the basement some place.

So the year and a day was about up and Jack got thinkin. He says, "What? My brothers'll be back here tomorrow, I'm gonnae go round tae look for ma feather."

THE THREE FEATHERS

E3 But he waited and waited. He says, "A'll give yez now three days tae go an look for that cover," he says. So Jack sut in at the fire for two days.

"Oh," he says, "A'll go roon an see whaur ma feather landit."

F3 But he, this man, the oldest one, he got on his horse an he's away after the feather in that direction and the other one went away south. So Jack, he's sittin, ye know, an he's hummin away until the third day. They had tae come back on the third day. The second day passed and Jack says, "I must go," he says, "an see where ma feather went to."

THE THREE FEATHERS

G3 So they're away for a long time more than six months. And the
 faither says tae Jack one day, "Did you no go away Jack, tae see
about your ring?"

 "Naw," says Jack, "I never went, ma feather," he says, "went
doon at the back o the gairden,"

 "Well," he says, "Ye should 'a went," he says, "that's the way
ye should 'a went."

THE THREE FEATHERS

A4 So he went round to the back of the castle and his feather was lying on top of a great big flagstone. "My goodness," he says, "what's ablow that flagstone? I never seen that flagstone there before."

 So he lifted the feather and he pullt the flagstone away. And there was a lot of steps going down. So he walked down the steps and down the steps and oh, it was a good long distance down. And when he landed down at the bottom, who did he see sitting on a great big rock, was a puddock. A frog.

B4 He went out, right round the back o the castle and he looked at his - for the feather. And when he went to the back o the castle, through nettles, and old thistles, and one thing and another, he lookit on - for his feather, and there the feather was lying on a flagstone. He lifts the flagstone up, wi a ring on it, y'know, an old fashioned ring. Lifts the flagstone up. When he lifted the flagstone up, there was a trap stair goin down, see? When he lifted the flagstone up, Hamish, there was something crying. "Heu, Heu," crying y'know. And when he looked it was a frog, a green frog this is where the frog comes in, wee frog.

THE THREE FEATHERS

C4 So for curiosity Jeck went roon the back o the castle an went roond the back o the castle, an he wydit through nettles an thistles an he hears a thing goin: "Hoo-ho, o-ho-ho-ho," greeting. Jeck looks doon at his feet an here there was a big green frog sittin, a green puddick, sittin on top o a flagstane, an the tears wis comin oot o its een. An Jeck looks doon an says: "Whit's wrang wi ye, frog?"

D4 So Jack goes roon the back' o the castle, just curiosity an he's trampin owre weeds an everything, just lookin for his feather. An he hears some'ing goin [crying noises] - crying! An it was the voice o a young girl that was crying. So he's lookin about an he says, "Who's there? Who's there?" An when he lookit owre, here was a frog. A frog was sittin, tears comin oot it's eyes, an it's got the voice o a girl.

THE THREE FEATHERS

E4 So he went roond the back o the castle and the feather was sitt-
ing on the top o a great big stone. He says, "My God," he says,
"that's a funny place for the feather tae faa." So he liftit the
feather an put it in his pocket and he catched the big stone and liftit
it away and there were steps goin down intae the ground. So he went
down the steps an who was standin at the door when he went down the
steps at the bottom o the steps but a frog, a great big frog, and the
frog spoke to him.

F4 So he walkit roon tae the back o the castle an he lookit an he
saw it on the top o a big flagstone, bit flat stone. So he
liftit the feather an he says, "I wonder what's ablow that big flag-
stone. I never saw it there before."

So he liftit it, the flagstone up an this was steps goin right
down ablow the castle an there was a voice said tae him, he says,
"Ye're a long time a coming Jack," he says. He says, "It's dashed near
the third day," he says, "an ye never came."

"Oh," he says, "I didnae ken," he says, "when the feather went
tae the back o the castle, there would be anything here."

"Well," he says, "I was waitin fir ye," he says. "Come away
in," he says, "an get somethin tae eat."

An when he came in an looked at what was talkin tae him, he got
a start! It was a big, big, yellow frog, was sittin on top of a
stone.

THE THREE FEATHERS

G4 But Jack is doon in the kitchen this day, an he walks oot, an he's doon feedin the hens an that, an he walks oot away across where his feather had floated doon tae the ither side o the gavel o the castle. An in along the long grass he sees a flagstone, an there his feather lyin, as dry as the day he put it up in the air. 'S lying on top o the stone. An there's a roon ring on the stone. So Jack futers wi the ring, an pits his hand an gets it an pulls it up like that. An here, there's a stair gaun doon. An he looks at it a long time like that, an he tries the stair wi his feet. Now, it was aaright an he went down, and there's a long passage goin away in, see? So in he comes an he seen kin o lights, an he comes in an here he comes intae a lovely kitchen, livin room. An what's sitting in the chair but a big frog man an on the ither side o the fire, there's a big frog woman. An there's two wee frogs jumpin aboot the floor, ye see?

THE THREE FEATHERS

A5 "Aye, Jack," he says, "you're a long time acoming. I'm just sitting here waiting on you."

"Oh," says Jack. "You can speak, can ye?"

"Oh, aye," says the puddock. "I can speak alright. Tomorrow's the last day and if you hadn't come tomorrow I would have vanished. You would never have seen me again. But seeing you're here, come on awa in an get something to eat."

"Oh," says Jack. "How can you give me something to eat?"

"Oh, never mind," says the puddock, "you come in."

B5 I mind the story. And the frog says, "Ye've been a long time acomin, Jac," ye see?

So Jack says, "What dae ye mean? Didnae know a frog could talk."

He says, "Ye throwed your feather up," he says, "and it come round by the back o the castle. Well," he says, "you should ha' come. Ye havenae gave us much time."

THE THREE FEATHERS

C5 "Oh Jeck, ye didnae gie us much time tae go on tae get ye a tablecover, did ye? Ye should hae been here long ago. You were supposed tae follow yer feather the same as ony ither body."

But Jeck says: "I didnae ken," he says, "I thought ... When the feather went doon at the back o the castle A jist had tae stay at the castle."

"Oh well, ye cannae help it noo," said the frog, he says, "ye'd better come away doon. Luft that flagstane," he says. There wis a ring, an iron ring in the flagstane. [Ye know what a flagstane is? It's a square big stone that's in the ground an ye can lift it up, ye see.] An this big iron ring was in this flagstane, an Jeck wis a big strong lump o a fella, he lifts the stane up aboot half a turn aff the grun, ye see, an there wis trap stairs going doon. Jeck went doon the trap stairs, an the puddick hopped doon the stairs like 'at, an tellt Jeck tae mind his feet.

D5 "Oh Jack, ye took a long time acoming. Ye didn't give us much time."

Jack says, "What are ye talkin about?"

She says, "You threw up the feather," she says, "an ye should hae followed your feather. An it fell at the back o the castle," she says, "an you've tae get a wife too, ye know."

An Jack says, "Yes," he says, "but where can I get one at the back o the castle in the weeds?"

She says, "Follow me," and she sops like that. "Ye see that flagstone, big flagstone wi a ring on it? Pick that stone up," she says, "an stairs go down," an she says, "follow me."

THE THREE FEATHERS

E5 "My God, Jack," he says, "ye didnae gie us much time," he says,
"for tae get ye the cover."
"Oh," Jack says, "can ye speak?" he says.
"Oh aye," he says, "I can speak."
"No," he says, "I never gien ye much time, but whaur," he says,
"wad you hae a cover?"
"Never mind Jack," he says, "you come in and get some'hin tae
eat and," he says, "some'hin tae drink," he says, "and A'll gie ye
some'hin when ye're gaun away."

F5 "Oh ye needna," he says, "be frightened," he says. He says,
"Although I'm a frog, I can talk." So he says, "Come away in,"
he says, "an sit down," he says, "an get somethin tae eat."

THE THREE FEATHERS

G5 "Come in, Jack! Come in! We've been waitin on ye!"
He looks at them. He says, "How was ye waitin on me? Yese can
speak? Youse is puddocks!" Jack says. "Youse is puddocks."

THE THREE FEATHERS

A6 So Jack came into this big room and it was laden with everything. Roast chicken and plenty of soup and everything you can mention was on the table. And other frogs was serving in and out.

"Now," says the puddock. "Once you fill yourself, we'll have a chat."

So Jack sat down and he filled himself with the best of food and when he was finished he went over and he had a chat with the puddock. "Now," says the puddock, "there's a little parcel for you. Don't open it till tomorrow. Then you see what you have."

So Jack says alright. And he put it into his waistcoat pocket.

B6 And the frog anyway, took him down the stairs, this trap stairs, down, and when he came down, he came intae this lovely wee place, where the frogs used tae sit, and they give him - they says, "Jack, ye've come for a ring, and here is a ring, and the like of it's not in the world today." And they gave Jack a ring. Jack took it up and put it in his pocket. He says, "It's a real diamond, Jack," the frog says to him. He comes up.

C6 Jeck went in. He says, "Well, A never seen frogs," he says, "haen a place like this before." A big long passage an 'lectric lights burnin an everything an frogs goin past him, hopping past him an the smell o them eatin, nice smell o restaurant an everything was something terrible, ye see. Took Jeck into a lovely place like a parlour, an here when Jeck went in he sut doon on this stool, an the frogs aa speaking speakin tae him ye see, an one frog jumpit on tap o Jeck's knee, and Jeck's clappin the wee frog like this, an it's lookin up wi it's wee golden eyes, up at Jeck's face, an Jeck's clappin the wee frog, pattin him on top o the back, an it's looking up at him laughin at him in his face.

"Well Jeck," he says, "you better go now," he says, "ye havenae much time, yer brothers'll be comin home tomorrow," he says, "we'll hae tae get ye a tablecover." So Jeck thocht tae hisselt, where wis a puddicks goin tae get him a table cover, frogs, ye see, goin tae get a tablecover for him. But anyway, the come wi a broon paper.

D6 So he picked up the big rock, the big stone up y'know. Goes over an there's nice steps going down, an the frog jumps down the stairs in front of him an he went right down. An here it was a den o frogs an a lovely place. In fact there was lobbies goin in different directions ye know, an electric light an everything burnin.

So here she says, "Come on an meet ma father." An here was this big frog sittin on his big stool, y'know. "An ma mither." An he's speakin to the frogs and the frogs is speakin tae him.

So he sits down an they ask him if he'd like something tae eat. Jack says, "How can I eat puddock stuff?" he says, "frog - frog stuff?" he says, "flies an moths an spiders? How can I eat the same food as a frog.

So he sits down an here my goodness the wee frogs came ben and puts up a table - lovely food he was eating. Ye see? So the frog comes up on his knee and he's clappin this little frog, an clappin, an he's lookin for his wife, see? So now says the old frog, the frog says tae him, "Jack ye didn't give us much time tae get ye a wife." He says, "I'm gonnae give ye ma daughter."

He says, "Where's your daughter?"

He says, "That's her upon your knee."

Jack says, "I cannae marry a frog!" Jack says. "I cannae marry a frog," he says.

He says, "We can't do anything else."

C6 (Contd)

"Now," he says, "Jeck," he says, "there is a broon paper parcel," he says, "an there's a cover in there," he says. "Right enough," he says, "yer brothers will have good tablecovers, but," he says, "the like o this," he says, "is no in the country." He says, "Don't open it up," he says, "till you throw it on your father's bed, an when you throw it on your father's bed," he says, "jist tell him tae have a look at that." See?

Jeck said, "Aa right."

"Haste up noo, Jeck."

D6 (Contd)

So they went an dressed Jack an put clothes on him just like a prince.

"Now," he says, "you go out," he says, "an your wife's in the front there with a coach and horses and everything.

An here when he looked out there was four nice dapple gray horses an the loveliest coach. It was gold girded an glittering, y'know. An when he looked in he seen this princess. Ye never seen the like o this - from a frog! Y'know. An he went in an here was the nicest girl he'd ever seen in his life. He was scared tae talk tae her! Didn't know what to do. He was nervous to go into the cab beside her, sittin doon, an she's in her weddin gown.

THE THREE FEATHERS

E6 So he went in an he got his tea an food and it was aa wee frogs that was servin him. And when he was gaun oot, "Noo there ye are Jack," he says, "and don't open it till ye get up tae the top o the turret," he says, "in the mornin tae show yer father." It was a wee parcel, ken, no very big. So Jack says, "Oh it cannae be much o a cover, that," he says. "I think it'll be about a handkerchief; the size o a han'kerchief of some'hin."

 "Doesnae mind you matter," he says, "you take it up to your father, in the mornin."

F6 So he rang the bell, the frog rang a wee bell, an this was when two frogs came hoppin in. He says, "Ye better get Jack somethin tae eat." So they set the table an got - och plenty tae eat.

 "Now," he says, "Jack," he says, "there's a parcel tae ye," he says. An he says, "I know what your father sent yese for. It was a bedspread." An he says, "if your brothers can beat that," he says, "it's what's not in the world," he says, "that'll beat that bedspread I gave you."

G6 He says, "We ken we're puddocks! But we're waitin on ye. We ken what ye're here fur. Ye're here for a ring, aren't ye?"

"Aye," says Jack. "How did you know?"

"Well," she says, "that's aaright," she says. She says, "here's a ring, here." She sent this wee girl frog for her jewel case.

This wee frog jumped away ben the hooose, ye see, an come jumpin back again wi this jewel case. An Jack's lookin at it, see? An this big wumman frog she opens up this lid, and she takes a ring oot. It sparkled - you know what I mean - with diamonds and sapphires! It was the bonniest ring anyone could wis. So anyway, she says tae Jack, "There's the ring, Jack," she says, "but, don't show it tae anybody," she says, "till your two brothers comes back an shows their rings first."

So Jack thanks them very much an that, and he gets a cup o tea from them. Oh, the lovely china, aa Crown Derby! An gets this tea, an he goes up the stair, pits doon the flagstone again. Puts the ring in his waistcoat pocket, see?

THE THREE FEATHERS

A7 So Jack, he's up the stairs now and he's right back to his room. And he's waiting till the morrow. And next morning he got up and he's in to the cookhouse. He's forgot all about his tablecover.

So Geordie, he's come back and he's put down this tablecover. And he says, "What like is that, Father?"

His father says, "That's a very good tablecover. Very good."

B7 When the year and a day's up, the two brothers come back wi the horses, Hamish, and when they come back, the King sent for his Good Advisers, and they sent for the oldest brother, and they asked if he got a ring. So of course the Good Advisers in the room, the brother says, "Yes, I've got a ring, father," he says. "Have a look at that ring."

So the father opened this box up and looked at the ring, and definitely it was a good ring, ye see. The father says, "Yes son, it is a beautiful ring."

THE THREE FEATHERS

C7 He could hae done wi lookin at the tablecover, but he stuck it 'neath his airm and he bid the wee frogs farewell, an he comes up, pit the flagstane doon, an back intae the kitchen. So one o the maids says tae him, "What hae ye got 'neath yer airm, Jeck?" Jeck's pitten it up on a shelf, ye see, oot the road.

"Och," he says, "it's ma tablecover," and aa the weemen start laughin, "Ha ha ha ha ha ha, silly Jeck gettin a tablecover in his father's castle. You've some hopes o being king, Jeck." An they never peyed nae attention tae Jeck, ye see, so Jeck jist never heedit, he's suppin soup wi a spoon, liftin the ladle an suppin, drinkin a ladle oot at a pot, drinkin the soup an everything, ye see.

When he looks up the road, up the great drive, an here comin down is the two brothers comin gallopin their brae steeds, an the medals on their breist an the golden swords, they were glitterin, an here they're comin at an awful speed down the drive, ye see. "Here's ma two brothers comin," an he ran oot the door an he welcomed his two brothers, ye see, an they widnae heed Jeck.

"Get oot o ma road," one o them said. "Get oot o ma road, eediot," he says, "you get oot o the road." An they stepped up, ye see, an opened the door an went up tae see their father.

D7 So anyway what was the next happening that, everything I said. But here's the brother aa in wi their girls now, ye see? "An what dae ye think o ma wife?"

All the guards an the good advisers are sittin watchin the other two brothers wives. "Well, I think that one's nicest."

"No, I think the other girl's the nicest."

C7 (Contd)

So the father said, "There no time the now, sons" - they were greedy, they wantit tae get made king, ye see. "Wait," he says, "until yese get yer dinner boys," he says, "an then come up an ... A'll see yer tablecovers. A'll have tae get the good advisers in, ye see." (The good advisers was men. There wis three o them an they pickit whatever wan wis the best, ye see, same as solicitors an things in this days nowadays, ye see.)

So anyway, the two brothers efter they got their feast an everything, their dinner, an come right up, ye see, an here the good advisers - rung the bells, an here the good advisers come up, red coats on them an they're san'in beside them. Well, the father, the two sons felt awfy sorry for the old king because he wis gettin very weak an forlorn lookin. He wis ready for tae die anytime. "Well, sons," he says, "well, sons, did yese get the tablecovers?"

"Yes," says the oldest son, "father," he says, "have a look at this tablecover." An he throwed it ower on the bed and they all came an liftit the tablecover, an he examined the tablecover an it was a lovely, definitely, a lovely silk that ye never seen the like o this tablecover, heavy. A couldnae explain whit kind o tablecover this wis.

"Yes," he says, "son," he says, "it definitely is a good tablecover," he says, "an it'll take a bit o beatin."

THE THREE FEATHERS

E7 So he went hame an went tae his bed. So the next mornin they got up - this was the third day now! So the auldest brother came hame an he showed his cover, you know. It was all nice pattern, an awfy lot o pattern an father says, "That's a nice cover," he says, "a nice tablecover that."

F7 So he thanked the frog an he's away up the stair an come intae the castle. So he just throwed the bedspread on the top o the sofa. So the eldest brother he was there an he had his bedspread aa spread out.

THE THREE FEATHERS

G7 An he's waitin an waitin there, so after about nine month or so,
or a year, the two brothers comes back, on horseback.
So the first race they made was up the stair, ye see?
The faither says, "Did ye get a ring, then?"
"Oh aye."
"Well," he says, "I'll see Tom's first. He's the eldest." Tom
took it oot. Oh right enough it was a good ring the chap took out
[indistinct phrase] it was a good ring he took out.
The father says, "it's a good ring. It'll take a lot o
beatin."

THE THREE FEATHERS

A8 Then William came in and he put down this tablecover. he says, "What do you think of that one?"

 He says, "That's even better than Geordie's. That's a good tablecover, but," he says, "where's Jack?"

 "Oh," Geordie says, "I ken where Jack will be. He'll be down in the cookhouse." So they rang the bell and told the butler to go and get Jack.

 So Jack came up an he says, "Oh, I forgot all about the tablecover. But I've got it here." And he took the parcel out of his waistcoat pocket.

 So when he took it out of his waistcoat pocket, his brothers started to laugh. "How can you have a tablecover in your waistcoat pocket?"

 Jack says, "It doesnae matter, I'll take it out anyway." So he took it out and he opened it up and it's just about the size of a hanky and he throw down on the floor and there was a great big tablecover, and it's all gold tinsel and silver.

 "Ah," the king says, "that's the best tablecover of the lot, Jack," he says, "you have it. You have the best tablecover."

B8 So the other brother done the same thing, handed the Good Advisers the ring and they examined the ring, definitely a good ring, ye see. So anyway, "Oh just a minute," says one o the men o the Good Advisers, "there's another son, yet," he says, "Jack," he says. "Where is he?"

 "Oh," says the brothers, "never mind Jack. He's daft anyway," he says. "We don't want Jack."

 So - "Oh," says the Good Advisers, "we've got tae see Jack too," he says, "tae see if he's got a ring."

 So, of course, they cried for Jack through the castle. When Jack come in, he showed the - his father - the ring, and the father says, the ring that Jack got, was worth the two rings that the other two brothers got.

C8 "Have you got a tablecover?" he says tae the second youngest son.

"Well, he says, "father, there's a tablecover," he says, "A don't know if it's as good as ma brother's or no," he says, "but have a look at that tablecover." An they looked at the tablecover. Well, the one wis as good as the other. The good advisers couldnae guess which o them wis the best.

"Aw but," says, "hold on," says one - there wis wan o the good advisers likit Jeck, ye see. He says, "Hold on," he says, "where's Jeck?"

"Aw," says the other good advisers, "what dae we want with Jeck," he says.

"Aw, he's supposed tae be here," he says, "and see if he's got a tablecover," the oldest yin said ... tae the other good advisers. he says, "Ye're supposed tae be here," ye see?

So anyway, here now ... they shouts for Jeck an Jeck come up the stairs, in his guttery boots as usual, an he's got a broon parcel 'neath his airm. So the two brothers looked at Jeck wi the green (sic) parcel 'neath his airm, ye see, an he says, "Have you got a tablecover," he says, "son?" the old king said.

"Yes, father," he said, "did ma brothers get the tablecovers?"

D8 That was the way they were gaun on, ye know. Nice girls. But here a man come runnin in an he's banged on the door an the king says, "Who's that disturbin us?" The King.

"Oh your highness, there's a king comin!" he says. "It must hae been that one o your sons has stole wan o these girls from a king," he says. "They're comin wi the guards an everything behind a coach, comin doon the driveway. He says, "We'd better get the girls" So here - when the man says, "Wait a minute," the king an the other boys look oot the windae, the ither brothers looked oot the windae an here they seen Jack steppin oot, wi his sword, like a prince, glitterin, shinin, an aa his guards, ye know, wi the feathers in their hats an lovely horses, an here he's got his bride up an he's takin here.

"Oh it's Jack! Look at the girl he's got!" An they took the other girls an put them in tae the closet, locked the doors on them, wouldnae let them be seen.

When Jack come in he says, "Hallo, brothers," he says. "Did ye get back?" he says. "Where's your wives?"

"Oh - oh - we didn't get any," said the other brothers. "We didn't get any."

So here they seen the men liked the girl, Jack got an they were gonnae make him king.

C8 (Contd)

"Aye," he said, "there they're there."

"Well," says Jeck, he says, he says, "they're definitely nice tablecovers, but," he says, "if A couldnae get a better tablecover," he says, "than what ma two brothers got," he says, "in yer ain castle, father," he says, "A wadnae go searchin, A widnae go," he says, "seekin ma fortune," he says, "the distance they've went," he says, "tae look for tablecovers," he says,

So the men start laughin at Jeck as usual: "Ha ha ha ha ha! Nonsense Jack," an the old king says, "A told ye no tae send for him, he's daft," ye see.

"Well," he says, "have a look at that tablecover, father." So here the father took the scissors and opened the string, an took out ... Well, what me their eyes was something terrible. It was lined with diamonds and rubies, this tablecover. One diamond alone would a ha bought the two tablecovers that the brothers had, ye see?

"Aye, aye," says the good adviser, he says, "that is a tablecover an a tablecovers in time," he says. "Where did ye get it, son? Did ye steal it from some great castle?"

"No father," he says, "I got this," he says, "in yer own castle."

"It can't be true," says the king, he says, "I've never had a tablecover like that in ma life."

THE THREE FEATHERS

E8 So the other brother come back an he had a cover the very same but with a different colour. So Jack came wanderin up. He says, "Is that the two covers youse got?"

 He says, "Yes, that's the two covers. But," he says, "you wouldnae hae much o a cover," he said tae Jack.

 He says, "I don't know." So he pit his hand in his pocket an he pulit this wee parcel oot. He says, "Open that an see what like it is."

 And the father started tae laugh. He says, "It'll be a han'kerchief," he says, "by the size o it!"

 "Doesnae matter," he says, "you open it."

 So he opened the wee parcel an it was pure silk, tablecover was pure silk an was fringed wi gold right doon. "Oh," says the father, "you've won the place," he says. He says, "I never seen a tablecover like that," he says, "before in my life," he says, "it's all fringed with gold." So Jack was surprised hissel, ye know.

F8 An the man from the south he had his bedspread aa spread oot on the floor. So Jack - the father says - "Jack throw yours out!"

 So when he throwed his out, aw! it took the eyesight from ye! It was bonnie!

 "Oh," he says, "Jack won the castle!" he says.

G8 So James took out he's ring. The father says, "That's a good one too," he says. "I would hardly know," he says, "which was the best one now." He says, "Where's Jack?"

 "Och what are ye daein fashin oot for that fool, for? He'll be doon in the kitchen. Ye know what he is!"

 "Well," he says, "go doon for him, till we see if he's maybe got a ring," So they gies Jack a roar and he comes up.

 The father says, "Did you no get a ring at aa, Jack?" he says.

 He says, "I've got a ring," he says, "long ago," he says. "It's been in ma pocket for weeks," he says.

 The father says, "Let's see it." So Jack fumbles in his waist-coat pocket in among tobaccy dust an bits o fat an aa thing. An he takes this ring oot.

 The father's two eyes nearly dropped oot his head when he looked at it. He says, "Where did ye get that? Where did ye get that?"

 He says, "Look," he says, "that's my business," he says.

 "Well," says the father, "You won hands down Jack," he says. "Your ring," he says, "is worth twenty o these others." He says, "No, I'll keep them all here in this box."

THE THREE FEATHERS

A9 Geordie and William, they started to argue. And they said, "No, no. We'll not have this. Give us another task to do, Father."
So the king says to Jack, "What do you think?"
And Jack says, "Well, it's all the same to me. Let them have another task."

B9 Well, it goes on, the two brothers were wild because Jack got the best ring, ye see? Now, the brothers didnae agree, and they said, "Oh no father, this is no fair." Ye see. "We've been away for a year and a day to get a ring and I think my ring's very good."
And the Good Adviser says, "Well, ye definitely have good rings, but Jack is - the value o Jack's ring is worth two o yours, ye see."

THE THREE FEATHERS

C9 But tae make a long story short, the two brothers wouldnae agree. They said, "Naw, naw, naw, father," he says, "that's not fair," he says. "We'll have tae ... have another chance." Ye see? "We'll have tae have another chance," an here they wouldn't let Jack be king.

"Aw right," says Jack, he says, "it's all the same tae me," he says, "if yese want a chance," he says, "again," he says, "very good," he says, "it's aa the same tae me."

D9 But the other brothers say, "No, no! We're not gonnae have that. We've got tae get another chance."
So of course the good advisers said, "Okay, we'll give yese another chance."

THE THREE FEATHERS

E9 "Aw," the ither brother said, "that's no fair!" he says. "We'll have tae get anither chance!"
So the king looked at them. He says, "Well, well," he says. "I'll tell ye what tae dae. There's three brithers, aren't they?"
They said, "Yes."
"Well, we'll give ye three tasks then to do. That's one apiece."

F9 So the other two brothers they objected to it. "Na! Na!" they says, "we must get anither chance. We must get anither chance."
"Alright," says the king, "we'll ye get anither chance," he says, "an the morn," he says, "ye'll go up again an throw your feathers."

A10 -

B10 -

C10 So the father says, "Well, if yese want anither chance," he says, "A tell ye what A want yese tae bring back this time," he says, "an A'll give the three of yese a year an a day again," he says, "seein that A'm keeping up in health," he says, "A'll give yese another chance. Them 'at'll go an bring me back the best ring," he says, "'ll get my whole kingdom," he says, ye see," when A die."

Well, fair enough. The three brothers went an got their feathers again and went tae the top of the tower. The oldest brother threw his feather up an it went away to the east. "Aw well," he says, "it'll have tae be me away for east."

The other brother threw a feather up - the second youngest brother, an it went away to the south. "Aw, well," says the other brother, he says, "A'll go away be the south."

Jack threw his feather up, but they didnae laugh this time. It swirl't doon roun aboot like that and it went doon the back o the castle in amongst the nettles an the thistles. So they looked, the two brothers looked at each other but they never said a word. They jist went doon the stair an Jack follae't them the big tower, ye see, doon the steps. (Stone steps in them days in the old castles.) And the two brothers bid farewell, mountit their horses and they're away for all they can gallop in each direction, waves tae each other wi their hands an away they went. Ye could see them goin ower the horizon, see?

D10 Next mornin they went up an they threw their feathers up. One went tae the east, the other went away tae the west. So they cast away like this. "What are we goin for father?"

"Tae get the best ring tae put on your girl's finger. Them that brings the best engagement ring."

Jack's feather went right doon tae the back o the castle. Jack says, "Oh, Jesus, where am I gonnae get a ring from a lot o frogs? I don't know," he says, "where I'm gonnae get a ring," he says, "from frogs, y'know."

So he goes down. He never bothered. "I might hae been dreamin," he says, "they gave me that girl," he says. "It might not be a frog at all! But," he says, "she's there. She's in the castle. I can't help that," he says. "I don't know," he says, "where the frogs is gonnae get me a ring," he says, "I don't know."

THE THREE FEATHERS

E10 So the first - the second one, he says, "Now," he says, "is a ring." [There's someone at the door. Go an see who it is.] "Well," he says, "the son," he says, "that brings me back the best ring," he says, "and the bonniest ring an the dearest ring," he says, "he'll get the castle."

So the next mornin they're up again, they got the feathers an they throwed the feathers up an they went the same way, an Jack's went doon at the back o the castle, and, "Well," says Jack, "I dae ken whaur I got the tablecover," he says, "but gettin a gold ring," he says, "an a bonnie gold ring," he says, "A don't know if A can get it doon at the - frog's or not."

F10 So the next morning they went up to the turret an they threw the feathers away again. This yin went away east an the ither yin went away west, so Jack's went right tae the back o the castle again.

So Jack says, "I better go earlier this time," he says, "for the last time," he says, "I was a bit late."

THE THREE FEATHERS

G10 "Now," he says, "ye has to go," he says, "and get me the biggest pearl ye can get," he says, "a real good pearl." He says, "There's three other feathers." Gives them three feathers again. So they waits that night. They doesnae jist go right away, they waits for a day or so.

So they goes up tae the top o the castle, to the highest turret. Tom throws he's up, an away in the samen direction. James throws he's feathers up - feather up - and it goes away tae the west. An Jack throws he's up, and it went right down tae the back o the castle, ye see. So the two boys, the auldest ones, they jumpit on their horses' backs and they're away looking for a big pearl.

So Jack doesnae go down that day. He waits an waits an waits, ye see, muckin about the castle an feedin the hens, goin roon wi the horses, an things.

A11 -

B11 -

C11 Jeck never bother't ye see. He went doon an he's two or three month in the house an oot he went roon. An he seen the same thing happen't again, he went roond the back o the castle an here's the frog sittin on tap o the flagstane. "Aye," he says, "Jeck, ye're back quicker this time," he says. "What did ye think of the tablecover."

"Och," he says, "it wid hae bought ma father's castle althegither right oot be the root."

"Aye," he says, "A tellt it was a good tablecover," he says. "Now," he says, "A'll have tae get ye a ring," says the frog. "Ye better come away doon an see the rest o the family," ye see? Lifts the flagstane up an Jeck went doon the steps, ye see, an intae this big parlour place an he's sittin down, the 'lectric lights is burnin an this wee frog, ye see, on tap o his knee, clappin the wee frog, an it's coakin up in his face wi its wee golden eyes, ye see. Well, when the time come when Jeck got - they gien him a good meat, ye know, no frogs meat or onythin like that, it was good meat they gien him on dishes, this frogs hoppin about the place an gien him a nice feed, ye see, an they gies him a wee box, it wis a velvet box, black, did ye ever see we black velvet boxes? He says, "There it is Jeck," he says, "an the like o that ring," he says, "is not in this country," he says. "Take it tae yer father an let him see that."

D11 But anyway about a year an a day come up an he went round an here's the big frog sittin on the thingmy. He says, "Jack," he says, "ye didn't give us much time." He says, "Ye better come down, ye're looking for a ring."

He says, "Yes," he says. But he didnae want tae say tae the frog, "Where are youse gonnae get me a ring?"

How can frogs give me a ring? He didnae want tae insult the frogs.

He went down the same way, came down the stairs, an they're taking the rings. The frog said, "Take the rings in." An they're opening this boxes o rings. "No, no, no, no, no," said the frog. "Bring a good ring. That ring that's worth millions." They bring it an it had a diamond in this ring as big as ma thumb nail, diamond in this ring, lady's ring. Ye never seen the like o it.

THE THREE FEATHERS

Ell But he went roon the back o the castle an he seen the feather lyin on top o this big stone, an he liftit the feather an pit it in his pocket an he pullt the stone away an he seen the steps gaun doon, an he's doon again. "Aw," he says, "ye're earlier this time, Jack," the frog says tae him an he says, "Aye," he says. "Ye ken whit A'm efter."

"Aye," the frog says. "I know," he says, "ye're efter a ring. But never you mind. Come in an get some'hin tae eat," he says, "an A'll see what A can do for ye in the morning."

So Jack went in an he got some'hin tae eat and drink and next mornin he got up an he says, "This is the day," he says, "fur tae show the rings."

"Aye," the frog says, "that's right," he says. "But never you mind," he says, "there's a wee box," he says. "You just open tht box when ye get up tae yer father," he says, "an he'll see the ring."

F11 So he went away doon next day and he went doon and he liftit the big flagstone an he's doon the steps.

"Aye," he says, "ye're a bit earlier this time," he says, "Jack."

"Aye," he says, "I'm a bit earlier."

He says, "What have ye tae get?"

"Oh," he says, "a ring. That's what we've tae get. A ring."

"Oh," he says, "a ring. O but it doesn't matter," he says, the wee frog says, "we'll soon get a ring tae ye." So he says, "ye better go in an have a dance. They're dancin next door."

So Jack comes in next door an this was aa the frogs, aa dancin an there's a band up too, the frogs playin fiddles an melodeons and cornets an everything! An they were aa dancin. So Jack had a good time there. So he says, "There's your ring, Jack," he says. "You'd better go now," he says.

THE THREE FEATHERS

G11 So eventually he wanders doon. There his feather lyin on top o a stone. He lifts the flagstone, an down the stair he goes an away along the passage an the puddocks is sittin just there at the fireside.

The wumman says, "You're a long time acoming, Jack. Ye must be lazy on it."

"No," he says. He says, "I didnae have far tae come, jist doon the gairden."

"Well," she says, "there's somethin in that, too," she says. "Now," she says, "ye're after a pearl," she says.

He says, "Yes," he says, "Mistress Puddock," he says, "I'm after a pearl." Well, she goes for her jewel box an she takes this pearl oot. It was set on a great big tie-pin, an it was about the size o a small marble, you know. An she opens the clasp on the tie, on the tie-pin, an shakes it out, an it's rollin in her hand. You could see - it was just like a drop o dew, great big drop o dew.

So she gies it tae Jack. Jack pits it in his pocket.

Sits an cracks away wi the two puddocks, and the wee puddock hit's jumpin back an forrit, jumpin up on Jack's knee an trying tae pit it's fit on the top o his shoulder, an aa that, ye see. [Indistinct phrase] tae finish up.

A12 -

B12 -

C12 So Jeck stuck it in his waistcoat pocket - an auld waistcoat he had on, ye see, an he's oot, an he's cleanin - but he wis forgettin about the year an the day - it passed quicker, ye see. Here's the two brothers comin doon the avenue on their great horses, gallopin. Jumped aff an said, "Did ye get ...". They wantit tae ken if Jack got a ring.

Jeck says, "Look," he says, "dinnae bother me," says Jeck, he says. "Go up an see the aul man," he says, "instead o goin lookin for rings," he said. "A've never seen as much nonsense as this in ma life." He says, "Why can they no let you be king," he says, "onyway, ye're the oldest," he says, "'stead o cairryin on like this?"

"Oh," he says, "what's tae be done is tae be done, Jeck." So away they went, up tae see their father. The good advisers wis there. And they showed the rings tae their father, an the father's lookin at the two rings, an judgin the rings, oh, they were lovely rings, ye see, diamonds an everything on them. Here they come - Jeck come up the stair again an he wabbles in he's lookin at them arguin about the rings and Jeck says, "Look, father," he says, "have a look at that ring." Jeck never seen the ring, and the father opened the wee box and what met his eyes, it hurtit the good advisers' an the old king's eyes, it hurted them. There wis a stone, a diamond stone, sittin it it would have bought the whole castle an the land right about it. Ye see?

D12 So they gave Jack the ring and Jack couldnae get away quick enough, this ring in his pocket, an he says, "Okay," an went up the stair, across the road, come tae the castle. Here's the two brothers comin wi their horses. A year an a day. So they looks at the rings. Jack has the ring in his pocket. He didn't bother goin near his father. So they're looking at the rings. He says, "That is a good ring there. Very good ring." So they're hummin and hawin about the rings.

"Wait a minute," says the good adviser. "Where's Jack?"

"Oh maybe he didnae go for a ring at aa," he says. "He should ha been here," he says. "Never mind Jack."

So just like that Jack opens the door an he says, "I heard somebody speak about Jack," he says. "My name is Jack," he says, "what d'ye want?"

"Well," he says, "we want tae see if ye got a ring."

Jack says, "Of course I got a ring," he says, "have a look at that one." An he throws it over tae his father on the bed an the father opened the ring like that - an he opened the ring up like that.

"Oh my goodness," he says, "where did you get that boy?" he says. "Did you steal that from some big castle or something?"

"No," he says, "father," he says, "I got the ring where I got my bride."

He says, "Oh that's a lovely ring! We'll have to make Jack king."

THE THREE FEATHERS

E12 So he pit it in his pocket an Jack he's away up now, an up the stair, up tae the turret. So the brothers was there an they had aa gold rings wi diamonds an that on it. And, "Well," the father says, "what did you get Jack?" He says, "You wouldnae get much o a ring," he says, "at the back o the castle."

"Oh ye never know," he says. So he handed his father this wee box and he opened the box and Oh! it jist took the flash o his eyes away wi the prettiness o this ring, wi diamonds an studs an gold!

"Oh," he says, "that's the best ring o the lot," he says. He says, "I never seen a ring like that before."

So the brothers were angry you know an he says, "We'll try an beat him next time," he says.

F12 So he got this wee box an he's away up the stair. So the other two brothers was back. So they were showin him this rings wi diamonds on it, but Jack says, "There's my ring," he says.

So the father opened it up like that an it just took the eyesight away fae him, it was that bonnie. So, "Aye," he says, "Jack's won it again!" he says.

G12 Jack bids them goodnight and away he went.

So he's workin about the castle, an waitin on the brothers comin, so eventually, after seven or eight months the two brothers lands back and they goes up to the father's room. Tom's sayin tae hissels, "Wait till Jim sees the size o the peal I have." Jim's saying, "Oh wait till Tom sees the size o the pearl I have."

Ye see? Never nae mention o Jack.

In Tom goes an he says, "There's my pearl, father, he says.

The father says, "Oh, it's a nice pearl, that," he says. "It'd be about thirty grain, thirty five grain in it. Oh it's a good one, yes. A pure ball, dead round, yes. Very good pearl, Jack (sic). Have you got one Jim! Yes" Looks at it. Oh Jim's wasnae as big as Tom's. It's as if it were only twenty four grain or something. Puts it into the box along with the other one.

He says, "Where's Jack?"

Gien Jack a shout out the windae. He was down in the garden. He comes up. He says, "Jack," he says, "have ye got a pearl," he says, "that I sent ye for?"

He says, "I went down to the river," he says. "I fished for a pearl aa day, and I couldnae get a thing. "But," he says, "when I was comin back it," he says, "I found this one at the waterside." Ye see?

"Where is it."

He take it oot an does that wi it, like a marble up an doon in his hand. Up an doon, ye see.

The father says, "That's the best pearl I ever saw in my life," he says. He says, "Aa the jewels in the castle," he says. "That's the biggest ever I saw. Where did ye get it?"

He says, "I told ye where I got it," he says, "doon there," he says, "at the waterside."

"Now," says the father, he says, "that's the best pearl," he says, "ever I seen," he says. "I never saw bigger than that."

A13 "Well," the King says, "I'll give you the last chance. The one that brings me the bonniest bride," he says, "will get the castle."

So Geordie says, "What are we going to do about the feathers, father? Will we throw them up?"

"Yes," he says, "throw them up again."

So the next morning, they got up on top of the tower and they threw the feathers up. And the feathers flew up. Geordie's went east, William's it went north, and Jack's it went right down to the back of the castle. So Jack says, "Oh, it'll be back to the frogs again."

B13 Well, the Good Advisers says, "The only thing we can do now, is to send the two boys the three boys rather, to the top of the castle, and throw their feathers up again, to find a wife, a beautiful wife, to suit the ring. Them that gets the beautiful wife to suit the ring, will get the castle and the kingdom, ye see."

Well, they agreed, but Jack says, "Ach, A'm no worried," he says, "A'll go up wi them if yese like."

So Jack goes with the two brothers and throws the feathers up. The oldest brother threw his feather up, ye see, up the castle, and it went away by the south this time, ye see. The second oldest brother threw his feather up, and it went away by the west, see? "Oh well," says the oldest brothers, "I'll have to go away south," and the other brother says, "I'll have to go away west and look for my wife. What are you gonnae do Jack?" and they laughed at Jack.

Jack says, "Och," he says, "I'll need tae throw my feather up," he says, "because it'll just go doon by the back o the castle."

"Where are ye gonnae find a wife," he says, "in ma father's castle," he says, "Jack don't be silly."

So Jack threw the feather up, and it just swirled round about, and went doon the back o the castle, amongst the nettles. Well, to make a long story short, Hamish, the two brothers mounted their horses, armour, of course, and their swords, ye see, in case they came into trouble, and away they went. Bid their brothers goodbye, and Jack gave them a wave and away they went.

B13 (Contd.)

So Jack waited for a while, but he didnae wait so long this time. He went out and round the back o the castle. Now Jack was worried tae death. Before he went roon the back o the castle, he says, "Where am I gonnae get a wife?" he says. "I cannae take a wee frog for a wife." Ye see? Jack says, "Och," he says, "I cannae go roon," he says. "I might hae got the ring lyin in the nettles at the back o the castle right enough maybe some o the old treasures o the castle, but," he says, "to get a wife, where are the frogs gonnae get a wife for me?"

Jack was hanging on tae the last minute Hamish. But at the finish up, "Och, well," he says, "I better go roon, an see anyway," he says. "It'll be a laugh if nothing else.

THE THREE FEATHERS

C13 So anyway, here the brothers widnae be pleased at this. "Naw, naw, naw, this is nae use, father," he says, "give us another chance," he says. "The third time's a charm," he says, "give us another chance."

"But," says the father, he says, "Jeck won twice," he says, "it's no fair," an this good adviser, the old man 'at liked Jeck said, "No, no, Jeck'll have to be king; he won twice."

"No, no, father, gie us another chance," he says, so the brothers says, "A'll tell ye, father, let us get a good wife," he says, "tae fit the ring an them that gets the nicest bride tae fit the ring'll get the king's castle. How will that do, Jeck?"

Jeck says, "Fair enough tae me." But Jeck got feart noo because he mindit it was puddicks he wis amongst. Where would he get a wife from amongst a lot of wee puddicks, frogs an things. Ye see?

Same thing again, up tae the tap o the tower an threw off their feathers, and one feather went away one road and the other feather went away the other road, but Jeck's feather went roon tae the back o the castle. "Aw," says Jeck, "A'm no going back. That's it finished now," says Jeck, "A'm loused." He says, "A'm no goin tae take nae wee frog for a wife," ye see?

So anyway, Jeck waited tae the year wis up, an jist for the fun o the thing, he says, "A'll go roond the back o the castle," he says, "an see what's gonnae happen."

D13 Naw! They wouldn't do that at aa. So anyway, all right - he gave another chance. The good advisers said, "This is the last chance yese get," to the brothers. He says, "Yese do the same again," he says, "an whoever comes wi this prize, gets the biggest bargain," he says, "gets the king."

Up the stair they go to the tower an through the castle. It was the best tablecover for covering the table they were tae get. So away they cairried up, ye know, one away tae the east, one away tae the west, Jack's went right doon the back o the castle. "Well," he says, "they have tables in there," he says, "but I don't know where the frogs are gonnae get me a tablecover."

THE THREE FEATHERS

E13 So next mornin they're up an they're up on top o the turret an they throwed their feathers an every wan the same way. One went south, one's went east, and Jack's he's went down at the back o the castle.

 So that night Jack says, "Ach, A'll go doon the nicht," he says, "an see what the frog's got for me." And it was goin tae look for a bride this time, an they must be the bonniest woman the king ever seen. So he come doon. He says, "A dinnae ken," he says, "whether the frogs can get a bride for me," he says, "A cannae gae up tae ma father wi' a wi' frog for a bride!" So he says, "I'll go down an see him anyway."

E13 So they objected tae it again. They says, "We must get anither chance. The third chance, we must get!"
 "Well, all right," the king says, "this is the last chance now."

 So they got the feathers again, they're up the turret an they throwed the feathers, an Jack's went tae the back o the castle again. So they're away on horseback this two brothers an they'd to look for a bride this time. So Jack says, "A bride? Am I goin tae get a frog for a bride?" That's what Jack says.

THE THREE FEATHERS

G13 "Now," he says, "your next task each," he says, "and that'll be the three," he says. "Ye have to go an get a bride each, an," he says, "I'll pick the nicest one." He says, "I'll be judge and jury."

Jack says tae hissel, "Where am I goin tae get a bride?" he says. He says, "I cannae go doon," he says, "tae a den o puddocks - frogs." So the two brothers, they get up tae the top o the castle an they throw their feathers up again.

Jim goes away west. Tom goes away south, an Jack's goes right doon tae the back o the castle and lands on the flagstone.

"Ha, ha," says Jack, "I'm well of!" He says, "I see the sense," he says, "o gettin a ring. I can see the sense even o gettin a pearl. But," he says, "where am I goin tae get a wumman doon there?" he says. Ye see? So he hangs aboot an hings aboot an hangs aboot, for aboot two months. But eventually he goes back doon. An he says, "I'll go doon an tell the auld puddock anyway," he says, "that it's useless."

THE THREE FEATHERS

A14 So he went down to see where his feather was. And it was sitting just on top of the flagstone again. So he pullt the flagstone back and he's down the stair.

"Ah, Jack," the puddock says, "you're earlier this time."

He says, "Aye, a bit earlier."

"Oh, I ken what the king has told you to get. It was a nice lady, a bride."

And Jack says, "Yes. But I cannae get one here," he says. "I couldnae marry a frog."

"Never you mind, Jack. You rely on me and I'll see you alright."

So Jack he dined with the big frog and had plenty to eat.

"Now," says the puddock, "we'll give you a bed here. And tonight we'll have a dance, a ball, and we'll pick a bride for you."

So that night, oh, they danced till two o'clock in the morning. And Jack, he was dancing with a wee yellow frog. And then he went to his bed.

B14 Jack goes oot roon the back, and doon tae the nettles, but here the big green frog was sittin on top o the flagstones. Noo the flagstone in they days, Hamish, had a big iron ring, that you could lift the flagstone up, ye see. So, the frog looked at him. There was the frog sittin, "Aye Jack," it says tae him, "ye've been a long time a-coming Jack. Ye've nae gien us much time."

But Jack says, "My goodness," he says, "where are ye gaun tae get a wife for me?"

"Ah," the frog says, he says, "ye should always come roon and find oot," he says, "before ye wait till the last minute. But anyway, come down, and have something tae eat and drink."

"Och," Jack thought tae hisselt, "how can a frog gie me something tae eat and drink?"

Jack lifted the flagstone, and doon went the frog. The frog hoppit doon the stairs. There were stairs goin doon intae the big hole, ye see. Down he went, right through this corridor, lovely lights burnin an everything. They'd made a table wi food for Jack, this frogs. There were hundreds o them.

But there was always a wee green frog jumped up on his knee and he would clay it an say, "Poor wee thing." Jack was clappin this wee frog on his knee, ye see.

So anyway, he clapped it an he says, "Jack, ye'll be wantin a wife, don't ye," he says, "we know ye come for. Ye come tae see if we could give ye a wife. Well, there is your wife on your knee, Jack."

Jack says, "What?" A wee frog.

"Never mind, Jack," he says. "You come round tomorrow mornin early, about five o'clock and," he says, "we'll let ye see your wee wife. An that's your wee wife on your knee." And the wee frog's lookin up wi it's glittery eyes, and Jack's stroking the wee totey frog, ye see.

C14 Roon he went tae the back o the castle and here's three or four frogs sittin greetin and the wee frog that sut on his knee, hit was greetin, the tears runnin out o it's een, an it wis jist like a man playin pibroch. "Hee-haw, hee-haw," an aa the frogs is greetin, ye see, an here all danced wi glee, and this wee frog come an met him an looked up in his face and climbed up his leg, this wee tottie frog, an he lifted the flagstone an they hoppit doon, ye see.

"Well, Jeck," he says, the old frog says to Jeck, he says, "A wis thinkin," he says, "Jeck, ye widnae come," he says. "Ye were frightened," he says, "we widnae get ye a wife, didn't ye Jeck."

"Yes," says Jeck, "tae be truthful wi ye," he says, "I thought," he says, "a frog," he says, "widnae do me for a wife."

"Well," says the old man, efter they gied him somethin tae eat, he says, "how wid ye like Susan for a wife?" An this wis the wee frog that wis on his knee an he was clappin it.

Jeck says, "That wee frog," he says, "how could that make a wife tae me."

"Yes, Jeck," he says, "that is yer wife," he says, "an a woman," he says, "a wife," he says, "yer brothers," he says, "will have pretty woman back wi them," he says, "but nothing like Susan."

D14 So anyway, he didn't wait so long this time. He goes down an he goes intae the frog; the frog says, "Well, Jack," he says, "what dae ye want time time?"

"Well," he says, "ma father says I had tae get the best table-cover," he says. "The one that gets the best tablecover this time is gonnae be king."

"Well," he says, "we'll see what we can do." But they took a tablecover out; it was all lined wi diamonds, all diamonds, the table-cover all over. When you put it on the table it was just sparkling.

THE THREE FEATHERS

C14 (Contd)

So anyway, here they says, "Go out," to Jeck, "Go out for an hour," he says, "round the back," he says, "intae the kitchen," he says, "and take a cup o tea an come back out again," he says. "We'll have everything ready for ye." Jeck went round noo an he's feared, he didn't know what wis gonnae happen, an he's taken a cup o tea but he's back roond.

THE THREE FEATHERS

E14 So he went doon the steps an he met the auld frog at the front door. "Ah Jack," he says, "ye puzzlet me this time," he says, "wi your bride," he says, "how did you get on wi the last two?"

"Oh," he says, "I won the two o them altogether," he says, "I beat them all over the head," he says,

"Well," he says, "you come in an get some'hin tae eat," he says, "an A'll see what A can do tae ye the morrow."

F14 But he went tae the back o the castle an he up this big flagstone an he's down the stair. So the frog says, "Aye, so ye're back again Jack?"

He says, "Aye, I'm back again."

An he says, "Is it a bride this time?"

"Aye," he says, "it's a bride. But I dinnae ken whaur I'm gonnæ get a bride here!"

"Oh, ye'll get a bride alright," he says, "there's plenty of them here." An they were a'hoppin aboot like aa frogs. So they were dancin again, an Jack got something tae eat an drink.

"Now," he says, "Jack," he says, "we'll have a bride for ye, an" he says, "we'll have a carriage an pair for ye." So he says, "Ye'll have to stop here tonight."

"Oh," says Jack, "if I have tae stop, I'll have tae stop."

THE THREE FEATHERS

G14 So down he goes till he lifts these flagstone an he climbs away doon this stair an away along this passage. An the big fat puddock man's sittin an his specs is up on the top o his heid like this, ye see? An the wumman puddock's across there, an the wee puddocks are jumpin aboot playin on the floor.

 "Well, Jack, ye come doon?"

 "Aye."

 "I suppose it'll be a bride ye're lookin for, this time. Some Royal bride, a princess, or something.

 She says, "We ken aa that. We know everything," she says. "Well," she says, "it's a good thing ye come," she says, "and didnae wait sae long as the last time, because," she says, "ye'll have tae travel a bit this time," she says, "tae fulfil that promise.

THE THREE FEATHERS

A15-22 -

B15-22 -

C15-22 -

D15-22 -

E15-22 -

F15-22 -

THE THREE FEATHERS

G15 Jack says, "Well," he says, "What'll I do?"

"Well," she says, "ye'll go," she says, "north fae here. It'll take ye a good while. An," she says, "when you're passin a certain bit o road," she says, "through a black forest," she says, "ye'll see an auld horse," she says, "on the side o the way." An she says, "It'll have been skinned on the back. An," she says, "there'll be a dose o flies on it's back." An she says, "That horse'll ask you tae scratch it's back," an she says, "if you do," she says, "that horse will tell you where to go next. It'll know," she says, "what you're after."

So Jack says, "Well, that's alright, then," he says. "Thanks very much," he says. "You're sure the horse'll tell me? Will it speak?"

"Oh yes," she says, "it'll speak," she says.

So away Jack goes, thanks them very much and away he goes. So he's up tae the horse an rolls hissels up aa the bits an aa the odds an ends o meat he can get in the kitchen an rolls them up intae a bit handkerchief, ye know. Puts a stick through it an owre his shoulder an he's away north, ye see?

So he walks on, an walks on, an walks on, an walks on, an walks on, night and day, he's lyin out in the middle o the bushes an he's lyin in wuds an he's kennlin a wee fire here an kennlin a wee fire there, an trying tae make his grub last out.

THE THREE FEATHERS

G16 An it was a warm, warm day an the horse was switching it's tail, an it looks at Jack like that, half? It says, "Aw, Jack!"

"What's wrong," says Jack.

"Will ye come across an rub that flies off that sore o my back. They've sooken an sooken an it's that itchy I can't get up back to scratch it, an ma tail's no long enough."

So Jack breaks a broom - a big switch of broom, ye see? An he walks across an he scratches it, an switches it an aa the flies off this bittie. He says, "Wait an I'll put somethin on it," an he went an opened up a slice o breid he had or a scone or something, an the butter was thick on it, an Jack got the breid on the top, an scone on the top, an he rubbed aa the butter on it, ye know tae try an heal it up, an he chucked the breid away. So the auld horse says, "Ye're a very, very good man, Jack," the horse says. "Ah ken what you're after," she says.

"Ye come frae Mistress Puddock didn't ye?"

"Aye."

THE THREE FEATHERS

G17 "Well, ye've a good bit tae go yet. Ye ha' a week's walk. An ye'll pass," she says, "a great big apple tree." An she says, "that's where Crodyon's sittin in that tree. Crodyon." An she says, "For God's sake," the horse says, "he'll try an entice you up the tree, before tellin ye anything. But you tell him that he come from Mistress Puddock, and that I said ye hadnae tae climb the tree, because if you climb up intae the tree, you'll be up the tree, an he'll be down, an you'll never get down till some ither buddy comes an relieves you." Ye see?

So Jack says, "Well," he says, "that's good tae know," he says.

Then he says, "Then Crodyon'll tell ye everything, for how tae get a bride, an one thing an another like that."

"Well," says Jack, he says, "thanks very much. Are you sure your back'll be aa right now?"

"Never you mind, Jack," he says. "I'll be alright. On you go."

THE THREE FEATHERS

G18 So Jack's away on an on an on an on an on an he's lying out an kennlin
fires here, an tryin tae keep hissel warm at night, an he comes
and eventually he comes tae this big apple tree. It was aa young
apples was on it. An he looks up this tree an here's this wee auld
curled man sittin up this tree, wi a wrinkled face, sittin up among the
branches on this tree, like this.

"Good day," says Jack.

"Hallo, good day to ye, Jack."

"Oh ye know me?"

"Oh I know ye aaright. Ye no comin up tae sit beside me an gie
me your crack?"

THE THREE FEATHERS

G19 "Naw," says Jack. "I cannae climb a tree. Ma legs is sore wi walkin."

"Oh ye could easy come up here. I'll put ma hand doon an gie ye a lift up."

"Naw, naw," says Jack, "I'll no go up the tree." Ye see? "But I ken an auld man, away long here, that'll send back, tae let ye doon for a while."

"Dae ye."

"Aye."

"Well, if you dae that Jack, it'll no be so bad? But are ye sure ye'll no come up?"

"No, what I'm here for," says Jack, "is tae ken how tae get the princess."

"Well, you've another task tae dae yet," says Crodyon.

G20 He says, "Ye'll hae tae kill the giant. Because the giant has got a lot o people enchanted, an he stays aboot two days' walk fae here. But he goes round half the world, every day, wi giant strides, an ye'll have tae get tae know where his lifetime is. Because every one o these witches, warlocks and giants, enchanted giants," Crodyon says, "has got their lifetime intae something. Their lifetime's no in theirselves, it's intae somethin else."

So Jack says, "I didnae know that."

"Ah," but he says, "it's right enough." He says, "He's lifetime's in a big oak plant, that's lyin at the seaside along the rocks. An it's real hard oak. An it's aboot ten feet by six circumference, an it'll take a long, long time, before that'll waste away. When ye go there," he says, "ye'll hear the giant comin," and he says, "ye better look out. But before ye go there, I wouldnae go as far as that," he says. "Take the first axe ye get, big axe," he says. "Take an axe with ye, an," he says, "go to the plank first. Don't wait on the giant comin," and he says, "it's a person with royal blood has tae split that oak beam in two wi a bank, wan wallop wi an axe. Now," he says, "out o that Jack," he says, "'ll come a wild duck, y'know what a duck is Jack?"

"Yes," says Jack.

"Well," he says, "there'll come a wild duck out of it, an," he says, "this wild duck'll fly up," he says, "and when it's up a good bit in the air," he says, "it'll lay an egg." An he says, "You've tae catch that egg," he says, "but don't let it break. Ye've tae catch that egg. Then," he says, "ye'll hear the giant comin, an he'll be in an awful rage. The ground'll be tremblin," he says, "wi the thumps o his feet," he says, "when he comes," he says, "ye'll have to wait till you get him as close as you can, an," he says, "ye'll have tae break that duck egg," he says, "on a white spot on his brow, there." An he says, "that'll be him finished," he says, "that's his lifetime - the splittin o the plank, the duck comin out, the layin o the egg, an then ye've tae break it on that white spot on his forehead."

"Well," says Jack, "that's good tae know." He says, "I'll away on then."

"Be sure tae send somebody back," he says, "tae take a shot in the tree for me!"

"Oh," says Jack, "I'll send somebody back," he says, "tae take a shot in the tree for ye."

THE THREE FEATHERS

G21 So Jack goes away on, an he goes tae a wee wudman's hoose that he's passin. Ken, one o these charcoal burner kin o hooses. An he begs a len o his auld fashioned axe, an he gets the man tae sharpen it well for 'im. An on he goes an on he goes and on he goes, till he meets the ould horse again. It's in front o him. It says, "Jack, down there on the shore, ye'll get the beam." He says, "It's a good thing ye didnae climb that tree, or I wouldnae hae been here or you wouldnae been here." He says, "You would hae been in that tree." So it shows Jack where tae go for his beam. So Jack went doon, and there lyin among the rocks, well up from the tide mark, was this great oak beam, ye see. So Jack, spits on his hands, takes his jacket off, spits on his hands, an he gies it a thunderous wallop, ye see, straight in the centre, an it just goes crack! Like a stick, like a rotten stick, an out flies a wild duck, an the wild duck's a good bit up in the air an it lays the egg, an Jack, oh! it's like catchin a cricket ball, he grabs it an he lets his hands drop in case he'll break it. Then he hears a monstrous roar, and the thump o the feet an oh, this bellows, ye know, and this great giant comin. So Jack waits till he comes near him an he gets up on the side o a brae, a hill, where he could get nearer this white spot on his brow. The giants' two heids are about that size. One o the heids has this big white spot on it, and Jack spits on it and he just waits till he's got as far frae here tae there, an he just crashes the egg right against this white spot on the brow, an the giant stands, an falls intae the bay and the water runs right back intae the sea. The bay's dry yet wi the weight o the giant's body.

THE THREE FEATHERS

G22 An he comes back, an he's Crodyon in the tree. Crodyon asks,
"Did ye get somebody?"
"Aye," says Jack, "I got somebody," he says. He says, "They're
comin ahin me on he road."

He says, "Oh, ye'll be goin back tae Mistress Puddock, noo?"

"Aw but," Jack, he says, "I've got nae bride, yet."

"Ah," but he says, "you'll go back tae Mistress Puddock,"
Crodyon says.

Jack says, "I dinnae see ony sense in me gaun back there," he
says, "I'm gaun back empty-handed."

"No ye're no," he says. "Dinnae go intae the castle at aa," he
says. "Go the near cut an up through the garden," he says, "go owre
tae the stane," he says, "an go doon and tell her, that the giant's
deid."

So Jack goes back tae the castle, up across the gairden, down
tae the - and he didnae want anyone in the castle tae see him, ye see.
An he lifts the flagstone an down and right in.

A23 In the morning he got up an the puddock says to him, "Here's your bride," and he took the wee yellow frog. "There, your bride to you, Jack. That's the one you were dancin wi' last night." An then turns to a frog that was sittin with him an he says, "Get me two mice." So the frog went and got two mice. "And bring a beetle along too." So they brung a beetle and this two mice and the big frog started waving his hand and said somethin and the mice turned into two lovely horses. And the beetle had turned into a fitman. A coachman.

"Now," he says, "we'll have to get you a coachman, Jack, and we'll have to get this horses up the stair. But, we'll not take you up the stair, I know another way out."

So they got the horses out away about half a mile from the castle. And they got a matchbox and this matchbox turned into a lovely machine, a great machine, a four-wheeler.

"Now," he says, "yoke the horses to the machine." So they yoked them to the machine. And then they got the wee yellow frog. And once the yellow frog steppit into the carriage she turned into a lovely princess. Oh a beautiful princess.

B23 So anyway, here the next mornin, Jack got up. Now Jack never rose so early in his life, Hamish. He always lay till twelve o'clock. He was lazy. They caad him silly and daft. Jack got up at five o'clock in the mornin and he come doon, and then he come roon there was a back - the courtyard went right roon the back o the castle - there was a cabin, and the like o a cabin wi horses, and the like it was never seen. So inside the cab there was a queen sittin glitterin in a dress o gold, that ye never seen the like o in this cab. And Jack was feart to go near it. And here was aa this army, early in the mornin, redcoats, men like redcoats, wi swords an great warriors, ye see. They saluted Jack, wi their swords, gien him the salutes, they present arms an that an they said to Jack, "Yes, your honour," and cried Jack he was the king, ye see. And when he come intae this cabin there was the loveliest princess, queen or princess ye ever seen.

Noo, this was the day that his brothers was comin hame, see? But before Jack drove round, he says to the queen, to the head men in the army, "Now," he says, "my brothers is comin home today, an not comin down with a cabin and army and horses," he says tae the frogs. They weren't frogs noo, they were men see, he says, "I'll wait till my brothers come home till I see what kin o wives they've got."

"Very well," they said, "but Jack, be sure an come round."

So Jack went away back an everything and disappeared. And Jack was on the top o the castle lookin out and here he sees his brothers comin and Jack went doon the stairs and right round, and here it was his princess in her cab an everything. The two brothers was in showin their wives, and right enough Hamish they were lovely women, beautiful women, for to suit the ring, and every finger fitted the ring, ye see.

THE THREE FEATHERS

C23 Here when he come roon at the back o the castle beside the trees, there wis a great big cabin sittin, lined wi gold, an the wee frog, it was the frog, was the loveliest princess ye ever seen in yer life. She wis dressed in silk, ye could see through the silk that wis on her, she was jist a walkin spirit, a lovely angel she looked like an when Jeck seen her he says, wi his guttery boots an everything he wouldn't go near her.

THE THREE FEATHERS

E23 So next mornin they got up an he says, "There ye are now," he says. He had a wee yellow frog on his hand an he put it in Jack's hand, ye see. "You carry that," he says, "up the stair till it comes tae the fresh air," he says, "an ye'll see whether ye've a bride or not."

"My God," Jack says, "what am A gonnae dae wi a frog?" he says. "A cannae go up tae ma father -"

"Never you mind, Jack," he says. "You do what I tell ye tae an," he says, "there's a carriage an pair standin at the door waitin on ye."

So Jack went up the stair an here was the carriage an pair sittin in the driveway an a fitman, an when he put the wee frog doon on the ground, oh, it jumped intae a Princess, the nicest princess ever ye seen in your life, a beauty!

F23 But he stayed there aa night. Next mornin in they got out. "Now," he says, "you go up, Jack, an go up tae the gates, out tae them gates. An," he says, "there's a carriage an pair waitin for ye there." An he says, "the bride's in there."

So he went tae the gates an when he looked oot the gates, aa this white horses an the harness an a - lovely coach. An he lookit in an he seen the bride sittin.

G23 When he went in there, oh! a pleasure big room [indistinct phrase] and it's a lady and gentleman sittin at each side o the fire, an the wee puddocks, the wee girl frog, she's a young princess sittin in a chair, and the boy's a prince. They'd aa been enchanted! So Mrs. Puddock, she says, "Now Jack," she says, "ye've broken the enchantment," she says. An she says, "Wait here tonight," she says, "and when ye go up there tomorrow," she says, "there'll be a carriage an pair waitin on ye," she says. "Golden carriage."

So, here, the other two, that day Jack landed back, the other two lands back. Tom he's got a winsome lass, in front on him on the horse, ye see. An the ither one, he's got a girl in front o him on the horse and they come gallopin back an they're up tae the father in the room.

The father says, "Did ye get yourselves wives, then?"

"Aye," he says, "this is my girlfriend here, father. She belongs tae a lady and gentleman away across fae so an so place, ye know, long distance from here."

"Very nice lookin girl, yes, yes," the ould man says.

He looks at James' girl. "She's a nice wumman too," he says. "Two bonny lasses they are that."

He says, "Did ye no see Jack," he says, "I cannae make a verdict till he comes." He says, "We'll gie him till the weekend," ye see?

But the next day, Jack goes up the stair, wi his princess. An when they get up there oh! there's a carriage sittin at the bottom o the gairden, all gold gaun round. An two fitmen at the back, wi thon livery, ken thon breeches and livery on them and two drivers.

THE THREE FEATHERS

A24 So Jack he was steppin in, but "Oh wait a minute, Jack, you're not goin in like that," he says. "You must get something to wear. You couldn't go in that way." So the big frog got a wand, and he touched Jack like that and Jack just turned, oh, like a captain of a ship. Lovely gold braid on his uniform.

"Now," says the puddock, "you can go. Go and meet your father, and if your two brothers has got better than that, I'll give them credit."

So Jack jumpit into the carriage an the two horses was comin along the road and who was up in the top of the turret now, watching for his sons coming, but the king. And he sees the two horses coming and he says, "My goodness, here's some great king coming. Better get everything ready. He's coming to visit me."

B24 Now Jack comes round, and when the two brothers saw the cab comin, the army and swords comin alongside the cab and the white steeds and the cabin, Jack jumped out. The father jumped outae bed, put on his clothes the sickness went off him and he come round. He says, "Oh," he says, "there's a king comin," he says, "there's something happened, there's goin tae be a war!"

C24 So this old king, it was an old king, a fat frog wi a big belly, green, an he says, "There's yer bride, there's Susan," he says. "How dae ye like the look o her Jeck?"

Jeck rubbed his eyes like that He says. "Look," he says, "I couldnae take a lady like that," he says. He says, "It's impossible. Look at the mess A'm in."

"Oh but," says the puddocks, they says, "we'll soon pit that right," says the old frog and he says, "jist turn three times roon about," and Jeck turned three times an he's changin and there he's turned the beautifullest king ye ever seen in yer life, a prince, medals an a gold sword ye never seen the like o it in yer life, an this cab wi six grey horses in it and footmen and everything on the back o the cab an here when she seen Jeck she come an put her airms roon Jeck's neck, an Jeck kissed her, ye see an they went intae the cab.

Now they drove oot - this wis the year an a day up now, ye see, this was the term's day - but when they come roon here they're comin drivin up the road, but the two brothers wis up before Jeck ... and ... they sees the cab comin up the drive, an the two brothers looked oot the windae, "Aw, call out the guard," they said, an here's the guard out and the old king oot o his bed.

He's lookin through the windae, opened the big sash curtains back, an he says, "Ah told ye," he says, "Jeck stole the ring and stole the tablecloth. This is the king come," he says, "tae claim his goods," he says, "that Jeck stole."

THE THREE FEATHERS

E24 So he took her by the han' an he put her intae the carriage an he's away roon an the fitman jumpit on the back an the driver went right round and went up tae the front an the king lookit an he said, "Oh, here's some great nobleman comin," he says, an he says, "I don't know where the wife is," he says. "I'll have to go down."

F24 So he jumpit in an when he jumpit in, the clo'es left him an there was clo'es an a crown on his head an aa.

THE THREE FEATHERS

G24 An Jack an her gets intae the coach. an Jack says, "Drive doon that way," he says, "and go round the roundabout way," he says, "and we'll come up the main drive." He says, "Dinnae go round that way," he says, "go down and come up the main drive."

So he goes away down this olden road and right down, and then right up the main drive. An the other two, his two brothers they're standin lookin oot through the windae, arguin about who's gonnae get the castle.

An they lookit oot and, "Oh, there's a carriage, comin. Oh look at this carriage. Can ye see father?"

They push oot the father's bed owre and he's up an, "Oh that's some royal king," he says, "that's comin," he says, "from some other land," he says. "See that everything's tidy and aa thing," he says, "don't be arguin wi anybody," he says, "when he comes."

He says, "This'll be some other king," he says, "here for a visit."

THE THREE FEATHERS

A25 So he went down the stairs now and he's out on the front lawn and he's waitin on this carriage coming. The carriage came up the drive and it pulled up and he says, "Hello father," Jack says.

"Oh, is that you Jack?"

And Jack says, "Aye, and this is my bride. What do you think of her?"

"Good Gracious," he says, "where did you get that woman?"

"I don't know, father," he says, "but I got her alright. Ar my brothers home yet?"

The king says, "I never saw them yet. They'll soon be coming now though."

So they lookit up the road and they seen this brother comin and he's up on horseback and his bride is sittin in front of him. And William was at the back of him again. The back of Geordie. And the two of them came riding up.

When they saw Jack with this bonny coach and two horses and a lovely bride, they said, "Father, we're beat. Jack gets all the castle and all the money."

So that's the last of my story.

B25 But when Jack stepped out o the cabin wi his queen, he says to the father, "Father," he says, "dae ye not know me?"

"Who are you," he says.

He says, "It's Jack."

Oh Jack was dressed in gold, and golden medals on his breast, and when they lookit at his princess, fur tae be queen and fittit the ring on his finger, Jack got the kingdom and that's the end o my story. The two brothers was left tae work the fields and Jack was king.

THE THREE FEATHERS

C25 Well anyway, here wat happens, but the two brothers came oot an they says, "Oh," they says, "A told ye father, not tae take Jeck," but here when Jeck stepped oot o the cab an they seen Jeck, Jeck waved up tae the windae, his father, "Hi dad," he says, an he shouts tae his father.

The father looked doon an he rubbed his een an he says, "Is that you, Jeck?"

Jeck says, "Yes, father, it's me," he says, "an here is ma wife, A'm comin up tae see ye."

Well when the two brothers seen Jeck's wife they went an took their two wives an pit them intae the lavatories an locked the door. Haud them oot o the road, intae the lavatories they pit them. "Get away oot o here, shoo, get oot o here, get oot o here! Oh, Jeck's wife," he says, "we wouldn't be shamed wi youse women!" An the two lassies that the two oldest brothers had started tae cry ye see, they shoved them intae the lavatories. "Go in there," he says, "oot o the road," he says, "until I get ye a horse," he says, "that ye can gallop away."

D25 So Jack got the tablecover an went up an they're speakin aboot this tablecovers that the brothers got and, "Oh it's a nice tablecover," an Jack never came. In fact Jack was just in, in time, aboot. If he'd been five minutes later one o the sons one o the brothers would hae been king.

So they come in an they said, "Oh we'll have tae get Jack. Jack." They're aa lookin through the castle for Jack, but Jack's sleepin, "Get up Jack!" an he's this bundle he's got folded in a paper. He says, "Come on," he says, "did ye get a tablecover," he says. He says, "Ye're late, man, come on up!"

So that father says, "Oh, well son," he says, "I think," he says, "ye're beat this time," he says, "have ye got a tablecover at all?" He says, "Whyn't you come? Well," he says, "look at your brother's tablecovers."

So Jack looked at the two tablecovers an he sees. "Well, that's a nice tablecover, an that's a nice tablecover," he says, "which one dae ye think Dad's the best?"

"That's not the case boy," he says. "Where's your tablecover."

"Well," he says, "if I couldn't beat any o these two tablecovers," he says, "in your own castle," he says, "I wouldnae go lookin for a tablecover at all, what, a year an a day for that tablecovers."

"Well," says the father, "did you get a better? Where did you get a better in my castle."

C25 (Contd)

An when Jeck come up an when the father an the good advisers seen this lovely princess, the like wis never seen in the country, they made Jeck king and the bells were ringing for the feast and Jeck was the king, an he wis good to aa the poor folk aa roon the country, folk at the owld king used tae be good to, Jeck wis three times better tae them an they loved Jeck for ever after, an Jeck lived happy, an he's king noo on the tap o Kellymabrook, away up in the hills.

That's the end o my story.

D25 (Contd)

"Well," says Jack, "have a look at that!" He throws the table-cover an he opened it up and it was lined wi diamonds sparkling.

So Jack was made king an he got the frog for a wife and she was the nicest. So the other brothers chased the girls down the road an took them away, fled for their lives. You always look for luck in the corner.

An that's the end of my story.

THE THREE FEATHERS

E25 So he lookit an he seen Jack steppin out. "My God," he says, "it's Jack! It's no a nobleman at aa."

So Jack went up the stair up tae the turret, him an his bride, an the brothers was there, wi two common lassies, an he got the castle. An the last time I was there I got a piece an jam an some milk at the back door.

That's the last o my story.

F25 An the other two brothers was there but when they seen he's bride and the turn out he had they says, "Aw," they says, "Jack has the castle," they says, "Jack has the castle."

So that's the last o my story.

THE THREE FEATHERS

G25 But when they lands up in this carriage and Jack steps oot wi aa this lovely clothes on him and takes his princess out - his bride!

The father, the father just couldnae get over it. He says, "Jack," he says, "you're the man," he says, "for the kingdom," he says. "The brothers can run - can run - run it with ye, but," he says, "you're king. You get the title."

So they lived happy ever after.

I.5 THE HUMPH AT THE HEID O THE GLEN
AND THE HUMPH AT THE FIT O THE GLEN

A Bella Higgins

A1 Well this is the story o the Humph at the fit o the glen and the Humph at the head o the glen. This wis two men an they were very good friends. But the wan at the fit o the glen, he was very humphy, he wis near doublet in two wi the humph that was on his back. The other one at the top o the glen he wisnae jist quite so big in the humph, but he wis pretty bad too.

Well, Sunday about they cam tae visit one another. Wan would travel up about three mile up tae the top o the glen tae spend the day wi his friend the Humph at the heid o the glen. An then the Humph at the heid o the glen next Sunday would come down to the Humph at the fit o the glen an spend the day.

B John Stewart

B1 ... a glen in Scotland. Where this glen is I could not tell ye, but my mother told us this story when we was aa weans, we were wee weans, you know. An at the fit o the glen there was a wee cottage wi an auld woman and her son in it. And about ten mile at the top o the glen there was an auld woman stayed in a cottage wi her son, and the son at the top o the glen had a great big hump on his back. He could hardly walk for the weight o the hump, ye see. And the auld woman at the fit o the glen, she had a son and he was a strappin boy about six fit, but a cheeky impident sod he was. He would do nothing for his mother, he would kick her oot, he'd take the pennies when she selt her two-three eggs and away drinkin it. While the humpy-backit son at the top o the hill, he wad help his mother in everything, split the sticks tae her, go for water tae her, milk the wee bit coo, dae anything to help his old mother, the one wi the hump.

THE HUMPH AT THE HEID O THE GLEN &
THE HUMPH AT THE FIT O THE GLEN

C John Stewart

C1 There was a glen years ago in Scotland, hoose at the fit o the glen an the auld wumman worked the big house, she was hen-wife, ye ken. She was the hen-wife for the big hoose. An she had a son wi a humph on his back, big humph: nice-looking boy, ye know, but a big humph on his back. An oh he wad do anything for his mother, this boy. Very, very nice laddie he was, ye know. About seventeen or eighteen. Noo at the top o the glen about seven or eight mile from that, there was another woman, auld woman, an she had a son that had a humph on his back. But he was a rougher type o fellow, y'know. Rough-lookin, an one thing an another like that. He wadnae do a thing for his mother hardly. So in fact, one didnae know the ither for at that time, six or seven or ten mile was a long way tae walk. They never got oot o their wee bit place, ye know.

THE HUMPH AT THE HEID O THE GLEN &
THE HUMPH AT THE FIT O THE GLEN

A2 So anyway it wis the wan at the fit o the glen, he had tae go tae see the Humph at the head o the glen, it was he's Sunday tae walk up tae the heid o the glen tae see his friend. Well, he had a wee bit ae a plantin to pass, an when he wis comin past this plantin, he hears a lot o singing goin on. He says, "Wheest!" an aa the sang they heard wis :-



Saturday, Sunday
Saturday, Sunday
Saturday, Sunday

And that's aa he length they could get!

"Gosh," he says, "I could pit a bit tae that song. An he goes

Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tues - day!

Oh an he heard the laughs an the clappin o the hands. "Goad bliss me," he says, "what can that be?"

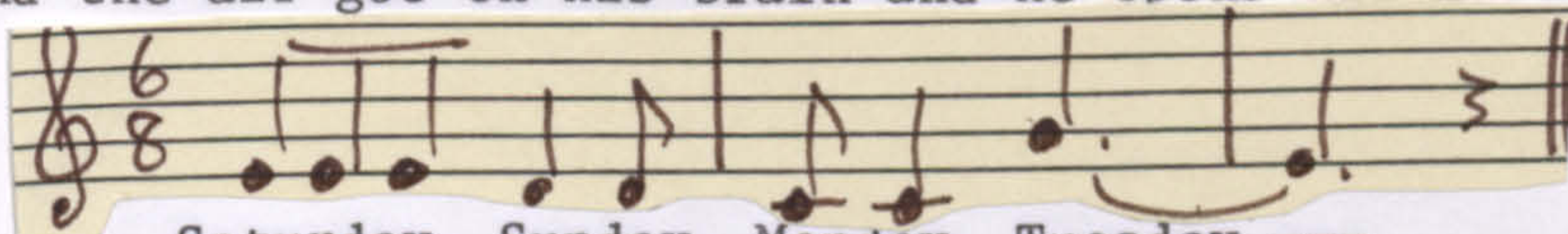
B2 So now one summer night the one wi the humph at the top o the glen took a wander away down the road, down the glen, ye see, an he was doon about a mile, when he came tae this wee field wi some rowan trees growin in it and some big stones an that. An he hears singin and he listens and he was that heavy-humpit, he leaned agin the dyke or the wall, like that, ye know, the bank restin hissel agin the bank, listening to this singing. An the voices were singing:-

Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday. No -



Saturday, Sunday, Monday
Saturday, Sunday, Monday

and the air got on his brain and he opens his mouth an he roars:-

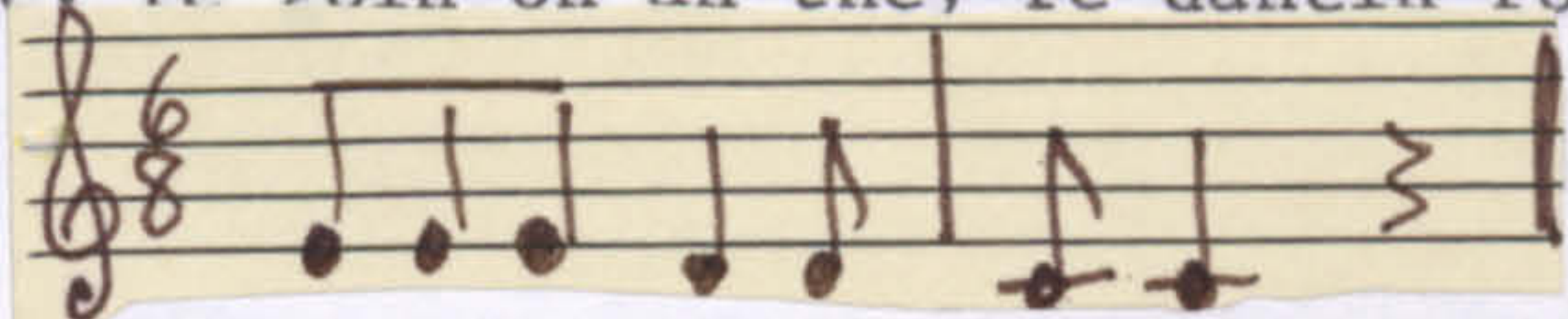


Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday ---

and the singing stopped!

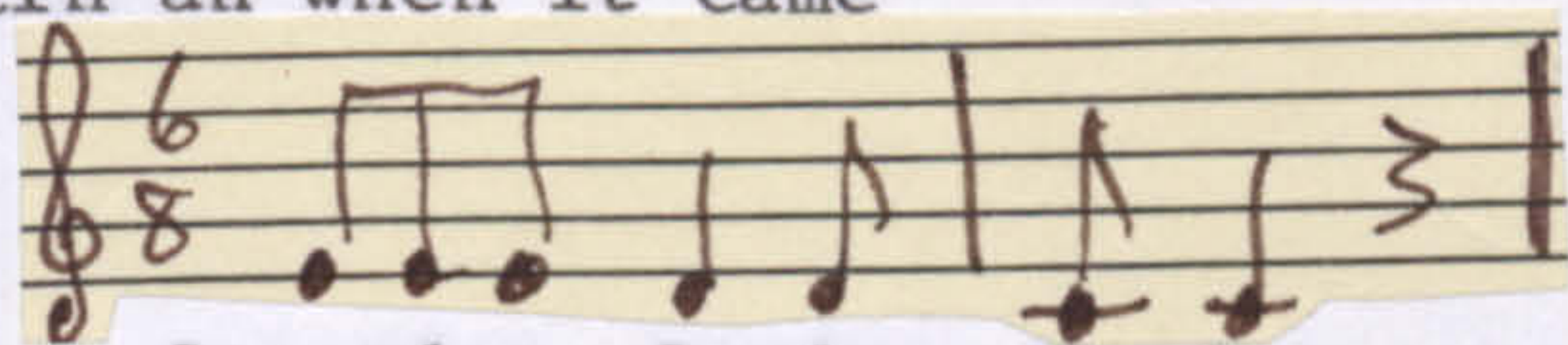
THE HUMPH AT THE HEID O THE GLEN &
THE HUMPH AT THE FIT O THE GLEN

C2 So this night, midsummer night, but it was late on, a humid kin o night, an light but it was night. Ye could see a bit. So this laddie's away up, the one from the bottom o the glen, he's away up the glen for a walk. An he's walkin along, walkin along. He leans up agin a wall, an aul mossy dyke, for a rest, leans his humph against it for a rest. An he hears nice like music, comin fae just in this green bit among this bindweed. An there was a rowan tree an a rock or two. An he listens an he hears this music an he hears the voices. An they're goin on an they're dancin round about an they're goin on:-



Saturday, Sunday, Monday
Saturday, Sunday, Monday

An they're dancin round about ye see. An he's listening an he's lookin at them like that an he got captivated wi them fairies and elves dancin an when it came



Saturday, Sunday, Monday
he couldnae help hisselt an he want :-



Tues-----day!

Ye see?



Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tues-----day!

And immediatly the voices stopped like that, ye see.

THE HUMPH AT THE HEID O THE GLEN &
THE HUMPH AT THE FIT O THE GLEN

A3 But this wis three kind of fairies that was in the wood. And the wan says to the other, "Brither what dae ye wish that man," he says, "for that nice part he put tae wir song?"

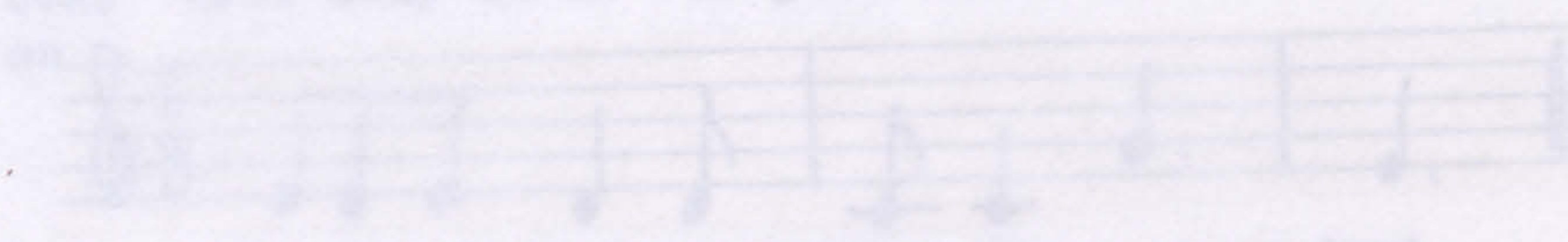
"Well," he says, "I wish him that the humph'll drop an melt off his back," he says, "'at he'll be as straight as a rush. An what dae you wish him?"

"Well," he says, "I wish him tae have the best of health," he says, "an happiness. And what dae you wish him brother?"

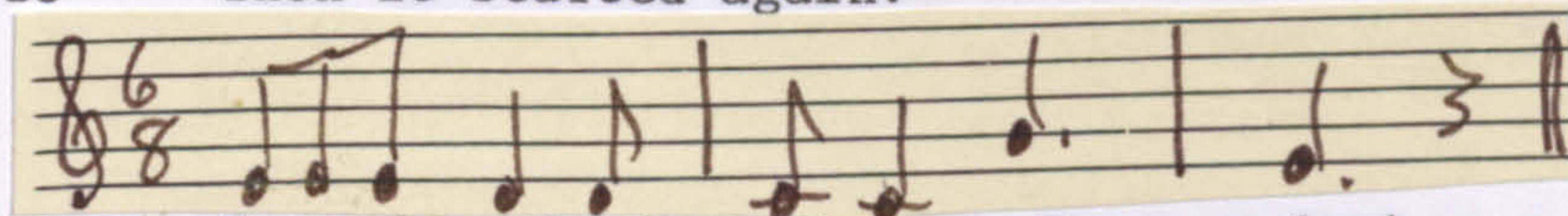
"Well," he says, "I wish him," he says, "full an plenty 'at he'll have plenty tae he goes tae his grave."

"Very good."

"I'd like the humph away," he says, "I'd never get that I don't suppose." "You go home an you'll see in the mornin." So the day was day an he was goin down the road an he could hear them goin



B3 Then it started again:-



Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tues----day!

And just at that there was a leprechaun kin o wee fairy man jumped up beside him. It says, "Did you advance on our song?"

"Well," he says, "I didn't mean to be cheeky or anything like that but I thought Saturday, Sunday, Monday was a bit short, so I put in Tuesday. I think it goes well."

He says, "It does go well. You've added to our song. Now for that young chap you can go home and you'll have no hump."

THE HUMPH AT THE HEID O THE GLEN &

THE HUMPH AT THE FIT O THE GLEN

THE HUMPH AT THE FIT O THE GLEN

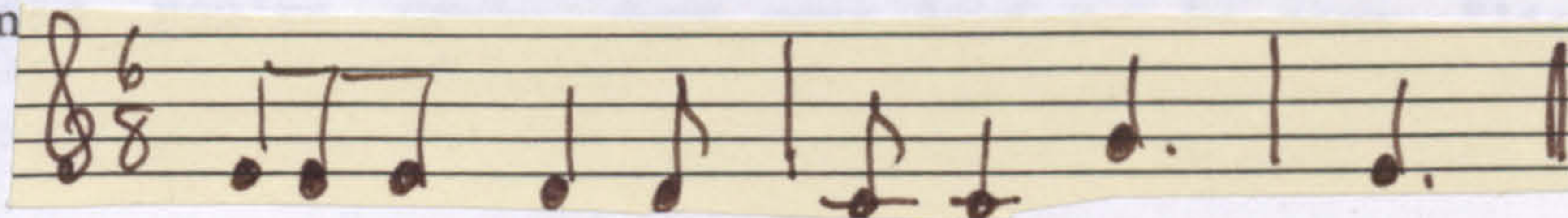
C3 An one come across to him an it says, "Who are you?"

An he says, "Oh I'm the hen-wife's son from the bottom o the glen," he says. "Ma mither works at the big hoose," he says, "watchin the hens."

"Well," he says, "you've a nice voice," he says. "A very very nice voice," he says, "and you've improved our song," he says. "An we thank you very much," he says. An it shouted on the others, it called on the others. An two or three come across. An it says, "What shall be give him for improving wir tune? What would ye like?" says one that come to him.

"Well," he says, "I don't know," he says. "In fact," he says, "there's one thing I would like," he says. "I was born this way wi a humph on my back," he says. He says, "I'd like the humph away," he says, "but I'd never get that I don't suppose."

They says, "You go home an you'll see in the mornin." So the chap went away an he was goin doon the road an he could hear them goin on



Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tues ----- day!

24 So says he gets back an he's as light, boy, as fleet as a deer
and he's rumble, jangle this and jangle that up home, and when
his mither looks at his son in the door she couldn't believe her
eyes. She nearly fainted when she looked at her son - no lump!
straight up a rail a shoulder as square as a board, ye see. So he
tells her what's happened. "Well," she says, "that was affs guid. I
heard about the fairies here that is the glen, but I never believed
it," you see.

THE HUMPH AT THE HEID O THE GLEN &
THE HUMPH AT THE FIT O THE GLEN

A4 Och this man wis walkin up the glen an he feels hissels gettin lighter an lighter an he straightened hissels up an he's wonderin what's come ower him. He didnae think it was hissels at all, 'at he could just march up like a soldier up this glen.

So he raps at the door when he came tae his friend, the Humph at the head o the glen and when he came out they asked him what he want, they didnae know him.

"Oh," he says, "I want tae see So-and-So, ma friend."

"But who are you?"

"Och," he says, "ye know," he says, "the humphy man 'at's lived at the fit o the glen," he says. "A'm his friend, ye know me." An he ... told his name.

"Oh my," he says, "whit ... whit ... whit happened tae ye? Whit's come owre tae ye?"

"Oh wheesht," he says, "if you come down," he says, "wi me or when you're comin down next Sunday," he says, "listen," he says, "at the wee plantin as ye're gan doon the road, an," he says, "you'll hear singing." An he says ... he told him 'at they only had:-

B4 So away he gaes hame an he's as light, boy, as fleet as a deer and he's runnin, jumpin this and jumpin that up hame, and when his mother looked at him comin in the door she couldn't believe her eyes. She nearly fainted when she looked at her son - no hump! Straight and a pair o shoulders as square as a board, ye see. So he tells her what's happened. "Well," she says, "that was affa guid. I heard about the fairies doin that in the glen, but I never believed it," you see.

THE HUMPH AT THE HEID O THE GLEN &
THE HUMPH AT THE FIT O THE GLEN

A4 (Contd)



Saturday, Sunday
Saturday, Sunday

but," he says, "I pit a bit tae their song," he says. "I says:-



Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tyooooooooosday.

an", he says, "I felt masel," he says, "- everything disappearing from me." An he says, "If you come down," he says, "you'll be made as straight as what I am."

THE HUMPH AT THE HEID O THE GLEN &
THE HUMPH AT THE FIT O THE GLEN

C4 Now he goes hame an he goes tae bed. An when he gets up in the morning there was no humph! He's as straight as that. Y'know what I mean? No humph at all! Just a lovely lookin chap he was, oh an the mother's fair delightit. She'd ask him an ask him an ask him what happened and eventually he told her.

"Well," she says, "that's very very good," she says. "That must have been the real fairies ye met, right enough son," she says. "But," she says, "I wouldnae go aboot," she says, "speakin aboot it."

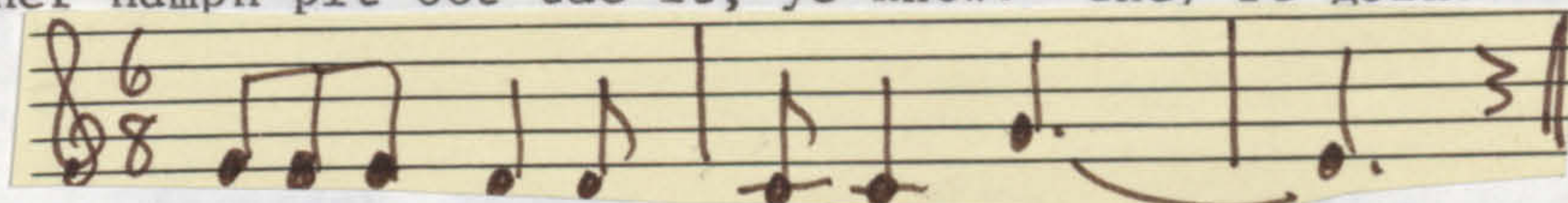
Now, word gets about an the auld wumman away at the head o the glen hears about it. An she says tae her son this mornin, "Get up," she says, and go out an feed the donkey," she says, "or," she says, "take the goat out an tether it," she says. "Ye're lyin there," she says, "among the ashes," she says, "an ye'll nut," she says, "do a thing."

"Och," he says, "away ye go," he says, "I cannae be bothered wi ye! I'm too tired."

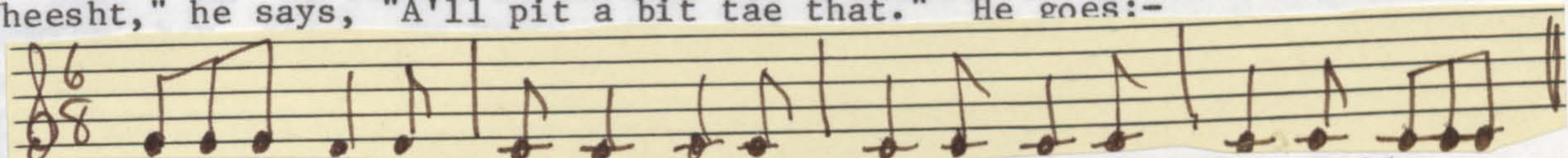
But she gets a stick an she gies him a wallop wi it. An he gets an he warbles outside an he gies hissels a shake an there was as much dust an ashes come off him where he was lyin at the fire, he blindit the place for about twenty four hours wi the dust that come off him. She says, "Away ye go," she says, "look at the other laddie at the fit o the glen," she says. "He got rid o his humph," she says, 'whatever he done.'" She says, "He met the fairies doon there," she says, "an if you go doon," she says, "you'll meet them," she says, "you'll get rid o your humph tae."

THE HUMPH AT THE HEID O THE GLEN &
THE HUMPH AT THE FIT O THE GLEN

A5 Anyway, this man's aye wishing it wis next Sunday an he's comin
- when Sunday cam - he's comin marchin down the road an just at
the wee plantin he hears them aa singing, the song, the bit 'at the
ither humph pit oot tae it, ye know. They're goin:-



Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tyoooooooooseday!
"Wheesht," he says, "A'll pit a bit tae that." He goes:-



Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday.
Mair'n what he put. An he got no clap!

B5 So now weeks runs by and this ither yin at the fit o the glen,
he was away up that road an he hears the fairies singing. He
starts singing:-



Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.
It looked aa wrong, ye see.

THE HUMPH AT THE HEID O THE GLEN &
THE HUMPH AT THE FIT O THE GLEN

C5 So anay he goes down the glen, ye see, an he's listenin an he's
listenin an he's listenin, till he come tae this bit where the
ither boy had stood. An he hears:-



Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tues - day!

Ye see? An he stands an listens for a while. Oh he was a big dour-
looking boy this, ye know. An a voice like ma own, just for shoutin
coal.



Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tues - day!

An he shouts:-



Wednesday!

Ye know! The music stopped like that!

I.6 AIPPLIE AND ORANGIE

A Andrew Stewart, Donald and Bella Higgins

A1 The story of Applie and Orangie. It was two girls, two little girls. The man - this was his second wife, and his first wife's kiddie was either called Applie or Orangie - I don't know which o' the names they were called, but we'll just say Applie an' Orangie, see?

So one day - the stepmother was very bad to one of the little girls. One day she says tae the good little girl: "Applie," she says, "I want ye tae go," she says, "an' get me milk. This is my golden jug - take this, an'," she says, "if ye break it," she says, "I'll murder ye," she says, "when ye get back." She used that word, ye see?

B Sheila Macgregor

B1 ... and wee Orangie's Daddy died. So wee Aipplie's Daddy and wee Orangie's Mammy got mairried. But wee Orangie's Mammy didnae like wee Aipplie, because she was an affy bonnie wee lassie. Ye see? Wee Orangie wasnae a bonnie wee lassie. But the two wee lassies liked one another. So wee Aipplie was made tae dae everything. She had tae scrub the floor an dae everything in the hoose.

So wan day the Mammy said, "Aipplie! Come in here! Are you there? Go for my milk the day."

She Says, "Aye, OK Mammy, I'll go for the milk. If ye gie me - if ye gie me your bonnie jug tae go for the milk."

"Well," she says, "I'll gie ye the bonnie jug, on one condition; that ye don't break it." So - aye, break it.

AIPPLIE AND ORANGIE

C Sheila Macgregor

C1 This was two wee girls and they had pet names. One of them was Aipplie and the other one was Orangie. Now Orangie's mother wasn't Aipplie's mother and Aipplie's father wasn't Orangie's father. You understand? Stepmother, stepfather.

Now wee Aipplie was an affy bonnie wee lassie and her stepmother was affy jealous o her. But wee Orangie, she got on affy well wi her. She really did like her, ye know. Wee Aipplie had everything tae dae in the hoose. She'd aa the cleanin tae dae an wee Orangie did nothing, she jist went oot tae play. An she felt sorry for her wee stepsister. But there was nothing she could dae aboot it, 'cause her mother would-nae let her do anything.

So it was wee Aipplie's birthday this day, an her father went intae the jeweller's shop and bocht her a wee ring for her finger, 'cause her father was affy fond o her. So one day when her daddy went away tae work, the mammy's shoutin on her, "Aipplie! Come in here, Aipplie! Go down to the dairy an get my milk."

D Sheila Macgregor

D1 Well, once upon a time there was this man and he had a wee lassie, and he caad her wee Aipplie. An he married this ither wumman that had a wee lassie and her name was Orangie. So one day wee - wee Aipplie had everything tae dae in the hoose. An wee Orangie had naethin tae dae. The stepmother made her dae everything.

So one day, the father was away to the work and wee Aipplie was oot playin wi wee Orangie in the gairden. An the mother shouted her in, she says, "Aipplie! Come in here," she says. "I want ye tae go tae the dairy for my milk the day."

So she comes in an she says tae her mother, she says, "Mammy, could I get a len o that bonnie jug that ye've got hangin up in the kitchen," she says, "tae go for your milk?"

"Naw," she says, "ye're no gettin that jug," she says. "If you break that jug," she says, "I'll murder ye."

She says, "Honest to God, Mammy," she says, "I'll no break that jug, if ye gie me a wee shot o it."

So the Mammy says, "OK. There's the jug an there's the money. But if you brek it you neednae come hame."

A2 So anyway, away they went, an' the bad girl tripped her up, an' broke the jug.

B2 So she got the jug an away she went for her Mammy's milk, tae the dairy. So she got the milk an she was comin hame - didn't the jug faa an break? It fell! She was sittin greetin when this man come along. He says tae her, "Whit's wrang, ma wee lassie."

"Well," she says, "I cannae go hame tae ma Mammy because the jug's broken an," she says, "If A go hame, ma Mammy'll murder me."

So the man says tae her, "You come intae this shop an I'll buy ye anither jug."

So she went intae this shop an the man bought her anither jug.

← see back for C1 D1

C2 So wee Aipplie gets the jug an she's away tra-la-la-ing doon the road to the dairy. She goes intae the dairy, she buys the milk and she gets the milk, but comin oot again, she trips on the pavement and the jug goes in a thousand bits. Oh she didnae ken whit tae dae. She's terrified tae go hame. So she's sittin doon an she's greetin, oh! she's affy feart. So this man comes along an he says, "My God, wee girl! What's wrong wi you?"

"Oh," she says, "I neednae go hame tae ma mammy," she says, "I'm dead, the nicht," she says, "because I went and broke ma mammy's antique jug!"

"Well," he says, "never you heed, wee lassie. It cannae be as bad as that. Come on intae this ironmonger's an I'll buy ye anither ane."

"No," she says, "ma mammy'll ken."

He says, "She's better wi a new yin anyway, than an aul yin." So he goes in an he buys her a jug and he goes tae the dairy an he fills it wi milk, an hands it tae her.

So wee Applie's flyin hame because she's late, ye see.

D2 So she got the jug an she's away tae the dairy. So she goes in an she gets the milk an - but comin oot o the dairy, doesn't she trip an faa? An the jug smashes tae the ground. Broken in a thousand bits. So she's sittin doon greetin, an this man comes up tae her.

He says, "What's wrong wi ye, wee girl?"

"Oh," she says, "I neednae go hame," she says. "Ma Mammy's gon-nae murder me," she says, "for breakin her good jug."

"Ach," he says, "never mind. Come on wi me," he says, "an I'll buy ye another jug intae this shop." So in he goes an he buys her this other wee jug. He takes it intae the dairy an he fills it wi milk an he hands it tae her. She says, "But my Mammy'll still murder me 'cause she'll ken that's no her jug."

"Na," he says, "she'll no. She'll forget aboot it."

C2 (Contd)

She says, "Okay, mammy, I won't be long. I'll get my coat."
Then she says, "Could you do me a favour, mammy? Could I get a loan o
that bonnie milk jug ye have on the shelf?"

"Oh no," she says, "you're no gettin that jug," she says, "I've
had that jug for years."

"Oh please, mammy," she says, "I'll no break it."

"Okay," she says, "take the jug, but if you break that jug,
Aipplie, I'm gonnae make soup on you, when ye come hame."

A3 -

B3 So, she went an she got milk an she went hame tae her Mammy. She says, "Aipplie, this is nut my jug! Where is my new jug that I got for a wedding present?"

 So wee Aipplie telt her, "It fell an it broke an this man went an bought me anither yin."

AIPPLIE AND ORANGIE

C3 So she goes an keeks in the kitchen an her Mammy's no there so she leaves it on the table, an she rins oot the back tae play wi Orangie. So her mammy comes in an she looks an she sees the different jug. "Oh my God!" she says, "what's that lassie done wi ma jug? Aipplie! Come here at once!"

 "Oh," she says, "ma mammy's callin!"

 So wee Aipplie and Orangie rins intae the kitchen. "Where's my jug?"

 "Oh," she says, "mammy, I couldnae help it. I tripped comin oot o the dairry an the jug's broke."

D3 So away she goes hame but her Mammy's no there, she's outside hanging up her washin. She puts the jug an the change o the money on the table, an she runs oot tae play wi wee Orangie. So her Mammy comes back in, looks an she sees the jug. She says, "That's no my jug," she says, "I doot she must ha broke it." So she shouts, "Aipplie! Come in here!" So the wee lassie's feart an she comes in. She says, "What happened tae my jug?" So she telt her.

B4 "Well," she says, "that's not good enough Aipplie! It was a weddin present. So I'm gonnae make soup on ye, the night. Orangie! Go ootside an bring me in that big aix! It's oot in the yaird."

So wee Orangie had tae go oot an get this great big aix! An she took wee Aipplie ootside an she cut her up in bits an she pit her intae the pot an she made soup o 'er.

C4 "I told ye what I would do wi ye! Orangie, go ootside an get me that big aix that's ootside." So she takes wee Aipplie and she pits her on the table an she chops her up intae bits! An she's got this great big cauldron or pot boilin on the fire. She's throwin wee Aipplie in an she's puttin peas an barley an vegetables an she's stirr-in it roon, ye see. Oh an wee Orangie, she's greetin. She didnae ken what tae dae. So there's some o wee Aipplie's bones lyin on the table, so she says tae wee Orangie, "Get they bones an go oot the back an pit them under a stone, an hide them afore your daddy comes hame."

So she lifts the bones an she's greetin oh! she's in an affy state - her wee sister's away! She gets the bones an she goes oot the back an she pits a pile o stones on top o them tae hide them.

D4 She says, "Well, you ken," she says, "what I said I was gonnae dae wi ye!" She says, "Orangie! Go oot there," she says, "an bring the biggest aix that's in the shed, tae I mak soup o this lassie."

So oot she goes an she gets the aix an taks it in tae her Mammy. So the Mammy takes wee Aipplie an she cuts her up in wee bits, an pits her ontae this pot, wi vegetables an everything, makin soup for the Daddy comin hame.

So efter the soup's ready, she says tae wee Orangie, she says, "Noo look, you take they stones, Orangie," she says, "take that bones," she says, "o your wee sister an hide them oot in the gairden under the stones, so your Daddy'll no see them."

A5 So when they come home, the father was away workin'. And when he come home, for two or three (wasn't it?), he missed the girl. She was a-missin'.

Higgins: The stepmother said she was outside, playin' with skippin' ropes.

Stewart: Ay, playin' with skippin' ropes, an' that. But this went on too long, there was no signs o' the wee girl, see? But here, the mother had murdered the wee girl - boiled her, pit parts o' her body in a pot, an' made soup, an' got the husband tae eat it, ye see.

Higgins: He came across the wee pinkie in amongst the soup.

Stewart: He took the bones, a' the little bones thegither - an' he give the wife a good layin'-on at that time - an' took the bones an' buried them.

Higgins: No, he give them tae the ither sister, an' the ither sister took them oot an' put them atween twa marble stones ...

Stewart: He put them in marble stones, an' as times goes on, they grew intae a pigeon.

An' one day - he didnae know that wee girl was murdered, though, until the pigeon told him.

Higgins: No, he knew by pinkie.

Stewart: Ah, but ...

Bella Stewart (Andrew's sister, Donald's mother): Yes, he knew by the pinkie; he got the pinkie in his soup.

B5 So, the Daddy come hame fae his work an, "Well," he says, "wife, I'm hungry the night. What's for ma dinner?"

She says, "I've got soup."

"Oh, that's good," he says, "'at's lovely."

So he gets the bowl o soup an he's sittin doon eatin it, an when he takes a spoonfu wee Aipplie's finger wi a wee ring that he gave her, is in his spoonie. Aw! He goes mad! "My wee Aipplie's deid!"

AIPPLIE AND ORANGIE

C5 Her daddy comes hame that night. "Oh God," he says, "what a great smell o broth!"

So she says, "Aye, we're havin broth the night. Just sit doon."

"Where's my wee Aipplie?" he says.

"Och, she's away playin some place, oot the back. She'll be in, in a wee minute. Sit doon and I'll gie ye yer broth."

So she lifts the plate, an she gets haud o the ladle an she's pittin the soup oot, ye see, and she pits it doon tae the daddy. He's breakin his breid tae steep in his soup, an he jist lifts up a spoon like that, an this was wee Aipplie's finger wi the wee ring on it, he lifts on the spon. Well, he gies the spoon a throw an he's kent then what happened, ye see? So aw! He's goin mad!

D5 So the Daddy comes in an he sits doon. He says, "Whaur's ma wee Aipplie?"

"Och," she says, "she's oot playin some place wi wee Orangie. She'll be in in a minute. Sit doon an take your tea."

So he sits doon and the Mammy's ladling the soup oot tae him. He's sittin doon at the table. So he lifts the spon an he goes tae take the first spoonfae but isn't this wee Aipplie's finger in the spoon, wi a wee ring on it that he had give her for her birthday? So he kent it was wee Aipplie's finger. So, aw, he starts an he makes mortar wi the mother, but what can he dae?

A6

Higgins: The wee lassie took the bones, and put them between twa marbles stones, ye see.

Well, as time goes on, this wee pigeon grows oot, ye see. So it's fleein' aboot, an' it's thinkin' aboot revenge, ye see, on the mother. So it flees aboot ...

B6 So time wore on till it's comin near Christmas, so they were aa sittin at the fire at Christmas Eve. Sittin at the fire, big log fire. An they were sittin an they listened, an they heard this noise comin doon through the chimney. An it was a wee doo-doo. Ken, a wee pigeon.

 This wee doo-doo was flyin roond aboot the toon an roond aboot the toon for days an days.

AIPPLIE AND ORANGIE

C6 So times wears on and time wears on, till it comes near Christmas time. An aw, he's sittin greetin at the fire. "God," he says, "it's the first Christmas," he says, "that I've never had wee Aipplie."

 So Christmas Eve comes and the snow was fallin down. But two or three days before Christmas, they noticed that there was a wee doo-doo. Ken what a wee doo-doo is?

 A wee white pigeon. A wee doo. A dove. An it's circlin the house an circlin the house.

D6 So time wears on, an two or three days afore Christmas, there this wee doo, a wee pigeon, it's flyin round the house and round the house, a wee white yin. So wee Orangie comes intae her mither an she says, "Mammy," she says, "have you seen that wee doo that's aye fleein roond aboot wir hoose?"

 She says, "Aye, I've noticed that," she says. "Well," she says, "never pay nae heed tae it."

Ma Mam-mie kilt me. Ma daed-die ote me —, Ma sis-ter Jeannie pik-it-ma
bones —, And pit them atween two matri-ke stores, An I ground in a bon-nie doo - doo.

The image shows a handwritten musical score on two staves. The first staff contains the lyrics: "Ma Mam-mie kilt me. Ma daed-die ote me —, Ma sis-ter Jeannie pik-it-ma". The second staff contains the lyrics: "bones —, And pit them atween two matri-ke stores, An I ground in a bon-nie doo - doo." The music is written in a simple, hand-drawn style with various time signatures (2/4, 3/4, 4/4) and rests.

A7

Stewart: An' it lands on the street ...

Higgins: An' it goes in this shop ...

Bella Stewart: ... near Christmas time ...

Higgins: Near Christmas time, for to buy a present, ye ken. An' it goes intae the first shop, an' it stands on the coonter, an' it says:

My mammy killed me,
 My daidy ate me,
 My sister Jeannie pickit my banes
 An' put me atween twa marble stanes
 An' I growed intae a bonnie wee doo-doo.

So the shopkeeper, he's listenin' tae this, ye see, a' the shopkeeper says, "Now," he says, "if ye say that agin," he says, "I'll give ye the biggest doll in the shop," he says, "the best doll in the shop." So it starts doon again, an' says:

My mammy killed me,
 My daidy ate me,
 My sister Jeannie pickit my banes
 An' put me atween twa marble stanes
 An' I growed intae a bonnie wee doo-doo.

B7 An' it goes intae this big shop, big toy shop. An' it says tae - flew in through the door an' sat on the counter an' it says tae the man, "If you give me the biggest doll in the shop. I'll sing you a wee sang."

"Oh my God," says the man, "if you can sing me a wee sang, doo, I'll gie ye the biggest doll in the shop."

So the wee doo-doo sat on the counter an' it sung:-

My mammy killed me,
 My daidy ate me,
 My sister Jeannie pickit my banes
 An' put me atween twa marble stanes
 An' I growed intae a bonnie wee doo-doo.

C7 This wee doo on Christmas Eve was flyin round about and round about. An it flies right away up the High Street, tae where all the big shops are. So it flies intae this jeweller's shop, flies right through the door an sits on the coonter. An the man he gets a fright, ye see. He says, "My God, what are ye daein here, wee doo?"

So the wee doo says tae him:-

My mammy killed me,
 My daidy ate me,
 My sister Jeannie pickit my banes
 An' put me atween twa marble stanes
 An' I growed intae a bonnie wee doo-doo.

Oh, my God," the man says, "that's good!"

"Well," she says, "for singing that, could you give me the best watch you have in the shop."

D7 So Christmas Eve comes and they're aa sittin at the fire. An this wee pigeon, this wee doo flies away up tae the main street and it's flyin up the main street an it sees this big toy shop. It flies in through the door an sits on the coonter. It says tae the man behind the coonter, he says, "If you gie me the biggest doll you have in this shop, I'll sing you a see sang."

So the man says, "If you could sing tae me, wee doo, I'll give you anything in the shop." So it starts tae sing tae the man:-

My mammy killed me,
 My daidy ate me,
 My sister Jeannie pickit my banes
 An' put me atween twa marble stanes
 An' I growed intae a bonnie wee doo-doo.

A8 The man says, "That's marvelous, that's marvelous!" So he gies it the big doll, an' away it goes, an it goes tae the jeweler's shop - ye see? It flies in the door o' the jeweler's shop, an' it sits on the coonter, an' it does the same thing again:

My mammy killed me,
 My daidy ate me,
 My sister Jeannie pickit my banes
 An' put me atween twa marble stanes
 An' I growed intae a bonnie wee doo-doo.

So the man in the shop says, "Now," he says, "if ye do that again," he says, "I'll give ye the best watch in the shop." Ye see?

B8 "Oh," says the man," that's great. There's the biggest doll in the shop tae ye."

So away the doo flies till he comes tae a jeweller's. An he goes in, an he flies through the door at the jeweller's an he sits doon on the coonter, an he says tae the jeweller, "If you give me the best pocket watch you have in the shop, I'll sing ye a wee song."

The man says, "Fairly, I'll do that, if ye sing me a wee song."
 So it sung:-

My mammy killed me,
 My daidy ate me,
 My sister Jeannie pickit my banes
 An' put me atween twa marble stanes
 An' I growed intae a bonnie wee doo-doo.

C8 "Oh dear aye," says the man. "I'll give ye that aa right." So he goes through an he gets a pocket watch an he hands it tae the wee doo, an off it flies, till it comes tae this great big toy shop. Flies in through the door, an sits on the coonter. It looked at the man, an it says, "If you give me the biggest doll that you've got in the shop, I'll sing you a wee song."

The man says, "If you can sing me a song, you can have anything in the shop."

So it said:-

My mammy killed me,
 My daidy ate me,
 My sister Jeannie pickit my banes
 An' put me atween twa marble stanes
 An' I growed intae a bonnie wee doo-doo.

D8 The man says, "Oh, 'pon my sowl," he says, "but that was good," he says, "ye can take whatever doll you want in the shop." So the man gave this wee doo, the biggest doll in the shop, an off it flies.

It's comin further doon the street till it comes tae this great big jeweller's shop. It flies in through the door an sits on the coonter. Says tae the man, "If you gie me the best pocket watch you have in the shop, I'll sing ye a wee sang."

"Aye," he says, "I'll dae that aa richt," he says. "If ye sing me a sang, ye'll get anything."

So the wee doo starts tae sing tae the man:-

My mammy killed me,
 My daidy ate me,
 My sister Jeannie pickit my banes
 An' put me atween twa marble stanes
 An' I growed intae a bonnie wee doo-doo.

A9 However, tae cut a long story short, she says it again, an' she gets the watch, an' goes on again, an' flies tae the next shop. An' it's an ironmonger's an' it stands on the coonter, an' it says:

My mammy killed me,
 My daidy ate me,
 My sister Jeannie pickit my banes
 An' put me atween twa marble stanes
 An' I growed intae a bonnie wee doo-doo.

So the man in the shop says, "Now," he says, "if ye say that again," he says, "I'll give ye the sharpest ax in the shop."

B9 So the man gave him the bonniest watch that was in the shop an away it flew tae it come tae an ironmonger's an it flew intae the ironmonger's an it sat on the coonter. It says tae the man, "If you give me the biggest axe you have in the shop, I'll sing you a wee sang."

So the man says, "I'll do that."

So he sang:-

My mammy killed me,
 My daidy ate me,
 My sister Jeannie pickit my banes
 An' put me atween twa marble stanes
 An' I growed intae a bonnie wee doo-doo.

C9 So it got the biggest doll in the shop, and offit flies. Noo dinnae ask me how it cairried it! But it did.

Away up the High Street again till it come tae this great big ironmonger's shop. In it comes, sits on the counter an says tae the man. "If you give me the biggest axe you've got in the shop, I'll sing you a wee song."

"Oh," he says, "I'll fairly do that."

So it sings:-

My mammy killed me,
 My daidy ate me,
 My sister Jeannie pickit my banes
 An' put me atween twa marble stanes
 An' I growed intae a bonnie wee doo-doo.

D9 So the man gied it the best pocket watch he had in the shop, an off it flies. Tae it comes doon the street a bit further an it comes tae this great big ironmonger's shop.

An it flies in through the door an sits on the coonter. It says tae the man, "if you gie me the biggest and shairpest aix you have in this shop, I'll sing ye a wee sang."

The man says, "Aw, but I'll easy dae that," he says. "Sing tae me, wee doo."

So it sings:-

My mammy killed me,
 My daidy ate me,
 My sister Jeannie pickit my banes
 An' put me atween twa marble stanes
 An' I growed intae a bonnie wee doo-doo.

A10 So she says it again, an' gets the sharpest ax in the shop, an' away she goes flyin' through the air - the wee doo - an' it comes tae the chimney, ye see? An' it shouts doon the chimney the same again, ye see?

My mammy killed me,
 My daidy ate me,
 My sister Jeannie pickit my banes
 An' put me atween twa marble stanes
 An' I growed intae a bonnie wee doo-doo.

So the wee lassie hears it, an' she pits her heid through the windae, an' it draps the doll doon, ye see, an' the wee lassie catches it.

"Oh mammy, mammy, mammy," she says, "daddy! Look whit I got - fae Santae Claus!" (She thought it was fae Santae Claus, ye see.)

An' the man says, "My God," he says, "whit's this?" So he pits his heid through - down comes the watch - the gold watch, ye see?

So he says, "Oh my goodness, wife! Look at that!" he says; "look at that." Ye see?

She says, "Wait a minute, mebbe there'll be somethin' for me!" An' she dives forrit, an' she pits her heid under, and the ax comes doon wheek, and wips the heid off her.

B10 An the man gave him, the wee doo, this great big aix. An away it flies. An it goes tae its Mammy and Daddy's hoose an sits on the chimney. So this is Christmas Eve ye see, an it shouts doon the chimney, "Orangie! Are ye the-ere?"

Wee Orangie says, "Listen! That's wee Aipplie's voice! Aye, I'm here."

"Well, pit yer heid up the chimney, I've got a present for ye." So - stuck her heid up the chimney an - "Haud oot yer hand!" She held oot her hands like this. She dropped the great big doll, fell in wee Orangie's hands. Oh an she was fair delighted wi this doll.

"Daddy, are ye there?"

"Aye, I'm here wee Aipplie."

"Look up the chimney an stick oot yer hands."

So he looked up the chimney an he stuck oot his hands an this lovely watch came down, an fell intae the Daddy's hands. Oh, he was braggin.

So, "Mammy are ye there?"

"Aye," an she's fair dyin tae get tae the chimney tae see what she's gonnae get.

"Stick yer heid up the chimney an I'll gie you a present tae."

So she stuck her heid up the chimney an she just throwed doon the big aix an cut the heid clean aff her! An that's the end o my wee story.

AIPPLIE AND ORANGIE

C10 So the man gave the wee doo the biggest aix in the shop an off it flies. Noo, it's got the watch, the doll and the axe.

So it goes richt back tae its Daddy's hoose, and is shoutin doon the chimeny. Are ye there, Daddy. This is wee Aipplie!"

"Oh where - what's that?"

"Look up the chimney an hand oot yer hands. I've got a present fur ye."

It's the great big auld-fashioned chimneys, ye ken, a fireplace ye can walk in, ye ken.

"Look up the chimney an hand oot yer hands!"

Looks up the chimney, he's handin oot his hands, an the wee doo drops the watch, an it lands in his hand.

"Oh my God, thank you very much wee Aipplie!"

"Is ma wee sister there?"

"Aye, she's here."

"Well, tell her tae look up the chimney, an hand oot her hands."

D10 So it got the biggest aix an the shaipest aix in the whole shop. And off it flies, wi the doll an the watch an the aix, tae it comes tae its hoose, an it sits on tap o the chimney pot, an shouts doon the chimney, "Daddy, are you there, Daddy?"

The Daddy's sittin readin the paper at the fire. "God bliss ma sowl," he says, "that's wee Aipplie's voice!"

"Is that you Aipplie?"

"Aye, Daddy." She says, "Look up the chimney Daddy, an haud oot your hands, I have a present for ye."

So it was one o thon great big auld fashioned chimneys, ken, that ye can walk intae. So he's haudin oot his hands and he's lookin up the chimney and she drops the watch an it lands in Daddy's hands. "That's for your Christmas Daddy." Aw, he's delighted wi the watch.

"Is ma wee sister Orangie there?"

"Aye, I'm here!"

"Well, look up the chimney and haud oot your hands!"

So she looks up the chimney an she's haudin oot her hands, an the doll comes down, lands in her airms. Aw, she's delighted wi this doll!

"Is ma Mammy there?"

The Mammy's gettin agitated noo, ye see, wonderin "What am I gonnae get?" So she goes an she runs tae the fireplace an she's haudin oot her hand.

"Noo, look up the chimney, Mammy!" She's lookin up the chimney! An down comes the big aix, walt! and knocks the heid clean aff her! An that's the end o the story an the end of the Mammy! So God aye pays for hurts or any badness.

C10 (Contd)

So she's up an she's lookin an she gets the big doll dropped doon intae her airms. An the Mammy's fair dyin tae find oot what she's gettin.

"Is ma Mammy there?"

"Aye, she's here."

"Well, tell her tae look up the chimney and hand oot her hands. I've got a good present for her."

So she's lookin up, "Hurry up, wee Aipplie."

The big aix pachow! Cuts the head clean aff the Mammy, an that's the end o ma story.

I.7 THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A Belle Stewart

Well oncet upon a time there was an old man an a wumman, an he was an old fisherman. He was an old fisherman. And they lived in this wee village. An all the whole lot o the people depended on what he fished for in the river, ye know. But it come an awfa dry season, terrible dry season. An they went doon tae the river an naw! let him try as he could, he couldn't get one fish oot o this pool. Seemed to be just dried up, ye know. So this went on for about a week, every day, every day the same thing happened. Not a fish could he get.

B

B1 It was about an old man and his wife, an the old woman was 84 and the old man was 83, she was a year aulder than him. And they lived in this wee village and it was a sort of a fishing village. Wasnae very many people in it, maybe a couple o hundred folk aathergither. An that was the only means they had of a livelihood, that was the fishing. An sellin their fish.

So oh! they were doin pretty well, pretty well, but the old woman was gettin kinda frail, and done, an she was sayin, "Aw," she says, "I don' know what's gonnae happen in this village," she says, "John," tae her old man, "when you're no able tae g'oot an fish."

The other ones gied him a hand right enough, but he had the full talent o the sea and knew where tae go an get the fish, ye know.

"Aye," he says, "we're wearin on, Jean, we are that."

However it came tae be onyway, that he went doon tae the river this day, an my goodness! he didnae get three fish! An this was the best time o the season for fishin. He should really have got a big haul. But what had happened he couldnae tell. So he came back to the village an he was awfy disappointed. He says, "There's something far wrong," he says. "There's nae fish in the burn at aa," he says, "the river," he says, "there no fish in the river."

B1 (Contd)

'Course they aa laughed at him an the rest - an a few o the men went doon tae the river, an they threw their nets an there was - naw, nothin happened. Couldnae get ony fish. So this went on for about a fortnight noo. Well, it was the only means they had o livin, ye see, at that time. They'd no fish tae sell, they were aa scarce o money, they'd no food in the village. The one was as bad as the other, because the one depended on the other an there was no fish tae be got. So it went on an on, an they were oh! just in pure starvation. The old man says, "I don't know what we're to do an he kept goin to the river day in, daily, the rest o them - naw! no fish could be gotten.

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A2 So he cam hame tae his auld wife an he says, "Naw, naw," he says, "there's nae use o me tryin it," he says. "We're finished." He says, "We're just starvin tae death." They hadn't a bite in the hoose. "Well," he says, "I'll tell ye what we'll dae. I'll go doon the morn, again," he says, "and try for the last shot. But afore I go away," he says, "we'll - you'll promise me," he says, "that you'll take your own life before I come back, if I'm no back at a certain time."

 "Och," she says, "that wad be an affa hard thing tae dae," she says, "tae take ma own life! I couldnae dae that," she says. "I'd hae tae wait God's time."

 "Naw," he says, "ye'll hae tae gie me your promise."

 So, hooever, they never slept that nicht, they thocht aa nicht about what they were gonnae dae the next day. So he says, "Well, hae ye made up your mind? Are ye gonnae dae what ye said ye were tae dae?"

 "But hoo wid a dae it? Hoo could A kill mase! I couldnae tak ma ain life."

 "Well," he says, "ye could hang yersel."

B2 So the auld woman wi her no bein in a very good state o health, an her 84 years of age, 84 and 83, she was gettin awfy frail an done, an she just wasnae well. An the auld man says, "Well, if I could even catch one fish today," he says, "wife," he says, "it would always help you any a wee bit," for she was starvin, ye see.

 "Ach," she says, "John," she was in bed, she says, "I dinnae think ye need bother," she says, "it wad take mair than a fish tae mak me better noo." She says, "I'm too far gone."

 "Not at all," he says, "wife, ye never know." He says, "I'll go doon the day, anyway."

 It was a cauld kin o a day, windblawn. "Well," she says, "John, I doot ye better say boodbye tae me now," she says, "for I'll no be livin by the time ye come back. I jist - I ken hoo A feel."

 So he's away doon anyway an oh! he's awfy fed up, he's greetin tae hiss, on the road doon. "Aw, God spare my old wife," he says. "An God send me wan fish tae tak hame tae her."

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A4 But, noo, A'll leave the auld woman a minute or twa, an A'll go away doon tae the river tae the auld man, ye see. He's castin his net intae the water, an he's drawin't oot, an jist as usual - not a thing! Just an empty creel or net, or whatever he had set, ye ken - nothing. So he sat doon an he throwed aff his bunnet at the side o the burn an he's sittin jist in despair, wi his han alow his heid. An he lookit an he saw a gentleman comin, quite a toff, ye know, comin walkin up the side o the river. A walkin stick in his hand. He was affa well dressed. He says, "I dinnae ken that man," he says. "That's no the laird, onyway."

Hooever, the man comes up an he spoke tae him, he says, "Aye," he says, "it's not a bad day, fisherman," he says.

"No, it's a good enough day," he says. "It's owre good a day for my likin," he says. "I wad like it mair rain," he says, "tae mak mair water in the pool, for," he says, "I've fished an fished," he says, "that's ma livin, for the last two or three weeks, an I haven't got one fish," he says, "oot o that pool," he says, an he says, "I'll never see ma wife again," an he telt him aa what he done, like. Hoo she was tae kill hersel an he was tae kill he's sel.

B4 So he's sittin on the bank o the river. He jist took a rod wi him an he cast the rod in the river. Naw! nothing happened. He's sittin there an he's shiverin wi the cauld an he hears footsteps. He looked doon an he sees this big tall, tall man comin up the river bank. An he says, "Aye," he says, "you're busy," he says tae the auld man.

"Aye," he says, "I'm busy, but I'm not gettin anything."

"Oh," he says, "where dae ye live?"

"Oh," he says, "up in the village." An he told this man aa what had happened, they were aa on starvation, they were dyin in the village, nae food, nae nothin an no way o gettin a livin. He says, "We depended on the fish."

An he says, "What's happened tae the fish?"

"Oh," he says, "God knows to me," the auld man says, "I cannae tell ye, but we cannae get any. An ma auld wife's dyin."

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A4 (Contd)

"Hoo auld is your wife?" he says.

"Oh well," he says, "if she's spared till her birthday, she'll be echty three."

"Oh dear," he says, "ye'll hae been a lang time thegither," he says.

"Oh aye," he says, "weel owre sixty year thegither.

"Aw dear," he says, "it's an affa thing tae end your life like that."

"A cannae help it," he says, "I couldnae look at her deein wi hunger," he says, "an she couldnae look at me."

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A5 "Well," he says, "A'll mak a bargain wi ye," he says. "If you gie me your first born son," he says, "I'll try an help ye."

So the old fisherman looked at him. He says, "Good God," he says, "that man must be aff his heid! Hoo could I gie him ma first born son," he said, "an ma wife echty three? Aw," he says, "he's away!" Ye know? He thocht tae hissel he's daft. An he was goin tae say that tae this gentleman, but he drew back an he didnae say onything. He says, "How could you help me?"

"Gie me your promise first," he says, "an we'll see hoo A can help ye."

Well the auld man thocht tae hissel it wouldnae dae nae hairm, for he kent his wife couldnae hae nae bairn at echty three. So he said, "I cannae dae no hairm here," he said, "so A'll jist gie him ma promise."

B5 "That's pretty bad," he says. He says, "Would you make a promise to me?" he says. He says, "If you help me, I'll help you."

The old man says, "Oh well," he says, "anything in this world that's in my power to do, I'll do it for ye."

"Well," he says, "would you give me your first born son?"

The old man looked at him. "My first born son?" He said tae hissel, "This man's mad. My old wife's 84!" Ye see, they never had any family. So he's - the old man jist all of a sudden, he thocht tae hissel, "Aw," he says, "this man's away," he says. "I can make a promise to this man. He doesn't know what he's talkin aboot. Aye, surely," he says, "I'll gie ye ma first born son." An his poor aul wife dyin up in the hoose - 84!

"All right," he says, "I'll come back in one year and a day," he says, "for your son."

"Ah," he says, "in a year an a day?"

He says, "Aye, in a year an a day."

Then he thocht tae hissel, "Ma bairn wouldnae be very auld," he says.

"I'll be back in a year an a day," he says, "and see what happens."

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A6 "Oh well," he says, "certainly, but," he says, "ye'll need tae hurry up," he says, "for I hinnae lang tae go. Ma auld wife," he says, "is gonnae tak her ain life aboot half past eleven."

"Aw, ye'll hae plenty o time," he says. "Noo," he says, "throw in your net intae the pool."

"Ach," he says, "if that's what ye want me tae dae, A neednae dae that," he says. "I've been daein that for weeks man," he says.

"There not a thing in that pool! I ken there's no."

He said, "Ye could try it another once just for fun."

An he pits the net an - aw! by heavens, he had tae get this man tae gie him a hand tae pull't oot! It was jist packed wi fish, ye know. The old man couldnae believe hissel. He says, "Come on, dae the same again!"

"Oh," he says, "I'll no hae time. I'm hae tae rin awa hame," he says. "Ma wife'll be deid by noo!"

"Naw, naw," he says, "jist hae anither trial," he says. "In wi the net again!"

So in goes the net. It comes oot the same way again. He had tae get a hand tae pull it. An he says, "Oh I'll hae tae go noo," he says. "A'll hae tae go. I'll never manage tae cairry aa they fish masel."

B6 "Noo," he says, "ye'll get what fish'll do yese, but," he says, "when you get the fish, don't give them to the village people before ye gut them. Gut them before ye go up tae the village folk," he says. "That's the first that ye'll get. I don't want ye tae let them see them whole - gut them."

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A6 (Contd)

But he says, "Fill up yer twa creels," he says, "an ye can jist come back for the rest o them. Noo," he says, "A'll come tae tae you in one year an a day fae noo." Ye see. An he says, "A'll hae a crack wi ye. An ye'll meet me at the very same time at this river side."

An he auld man was gaun awa. "Noo," he says, "A'll need tae hurry up an gie the rest o the folk o the village some o they fish," he says, "because wi this strong heat, they'll no keep." Ye see.

"Oh aye, but," he says, "there's some'hin else," he said. "Don't you give one o they fish out," he says, "tae nobody in the village, not even tae yersel," he says, "without guttin them. Tak the heids aff them," he says, "an gut them."

"Oh," he says, "A wad never gut aa they fish," he says. "My God, the folk o the village can gut their ain fish."

"That's the way," he says. "You gut the fish. I'm tellin ye," he says, "dinnae gie them tae no one wi the guts in them."

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A7 Oh well, the auld man was that desperate to get hame, ye know, before the aul wife would hae her life ta'en. He's away wi two o the creels on his back an he's fair pechin up this brae, ye know. An she jist gaed oot o the door tae tak a last look doon the road, tae see if he was comin.

"Aw thank God," she says, "here he's comin." An it was jist aboot twenty five minutes past eleven. Ye see, he did aa that wonderful work jist in a few minutes!

"Oh thank God," she says, "ye're hame. Thank God ye're hame."

He says, "Aye, I'm hame," he says, "but," he says, "ye'll hae tae come doon tae the burn," he says, "an gie me a han wi they fish. A'll never manage tae cairry them aa up," he says, "an some o the folk o the toon'll hae tae come doon tae."

So she's away doon noo an oh! he's that pleased tae see her, ye know. They cuddled an kissed an aa the rest o't, an they wouldnae hae tae tak - but he never telt her aboot this promise he made. He was too excited aboot the fish. Hoowever, there's a lot o the men o the vill- age all away doon tae the riverside, ye know, aa fillin their creels an they're cairryin them back. An they were makin tae go tae their hooses wi them an he mindit that they had tae be guttit, ye see.

"Naw, naw," he says, "ye cannae get them like that. Ye'll hae tae come owre tae my hoose," he says, "an gut them."

An the aul wumman says, "In the name o God, we'll never gut aa they fish!"

"A cannae help it," he says, "they've got tae be guttit," he says. "They'll be nae use nae ither way."

B7 So away the man goes an here the old man - he wisnae - his back was jist turned tae him, when he hooked a big fish wi the fishin rod. "Dear me," he says, "that's funny." So he got this fish noo, an he's excited, an he looks up the road an he jist sees the twinkle o the cannle still there lit. He run intae the hoose an the auld wumman's still livin, but she's affy far through. He he guts the fish an he an he roasts it just on top o some bits o papers - he had nae fire nor nothin, an he gien the auld wumman a bit fish tae eat. An here she - oh! she was fine noo.

So he telt the story an he told all the village folk. "Aw," he says, "ye must be mad. Ye must be mad."

He says, "I'll tell ye what we'll dae. We'll take wir nets an we'll go doon," he says. "It's well worth a trying. But I've somehin to do on ma own first."

So he took one o his nets, he threw it in the river, an it jist was full o fish! Pulled it oot full o fish. He says, "That was an awfy silly thing that man told me tae dae," he says, "gut aa they fish - that'll take me an awfy long time. But I suppose," he says, "I'll hae tae dae what he said, anyway."

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A8 Hooever they sat doon and they startit tae gut. So when they taen the first heid aff twa o the fish, the auld man an the auld wumman, instead o gut comin oot o them, it was pearls an diamonds an rubies. They were full of aa kinds o precious stones, they fish, ye see.

"Oh dear me," he says, "funniest fish ever I seen."

So when the auld wumman an the aul man seen aa this ye see, they said, "We'd better no let the folk gut their ain fish, or they'll wonder hoo this has come oot the fish." So they tellt them aa tae gae hame tae their hooses, ye see, an they wad gut them, an come back at a certain time an get them. Well, they had the fill o a great big kist, noo, aa these fancy stones, ye know, these valuable stones, that come oot o the fish. "Good Lord," he says, "we'll never manage tae sell aa they. They'll wonder where they come fae. Onybody that tried tae buy them'll wonder where we got all that valuable stones." Ye see, they aa came oot o the fish. Hooever they got aa the stones, as I said, the fill o a kist.

They went away noo an they bocht another hoose an they built the hoose doon the bank o the river, opposite where they had met this gentleman. Where he had met the gentleman, the buck. A great big hoose on the opposite side o the bank. They were gettin on affa weel noo.

B8 So the auld man started guttin the fish, an when he guttit, instead o gut bein in the fish, it was diamonds an jewels an gold an aa that the fish were filled wi. So he filled up his bonnet - he took off his bonnet an it was jist filled Oh! right up tae the top. He says, "That's funny. They'll wonder hoo I gutted the fish!" But they just looked like ordinary fish gutted, but that was what was inside them, ye see. "My God," he says, "that's great."

So the rest o the men, he says, "Now, ye can aa come doon," he says, "an ye can aa have a go at the fishin." Well, noo for aa that year and a day, he forgot aa aboot this man comin back, ye see. But oh! they were gettin abundance o fish. Every time they put their nets in, an they were - their village was thrivin greatly.

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A9 An By God it wears on tae he thinks his aul wife's lookin kinna queer. - See? "Doot masel," he says, "that man wisnae far wrang. A doot," he says, "there's somethin here! God bliss me," he says, "what kind o a man could that hae been?"

The aul woman hersel is gettin kin o feart o hersel. She saw there was some'hin far wrang wi here, ye see, she wasnae feelin weel an aa this sort o thing. Some days she was aa wrang. "God bliss us," she says, "it cannae be that wrang wi me at my age!" The aul woman's near off her heid noo, ye see. The auld man was jist as bad, but he couldnae tell her he'd made a promise that onything was tae happen.

Hoowever, tae cut a lang story short, onyway, it wore on till the aul woman took seek an when the doctor's come it was an affa speculation in the place, ye know. A wumman o that age! An she had a lovely baby boy aboot nine pounds! This aul wumman. Well, it was the talk o the country. Everyone was comin for miles aroon tae see this bairn that the aul woman had, ye see. "Coorse she was high delighted hersel, for she was affy well an there was no after effects, an she was feelin great.

B9 But here, it wore on onyway an the auld wumman got awfy no weel. "Oh my God," he says, "she's no dyin again!" Here the old wumman was havin her baby an the laddie was born. It was a son he had. Noo - 85 nearly, by this time! Aw this was a terrible thing an a carry-on in the village. They couldnae believe it, ye see.

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A10 Well, the aul man forgot aa aboot this, he's sae prood o his bairn ye know, an it's wearin on, but it comes tae this year an a day that he had tae meet this gentleman again. An they were that well off an that posh now, they had a lovely boat, ye see, at the front o their hoose, the new hoose they built. An he used tae go across tae his pool - he could get ony amount o fish noo. He wasnae needin fish, but he aye got them ony time he went, ye see, for the folk in the village. The pool was never dry. So he just mindit that day, 'at that was the year an a day. So he got his boat an he rowed across and he's walkin up an doon the bank.

"Ach," he says, "thon man was daft. He'll never come back." An he was just on the point o goin back in the boat tae go back owre hame tae his hoose, when he sees this man comin. Jist the same way dressed as he was afore, walkin stick an everything.

"Oh well," he says, "an how are ye the day?"

"Oh," he says, "I'm fine, sir, I'm fine."

"Ye aye gettin fish oot o the pool?"

"Oh aye," he says, "plenty o fish, m-hm."

"Is that your hoose across there?"

"Aye," he says, "that's the hoose." Telt him aa aboot the jewels and everything that was in the fish, ye see.

B10 So the auld man he's doon an he's fishin at the bank o the river, an never thinkin - here comes this man. "Well," he says, "how are things goin?"

"Oh aye," he says, "it's you. Oh," he says, "fine, things are fine."

"And what aboot this son?"

"Oh aye," he says, "we have a fine young son. But," he says, "he's only a baby."

"I know that," he says. "But," he says, "ye havenae forgot your promise?"

"No, no," says the old fisherman. "Oh no."

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A10 (Contd)

"Well," he says, "I've come tae see about that promise ye made me."

"Aye," he said, "man, I didnae think ye would mind about that. I hopit ye wouldnae hae mindit."

"Oh," but he says, "I mindit aa richt." He says, "It is a boy, isn't it?"

"Aye," the auld man says, "it's a laddie aa richt."

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

All "Well," he says, "A'll come back when he's twenty, twenty years of age," he says. "An I must get him then. That's the promise you've got tae make me, this time. That ye must gie me that laddie when he's twenty years of age. I must get him."

"Well," he says, "it'll - I'll maybe gie ye ma promise, but a doot ma wife'll never gie her bairn awa, no after he's rared up tae twenty."

"I cannae help it," he says, "you're the man I made the first bargain wi," an he says, "you're the man I'm still bargainin wi."

"Ach," he says, "that man -" He was an old man ye know, this gentleman, by appearance. He says, "That man'll no live twenty years. Ach, A'll say aye. It'll no maitter." He says, "He'll never live twenty year." He says, "I'll no live twenty year." The oul man thocht himsel he wouldnae live twenty year, ye see. An he says, "Ma wife'll no be livin twenty year, an the laddie'll no ken nothin about that. I'll jist say, 'Aye.' Ah well," he says, "aa richt. An that'll be aa richt. You come back in twenty year an you'll get the laddie."

B11 "Well," he says, "I'm gaun away, but," he says, "I'll no be back for seven year an a day. But," he says, "I dinnae want ye tae stop your promise, mind ye. I'll be back."

So the auld man says, "Oh this is worse than ever. We'll no live another seven year!" He says, "We'll be dead in another seven year," he thought, ye see.

So away this man goes anyway, an things carried on an carried on, an he come back in the seven year. An he says, "Oh aye, the laddie's fine, keepin fine."

"Ah but," he says, "I'm no takin him yet," he says. "I'm goin away an I'll come back in another seven year an a day." Ye see?

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A12 So time wore on an they were fine an instead o gettin aulder lookin or feelin aulder, they were gettin the younger! Him an his wife, ye see. The laddie was growin up noo, an when he come fourteen, he went away tae college. An oh! he was wonderfully well in education always, ye ken. An he wantit tae be a minister, this laddie, he definitely wantit tae be a minister. But however, the mother, no, she didnae approve o that. Nor neither did the father, ye see. They wantit him tae be somethin else, a doctor. The father wantit him tae be a doctor. But, didnae maitter onyway, he went on tae college and he took a medical course, ye know, in medical - but his mind was aye on bein a minister. An he bought as many books, ye know what I mean? He was always studyin religion tae himsel. They couldnae get him off it, ye see. He turned out tae be a handsome man an the most o the folk in the village had died durin that time, for they were aa older folk, ye see. A lot o them had died oot.

But we'll get on now tae - at night when he used tae come hame fae the college, after he did his medical learnin in college, ye see, he was aye up at his own wee room an at his books an his Bibles, ye know, an his prayin. He was affy holy, this laddie, ye see. So it wore on anyway tae it come tae this twenty year. An the aul man - the

B12 Now, the laddie when he went tae school, he got awfy religious, jist wantit tae be a minister. All the time he was never, a Bible was never oot o his hand. When the rest o the bairns were playin outside, it was a Bible or a holy book or a hymn book or something that he had rather than a story book. So he got awfy, awfy holy an awfy religious.

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A12 (Contd)

aul man didnae ken what possessed him, but he tane his boat an he's away across. Ye see? But he forgot aa aboot the twenty year, he jist took a row across the water, ye see. An he's lookin doon the river, an when he looks he seen the man comin. He says, "Oh good Lord," he says, "there he is. How in the world am I gonnae tell," he says, "ma wife? Oh," he says, "I'll never manage tae tell her, never in the world!" An the laddie was on a fortnight's holiday, fae the college. He was hame on a fortnight's holiday. See, he was jist rinnin aboot the hoose, playin aboot or whatever he was daein, rinnin aboot [indistinct word] or whatever he was daein.

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A13 So, he came up tae him an spoke tae him as usual, an asked him hoo he was gettin on an how he had doon aa that twenty year.

"Oh fine."

An hoo was the laddie.

"Oh he growed up a nice young man." Busy with his learnin an aa this sort o thing, ye see. "But," he says, "man, I never thocht on tellin the wife, because," he says, "I know for a fact she wad never agree. I never thocht on tellin her."

"Oh but," says the man, "ye'll hae tae tell her. Tell her you made the promise," he said, "an I kept my promise," he said. "Ye'll hae tae tell her."

"Well," he says, "will ye gie me an oor?"

"Oh aye," he says, "I'll gie ye an oor. But nae langer, mind ye."

B13 But when the fourteen years now, it's the fourteenth year, this aul man sittin on the burn, on the bank o the river again. Up comes this man.

"Well," he says, "my man," he says, "I've come the day an I doubt," he says, "I'll have tae get ma laddie, get the promise ye made me, so I'll have tae get your son the day."

"Oh," he says, "how'm I gonnae tell ma auld wife?" he says, "I've never telt her. I've never told her," he says, "that you're comin back." Ye see?

"Ah well," he says, "a promise is a promise you know," he says. "I fulfilled mine and," he says, "you'll have tae fulfil yours."

"Oh I suppose so," he says. "Will ye gie me till tomorrow," he says, "tae the morn?"

"Oh yes," says the man, "I'll be back the same time the morn," he says, "at this side o the river."

Now they stayed on the other side, ye see.

"But," he says, "you bring the laddie tae this side o the river where you are."

He says, "Aye."

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A14 So he's awa back owre tae the hoose, now, tae the auld wumman, and the laddie, an they were busy at their denner. So the auld man didnae tak onythin tae eat. He couldnae eat onything. Couldnae drink. He was just walkin up an doon aa the time. An the wumman says tae him, "Are ye no feelin weel?"

"No," he says, "I'm no affa weel at aa." An the laddie was affy concerned about him, tae, ye see, no eatin onything. Nor takin onything for his denner.

So he didnae ken hoo take brek it. He finally says tae the auld wumman, he says, "Now," he says, "jist pit it like this, Jean," he says. "If the laddie had tae go awa for a while," he says, "wad ye miss him an affa lot?"

"Oh god Lord," she says. "Miss him,? I'd go aff ma heid. I couldnae let ma laddie awa."

"Ah but," he says, "ye ken, Jean, he's a young man, noo, an he'll hae tae go awa an look for hissel." He says, "he cannae aye bide wi us in this wee lonely place."

"Canna help it," she says, "I wad never let ma laddie go awa."

B14 So the auld man went hame an he telt the auld wumman all about it, what had happened, fae the first time he met this man, an of coorse naturally she's breakin her hairt. "Oh I cannae gie ma bairn away," she says, "I couldnae gien - I cannae gie him away. How could A?"

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A15 Oh noo, he's fair bate, he doesnae ken what tae dae. An he went ootside an he cried the laddie oot, an explained everything tae the laddie. But he says, "Ye ken, this man," he says, "I dinnae think," he says, "this man could hae ony use for you."

So he took the laddie ootside tae the door, an he says, "I may as well, tell ye," he says, "the whole thing." An so he started an telt him fae the very beginnin, aboot meetin this man, an the promises he made tae him the first time, an the promise he made the second time. An the laddie says, "It sounds awfa queer like," he says, "father, but och! I'm no feart tae meet the man."

He says, "We'll have tae mak up some excuse tae your mother an jist tell her," he says, "that you're goin away for a wee while or somethin. That somebody's offert ye a job, or that, ye ken."

So, hooever they went back intae the hoose, the laddie went intae his mother an he says, "I've took it intae ma heid, there no much for me here," he says, "an aa ma learnin," he says, "I'm no makin nothin o it bidin in a wee place like this." He says, "A got in touch wi a man the last time," he says, "that I was away fae hame an he promised tae meet me the day," he says, "an gie me a good job. But," he says, "I might be awa for six month an I might be awa for a year. But," he says, "I'll no be langer than a year."

B15 So they telt the laddie that he was goin away on a holiday with a friend o theirs for a while, but they would be comin back. So however, they got the laddie down tae the river bank anyway, an he says, "Mother, can I please have something wi me, before I go? Could I have my special Bible?" he says, "an the wee stool that ma father made me? Could I take that two things wi me?"

"Oh aye, son," she says, "ye'll get that wi ye."

A15 (Contd)

Of coorse, she broke doon, ye know. An she wasnae wantin him tae leave. She says, "Ye ken I'm an auld wumman noo, son," she says, "an I mightna live a hale year tae see ye again."

"Och," he says, "there nae fear o that mither," he says, I'll be aa richt."

An she says, "When are ye gaun awa?"

"Oh," he says, "jist onytime," he says. "Jist the noo A'll gae up the stair an pack ma things." So she's greetin ye know, the aul wumman an she went up the stair wi him, an she startit tae pack his things. She wisnae pleased at aa, but hooever, he convinced her that he wadnae bide long, ye see.

So he went doon the stair an he had his case packit an aa his things, an ready tae go in the boat wi his father tae go across the water, when he mindit. He says, "Oh, but, just a minute, father," he says, "I forgot ma wee - ma wee stool," he says, "an ma Bible." He says, "I'd like tae tak that wi me, 'cause," he says, "ma mother gien me the stool on one o ma birthdays, an she gien me the Bible on ma last birthday there. I'd like tae take the two o them wi me."

"Oh but," he says, "ye can take that."

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A16 So they went up the stair again an the aul wumman she's oot at the boat by this time an she's greetin an she liftit the case oot the boat. "No, I'm no gonnae let him go," she says. "I'm no lettin him go."

"Ach," says the father, "dinnae be daft wumman," he says, "he'll be aa richt."

So hooever the laddie got his stool an his Bible an he's away across the water on the ither side an they're sittin twa-three minutes noo before this man makes an appearance. An the laddie taks his stool an lays it doon an the Bible's lyin on it, ye see. On the tap o the stool.

B16 So he got the - they went doon tae the bank o the river, here's this man. An the auld man's sittin an the auld wumman's standin greetin. The auld man's sat doon on the bank an the grass, an the laddie he has the stool an the Bible, the stool under his airm an the Bible in his hand.

THE OLD FISHERMAN AND THE DEVIL

A17 This man comes up the bank, strollin up the bank an he spoke tae the auld man. "Ah weel," he says, "ye're here, are ye?"

"Aye," he says, "I'm here."

He looked an said, "Is this the laddie?"

"Aye," he says, "that's him."

"God, he's a nice young man," he says.

"Aye," he says, the father, "that's what A telt ye, he was a nice young man." He says, "Would ye not change your mind?" he says.

"Oh no, no," he says. "I'm no changin ma mind," he says. "You made the promise," he says, "an ye'll hae tae keep it."

So he wantit tae shake hands wi the laddie but the laddie wouldnae shake hands wi him. an they stand crackin awa a wee while. "Oh well," he says, "we'll hae tae go then. I cannae wait ony langer," he says. "I'm an oor langer than I should ha been," this gentleman said, ye see.

So the laddie gaed intae the boat tae tak oot his case, ye see, an his stool was lyin on the bank, of coorse, an the Bible on't. He looked at this man, the laddie, an he says, "Well," he says, "ye wouldnae surely stop me," he says, "fae openin ma book, an sayin a word or twa tae ma father before A ging awa."

"Oh no," he says. Never wondered what kin o book it wis.

So the laddie opened the Bible, ye see, on the tap o the stool an he pit his hand on the tap o't an he just lowered his een an he startit tae prey. An when he was shuttin - lowerin his heid tae pray, he heard an affa flash an he looked roon. This man went away in a ball o fire! So ye'll ken wha the man wis! He was the Auld Man himself. So that's the end o ma story. He couldnae thole tae hear the prayer.

B17 This man come an he says, "Well, son," he says, "ye're comin with me for a holiday."

"Aye," he says, "so ma father an mother's been tellin me." He says, "Could I have one request just before?"

He says, "Aye, yes, go ahead."

So opened the Bible, sat down on the stool, an when the man saw the Bible, he went away in a flash o fire!

I.8 THE KING O THE LIARS

A Alec Stewart

A1 This is a story about Jake. He was staying with his mother and she was a widow woman. And Jake was always sitting at the fire and he would never rise and he wouldn't get out of the road until she had got the ashes out. He would sit among the ashes. He never hardly washed his feet and he had hardly any boots on him.

Well, one morning his mother got up and she's cleaning and sweeping the floor. And she says, "Oh, Jake, are you not going to get up out from that fireside? I cannae get the floor swept, I cannae get the ashes out. I cannae get to anything with you sitting there. Can you not go and try and get a job some place. The best thing in the world you could do would be to go away and try to get a job away miles from here and come back in a year's time with two or three pound to us."

"Aye," he says. "Aye, I think I'll dae that, Mither. Aye, I'll dae that. Will you make me a scone or a bannock or something. I might get hungry through the day."

"All right," she says, "you go and get a couple of shirts and rowe them in a parcel and take them wi ye. Ye might need them." So he went and got a couple of shirts and she gave him a scone and he rowed it in a parcel and put it below his oxter and he's away.

B Alec Stewart

B1 This is a story about Jack, an him an his mother they stayed in a wee house not very far from the village. An he always used tae sit intae the fire. He wouldn't sit next tae the fire but intae the fireplace, among the ashes. An the mother used tae say, "My goodness, Jack," she says, "can ye no go out an help your father in the fields?"

An he says, "I can't, Mother, I'm too cold. I'm too cold. I'm lazy. I can't do it."

"Well," she says, "ye must get out," she says, "because I must get that ashes away."

So he got up an he went outside an he gien hissel two or three shakes outside, and the people all roon about the village said, "My goodness, what a mist!" An it was the ashes off his clothes.

An he's shakin hissel an shakin hissel an he come back to the house. "Mother," he says, "what am I gonnae do now?"

She says, "Ye'll have to go," she says, "an try an get some work somewhere," she says, "an try an earn a shillin or two, because your father cannae keep ye."

"Aa right mother," he says, "bake me a collop," he says, "an a scone," he says, "an pit it in a paper," he says, "an I'll go away."

So she baked him a collop an a scone and rowed it in a paper, an he pit it ablow his oxter an he's away.

C Alec Stewart

C1 Well, once upon a time there was an old man and woman and a son, and they stayed in this wee cottage, and the old man was gettin old and he couldnae work. So the mother says to the son, she says - he was always sittin in the ashes and they called him Jake. He was always sittin at the fire, and his mother says to him, "Now," she says, "Jake, your father's gettin old and he hasnae long tae live, and he hasnae long tae work. So it's time as you was startit and get a job some place." He was a man about eighteen or nineteen.

He says, "Where am I gaun tae get a job?"

"Oh you'll have to go an look for a job."

"All right, mother," he says, "I'll go tomorrow," he says, "and I'll look for a job. And," he says, "ye'll have tae bake me a collop and fry me a cake," he says, "and I'll put it in my bag, and I'll go on the morrow."

So next morning he got up, and his mother, she was up before him and made him this cake and this scone, and put it into a wee case and she handit it tae him. "Now," she says, "Jake, I'll give ye a year," she says, "and be back before the year's up, because we're gettin short o money."

"Och," he says, "I'll be back before that."

"All right," she says. So he went away and he's wanderin up this road.

D John Stewart

D1 This is the story of the King o the Liars. An it's far, far, far before my day or yours. It was a king an he wanted a knight or some high man brave man, for his daughter's husband. So they came an they went, knights of all descriptions, to try an court this girl, but they could never do what the king wanted that was tae make him call them a liar. Now, away down at the end o his drive was the old hen-wife's house, an she had five or six sons. An there was the biggest an the biggest brother, the wee-est and the wee-est brother, the middlin sized brother, she had no names for them, an she had Jeck, he was silly Jeck the water-cairrier.

E Andrew Stewart

E1 Yes, this was a, this is a king. He was gettin very old, and he cried all his people, and staff to the Castle, and told them that he was making a plan, that anyone who could tell him a story or a tale, a lying tale, so's he would cry them a liar, if they could make him say, "You're a liar," they would get the castle and all his kingdom, ye see, and his daughter's hand in marriage. Well, there was dukes and earls and knights of all kinds come tae try an make the king call 'em liar. They all failed, ye see.

But down at the tollhouse at the end of the road, there was an old woman, and she'd a son cried Jack, and he was very lazy, Jack. He wouldn't do, he wouldn't even break kindlings for the fire, nor nothing, for his mother. She was a widow woman. So, one day Jack got up, and oh, he was just full o dust and stour and gutters fae the fields an that. He says, "Och mother," he says, "I'm goin away up tae see the king," he says, "tae see if I can cry him a liar."

So of course the mother laughed at him. She says, "Laddie, if you go up there," she says, "ye'll get shot at dawn," she says, "goin near the king."

"Naw, naw," says Jack, he says, "everybody's entitled to - as far as I hear the folk in the village sayin, everybody, anybody can go. An A'm goin tae have ma go at it as weel as the rest o them."

A2 -

B2 -

D2 Now, the king had a field o corn tae cut, an he sent then for the brothers tae cut the corn. An in that days there was no reapers or binders or combine-harvesters or anything like that. That was a heuk, or a hook, so none o them would go, nut one o them would go oot tae cut the king's corn. But Jeck got up this mornin, an he come oot, an the sun was shinin an he liftit the hook, the heuk, an he says, "I'll try this," he says, "on the corn anyway." An he climbed owre the dyke intae the corn field, when a brown hare jumped up in front o him. Now they were always lookin for grub, rabbits, hares or anything they can get their hands on. An he flung the heuk at the hare, an the heuk birlled, whirled, ye see. An the han'le o the heuk, stuck right in at the hare's arse, an Jeck's after the hare. Through the corn an through the corn the hare's wheelin this way, it's jinkin that way, roon aboot; it's back doon, it's up an it's doon, an before he got the hare, the corn was aa cut. Ye see?

So he got the hare an he come back owre tae his mither, an she says, "Where was you Jeck?" she says, "'cos I was needin watter."

He says, "I was oot workin!"

"Aye," she says, "you work!" She says, "Where could you work?" she says. She says, "You would never work in a month o Sundays!" She says, "Your brothers is awa for sticks," she says, "An the other one," she says, "had to go for water an you were awa playin!"

"Well," he says, "look in at the field," he says, "ye'll see," he says, "that the corn's aa cut." He says, "When you go up," he says, "the night," he says, "tae the king," he says, "tae do onything at the castle," he says, "tell him," he says, "his corn's cut." An he says, "Ye'll maybe get something fae him for cuttin the corn so quick. But mind you," he says, "I'm no takin nothing tae do wi tyin up sheaves! Nor the like o that! The rest o the brothers can dae that!"

E2 -

THE KING O THE LIARS

THE KING O THE LIARS

A3 So he's marching for two or three days now and he came to a great big estate and he saw an old man readin a bill on the gates. And he went over and he said to the old man, "What does it say on that bill?"

The old man says, "Can you no read it?"

Jake says, "I cannae read. I was never at school."

"Well," the old man says, "it says on this bill that any man that can make the king call him a liar will get the daughter to marry. But laddie, you needn't go up there, because there's earls, knights, lords and dukes have tried everything to make the king call them a liar and they've got nowhere with him."

"Oh," says Jake, "I must go up and try it. I might get something to eat anyway."

"No, no, don't go up there, laddie. You might get yourself killed up there."

"Oh," says Jake, "I'm going up anyway."

B3 So he's walkin and walkin and walkin till he come tae a great big castle. And in the castle gates there's a great big ticket. He lookit at the ticket but he couldnae read it. So there's an old man comin an he says to the old man, he says, "What does it say on that ticket there eh - old man?"

"Oh," he says, "You're Jack, aren't ye?"

An he says, "Aye."

"Oh, laddie," he says, "ye needna go tryin it," he says.

"An what is it?" Jack says.

He says, "Ye must make the king caa ye a liar."

My goodness," he says, "that's a funny - riddle," he says, "that."

He says, "it is."

He says, "Read it tae me anyway."

So the old man he read this bill. "Any man that come come up an make the king call him a liar'll get the daughter tae marry, an the half o the kingdom."

"My goodness gracious that's a funny thing that," he says. "But I'll go up and try anyway."

"Ah na," the auld man he laughed at Jack, for gaun up.

C3 Oh, he's marchin and walkin and runnin till he was dashed near a hundred mile away frae his mother's house. So he was passin this big gates, there were great big gates and he was passin the big gates, when he saw a bill up. "Any man that can make this king a liar'll get the daughter and half the kingdom." "My God," he says, "that's a good chance for somebody." And there was another auld man, he was standin readin it tae - but I'm gaun through my story. He asked the auld man, "What does it say on that bill?"

"Any man that can make the king a liar, he'll get the daughter to marry, and half the kingdom."

"My, my!" he says, "that's a good chance for somebody."

"Oh laddie," he says, "there's knights and earls and everybody went up there tae try that, and they could do nothing with it. They couldnae do it."

"So," he says, "I'm goin away up to try anyway."

D3 So in he comes intae the hoose, an the brothers come in an they sat doon an they got their bite o meat, went tae bed. An they're lyin in bed. The eldest brother says, "I see an affa lot o sogers an things," he says, "gaun up tae the castle," he says, "these last two days, mither," he says. He says, "I wonder what it's fur?"

"Oh," she says, "they're up," she says, "tae court the princess. He's lookin fur a husband fur her, fur his daughter." An she says, "God knows whaur he'll get yin! Because," she says, "they have tae tell him a story where he will caa them a liar! An if he disnae caa them a liar, they'll never get the princess."

So Jeck he's lyin listenin, ye see. Silly Jeck, the water-cairrier he's lyin listenin.

THE KING O THE LIARS

A4 So he went up to the door and he rung this bell and who came out but a butler. "Well," he says, "what do you want?"

"Well," Jake says, "I see down on a bill there that any man that can make the king call him a liar will get the daughter to marry."

"Yes," says the butler, "but you needn't try. You'll never do it. There's thousands of men have tried to do it and they couldn't."

"Oh," but Jake says, "I must have a try."

So the butler says, "Well, you stand there till I see the king."

So the butler went in and saw the king and the king says, "Yes, bring Jake in. Everybody is entitled to have a try."

So Jake went in and he says, "Wait a minute. I'm starvin with hunger. Is there anything to eat."

So the king says, "Go into the kitchen and get something to eat." So he went into the kitchen and he got something to eat.

B4 But Jack he marched up tae the big house an he rang the bell an who come out but the butler.

"Well," the butler says, "what do you?"

He says, "I come up," he says, "tae try ma han," he says, "tae get that daughter."

So the butler started tae laugh. He says, "There were too many tried an can't do it."

"Ah but," he says, "let me try." An he says, "Afore I try I want tae get some'hin tae eat."

So the butler took him in an he heard a man roarin an this was the king. He says, "Who is that?"

The butler says, "It's another man," he says, "tae try his han," he says, "tae get the daughter. An he wants some'hin tae eat first."

He says, "Put him in the kitchen an let him get some'hin tae eat."

So he went intae the kitchen an he's - aw he got plenty tae eat. So the king roared, he says, "Are ye finished yet?"

Jack says, "Aye."

"Come away in here," he says. "Every man," he says, "is entitled tae get a shot," he says.

C4 So he went up to the front door and rang the bell and who come oot but the butler. He says, "I see a bill down there," he says, "and it speaks about to make the king a liar and get the hand of the daughter and half of the kingdom."

"Oh yes," the butler says. "But wait a minute," he says, 'I'll go in and see the king first."

So he went in and rapped on the door and went in and "Well," said the king, "what is it?"

"There's a man at the door," he says, "a tramp kin o a man a very poor-lookin man," he says, "and he wants to have a go at making ye a liar."

"Well," he says, "he's always a man," he says, "so he's got just as good a chance as anybody else. Bring him in!"

D4 So anyway, the mornin come, Jeck gets some mulk an breid an stuff, whatever bit maybe, an he went oot tae the back an he makes hissel a straw rope an he ties it roon his middle, ye see. An he looks through aa the ould sheds an he gets an ould scythe blade that had been worn an roosted for ages, lyin, an he stuck that doon intae the straw belt, pullt his bonnet doon owre his lugs an he's up for the castle, away up this drive. Aw! but when he come near the gates the sogers an the knights an the king's army's there, keepin him there. He says, "I want," he says, "tae see the king," he says. He says, "My mother works here," he says, "she's the hen-wife here," he says. An he says, "I want tae see him!"

So he crashes past them an he gien the bell a pull. Now wasn't the king and the princess lookin oot through the windae an he says, "Who is that clown that's down there?" he says. He says tae his daughter he says, "Away," he says, "an tell the butler," he says, "tae let that man in till I see what kin o a man he is," he says. He says, "I've never seen anybody like that before in my life!" Ye see.

So the princess she went away tae the butler an the butler comes down the stair an the soldiers is tearing Jeck fae the door, pullin him an he's fightin tae get by them, ye see. "Hold it," says the butler," he says. He says, "That man has tae get in," he says. "King's orders."

So Jeck says, "Thank you very much," an he puts his bonnet on again.

The butler says, "Take your cap off!"

He says, "What am I gonnae dae that fur?" he says, "when I'm goin in tae see my uncle."

"Your uncle? Your uncle's not here!"

"Aye," he says, "he's in here."

THE KING O THE LIARS

E4 So anyway, Jack got his wee taste o brose or porridge, in the mornin fae his mother, made his face a wee bit wash, and away he goes up and he rings the bell. The butler comes out. He says, "Well," he says, "Jack," he says, "what do you want?"

 Jack says, "I come up tae see the king."

 He says, "What did ye come tae see the king about, Jack?"

 "Well," he says, "tae tell him," he says, "a story to see if I could cry him a liar."

 "Well," he says, "Jack, ye're about the only straggling one left," he says. "They've all had a go," he says, "but there none of them succeeded."

 "Well," says Jack, he says, "are ye goin tae let me see him?"

 "Yes," says the butler, "come in."

 Up he goes and the butler says, "Your Majesty, Jack here from the lodge down there, wants tae see ye, Jack the Water Carrier."

 "Send him in," he says.

THE KING O THE LIARS

A5 Afterwards he, he came into where the king was sitting and the king says, "You sit at that side of the table now, I'll sit at the other. And start right. I'm a very busy man. There will be two or three coming after you to try and get my daughter."

So Jake sits down. "Now," he says, "I'm going to start my story. When I'm at home, I stay in a great big castle."

"A great bit castle?" says the king.

"Yes," says Jake, "and I've got hundreds and hundreds of boxes of bees in the garden."

"My goodness," says the king, "it must be an awful big garden."

"Yes," says Jake. "You mean to make me a liar?"

"Oh, no," says the king. "I'll no make you a liar. That's what you're here for."

"Well," Jake went on, "one morning I got up and the king of my bees was out with his jacket off. And he was challenging the king of another box of bees that came from Spain. He flew from Spain to challenge my king of the bees for a fight. Well, my king was out with his jacket off. The two of them started to fight. They fought for three or four days."

B5 So he went in an he's sittin at the table. He was at one side o the table an the king was at the other. "Now," he says, "Jack," he says, "start away," he says, "at your story."

So Jack says, "I stay with my old mother," he says, "down," he says, "- oh a long, long way from here," he says, "a little house." An he says, "I've got two or three thousand skeps o bees," he says. "Boxes o bees."

"My goodness," says the king, "ye must have an awfy lot o bees."

"Dae ye mean tae make me a liar?" says Jack.

The king says, "Oh no," he says, "I'll no make ye a liar."

"Well," he says, "I've two or three thousand o these skeps o bees," he says. "An on morning," he says, "I was out," he says, "an who did I see but my king o my bees," he says, "with his jacket off," he says, "an he was fightin wi the king o Spain's bees. An he was fightin in the garden," he says, "an fightin an fightin. An my king o the bees was gettin the worst o it," he says, "an," he says, "I went across," he says, "an I gien this bee - this king o the bees from Spain - a kick," an he says, "I made him land right back intae Spain again."

"My goodness gracious, it must have been an awfy kick," he says, "Jack."

"D'ye mean tae make me a liar?" says Jack.

"Oh no," says the king, "I'll no make ye a liar."

A5 (Contd)

"My goodness," says the king, "that must have been a long fight."

"You mean to make me a liar?" says Jake.

"Oh, no," says the king. "I'll no make you a liar."

"Well," says Jake, "they're fighting and fighting for three or four days. My king bee was getting the worst of it. So I went out and I said, 'no, this'll never do,' so I kicked this Spanish bee right over to Spain again."

"My goodness," says the king. "That must have been an awful kick."

"You mean to make a liar?" says Jack.

"Oh, no, I'll no make you a liar."

THE KING O THE LIARS

C5 So he went in and he sat down and he says, "Well," he says, "king," he says, "I haven't got much," he says. "I never wanted to know a lot o stories. But I'll give ye a try," he says.

The king says to him, "give me a try," he says, "and if ye're no use," he says, "out you go."

"Well," Jake says, "I'll start wi this. My mother," he says, "had seven sons, and," he says, "the biggest and the biggest brother - oh he was an awful size," he says, "he was about fifteen feet."

"My God," he says, "he must hae been an awfy size o a man!"

"D'ye mean tae make me a liar?" he says.

"No, no, I'll not make ye a liar."

So, "Well," he says, "my next brother," he says, "he was about twelve feet. My next brother was about nine feet. And it went right down," he says, "to me. I was the last one. And," he says, "I was that small," he says, "my f - my b- my biggest and my biggest brother had to lift me up in my hand, his hand," he says, "to speak to me afore I could hear him."

"My God," he says, the king says, "that must be an awfy small person," he says.

"You mean to make me a liar?"

"Oh no," says the king. "I'll no make ye a liar."

D5 So the butler takes him in, up this great stairs, an thon golden tapestries an along a balcony an intae this great big study place, ye see. An the king he's sittin on this throne. An the king looks at him an he says, "My goodness, my man! What kind o a man are you?" he says. "Are you a scarecrow or something?"

He says, "No," he says, "king," he says, "I thought you would ha known me!"

"Known you?"

He says, "Yes." He says, "I'm your sister's son."

"Haw, haw," the king says, "don't be comin it or I'll have your head on the poisoned spears!"

"I'm tellin you," he says, "I'm - you're my uncle!" He says, "If you'd a sister," he says, "an she had a child or a son or a daughter," he says, "wouldn't you be his uncle?"

He says, "Yes."

"Well," he says, "you're my uncle!"

"An where is ma sister." he says, the king says tae him.

He says, "You've got her," he says, "down in that house," he says, "lookin after your hens an your ducks an your chickens, an the rest o your nephews," he says, "all workin for ye, or," he says, "ye wouldnae be sittin where ye are!"

"Och," the king says, "you're talkin a lot of rot!"

He says, "Dae ye mean tae caa me a liar?"

An then it struck the king, ye see! "Oh no," he says, "I'm not callin ye a liar." He says, "I'm not callin ye a liar at all," he says.

C5 (Contd)

"Well," he says, "we was out huntin one day, with a lot o dogs. And I cried the whole night tae get huntin wi my biggest and my biggest brother." He says, "I never get with ye at all." "But," he says, "We can't tak ye with us. We'd loss ye." "Naw, naw," he says, "I'll hing on your boots," he says. "I'll hing on the wellingtons." "All right," he says, "come on, get going. But," he says, "I lost him. And the way I lost him," he says, "was intae one o the dog's tracks," he says. "It was just like a quarry tae me," he says. "I couldnae get up to the top o his - the dog's paw."

"My God," he says, "ye must hae been awfy smaa."

"D'ye mean tae make me a liar?"

"Oh no," says the king, "I'll no make ye a liar."

THE KING O THE LIARS

E5 So the big king's sittin, you know, fat man, it was fat more than onything that was pittin him tae his grave. And he says, "Well, Jack," he says, "how're you gettin on?"

 "Oh no bad," says Jack. "I felt very fit this mornin," he says. "The horse," he says. "I took ma mother's horse," he says, "to the blacksmith's shop," he says, "and the poor thing, it was lame on one leg," he says. "I lifted it on ma shouthers," he says, "and I carried it tae the blacksmith's."

 "My goodness, Jack," he says, "ye lifted a horse close on a ton, to the blacksmith?"

 Jack says, "Dae ye mean tae cry me a liar?"

 "Oh no," says the king, "I won't cry ye a liar, Jack."

A6 "Well," says Jake, "one day my brother comes to me and he says, 'Are you going out for a hunt tomorrow'."

"I says, 'Yes, I'll go out for a hunt.' This was my biggest brother, by the way. I have seven brothers and they're all different sizes. I'm the smallest. So my biggest brother had two dogs. Two big dogs, - they were bloodhounds. And he took them with him. There was snow on the ground. Well, I was behind these two bloodhounds, and they were going through the snow, when I slipped and I fell into one of the tracks of one of the hounds in the snow. It was the track he has made with his paw. And I couldn't get up out of that track."

"My goodness," says the king. "It must have been an awful size of a dog."

"You mean to make me a liar?"

"Oh, no," says the king. "I don't mean to make you a liar."

"Well," says Jake, "my brother went on and left me. He didn't know I'd fallen into the track. I was lying there for three weeks."

"My goodness gracious, were you not frozen to death, Jake."

"You mean to make me a liar?"

"Oh, no, Jake, I don't mean to make you a liar."

B6 "Well," he says, "I'll leave that story an I'll go to the next story," he says. "My brother," he says, "my biggest an ma biggest brother," he says, "an ma wee-est an ma wee-est brother - I was ma wee-est an ma wee-est brother. An a middle sized brother, an there the heaviest brother. But the biggest an biggest brother was goin out tae shoot one day, an," he says, "some dogs, great big dogs," he says, "an I started tae tell my brother," he says, "'I want to go with you,'" he says, "'the shootin.'"

"Ach," ma big brother says, "there's nae use you comin oot," he says, "because you'll be lost."

"Not at all," he says, "I'll keep behind ye."

"All right," he says, "the brother. So wese marchin through this wood and over the moors an that," he says. An he says, "The dog was just behind ma brother," he says, "an didn't I slip," he says, "an I fell intae this paw mark that the dog left. Right," he says, "right away down to the bottom."

"My goodness," he says, "it must have been an affy size o a dog."

"Ye mean tae make me a liar?"

"Oh no," says the king, he says, "I'll no make ye a liar."

"Well," he says, "I was right down to the very bottom." An he says, "Ma brother never noticed me," he says, "and they went away on. So I'm lyin there," he says, "for years an years," he says. "Lyin in this pad," he says. "The dog's mark." An he says, "Ma biggest an ma biggest brother," he says, "didnae miss me until he went home an I'm lyin there for years an years - before he missed me."

"My goodness gracious," he says, "what's happened tae your biggest an biggest brother when he didn't miss ye?"

"Dae ye mean tae make me oot a liar?" he says.

"Oh no," he says, "I'll no make ye a liar."

C6 "Well," he says, "I'll leave that and I'll go back to the wee house where we was stayin. My brother," he says, "my middle sized brother," he says, "had a box o bees. And," he says, "there was a Spanish king came over, a bee king, and he started to argue wi one o my bees - the king o my bees. So they started to fight and," he says, "the Spanish bee was gettin the best o it. But my brother went out," he says, "and give it a kick," he says, "and put him away - you could see him goin for aboot a hundred mile away in the air."

"My God," he says, "it must hae been an awfy kick that, Jake."

"D'ye mean tae make me a liar?"

"Oh no," says the king, "I'll no make ye a liar."

D6 "Well," he says, "you're my uncle." An he says, "You have a brother another uncle o mines," he says, "in Spain." An he says, "It's no that long since I were across," he says, "seein him. But," he says, "I got better treatment there than I'm gettin here."

"Did ye."

"Dae ye mean tae call me a liar?" says Jack.

He says, "Oh no," he says, "I'm not callin you a liar," he says, "at all," he says. "An when were you," he says, "across in Spain?"

He says, "Well," he says, "there's a story," he says, "attached tae that." He says, "It was all through you, and your damned bees," he says, "that I landed in Spain."

"An what about ma bees?" he says.

"Well," he says, "I look after the bees," he says, "because," he says, "you wouldnae do it! But," he says, "ye'll eat the honey!" He says, "I was out wan day there," he says, "goin round the hives," he says, "an I missed him," he says, "the biggest wan." An he says, "I hears a terrible noise," he says, "screamin an roarin an bawlin," he says, "something damnable."

"Did ye?" he says. "An where was that comin from?"

He says, "It was comin from Spain." he says, "Because half o the words that I was hearin," he says, "I couldn't understand what it was."

"My God," says the king.

He says, "Dae ye mean tae caa me a liar?"

"No, no," says the king, he says, "I'm not callin ye a liar," he says. The king says, "By the way," he says, "what is your name, anyway?"

He says, "I'm Jeck." He says, "I thought you would ha known that!" He says, "Jeck," he says, "after yourself," he says. "Your name's Jeck."

D6 (Contd)

"Well," he says, "what happened Jeck?"

"Well," he says, "I knew it was him, because he was always fightin." He says, "It took three runs," he says, "an three skips," he says. "I landed in France first, then Italy," he says, an he says, "I pit ma fit," he says, "away in China, I went off ma wey."

"My God," says the king, he says, "ye must have been goin some!"

He says, "Dae ye mean tae call me a liar."

"No, no, no, no," he says, "I'm nut callin you a liar!"

"Well," he says, "I back-tracked," he says, "an," he says, "eventually I landed in Spain," he says, "at the king's castle," he says, "your brother." An he says, "The noise was comin fae his garden, his big gardens." An he says, "I went round there," he says, an he says, "here's my bee," he says, "standin there," he says, "an his jacket aff!" An he says, "He's shapin him up, shapin up tae every hive in the garden, tellin them tae send their best Spanish fighter out," he says, "an he would kill him in two minutes."

"My God," says the king, he says, "I've never seed anything like that before in my life!"

He says, "Dae ye mean tae call me a liar?"

"No, no, no, no," he says. "I'll not call ye a liar at all!"

An he says, "What happened?"

"Well," he says, "I got a hold o him," he says, "by the cuff o the neck an I made him put his jacket on!" An he says, "I gave him a kick," he says, "an I landed him back," he says, "tae his ain hives oot the back there."

THE KING O THE LIARS

E6 He says, "I've come tae tell ye something, king."

"What's that?" says the king.

He says, "Before my father died," he says, "we used tae grow a lot o corn down there, for the good o the castle and that."

"Oh I know," he says, "your father was a good worker, son," he says.

He says, "But it was me that done all the work," he says. "I was only seven year auld at the time, but it was me that stacked everything, built stacks an done the ploughing."

"At seven year old?"

"Yes," says Jack, "dae ye cry me a liar?"

"Oh no," says the king, "I'll no cry ye a liar, Jack."

"Well," he says, "it was a heuk we used tae cut. We used scythes, but it was a hand heuk we used tae cut the corn in them days," he says. Jack says he was cuttin a forty-acre park, wi his heuk, hissel in this field, and as he was goin round the field cuttin the corn with this heuk, there was a big hare jumped oot, a broon hare, an with the excitement o Jack seein the hare, he takes this heuk, he throws this heuk, and struck the hare in the back end, and it stuck in the hare's back end, ye see. And the hare's roon the corn and round the corn, and before ye can say Jack Robertson, the corn was aa cut.

"God bless me," says the king, "that must ha been a funny hare!"

"Dae ye mean tae cry me a liar?" says Jack.

"Oh no," says the king, "Jack I'll no cry ye a liar!"

THE KING O THE LIARS

A7 "Well, my brother came back looking for me," he says. "It was three weeks after and he found me in this track. And he says, 'Where were you, my wee-est brother? Where were you?'" And I said I was lyin in this track and I couldn't get up. And my brother says, 'I've been looking over all the country for you. I'm going to give you a kick that'll teach you a lesson'. So he gave me a kick that landed me away up in the air. I was three weeks in the air. And I landed on the elbow of the moon."

"My goodness," says the king. "That must have been an awful kick."

"Do you mean to make me a liar," says Jake.

"Oh, no," says the king, "I'll no make you a liar."

B7 "Well," he says, "ma biggest an ma biggest brother," he says, "was lookin for me, and come through the wood an through the wood an through the wood," he says, "wi the dogs, lookin for me. I'm roarin an roarin," he says, "so ma biggest an biggest brother came over and looked down at this quarry hole where the dog made the mark wi it's paw," an he says, "there I was lyin at the bottom. So he put his hand owre," he says, "an liftit me out."

An he says, "My Goodness," he says, "what happened to ye?"

He says, "I fell intae this quarry, where your dog made this paw mark. An I'm lyin there this years," he says.

"Well," he says, "ye shouldnae ha do that," he says, "I told you," he says, "not to do that." He says, "For that," he says, "I'm gonnae give ye a good hidin." So he made a race at him the biggest an biggest brother, an gien him a kick an he says, "I went like a shot," he says, "out o the blue, right away intae the air, an," he says, "I landed on the peak o the moon."

"My goodness gracious," he says, "it must have been an affy kick."

"D'ye mean tae make me a liar?"

"Oh no," he says, the king he says, "I'll no make ye a liar."

C7 "Well," he says, [long pause], "I was out one day," he says, "in the garden, and," he says, "my mother came out and told me tae come in for my dinner and I was diggin the garden," he says, "and," he says, "I wouldnae come in. I forgot all about it," he says. "My biggest and my biggest brother," he says, "come out and he made a race at me," he says, "and kicked me and I went tumblin heids owre heels," he says, "right up tae the moon. And I went cross-legged on the peak o the moon."

"My God," the king says, "that must hae been an awfy kick," he says. Ye see.

"D'ye mean tae make me a liar?"

"Oh no," says the king, "I'll no make ye a liar."

D7 Now he says, "When I was doin that," he says, "ma brother was up, an ma strongest an ma strongest brother asked where was I, off the bee." An he says, "The bee telt him where I was, oot seein his uncle in Spain."

"But," he says, "that man's not my brother!"

"Dae ye mean tae caa me a liar?"

"Oh no." He says, "I'm not meanin tae caa ye a liar at aa," but he says, "he's not my brother."

He says, "He's your brother," he says, "an he's my uncle tae, the same as you!" Ye see.

"Well, on ye go," says the king, he says. "I'll listen tae your story."

"Well," he says, "ma strongest an ma strongest brother," he says, "took two or three jumps," he says, "an he landed oot. An when he landed oot," he says, "I was haein a damned good drink," he says, "wi the King o Spain, my uncle." An he says, "I was havin the time o ma life!" he says. "But ma strongest an ma strongest brother," he says, "didnae like this at all," he says. An he says, "me an him started arguin." An he says, "He hut me a kick," an he says. "Dae ye know where I landed?"

"No," says the king, "I do not Jeck."

"Well," he says, "I landed on the moon."

He says, "Ye landed on the moon?"

He says, "I did," he says, "I landed on the moon. An the best o it was," he says, "it was a new moon!" An he says, "Dae ye see that bit that sticks oot," he says, "on a new moon?" He says, "I was sittin strade legs across that!" He says, "Didn't know what tae do," he says. "An I'm sittin there," he says, "an lookin roon aboot me intae space."

D7 (Contd)

"My God," says the king," he says, "that was a terrible thing!
How could he kick ye that far?"

He says, "Dae ye mean tae caa me a liar?"

"Oh no," says the king, "I'll no call ye a liar, Jeck," he
says.

THE KING O THE LIARS

E7 "Well," he says, "as the years went on, there was a famine," he says, "started here."

"A famine?" the king says, "I cannae mind o any famine."

"Dae ye mean tae cry me a liar?" says Jack.

"Oh no," says the king, he says, "there might hae been a famine for all I know."

"Well," says Jack, "there were a famine."

And he says, "We'd no corn or no barley tae plant," he says, "and the only place that had corn and wheat and barley and stuff," he says, "was in India," and he says, "we were very short o sailing ships," he says, "and I went to the Houses of Parliament," he says, "in London, and told them I would get as much corn and barley as would do the whole country."

So Jack says, "I took three jumps and three leaps, a hop, step and jump, and I landed across the sea intae Africa - intae India, where I was goin for the wheat."

"By God," said the king, he says, "that was some jump," he says, "Jack," he says. "Jump right across the water," he says, "right intae India?"

Jack says, "Dae ye mean tae cry me a liar?"

"Oh no," says the king, "Jack, I believe your story right enough."

A8 "Well, I was sitting on the elbow of the moon and I looked behind me and I saw a big door. I gave three chaps at the door and who come oot but an old man. He says, 'What do you want?' And I says, 'I want off this. Can you let me in?'

He says, 'There's no strangers get in here.' And he shut the door. Well, I had to get in someway, so I hit the door and I bashed the door with my elbow and the old man came out again. He says, 'Are you going to get off that?' I said, 'If I fall off, I'll drop millions of miles down to the ground.' He said, 'I don't care where you land. You'll have to get off that.'

Well, he had a scythe with him, a great big scythe. He gave me a swipe and I jouked and he cut the point of the moon away. And then I'm tumbling down, and tumbling down and tumbling down - for about three months I was tumbling."

"My goodness gracious, Jake, you must have been an awful distance up."

"You mean to make me a liar," says Jake.

"Oh no," says the king, "I'll no make ye a liar."

B8 So he says, "I'm sittin there now," he says, "on the peak o the moon. This elbow o the moon." An he says, "I'm sittin cross-legged." He says, "I looked behind me an I seen a door," he says. "An I gien two chaps wi ma elbow at the door," he says. "So who come out but a man wi a big baird," he says, "an a scythe on his shoulder." And he says, "What do you want?"

He says, "Let me in," he says, "I'm stuck here an I cannae get movin."

"No," he says, "nobody gets into my house." An he shut the door again. So he says, "I must get that old man," he says, "tae take me in." So I hit away at the door wi ma elbow again. So the man come out again. He says, "If you don't go away oot o that," he says, "I'll cut the peak o the moon," he says, "and let ye fall."

"Oh, no," he says, "don't let me fall."

"Well, he says, "be quiet." An he shut the door again. So I'm sittin, I'm sittin, I says, "I must get the old man tae take me off the moon." So he says, "I gien two or three batters again wi the elbow. An he come out an he just drew the scythe and cut the point o the moon away. So I'm rowlin an roarin an roarin and roarin down through the sky. An I says tae masel, I says, "I'm goin tae be killed this time."

But who was passin but ma mother's swans. Two o them. An he says, "I see Jack comin doon. We better catch him afore he wis killed." So they're flyin an flyin an flyin, an they come right in below me an I just landed on the top o their backs.

"My goodness," he says, "they must have been an affy size o swans tae catch ye."

"D'ye mean tae make me a liar?"

"Oh no," says the king, "I'll no make ye a liar."

A8 (Contd)

"Well, I was tumbling down and tumbling down and tumbling down and who was coming along but two swans that belonged to my mother. And one says, 'I see Jake falling from the moon. We'll have to try and save him.'

He says, 'You spread out on one side. I'll spread out on the other and we'll try and catch him.' So they spread their wings out and I just landed fine and canny on the top of their backs. And the swans says, 'What are you doing, Jake, up this distance.' 'Oh,' I says, 'I was up at the moon.'"

The king says, "They must have been awful strong swans, Jake."

"Do you mean to mak me a liar," says Jake.

"Oh, no, I don't make you a liar."

C8 "Well," he says, "I was sittin on the peak o the moon and," he says, "I lookit aa roon me, and," he says, "how we gaun tae get off this place? And," he says, "I looked at the back o me," he says, "and I hit the door wi my elbow. And who come oot but Old Mr. Time with a scythe on his shoulder. He says, "What are ye doin there?" I says, "I got an awfy beatin fae me brother," he says. "An he kicked me up here an I cannae get off." He says, "Time ye was off," he says. "If ye don't go off," he says, "I'll throw ye off." And he went back intae the moon again. So he's sittin there waitin again. He says, "I can't get off this place. Ye must take me in." "Ye're not goin tae get in." So he took the scythe off his shoulder and he cut the peak o the moon, so he's away tumblin doon, noo, tumblin tae earth. "My goodness," he says, "what am I gaun tae do now?" But besides my mither's house," he says, "there was a wee loch and," he says, "in that loch there was aboot five or six swans. And it was a good thing they were passin," he says, "and," he says, "Oh," they says, "there's Jake comin doon. Ye better spread your wings and catch him." So they aa went alongside each other and spread their wings oot and Jake's landed on top o the swan's back.

"My God," he says, "they must have been affy strong swans," he says, "tae catch you."

"D'ye mean tae make me a liar?" says Jake.

"Oh no," he says, "I'll no make ye a liar!"

D8 "Well," he says, "I'm tryin tae move," he says, "like that," he says, "tae move tae see whaur I was," he says. "I lookit roon an I see a door at ma back, owre ma shouder," he says, "but I couldnae get roon tae chap," he says, "but I gave it a dunt wi ma elbow," he says. "An who comes oot but the Man in the Moon! An the Man in the Moon says, "What are you doin here?" he says. "Get off o this," an, he says, "he gien me a kick!" He says, "Away I went," he says, "fell." An he says, "I fell an I fell an I fell," he says, an he says, "for God knows how long, I fell through space."

He says, "An you fell that distance," he says, "an you're here tellin me the story?"

"Dae ye mean tae caa me a liar?"

"No, no," says the king, "I'm not callin ye a lar."

He says, "Well, wait till you hear the end o the story," he says. "I didnae hit the grun as you think," he says. He says, "I was a good lot of distance up in the air," he says, "when a flock o great big - a flock o wild geese passin." An he says, "They looked up an they seen me comin. Of course," he says, "they kent who it was." "Here's poor Jeck the Water Cairrier comin." He says, "An ye ken whaur the geese was oin?"

"Naw."

"Intae wan o your fields, tae pick," he says, "the gress an the corn an stuff oot o it." He says, "An I never used tae chase them awa, an that's how they likit me." He says, "Here's poor Jeck comin," he says. He says, "If he hits the grun," he says, "he'll be kilt." He says, "Spread your wings oot," the geese said. An he says, "They spread their wings oot, an I landit," he says, "same as you would land on a feather bed."

E8 "Well," he says, "when I landed in India," he says, "there were no wagons, no trains in them days tae take stuff tae the boat. So," he says, "the king, the man over there asked me how tae - what are we gonnae carry the wheat and the corn in? Fifty or sixty thousand ton." Jack says, "I just put ma hand at the back o ma neck and I pulled out a flea," and he says, "I kills the flea, and I turns its skin oot-side in, and I just filled that with the wheat and corn."

"My God," says the king, "it must have been some flea, Jack."

He says, "D'ye mean tae cry me a liar?"

"Oh no," says the king, "Jack, I wouldnae cry ye a liar."

"Well," he says, "I fillt the skin up wi the wheat an barley," and he says, "now," he says, "I was beat," he says. "I could cairry a horse," says Jack, "but I couldnae cairry," he says, "five or six thousand ton or whatever it was, o weight o corn and wheat on ma back." So anyway to make a long story short, Jack hears an awfy noise, an awfy breeze got up, and it was a lot o wild geese comin and they were flying very low. And wan o them looks doon, and "Stop," the front yin says, "here's a man in difficulties doon here. We ken him," he says, "Its Jack the Water Cairrier."

"And they flew doon beside me and spoke tae me. They said, 'Well, Jack what's wrong? What are ye daein in India?'" "Well," he said, "A come owre, there's a famine owre in Scotland," he says, "for wheat and barley and stuff. And I just come owre and got aa this wheat and corn," he says, "inside o this big fleaskin," he says, "and I'm beat noo, tae get it owre," he says. "A cannae -" he says, "I've took it about twenty mile."

The king says, "Ye took fifty or sixty thousand ton," he says, "o corn and wheat," he says, "Jack," he says, "twenty mile? How did ye manage?"

"Carried it," says Jack. He says, "Dae ye mean tae cry me a liar?"

"Oh no," says the king. "I won't cry ye a liar. But," he says, "the geese was speakin tae ye?"

"Yes," says Jack, "they spoke tae me, and they told me tae get on their back and put aa the corn and wheat on top o their back, tied wi a big wire tope," he says, "the top o the fleaskin."

A9 "Well, the swan asked me, 'where are you going?' And I said, 'I'm going home. You know where to go.' And he says, 'It's an awful long road from here, Jake. It's thousands of miles.' 'Well,' I says, 'you'll have to try and do your best and take me home.' 'Well,' the swan says, 'we'll try it but I don't think we'll manage it. You're an affy weight, Jake.' So I was sitting on their backs and the swans were flying and flying and flying and flying. And the swans says, 'Jake, you're no far from home now, but my goodness we're gettin tired. In fact,' he says, 'I'll not manage you home.' 'Oh,' I says, 'try and get me home. If I fall down here I'll kill myself.' 'Oh,' the swan says, 'I can't help it, I'm awful tired.' So they couped Jake ower and Jake he's tumbling down and tumbling down and tumbling down and tumbling down and he landed on a rock, right up to the neck in a whinstone rock."

"My goodness," says the king. "Were you no killed?"

"Oh, no," says Jake. "I wasn't killed. Do you mean to make me a liar?"

"Oh, no," says the king, "I'll not make you a liar."

B9 "Well," he says, "I landed on the swans' backs," an he says, "Now," he says, Jack says tae the swans, "take me home," he says, "for I'm fed up."

"Well," he says, "it's a long road tae go home," he says, the swan says, "an if we can manage we'll take you home, an if we cannae manage you, you'll have to go. We'll drop ye off."

"Try it anyway," Jack says. Oh they're flyin through the air an flyin through the air, so the swans is gettin tireder an tireder an tireder. So Jack says, "Ye'll no have far to go now. Keep goin."

"We cannae go any further, says the swan, "we'll have tae cowp ye owre."

"Oh no," says Jack, "dinnae cowp me." He says, "I'll faa an kill masel."

"We cannae help it," he says. "We'll have tae throw ye off." So the swans just cowpit sideyways, an Jack he's tum'lin an tum'lin an tum'lin. An he landit intae a whinstone rock up tae the neck.

"My goodness gracious, did it no kill ye?" says the king.

"No it didnae kill me," he says. "D'ye mean tae make me a liar?"

"Oh," says the king, "I'll no make ye a liar," he says, "Jack."

C9 "Well," he says, "they walkit," he says, "and flew, and," he says, "they flew an they flew an they flew," he says, "till they were near home," he says, "but," he says, "they got tired. An this wan o the swans said, "Jake," he said, "we'll have to drop you. We can't fly any further," he says, "with you on our backs. We're gettin affy tired." "Oh," Jake says, "Ye can gang anither wee bit," he says. "Can ye no land wi me?" "Oh no," he says, "we cannae come down here," he says. "We'll have tae land at your loch." "Well," he says, "can ye no just keep me on just for anither hauf oor?" "We cannae, Jake, we're finished!" So they just cowped him owre, and he fell down and fell down and fell down, and," he says, "I struck a rock and I went right up to the neck in this rock."

"My God," he says, "was ye no killed?" the king says.

"Oh no," he says. "Mean tae mak me a liar?" says Jake.

D9 An he says, "They're fleein on," he says, "an I'm lyin there," he says, "havin a nice rest," he says, "tae they come about a mile fae the castle here. An they were comin in," he says, "tae land," he says, "when they started arguin among themselves. An with the arguin among themselves," he says, "they started tae fight," he says, "and they broke ranks," he says, "an I fell again!" An he says, "I fell and down I come," he says, an he says, "on that moor," he says, "an the mountains there," he says, he says, "I fell into a whinstone rock," he says, "tae the neck." Ye see?

E9 "An when A got on their back, they aa flapped their wings and away they went," he says, "and A'm sittin on tap o their back," he says, "just like a big cloud comin through the sky." But he says, "I wasnae twelve mile fae hame," he says, "when they wanted tae land, tae let me doon, but they got tired. And this one turned roond and he says, 'Jack,' he says, 'the whole lot o us are complainin,' he says, 'about your weight. The corn and you on tap o wur back. We're gettin very tired, and a doot we'll have tae dump ye.'"

"But A hadnae time tae speak tae them, when they let me go. Wheat and corn everything was comin doon through the sky." And he says, "I come doon, down through the air, about fifty mile an hour," and he says, "instead o me hittin the grund, or hittin any o ma father's fields," he says, "I went intae a big whinstane rock, very hard rock, on the ground, and I went intae it, up tae the neck."

"God bless me! Ye werenae killed?" says the king.

"Naw," says Jack, "A wasnae killt," he says. "D'ye mean tae cry me a liar?"

"Oh no," says the king. "I'll no cry ye a liar, Jack."

A10 "Well, I was stuck in this rock. And I thought if I could get word to my biggest brother, he would come and he would haul me out. But how am I going to get word. So I minded I had a knife in my pocket. So I worket my airms and worket my airms till I got my hand in my pocket. I pulled my knife out and I opened it and I cut my heid aff. And then I says to my heid, you rin and tell my biggest brother to come and pull me out."

"My goodness gracious, Jake, how could you speak to your heid?"

"You mean to make me a liar?"

"Oh, no, I'll no make you a liar."

B10 "Well," he says, "I couldn't get out," he says, "I cannae get out at aa. I couldnae move." He says, "If I'd got ma biggest an ma biggest brother here, tae pull me out, I wad get hame. But how am I gonnae dae? An who am I gonnae send?" So I workit ma arm till I got ma hand in at ma pocket an I got ma knife oot an I openet ma knife, cut ma head off, an I says, "Run, heid, an tell me biggest an ma biggest brother tae come an pull me out."

C10 "Well," he says, "if I got my brother," he says, "tae pull me out, my biggest and my biggest brother," he says, "I know what I'll do," he says. "If I could get my knife oot - oot o my pocket," so he worked at his hand and he got it into his pocket. Well he got into his pocket and he got the knife oot and he worked it up. "Now," he says, "I'll cut ma heid off." So he cut his head off. "Now," he says to the head, he says, "now you run, or do what you like - roll and go to my biggest and biggest brother and tell him to come and pull me out o this rock."

"My God," he says, "that's terrible," he says, says the king.

"D'ye mean tae make me a liar?"

"Oh no," says the king. "I'll no make ye a liar."

D10 "Now," he says, "I'm stuck there." An he says, "I couldnae depend on my brothers," he says, "because they go huntin every other day." An he says, "it was the beginning o the winter," he says, "there were a scroofin o snow on the grun." An he says, "They were oot wi the dogs," he says, "an they might ha got me because that was the road they come roond. But," he says, "it got dark on them. Because ye ken what happened."

The king said, "No."

"Well," he says, "the fox terrier - they were oot huntin foxes - ,," he says, "stepped in the snow, an," he says, "ma wee-est and ma wee-est brother," he says, "fell intae a nail track," he says, "o the dug." An he says, "it took them oors, goin back trackin the dug's paw-marks, tae they got whaur he was," he says, "an till they got him oot. Oot o the nail track. An then," he says, "they had tae take him hame. Now," he says, "I'm stuck there aa nicht," he said, "tae the neck, an I'm tryin tae twist an tryin tae twist, but what could ye dae," he says, "in a whinstane rock?" He said, "If I could ha got tae my trusty sword ...", an he pit his hands tae this big straw rope, this scythe blade, an the king started laughing. He said, "Dae ye no believe me?"

"Oh, I'm no callin ye a liar. Oh no, no, no," he says. "No, no."

He says, "Well," he says, "I twistit an I twistit," he says, "till I got the blade oot," he says. An he says, "Ye know what I did?"

He says, "No."

"Well," he says, "I cut ma heid off, wi one stroke," he says, "o ma sword. Then I told ma heid to go home as fast as ever it could! An fetch ma strongest an ma strongest brother an pull me oot o the rock."

E10 "Now," he says, "I'm jammed intae the rock," he says, "there was nothing," he says, "but ma heid stickin oot," and he says, "I couldnae get intae ma sword," he says, "ma scythe blade. I couldnae get me scythe blade, tae get ma han' oot," he says, "tae see if I could work masel oot." He says, Jack thought aboot one thing. "If I could get me scythe blade oot, I'd cut the heid off masel, and send ma heid hame for help."

"Cut your heid off, Jack?"

"Yes," says Jack. "Dae ye mean tae cry me a liar?"

"Oh no," says the king.

"Well," he says, "A worked away and worked masel like that till A got this scythe blade oot, and when I got this scythe blade oot, A just took - cut ma heid aff ma body, and a telt ma heid tae run home and get help. Tae tell ma mother A was stuck intae the whinstane rock, for the king tae send some sogers oot for me."

"He for tae send sogers tae you, Jack?"

"Aye," says Jack, "dae ye mean tae cry me a liar?"

"Oh no," says the king.

THE KING O THE LIARS

All "Well, my head's away. It's rolling and rolling and rolling and rolling and I'm watching it and watching and watching it. And it was passing a great big bush at the roadside. And who jumped out of this bush but a fox. And this fox is after me head. And I'm roaring, 'Run, heid, run, heid, go on heid, go on, heid.' Ah, but the fox was making up on the top of my heid. So I had to get out someway, for I thought, if that fox gets ma heid, my heid's eaten. So I pulled myself out of this rock and I'm running. And I got up to the fox and I kicked the fox and I kicked the fox as hard as I could, for the fox is a pest. But the worst fox in the world is better than you king."

"You're a liar," shouted the King.

So Jake got the daughter and a lot of money and he's living there to this day.

Bll So he cut his head off an throwed the heid an the heid's away rollin down this pad tae tell his biggest an his biggest brother tae come an pull him out. So when he was passin a wee bush, who jumpit oot but a fox. An it's after ma head. An it's goin after ma heid, an goin after ma heid an was makin up on ma heid. So I says, "My goodness (sic) if I can get out I could chase that fox away. So I worked masel out an I ran down to where the fox was an I kickit the fox an kickit the fox, till I kickit nine young foxes out o the fox, and the worst fox's shite is better than you, king!"

"You're a liar," says the king. So Jack got the daughter an half o the kingdom, an he's livin there to this day. That's the last o ma story.

C11 "Well," he says, "the head rolled and it was rollin and rollin and rollin. It had about two mile tae go. And he rolled and he rolled and he rolled," he says, "and just as he was passin a bush, there was a fox jumped out and was after ma head. So I'm gettin up and I'm roarin, 'Go on head, go on head, go on head!' And I got mysel worked oot, I worked masel oot, and I'm runnin down efter the fox, and I kickit the fox and kickit the fox and kickit the fox and kickit the fox and the worst fox's shite's better than you, king!"

"Ye're a liar!" says the king.

So that's the last o my story.

D11 "Well," he says, "ma heid rowlt away," he says. An he says, "I could see it rowlin doon the hill," he says, "towards the hoose an the castle when a fox," he said, "smelt it an," he says, "the fox is efter it." He says, "An I'm roarin, 'Run, heid, run! Go on heid! Hurry up! Run heid! Run heid! Go on, heid!'" An he says, "I was feart o the fox gettin a haud o ma heid," he says, "an wi pure fear," he says, "I gien a twist," he says, "an I got oot o the rock. An he says, "I run efter it, ma heid. Noo by this time," he says, "ma heid was at your back door an the fox is gettin by the hair," he says, "an haudin intae it." He says, "An I came rinnin in."

"My God," says the king, he says, "I never seen that!"

"Dae ye mean tae caa me a liar?"

"Oh no," he says, "Jeck," he says. "I dinnae mean tae caa ye a liar."

"Well," he says, "I kickit the fox up an doon," an he says, "I kickit it intae the kitchen." An he says, "When I kicked it intae the kitchen, ye ken what I seen?"

He says, "No."

He says, "I saw you," he says, "cairryin on wi the cook."

"You-re a - !" He says, "Ye seen what?"

He says, "I saw you carryin on wi the cook. But," he says, "I kickit the fox an I kickit the fox, an I kickit the fox," he says, "whether you were there or no, tae I kickit nine young foxes oot o the fox. An," he says, "the worst young fox's shite," he says, "was better than you."

He says, "You're a damned liar!"

"Well," he says, "for that I'll mairry your dochter the morn!"

So Jack is king o that country noo!

THE KING O THE LIARS

E11 "Well," he says, "ma heid was nae sooner started, it was rollin like a football, when A sees a fox sees the heid and the fox started chasin the heid, and it chased ma heid and it chased ma heid, and I'm shouting, 'Run, fox, run,' 'Run, heid, run' like this ye see, and the fox was just gonnae jump on ma heid, tae get a grip on ma heid, tae run away wi it, when A cried, 'Hooch,' and A jumped richt oot o the rock, and A run efter the fox, and A catched the fox, and A kickit the fox, and A kickit the fox, and a kickit seven young foxes oot o the fox, and the worst fox's shite was better than you, king!"

"You're a liar!" says the king.

"Och well," says Jack, "for that A'll get your daughter's hand in marriage and your kingdom," and Jack lived happy ever after with his mother, and him king o the castle.

I.9 THE KING AND THE MILLER

A John Stewart Senior

A1 A'm tellin ye a little story about a miller an his daugher: he hed one o the nicest daughters could be seen in the country, an everybody hed a fancy of her. And the keeng - the young king was livin not very far from her an he hed a notion of her, an he didnae know what way for tae gain this girl. An he went doon tae the mill one day, and he said, "A'm goin to gie ye three question," he says, "miller, an ye know," he says, "the keeng's word's never broke. And if ye don't answer me that three questions," he says, "your head will go on my gate."

B Andrew Stewart

B1 There was once upon a time a miller. He had a meal mill at this country place and in those days the kings would be very strict with them and take the land off them, and their premises, ye see, for some reason. So the miller - it was a Sunday and the miller was walkin down the ladeside, the other side and he saw the king and his army comin, on horseback. Ye see. So the king stopped and he says, "Hullo," he says, "are you the miller o along here?" And the miller says, "Yes." He knew he was a nobleman o some kind.

"Well," he says, "I've come tae collect your mill and take your land off ye," he says, "your meal an that for the year ye're makin it," he says. He says, "But I'm a sporting man. I always give a man a chance." He says, "I'll give ye three guesses," he says. "If you can guess the three guesses," he says, "within a year an a day," he says, "ye can keep your mill."

C John Stewart

C1 Once upon a time there was an old miller and this old miller had a lovely daughter, one of the nicest, fairest girls in the land. They called her Sheila. Now this old miller used to go round the dam for a walk, every summer's evening. He made it his point, just to see everything was right, round about the dam and the mill. So, this afternoon he was up round the dam, walkin wi his hands at his back and his auld white baird blawin in the wind, when down comes the king.

"Good evening," says the king.

"Good evening," says the miller.

"Well," says the king, he says, "I'm down here miller tae see ye about something."

"What's that?" says the miller.

"They tell me," he says, "ye've a lovely fair daughter," he says. "I've saw her once or twice," he says, "and I've fell in love with her, and," he says, "I mean to marry her," and he says, "I'm gon-nae give ye," he says, "three questions to answer and I'll give ye a year and a say to find the answers for them. And if you don't answer the questions," he says, "I'm marrying your daughter."

D John Stewart

D1 [Beginning missing]

"Oh good evenin your highness," says the miller, "lovely evening."

"Yes, it is," he says. "They tell me, ye have a lovely daughter, miller."

"The lassie's aa right," he says. "She's a nice lassie, an looks efter me, an that."

"Well," he says, "I mean to marry her."

"Oh," says the miller.

"Yes," he says, "I'm goin tae give ye three tasks to do. An," he says, "if you can't answer them three tasks, or riddles," he says, "I'd rather caa them riddles." He says, "If ye can't answer them tae me," he says, "within a year an a day, tae think on it," he says, "tae think oot the answers," he says, "I'm marryin your daughter." He says, "I know I'm king," he says, "I'm may be not liked or anything like that," but he says, "I mean tae have her."

THE KING AND THE MILLER

A2 "Well," says the miller, "if A can answer tham A'll try ma best."

He says, "You know," he says, "that I can do what I like," he says, "I'm keeng o this country, an my word'll stand."

"Very well," says the miller, he says, "what is it?"

"Well," he says, "you must tell me," he says, "the weight o the moon. That's wan. You must tell me," he says, "hoo many stars is in the heavens. That's two. An you must - third one," he says, "you must tell me what A'm thinkin on."

"Oh well," says the miller, he says, "A doot ma heid'll go on yir gates."

An he says, "Gin this time a year an a day," he says, "A'll be doon," he says, "an ask ye the questions. An if ye're not right," he says, "yir head comes off."

B2 So the guesses he was given it was impossible for tae get them.

That was the sort o - he just gave the man a chance tae keep them in agony, you know, in thinkin about the things. So anyway, he says, "What is the guesses?"

"Well," he says, "first," he says, "I want tae know the weight of the moon." See? And - what was the next one?

Second one was, "How many stars were in the sky?"

"How many stars were in the sky." And the next one?"

What was he thinkin on?

"What could you tell me," the king says, "can you tell me what I'm thinkin on? So I'll give you a year an a day tae find that out."

So the miller says, "Now," he says, "wait a minute. That's the weight o the moon," he says, "and all the stars that's in the sky, and what you're thinkin on," he says, "Your highness?"

An the King says, "Yes."

"Well," he says, "all right," he says, "A year an a day."

So the army an the king goes away. .

C2 "Well," says the miller, he says, "what's the questions ye want tae ask me?"

He says, "I'll meet ye here," he says, "in about nine months' time," he says, "and I'll have the three questions for ye. I want to think up," he says, "something very difficult."

So the king turns and gallops away, and the old miller, he comes round the dam, down into his house, sittin at his tea. So this young girl, the miller's daughter, she was courting another miller's son, from several miles away, and, as time went on, the auld miller's gettin very dowdy and kickin things out of his way and no answerin them right and thinkin an thinkin, ye see. And Sheila, this girl, she's trying to get her father to tell her what it was. He says, "Nothing, nothing at all," he says. And the boy he's comin across and he always comes across every weekend to see the girl an that. He even sees a difference in the old man.

But anyway, after about nine months, the miller's up around the dam as usual and he's just at the top o the dam when the king comes down.

He says, "Good evening miller," he says, "I'm down wi your questions."

D2 "Well," says the minister he says - says the miller, he says, "what kin o things were ye askin me?" He says, "It's may be things that naebody could answer, or get an answer for."

"For the first thing," he says, "ye've tae tell me," he says, "is the weight o the moon." And he says, "The second one," he says, "ye've tae tell me how many stars is in the heavens." An he says, "The last one," he says, "ye've tae get an answer for is that ye've tae tell me what I'm thinkin of, thinkin at that exact time," he says, "that I'm speakin tae ye."

"Oh my," he says, "I don't think I'll ever do that!"

"Well," he says, "it's just all the worse for yourself."

An the king turns on his charger, an just gallops away, ye see.

C2 (Contd)

"Och," says the miller, "I forgot aa about that," he says. "What's the questions ye want tae ask?" He says, "I hope they're no too difficult," he says, "because I'm an auld man," he says, "and my brain's no as good as it used tae be."

"Well," he says, "I'll meet ye in a year and a day," he says, "and ye've tae tell me," he says, "the weight o the moon, plus," he says, "ye have tae tell me how many stars is in the sky, and" he says, "at the time I'm speakin to ye, ye'll have to tell me," he says, "what I'm thinking of, at that present moment. And," he says, "good-day to you miller."

So the king turns and gallops away.

A3 So this poor miller now, he's gaun up an doon, thinkin tae himsel what could he say or what could he do.

B3 But as the year's, as the weeks was goin by, the months was gaun by, the girl asked him - he'd a lovely daughter - an she asked him, "Father what's wrong with you?" she says. "You look awful worried," she says, "this last two or three weeks."
"Och," he says, "nothing." He wouldnae tell her tae keep the girl fae worryin, ye see.

C3 So the old miller comes round the dam and danners down an intae the hoose. He was very, very ill-lookin an - an - sick when he come in. This girl's at him, his daughter's at him. "Tell me father, what's wrong with you tell me this?" But no, he wouldn't tell her nothing and he says there was nothing at all wrong. Now even when the boy came across at the weekend, he saw an awfu difference on the auld miller, ye ken. He said to the lassie, "What's wrong wi your father? What's wrong wi your father?" She says, "I don't know! He'll no tell me nothin."

D3 So the minister (sic) come on down round -
The miller!

The miller come on down round, and day after day he's workin away there, an Gerald (-) his daughter, her boy friend's comin across. Efter a month or two he says, "I see an awful odds (?) wi your father," he says, "what's wrong wi him?"

She says, "I couldnae tell ye, Jim, what's wrong wi him." She says, "He's been that way an he'll no tell me what's wrong." She says, "An there nae use askin him," she says, "because he just rises an walks oot."

So time goes on, time goes on an time goes on, till the old miller's gettin worse an worse, an the nearer the time's comin, the worse he's gettin, because he couldnae get an answer for this at all, ye see.

THE KING AND THE MILLER

A4 An there's a young shepherd lad not very far away, an he was helpin him at the hairvest, takin in the hairvest. An ... the shepherd chap says tae him, "Gosh bless me, miller," he says, "what's ado wi ye? Ye're aa(?) awfae dour be when I cam here first."

"Yes," he says, "laddie, A'm dour. An if you kent," he says, "what I ken," he said, "you would be dour too."

He says, "What is it?"

So he told the shepherd what he wis told be the keeng. An he says, "You know the keeng's word," he says, "goes far."

"Oh well," he says, "A'll tell you one thing," he says, "miller," he says, "if you promise me tae get your daughter," he says, "as a wife," he says, "A'll clear ye o that."

"Well," he says, "A can't give her," he says, "unless she's willin." An he goes in tae his daughter an he asks her a question; he says, "My daughter," he says, "ye know," he says, "what I've tae suffer."

She said, "Yes."

He says, "Would you get my life saved," he says, "fir tae mairry a man?"

She says, "A wid mairry," she says, "the day, if it wid save yir life."

B4 But at the finish up he coaxed her tae tell (she coaxed him?) an he told her, told her aboot the king giving the guesses. "An how I'm gonnae do it," he says, "I don't know."

But here this is where Jack comes in. There was a man Silly Jack, wasn't it? So Jack - aye it's right enough - Jack - she goes an she tells Jack. He was a working hand aboot the place, one o these kind o daft fella this, and she goes an tells him what happened tae - his father was goin tae thingmy. So Jack made a bargain wi her. He says, "If I can get your father's life saved," he says, "an save his property," he says, "will ye marry me?"

The girl says, "Yes," she says, "Jack. I'll do anything you want if you can save my father's life and save the mill an aathing like that." Ye see.

A4 (Contd)

"Well," he says, "there a man'll save my life if ye marry him."
Who is he?" she says.

He says, "So an so's shepherd."

"Well," she says, "he's as good as what I am. A'll marry him if
he'll save yir life, but not, faither, till yir life's saved."

"A'll bet yes (?) he'll save my life - I think."

THE KING AND THE MILLER

C4 But anyway, this weekend about a month or so before the year and a day was up, the fellow comes across and he says tae the lassie, "We'll have to get him tae tell us what's wrong wi him," he says. He says, "The mill's goin all right," He says, "He's getting plenty o corn and wheat tae grind and the market's no bad." He says, "It cannae be," he says, "money that's wrong wi him. If I thought it was money," he says, "we'd help him oot oorselves."

She says, "No it's no that," she says, "it's something that's on his mind and he'll no tell us."

But anyway, that night at supper the two o them gets at him and argues and argues and argues till the auld man tells them about the king coming doon and if he didnae answer the three questions that he was gonnae marry the daughter. Right, wrong or any other way, he was gonnae marry her. And the fella says, "What's the questions miller," he says, "did he gie ye them?"

He says, "Aye, I've tae tell him the weight o the moon, and impossibility. He says, "I've tae tell him," he says, "how many stars is in the sky," he says, "and another impossibility." He says, "At that minute," he says, "I have to tell him," he says, what he's thinkin of."

The young man looks at him and he says, "They're hard enough questions," he says, "but I wouldnae bother," he says, "it wouldnae bother aboot it if I was you," he says. "Just leave it tae me." he says.

D4 But anyway about a month or a fortnight before the year and a day was up, the lassie - the fella says, "I'm gaun in," he says, "an you come wi me," he says. "At supper the night we'll start argain," he says. "We'll have tae get him tae tell us what's wrong wi him, 'cause," he says, "he gonnae die." He says, "He's fadin away like snow off a dyke."

So they comes in an they bully rags an they pulls and they bully rags him. The fella says, "Tell us," he says, "Miller, what's wrong," he says. He says, "It'll no kill ye tae tell us." He says, "Keepin it in tae yourself," he says, "it will kill you."

So the minister up an tells them, see aboot the king, and what he has tae dae. The fella says -

[rest missing]

A5 So the shepherd an them agreed that he would save his life. So that day year - it's a Hogmanay night - he was up the side o the dam an who did he meet but this young keeng.

"Good evenin, shepherd" - A'm goin wrong wi ma story now ... Just a minute ... A should have said that the shepherd dressed himsel up with a white baerd an put on the miller's suit o clothes on him, an he's away up beside the dam fir tae meet the keeng: this was the night he wis tae meet him an answer his questions. So -

"Good evening, miller."

"Good evenin, ma noble keeng," he said.

"Did you answer my questions?"

"Oh well," he says, "so far as I think," he says, "A hiv."

B5 So anyway, the father's goin aboot worried, he takes tae his bed at the finish, ye see, no well, an Jack's just workin aboot the mill as usual, and when here the day come up and the time when he had tae meet the king, Jack goes an dresses hissel as the old miller. He pits a grey wig on his heid, a baird, a long white baird and his white moustache, and a stick an the miller's auld claes, and his pair o white boots, the meal that was on his boots, ye see. An he goes along the mill lade, ye see, just marchin along as usual, just as the miller does. But here the auld man's lyin in the bed no well. It was Jack that was goin along, ye see?

So he meets the king and he stops, and he says, "Aye miller, ye look very old."

"Aye," says the miller, 'I'm gettin old."

He says, "Did ye find out," he says, "the guesses?" He says, "I want ye," he says, "to know what I'm thinking. Have ye got the riddles yet?" Ye says.

So he says, "No," he says, "but," he says, "I (?) no thought," he says, "but I'll try ma best," he says, the miller he says, "an guess them." See?

So the king says tae him, "What is the first one?" he says.

"What was the first one again?" he says tae the king.

THE KING AND THE MILLER

C5 So time goes by, weeks go in and days go in, a week goes in and at the finish up it comes the year and the day and the auld miller's up wanderin roon the auld mill dam his hands behind his back, his auld white beard blowin in the wind, when the king arrive down by on his charger.

 "Good evening, miller," he says, "I suppose ye'll know what I'm here for."

 "Och," he says, "I hardly thought about it, it was something about questions wasn't it."

 "Aye, yes. Have you got them?"

 "I cannae mind," he says, "what was your first question?"

THE KING AND THE MILLER

A6 He says, "What weight is the moon?"

He says, "The moon'll be a hundredweight. There's four quarters in the moon," he says, "an there four quarters in a hundredweight."

B6 The king says, "The first one," he says, "Jack," he says, "is the weight of the moon."

So Jack says, "Oh that's easy." But he thought it was old miller, ye see.

The old miller says, "Oh that's easy."

"What is it?" said the king.

"Well," he says, "there's four quarters in the moon," he says. "Four quarters make a ton," he says. "That must make the moon a ton." Ye see? A ton. Four quarters in the moon, there's four quarters in a ton. "The moon must weigh a ton." So he says, "If you don't believe me," he says, "ye can go and weigh it," he says, "or do something like that," he says, "tae prove it."

So the king says, "Well," he says, "it might be so," he says. "I don't know," he says. "I believe," he says, "you're right there."

THE KING AND THE MILLER

C6 "Ye had tae tell me," he says, "the weight o the moon."

"Well, your honour, that's quite easy your majesty. There's three (four) quarters in the moon and three (four) quarters make a hundredweight, well, the weight o your moon's a hundredweight."

THE KING AND THE MILLER

A7 He says, "That's very good! Can ye tell me hoo mony stars," he says, "as shines in the heavens?"
"Oh, there'll be aboot seven million, five hundred an fifty-five, an if ye dinnae believe ye ye can coont them yirsel."
"A cannae - I cannae coont them," ... says the keeng.

B7 "But," he says, "the second one," he says, "'ll puzzle ye." He says, "How many stars are in the sky?"
So, of course, Jack let oot a blunder o a big figure, ye know, that the king could hardly follow, ye see. The king looks at him, scratches his head, and looks at him and says, "Well ..."
Says Jack, "If you don't believe me," he says, "just tak an coont them."
So the king couldnae coont aa the stars, ye see.

THE KING AND THE MILLER

C7 The king scratches his head. He says, "The next one will get ye," he says. "How many stars is in the sky?"

 He says, "Well the last time I counted them there was fifty six billion, ten hundred thousand million, four hundred and sixty seven thousand and four, and if you don't believe me ye can start an count them yourself."

THE KING AND THE MILLER

A8 He says, "Ye cannae tell me," he says, "what ... A'm thinkin on. This one'll ... puzzle ye," he says.

"Yes," he says, "A can. You think," he says, "ye're speakin tae the auld miller, but ye'll fin' it's his son-in-laa ye're talkin to!"

So the young fella got the auld man saved an married the girl. So that's the end o ma story.

B8 "Well," he says, "it could be right," he says, "but," he says, "the last one'll beat ye," says the king.

He says, "Ye cannae tell me," he says, "what I'm thinkin on."

"Oh yes," says Jack, he says, "you're thinkin," he says, "you're speakin tae the auld miller," he says, "but ye'll find it's his guid son you're speakin to."

He pulls off the wig an the baird off his face and straightens hissel up.

It was very clever, wasn't it?

(Got story from his father.)

C8 "Very good," says the king, "very, very good. But now you've
tae tell me, my lad, what I'm thinkin of."

 "Well," he says, "you think you're speakin tae the old miller,
but you'll find out it's his guid-son." And he pulled the false beard
and moustache off, and the auld bonnet, "Because," he said, "I'm his
guid-son. I married his daughter yesterday."

I.10 MISHAMAHEE

A Bella Higgins

A1 Above Pitlochry away as ye go be Tummel - it's Tummel bridge, Glen Fincastle. Well, this is the graveyard o Glen Fincastle. Below the graveyard is an old mill where they used tae grind the corn. So one time the miller's daughter was goin to be married, an in these days they widnae marry but if they had oatcakes, oatmeal in the house to bake oatcakes, they must have the meal to bake the oatcakes. An she comes tae her faither - it was late at night - she says, "Thir not a pickle of oatmeal in the house," an she says tae'm, "it's ma weddin." Bit she says, "If we go down to the mill," she says, "we can grind as much as'll do us, we'll start the mill up an grind the corn to make a pickle oatmeal."

"Well," he says, "if thir wir never tae be a weddin," he says, "I wouldn't go down to the mill," he says, "after sun sets or after sun rises in the mornin."

"Well," she says, "if you don't go," she says, "A'll go maself, if ye come an start the mill for me. A'll make ma own meal."

B Andrew Stewart

B1 There was a mill at Glen Fincastle near Tummel Bridge. It was never worked at night. But once there was a girl and it was her wedding next day and she had not meal enough to bake bannocks for her wedding. So she asked her father to go to the mill at Glen Fincastle and get some more ground. He would not go so she had to go herself. The miller would not go in to grind it himself, but he gave the girl leave to do so if she dared.

C John Stewart

C1 The bal mennach - that's a Gaelic name. A Gaelic name. Ye see. An once a year was always about that time when they cut the sheep, there was always maybe about a dozen woman an girls come, an they done it in the laft where the shepps fleece wis, they had their spinning wheels and their carders, y'know, cards for teasing the wool oot. An the wumman sat in that laft, up among the sheeps wool an spun, ye know what I mean? So that was where Maggie Moloch an Broonie Clodd was, an they were thingmying there. He was workin at the farm. An they would get maybe a fortnight or three weeks there. But the farmer didnae like Maggie Moloch or Broonie Clodd. An ye know this? Maggie Moloch and Broonie Clodd were supposed to be witches. Later on, they proved they were witches. But Maggie Moloch an Broonie Clodd werenae bad. Know what I mean? But they got blamed for things at that farm that didnae concern them at all, ye see? An they left an they took a corn mill, ye know, a meal mill. Some place in the north o Scotland, grindin meal, makin the meal for the farmers. The farmers would come wi their grain an they wad grind it an they god paid so much a peck, so much a buahsel, whatever it was, the way they weighed it up at that time. An so they were there for about a month or so ye see, an they doin aa right. But their meal started, their grain an their meal started to go a-missin. Ye see? An they stayed - the grain place was doon there an up the stair fae the grain, they - Maggie Moloch and Broonie Clodd stayed in a room [indistinct phrase] it couldnae be a room, it would be a place where they could put a bed or a fire and eat. an sleep, ye see.

MISHAMAHEE

A2 So he haddae go down an start the mull tae her, an she's intae the mull herself (an A know the mull - A was at it). So she's workin there, bit here she has a great bucket o water boilin on the tap o some fire or somethin she had in the mull, an she had this bucket o water an she's grindin her meal an she has her meal finished, when she hears this something comin in the mull. She says tae him, "What are ye daein here?"

 "Haha," he says, "you're startin the mull," he says, "bit it'll be dear tae ye," he says, "fir startin the mull at this time o night." He says, "What is your name?"

 "Haw," she says, "they call me Mishamahee (that was "me maself" in Gaelic - Mishamahee).

 "Ah well," he says, "ye're gonnae git it the night."

B2 She lit a big fire in the mill and set a pot of water over it and began to grind the meal. At midnight the door opened and in came a wee hairy man, the Broonie o the mill.

 "What are you doing here?" said the girl.

 "What are you doing yourself and what is your name?" said the Broonie.

 "Oh, I'm Mise mi fein (me myself)" said the girl.

C2 So Maggie Moloch and Broonie Clodd says, "We'll try an catch them the nicht."

She says, "I'll hae a big bath, a big cauldron o boilin water," she says. Because ye know the holes in the mill? Ye can look doon ontae the machinery where the meal is, y'know, Andy. Big hole, ye see. An, "A'll hae it ready for them," she says, "an A'll gie them a funny scaldin." Ye see?

A3 So he's follyin after her. Bit here she liftit this bucket o boilin water an she throwed it right over the top of him. So he's rinnin away through Glen Fincastle woods an he's roarin. An here, Maggie Moloch, that wes his mother, an her man, that might ha been her husband - A don't know, A can't tell ye whether it wis her son or whither it was her husband) but she came rinnin towards him.

"Whit's wrong?" she says. "Wha did that upon ye? Whit's wrong?"

"Oh," he says, "Mishamahee, Mishamahee, Mishamahee."

(That was, "Me masel, me masel, me masel," in Gaelic.)

"Well," she says, "if it wis you yourself that did it," she says, "I can do nothin fur ye." But she says, "Wo betide any ither wan," she says, "'at wad ha tried to done that to you the night."

B3 She stayed sitting by the fire and the Broonie kept edging up to her, and edging up to her, and grinning, and at last she got frightened, and she threw a dipper full of boiling water over him and he ran out of the door, yelling. And in the wood was Maggie Moloch. She was either his wife or his mother, I'm not rightly sure which. And the Broonie was dying.

And Maggie Moloch said to him, "Who did this to you."

"Mise mi fein," he cried. "Mise mi fein."

"If it had been any mortal man," said Maggie Moloch, "I would have taken my revenge on him but since it's you yourself, I can do nothing."

C3 So about two o'clock in the mornin, she hears the thing goin in the mill, ye see. An this - she still had this water bubblin. An she rins owre an she just, woh! right doon on tap o them. But it was poor Broonie Clodd. He'd got up in the night, ye see, an he's roarin, "It's memasel! It's me masel!" Ye see. An she says, "Who are ye?"

 "It's me masel." You'know what I mean. An to this day if ye go near that mill, ye'll hear that voice sayin, "Me masel, me masel!" Noo Maggie Moloch got chased fae there. This is how she got the bad name. They thought she done away wi her brother. I don't know whether Broonie Clodd was her brother or her man.

A4 But however this wumman got married, she got her oatcakes and got married so she left Glen Fincastle an lang efter she was married an she sets away over tae Speyside. So in olden times the women here, there an roonabout used to come an aa gether intae wan hooose, ye see, tae have a crack an news an a story. An jist tae bring their spinnin wheels with them. So this wummin wes over in the Speyside, an they wir goin to some house to spin fir the night, an have a ceilidh, ye see, each wan a night aboot, you come tae ma house an I go tae yours. So this wummin's intae this hooose, the nicht. So ivry wan's tellin their story an their cracks an thir yarns goin roon aboot, tae it come tae this wummin 'at got married at Glen Fincastle.

"Ah well," she says, "I have nae story tae tell except," she says, "when I got married." So she told the same thing as I telled you. Ye see?

So a voice come in fae the door. "Aye," she says, "an it wes you," she says, "that killed my man!" She says, "Bit ye'll no kill another," an she says, "ye'll no be able to tell another story like that castle." So she luftit the three-fittit stull off the floor and she just split her right across. She says, "Take that," she says, "for what ye've done tae ma man."

B4 So the girl finished her grinding and she had her wedding and moved away tae Speyside. And one night all the women were spinning together and they had a ceilidh. And it came to the girl's time to tell a story and she couldn't mind anything, so she told the story of the Broonie of Fincastle Mill.

And when she had finished a voice said outside the door, "Aye, was it you killed my man? Ye'll no kill another." It was Maggie Moloch and she picked up the three-legged stool and threw it at the girl and killed her.

I.11 SILLY JACK AND THE FACTOR

A Silly Jack and the Factor Bella Higgins

A1 Well, ye see, oncet upon a time many years ago, not in your time nor yet in my time but 'twas in somebody's time, there was a wee auld croft in the glen an 'twas a widdae woman lived in it, an she had a silly son - kinna thick-woodit kind o fella, ye know. But this poor cratur though had no assistance or no relief in these days. If ye didnae work to make your livin some way, there was no way o gettin it, ye know. You had tae just starve.

But anyway in these days it was every six months there were factors come roon an collected the rent, ye see, an she says tae her silly boy, "Well," she says, "Jack," she says, "what're we goin to do?" Och, she couldn't put nae sense intae him, ye know. So she's sittin an she's thinkin an she's thinkin. She tane her son out an she had an auld goat, an auld billy goat, an she took her son out an she let her son see her killin the billy goat an buryin it away doon in the moss.

Anyway the factor come roond for to get his rent. But here she says, "I've nae money."

"Oh," he says, "that's not to do," he says, "I've been here three or four times aaready," he says. "Out you must go, you must go out!"

B Silly Jack and the Excise Man Alec Stewart

B1 ... a man and woman. They stayed in this house an they had an unlike laddie, the same as what Bennie is, ken? An the man and wumman was goin away tae the town, an they say to the laddie - noo the laddie's be walkin, but he was touched in the brain. He says, "You stay here," he says, but a knock cam the door before they went oot and who was't but it was the excise man, ye see, the excise man, ye see. An he liftit the rent o this hoose because it belonged tae the brewery, this hoose. So he says, "Ye'll hae tae wait till A come back fae the toon 'cause," he says, "A havenae no money in the house."

"Oh," the exciseman says, "A'll be aa right," he says. He says, "Charlie here," he says, "'ll watch me."

"Aye, ay, A'll watch ye! A'll watch ye!" this boy, he says. "A'll watch ye!"

Now when he was goin oot, the wee laddie followed aboot, the laddie followed him oot. The faither, "Noo," he says, "listen. Don't let nothin touch the man till A come back."

"Aw," he says, "he'll be aa right."

So, the man was sittin at the fire, ye know, an he was half-sleepin like this, an he was lyin back like this and - he lookit an he seen a fly on the man's broo, ken, and he went and got a great hammer. He says, "A'll make ye the now," he says, "ye're no tae touch the man!" An he drew the hammer, ye know, and knocked the man's brains oot, see?

So he's sittin at the fire waitin an the man - the bluid was rinnin aa owre the place. The man come in. He says, "Oh my God, what happened?"

SILLY JACK AND THE FACTOR

A1 (Contd)

But she liftit something - no, before the factor came, she put a big bucket o meal an watter, an the silly son was sittin at the fire, ye see, the big peat fire. An before the factor come she goes up an she puts this bucket o mealy water like porridge, down the chimley an owre the boy - ye know - he was sittin at the fire.

So anyway the factor comes in an she an the factor start - she was a powerful woman - an her an the factor started. But she liftit something an she split the factor from stem tae stern - dead! She went an buried him doon in the moss. She put the laddie up the stair till she - no let see.

B1 (Contd)

He says, "Ye telt me no tae let naethin touch him. Well, there was a fly on his broon an A jist hit it wi this hammer!"

He says, "What are ye gonnae do now?" he says. "What are we gonnae do now?"

An the man waited till the night an he trailt this man doon tae the bog an he buried him, ye see, pit him in a hole an buried him.

SILLY JACK AND THE FACTOR

A2 So anyway here the p'liceman was around. The factor went a-missin. She got all the money, ye see, an buried it away down some way at the back o the house, an here's the p'licemans aa come about lookin for the factor. She was out - awa doon aboot her house an roon aboot washin or daein somethin roon the back or feedin her fowl when the factor (sic) comes to the door. He asked the silly son did he see the factor.

"Yes, he was here, he was here," an the woman would come in.

"No," she says, "ye michtna ask that silly laddie," she says, "the factor never called here."

"Oh yes ye buried him doon in the moss," he says.

"Will ye show me," says the p'liceman, "where he's buried?"

"I'll show ye!"

"Ach," says the woman, "ye michtnae heed him policeman," she says, "he's wrong in the mind."

"Ye mind, mother, the day it rained porridge and milk, we buried him doon in the moss."

B2 An so everybody was lookin for this excise man, ye see, went a-missin. So they come tae the door and the man come in, the police an that come in, said, "This was the last place he was seen in."

"Aye, he was here, right enough," he says, "but I peyed him the rent an he went away," the man said.

"Naw," the laddie said. "Naw! Naw! he's burit oot in the bog there. He's burit oot in the bog there!"

So, "Oh my goodness," he says, "what are we gonnae do now?" the man says tae hissle, ye know.

"Aye," he says, "never mind the laddie," he says, "he's no - he's a bit touched in the brain."

But he went away and he got a spade an he's back an he pullt the man tae anither big o the bog an burit him. An he killt the goat an he pit him intae the hole an happed the grave up again. So the men came back next day. Ye see, the police and some men o the brewerie, an he says, "We follit his footsteps," he says, "from house tae house an this is the last house he come to."

"Aye," says the wee laddie, "down in the bog there, he's burit doon there! Burit in the bog! Ma faither burit him last night."

So the man says, "Come on! Have ye a spade?" He says, "Show me where he's burit boy."

Took him doon an it was where the goat was, ye see. An they took the goat up an the man says, "A told ye that the boy's away in the head! He thinks it's the excise man! It's the goat!"

"Oh well," he says. He was there. He was a man," he says. "He must hiv grown a baird since he went in there!" It was the goat's baird, ye see. That's anither wee story.

SILLY JACK AND THE FACTOR

A2 (Contd)

So down he goes. It was to the billy goat's grave that he took him. An here the two policemen was shovellin away at the stuff, ye know, an here the first thing they see was a big crooked horn o a billy goat. An they gied the lad one kick an sent him home. "Ye big fool," he says, "a big oul horny billy goat," he says, "we're this hour diggin him up."

So there was no more word o the factor an she got her money an she lived happy for a long time after it.

I.12 GEORDIE MACPHEE

A Andrew Stewart

A1 I'll tell you the story about Geordie MacPhee. Geordie MacPhee, he was a man, he was a piper, and he travelled the road, he was a tinker. And he'd his wife and his two wee boys. They'd no house; they just camped out winter an summer. Any shelter at all from the winter time, that's where they went, ye see. Any place near a school, tae get the boys tae school.

B Andrew Stewart

B1 I'll tell you a story about Geordie MacPhee. He was a great piper, this man, and he was married and had his wife and three wee kids. An he was camped at a place at the end o this toon. I forget the name o the toon, but he's camped there and he's been there for two or three days. It was in the winter time and he says - in the mornin when he got up - he had no money or anything - and he's a great piper. An he got his pipes an he went away intae the toon tae play the pipes, till he got some money tae buy food for, his kids an his wife.

B2 So he's playin in the street an he's gettin money fae this one, gettin a penny or two fae anither person, an here there were three men come up tae him. An he'd never seen them for aboot a year. An they says, "Is that you, Geordie?"

An Geordie says, "Aye." He says, "Is that you Willie?"

He says, "Aye," he says, "ma father wants ye owre," he says. "He's in the hotel," he says, "he wants ye owre tae see if ye want a drink."

Geordie says, "Na," he says, "I'm no gonnae drink the day," he says. "I've got tae get -" he says, "it's gettin late, an I'll need tae go back," he says, "tae ma wife an weans."

So they coaxed him in, the brother came oot an they coaxed Geordie in for a drink. So Geordie went in and had a few beers wi them. An they started aruin about pipers. Oh the Stewarts were good pipers, and Townsleys were good pipers. They even started talkin aboot the MacCrimmons an one thing an another. So anyway a row started - they started fightin and Geordie's fightin wi the three sons and the old man an the barman got in an awfy state, an he phoned for the policeman. An the policeman he stopped the fight.

The policeman says, "Hey, hey, what's goin on here?" He says, "This is enough of this." So he says - the policeman liked Geordie, he says, "Geordie," he says, "is that you?" he says. "I never seen you fightin before."

Geordie says, "Naw," he says, "these men started the row," he says, "and caused the fightin," he says, "an I didn't want nae bother wi them."

"So - well, the best thing you can do," the policeman said, the sergeant said, "the best thing you can do," he says, "is go home," he says. "Where do ye camp?"

Geordie says, "Out the corner o the toon, there."

B2 (Contd)

"Well," he says, "you go home," he says, "get moved away fae there," he says. "If ye don't," he said, "these men," he says, "I'll send them home too." An he says, "If these men come," he says, "at night," he says, "they'll kick ye tae death." He says, "They'll come tae yer camp."

So anyway, Geordie says, "Very good constable." An he went home. So he was tired, brought groceries back home, gied the kids something tae eat, he starts takin his tent doon an packin up his gear.

A3 But one day, up in the north o Scotland here, comin over a hill, they - it was winter time. It was snowin. An this wife was pushin a pram, the wee boys was tired walkin, it was gettin dark. So she looks at her man, she looks at Geordie, and she says, "Geordie, where are we gonnae go, the nicht?"

So Geordie looks at her, and he says, "Well, there's a place on here," he says, "An auld smiddy, at the side o the road." He says, "We'll better go an shelter in there for the night." An he says, "I'll get some sticks," he says, "off maybe off the rafters, and make a fire, an get the kids some'hin tae eat."

B3 "Oh," his wife said to him, "where ye goin?"

He says, "I'm gonnae move." He says, "If I'm here the night," he says, "these men," he says, "an they'll start fightin," he says.

She says, "What men?"

He says, "The Townsleys," he says, "the ones I've been fightin wi."

She says, "Where are we gonnae go this time o night? It's late. It'll be dark in about an oor."

"I can't help it," he says, "the policeman told me as I had to move. An I'm packin up."

So he'd tae pack up his things - and it was a buggy he had. An he put everything in this buggy an he marched down the road.

She says, "Where are ye goin?" she says. "We'll need tae go some place fast," she says, "before it gets dark."

He says, "I'm goin tae the old hoose, doon the road here. This auld hoose, old cottar hoose."

She says, "Ye couldnae give me," she says, "all the gold," she says, "in the country," she says, "to go into that cottar hoose," she says. "That's a haunted hoose."

"Aw," he says, "you an ghosts!" he says. He says, "I'm not worried about ghosts." He says, "You're talkin - you know well enough," he says, "ye're just nervous." He says, "There's no such thing as a ghost."

"Oh well," she says, "I'm goin wi ye," she says, "in that hoose, but it's against ma will."

A4 Well, they goes on aboot half a mile, an at length he comes tae the smiddy, but the snow's about six or seven inches deep by this time. There were no windaes in the smiddy, just bits o bags. Geordie looks at this bits o bags in the windae an says, "There been some'dy here afore." See?

In they goes, and the wumman made the bed doon. He says, "I've nae straw," he says tae the wumman.

She says, "There some straw owre in the corner there."

He says, "It'll be clean enouch straw. Somebody been lyin on it. An we can pit it down, an pit bed clothes," whatever kin o bed-clothes she had to put on the top o the straw, tae get the bairns tae bed, makin theirsels as comfortable as they could.

So anyway, she was makin down the bed, Geordie's up an he break-in bits o sticks up off the rafters, ye see, tae kennle a fire. He kennels a fire, and the boys is in bed, gets their tea or whatever they had, some braxy an that, she got in some o the farm houses, ye see. Braxy's bit o sheep an that, ye know.

Braxy ham.

Braxy ham. Here, when she gies the bairns a bite o meat an that, they fell asleep. She says, "I feel awfy tired, Geordie," she says, "I'm goin tae ma bed."

And he was sayin. "Well," he says, "go to bed wife, an I'll lie doon an have a smoke o ma pipe."

So he's haein a draw o his pipe, an felt tired.

B4 So anyway they go on. At last they reached the hoose an it started tae snow. The wind was howlin. So they went in, an Geordie pulled some sticks off the roof, off the rafters, broke them up an made a fire, an put on some tea for his kids an fried some bacon an give them eggs, an they sat tae about twelve o'clock at night, an the wumman pit the bairns tae bed. She sat talkin tae Geordie for a while.

She says, "I'm gonnae lie doon," she says, "I feel tired."

Geordie says, "Well, go an rest," he says. He says, "I'm goin tae have a look oot the door," he says, "see've it's snowin hard."

So his wife went tae bed. Of coorse they lay on the floor. There were nae kind o beds in this place. They lay on the stone floor in them days. So Geordie gaed tae the door an looked oot an heard this comin doon, snowin like anything, and the wind was blowin. Geordie come in an he pit on a bit o stick on the fire an he sat smokin his pipe for a while. His wife was sleepin an his three wee boys were sleepin. So here Geordie goes tae bed, on the top o the bed, lookin at the fire, his hands behind his head, smokin his pipe.

A5 He just had his boots off, and he's intae his bed, an he's lyin smokin, an thinkin away, an it snowin outside, ye see, when he hears a kin o hassly noise, a scuffly noise, ye see. An this was a man come in, in his stockin soles, no jacket on, not a thing. An his gut galluses was over his shoulders, hanging down at his side, the galluses on his trousers, ye see.

So the man looks at Geordie an he says, "Ye're no feart, are ye, min?"

Geordie says, "No, I'm no feart."

"Well," he says, "would ye rise an follow me?"

Geordie says, "It's too cauld the night, an I'm feelin too tired, but I'll maybe follow ye some other time," he says, "but I'm no goin the night."

So the man turned and out an he went. Geordie thought tae hissel, he thought he was dreamin, ye see.

B5 An he heard the door openin an he kin o turned his heid roon, an he looked roon an he sees a man comin in, wi his braces, his galluses, was hanging owre his shoulders, an he was in his stockin soles an he come walkin in an he says, "Are ye feart? Are you feart?"

Geordie looks at him, Geordie says, "Naw, I'm no feared. What'll I be feared o?" He says, "Whan I looked roon at ye," he says, "I thought ye were some o these ither travellin men comin in tae fight wi me," he says. He says, "I had a fight wi them earlier in the day."

"Well," he says, "if you're not feart," he says, "rise an follow me." So Geordie didnae go.

Geordie says, "I'm no goin wi ye - it's too cauld," he says. "An I'm no goin wi ye nae place." So Geordie fell asleep.

A6 But in the mornin, he got up. He never said nothin tae his wife. He was a big wild man this, he was a fightin man, he was even a kickin man, he would ha kicked ye tae death, ye know, for he wasnae feart or nothin like that.

So he looked out, an there was aboot a fit o snow on the ground. "Geordie," his wife says, "we'd better pack things up," she says, "an we'll try an make on."

Geordie says, "No, I'm no goin away the day," he says, "I'm gonnæ stay anither nicht." So he took his pipes an went roon the doors playin his pipes, the ferm hooses an that, an he came back tae them, and got his drink o tea an everything. Sat doon at the fire.

B6 So in the mornin when he got up he kennled the fire an his wife got up. She says, "What's wrong wi ye?" she says. "Ye look awfy white in the face."

"Well," he says, "I'll tell ye," he says, "I dinnae want ye tae tell the kids," he says, "but I'm goin tae tell ye what happened tae me last night," he says.

"What is it?" she says. "Dinnae make me feart."

"Well," he says, "I'll tell ye. There was a man come in here last night."

"How did ye no waken me?" she says.

"Well," he says, "I kent," he says, "you would hae roared and screamed," he says. An he says, "He telt me tae follow him."

"Where would he go," she says, "on a night like this? There's nae hooses aroon here." She says, "Naebody stays aroon here," she says, "for miles."

"I don't know," he says, "but he asked me if I was feart an telt me tae get up an follae him." So he says ...

"Well," she says, "we'd better act," she says, "an get oot o here," she says, "I told ye no tae stay here in the first place."

He says, "I'm no gaun away."

"Ye're no gonne stay here anither night?"

"Yes," he says, "I'm gonnæ stay tae see if this man comes back," he says, "and by gum I'm gonnæ follae him!"

A7 Same thing happened the next night when the kids an the wife was in bed sleepin. In the man comes, wi his galluses down. He says tae Geordie, he says, "Are ye feared?"

"No," says Geordie, "I'm no feart. What is there to be feart o men like massel?"

"Well," he says, "will ye rise an follow me?"

Geordie says, "Aye, I'll rise an follow ye." He says, "Where are ye gaun?"

He says, "If you follow me," he says, "I'll make it worth your while."

Geordie says, "Aaright. Wait till I slip ma troosers on." Slips his troosers on, an away he goes, follows this man, oot in the snow, owre the wee fence at the back o the hoose, and right doon owre the field, till they come doon tae the seaside an rocks, ye see.

B7 So anyway, the same thing happened, they got their supper an everything an went tae bed. An Geordie was an affy man, he wantit tae know tae everything - before he would go oot - he thought it was imagination. So he lies on top o the bed the same way, twelve o'clock at night, smokin his pipe an the door opened. An here this man come in again. An he says tae Geordie, "Are ye feart?"

Geordie says, "I'm no feart."

So he says, "Will ye rise an follae ma?"

Geordie says, "Aye, I'll follow ye."

"Come on."

Geordie slips his boots on an his coat on, an he's oot the door an he's follaein the man an he's knee deep in snow. An they went over this fence and right doon through a field and he's follaein the man. The man never even looked backward. Geodrie's close behind him. An he's makin for the sea - it's beside the sea.

A8 "Now," he says tae Geordie, turns roon, "there's a path goes doon here, and it'll be very dangerous in the snow," he says. "Just watch your feet goin down here," he says.

So Geordie says, "Well if you can go doon," he says, "I'll manage behin ye. Just lead on!"

Down they goes tae the rocks, and along the shore. The tide was goin oot, ye see. When they come along the rocks, Geordie says, "Whaur are ye takin me tae?"

"Well," he says, "I'll tell ye," he says. "You're no feart, are ye?"

Geordie says, "No, I'm no feart," he says, "but I'm no gonnae go any farther," he says, "I'm gaun on," he says, "an I don't know what I'm followin ye for. Ye said ye wad make it worth ma while. Where is gonnae be made worth ma while," he says, "comin doon on the road tae the shore tae get onything?"

He says, "There's a cave along here," an he says, "if ye come wi me intae this cave," he says, "ye'll - I'll gie ye a fortune."

B8 An they cuts - an he looks roon at Geordie. "Noo," he says, "there's a path that's doon here," he says, "an watch your feet."

Geordie says, "Where are ye goin?"

He says, "Follow me."

"Well," says Geordie, "when I've come this far," he says, "I'm as well tae follae ye," he says, "right tae the end, wherever ye're takin me."

So Geordie follaed him right doon this path, right doon on tae the shore, amongst the rocks. "Now," he says, "be careful," he says. "Come along this way. Come along here. Are ye comin?"

Geordie says, "Aye, I'm just behin ye."

So he says, "Ye see this cave up here?"

Geordie says, "Aye, I see the cave."

"Well," he says, "come in," he says, "follae me," he says, "intae this cave."

So Geordie says, "Well," he says, "I havenae got a light or nothin."

The man says, "Keep close behind me," he says, "an we'll no go too far in," he says.

Geordie says, "I'd like tae ken what this is aa aboot," he says. "I'm no gaun intae a cave," he says. "Are ye gonnae do me any hairm."

He says, "If you follae me intae this cave," he says, "I'll make it worth your while."

A9 So when they come tae the cave, he says, "I havenae a match," he says. "Have you a match?" he says tae Geordie.

Geordie says, "Aye, I've a match. I aye keep a bit can'le in ma pocket." Geordie kep a can'le in his pocket because he knew he was goin wi the this man, or spirit, or whatever it was, see?

So, "Well," he says, "light a match." So Geordie lights the can'le. He says, "Go in there," he says, "in that cave. Follow me," he says. So he follaes Geordie intae the cave, and when he went intae the cave, he says, "Dae you see that flagstone there?"

Geordie says, "Aye, I see it."

"Well," he says, "if you shift that flagstone," he says, "there's a heap o gold sovereigns. There's a fortune in gold there, for ye." He says, "A poor man, wi two or three wee kiddies," he says, "a tramp on the road, by the looks o ye," he says. "Ye're the only man that's ris an follaed me. None o the rest wad follaes me, for years. So," he says, "ye're a brave man."

B9 So Geordie says, "A'right," he says, "cairry on," he says, "I'm game for anything." So Geordie follaed the man intae the cave.

"Well," he says, "if you put your hand on the side of the cave there," he says, he says, "ye'll come in aboot ten steps," he says, "put your hand inside the cave," he says, "an ye'll feel a big stone, a big flat stone." He says, "If ye move that stone," he says, "there's a fortune in there for ye, o gold guineas."

A10 So Geordie says, "Well, I'll try an shift the flagstone." An when he's shiftin, he pit the can'le doon, and when he's tryin tae shift the flagstone, he's speakin away tae hissel. There was nae-body there! This man disappeared! Geordie looked roon, but when he seen the man was away, he says, "Where are ye?" There were no answer, see? Anyway, he's toilin away and he's diggin the earth away, and he shifts this big stane, and when it did come oot, it was aboot three hundred weight and it fell doon on the bottom o the cave. An he puts his hand in, inside the cave, gropin wi his hand, and he feels the gold sovereigns. He picks them up and lets them drop, an hears them jingling, ye see. Takes his pockets, his hands wi gold sovereigns, and he packs his pockets up wi gold sovereigns, ye see? His troosers pockets. Out on the shore, and away along the shore, up tae the hoose and intae bed.

So he's lyin there, tae the mornin come. It was near daylight, and he rose an kinnled a fire and telt his wife tae get up an get some breakfast made.

B10 So Geordie says, "I can open it up the noo," and he's sayin, "gie me a hand here!" he's sayin, but there's no answer. So here when Geordie realised he was hissel, there was naebody there but hissel. So Geordie grabbed - he's went oot o the cave and up, back up tae the hoose and he waited till daylight.

All So Geordie's in the ? he's an auld razor, open razor, an he's shavin hissel. An aye when he shaved hissel, he's goin some place, ye see. His wife says, "Where are ye goin tae?" she says.

Geordie says, "I'm goin away," he says, "tae the toon." Three miles it was, on tae the village. He says, "I'm goin tae the toon," Geordie says tae his wife.

She says, "What ye gonnae dae in the toon?"

He says, "I'm goin in," he says, "tae get a drink," he says, "an bring some food home for the bairns."

"Where ye got the money?" she says. "Are ye no gaun tae play the pipes?"

Geordie says, "Will ye be quiet, wumman, an not ask so many questions." He says, "I'm goin intae the toon," he says, "tae get some messages."

B11 An he put his coat. The wife says tae him, "Where are ye goin?"

"Well," he says, "I went doon," he says, "I follaed that man," he says, "last night," he says, "but it was that dark I didnae ken what I was daein." And he says, "I'm gonnae go doon," he says, "tae where I was tae see where he took me." He never telt his wife or nothin he was away doon findin gold guineas an that. So he goes right doon, back doon the fitpath, the fitpath was there, an he crawled richt doon along the shore where the cave was. ... but the cave was there. An Geordie went intae the cave and he took a candle wi him an he had the candle tae see the flagstane. An he pulled at the flagstane an moved it an moved this big flagstane, and when he moved it there was a ledge in there, inside the cave and when he pit his hand in it was full o gold sovereigns, gold coins. He picks them up an he pit them in his pocket, filled his pocket up till it was gettin that heavy - he'd his coat, his old coat on, he couldn't take any mair.

So he come up tae his wife an he got his pipes an says tae his wife - she says, "Where are ye goin?"

He says, "I'll be back in a wee while," he says. "I'm goin tae the toon," he says. "Ye need some messages, some groceries," he says, "an I'm gaun in tae get some."

"Well, don't be too long," she says, "because I don't want tae stay in a haunted hoose." She says, "I'll stay as long as it's daylight," she says, "but I'll no stay in the dark, at night time."

A12 So Geordie sets off anyway, an he lands in the toon. An as he was comin intae this wee toon - I just cannae mind the name o the toon - but as he was comin intae this wee toon, he looks owre the - this fence, a big drive ? but afore he came forrit tae the drive, he looks owre the fence, and he sees a gardener, takin the snow off the drive, ye see. An on the fence, there was a ticket, "Property for Sale, Mansion for Sale." An Geordie couldnae read, ye know. He'd no education. So he's lookin at the ticket, an he looked at the man, this gardener, in the garden. An he says, "What does it say on that ticket, sir?"

The gardener looks at him, "Oh that ticket," he says, "it's 'Mansion for Sale'. The estate's for sale."

B12 So anyway, Geordie takes his pipes. He let on to his wife he was gaun oot tae play the pipes, for money, but he just took the pipes tae camouflage the thing. So here he goes on into the toon and as he's marchin in - he'd three mile tae walk - so when he came in there was a big hoose, the big castle. An he sees a ticket on the bush in the road, an it said, "This property is for sale." So he come walk- ing along - he couldnae read or write, Geordie - so he come along and he sees a gardener fixing the sidewalk going up tae the big house, this big mansion house and he says tae the gardener, he says - like a man he was, so he says tae him, "What does it say on that ticket over there, that notice on the wood over there?"

"Oh," he says, "it says, 'This property's for sale'."

A13 Geordie says, "For Sale?" he says. "How much wad they be askin for that?"

"Aw," says the man, "they'll be askin a few thousand for that," he says, "a fortune tae buy the laird's estate."

He says, "And where does the man stay, this laird, stay?" he says.

"Oh," he says, "he's in London just now."

He says, "Who would I have tae see," he says, "tae buy the mansion house?"

So, "Oh, ye'd have tae see the solicitor in the village. Ye'd have tae go tae see him," he says. Ye see.

So, "A'right - what's his name?" Geordie says.

The gardener says, "Mr. So-an-so." He says, "You go up an see him." Mr. Ritchie was the man's name.

B13 He says, "Ye mean that big castle there?"

An the man says, "Yes."

"Well," he says, "can I buy that place?"

So the man looked at him. He thought he was daft or something! He says, "Yes," he says, "ye could buy it," he says, "but it could take hundreds o thousands o pounds," he says, "thousands o dollars tae buy that place."

"Well, who belongs tae that castle?"

"Oh," he says, "the man that belongs tae that castle stays in London!" He says, "The laird," he says, "stays in London." An he says, "Ye would have tae get someone to find out about it."

So the man that was in the ground, working on the land, the garden in the estate, didnae pay any attention to him, 'cause he thought he was crazy.

A14 So up he goes, the street, and looks askin everybody in the village where Mr. Ritchie was. But before he goes to Mr. Ritchie, he goes in and has two or three drinks in the pub, ye see. Comes out and he's lookin for Mr. Ritchie. So a wee boy says, "That's Mr. Ritchie the solicitor there, sir," he says.

Now Geordie wasnae very well dressed. His boots was - the toes was stickin oot his boots. His troosers - his backside was oot his troosers. He hadnae a right jacket on - it was in rags. The only thing was, he washed his face and shaved hissel, that's the cleanest bit that was about him. An he goes owre an he knocks at the door. So he was an auld man and a stoot man, and he'd glasses on. He comes to the door an he says, wi his house slippers on, he looks at - and he says, "No," he says, "I've nothin the day," he says, "and I don't want anythin," he says tae Geordie.

Geordie says, "Oh excuse me ..."

"I have nothing today!" And he slams the door in Geordie's face.

Geordie says, "That's an awfy - that's an awfy man that!" he says. "He willna speak civil tae anybody!"

B14 So Geordie goes up tae the toon and goes tae the policeman, and he says, tae the policeman - and he says, "Oh hallo, it's you Geordie," he says. "Anything ye want? It there anything I can do for ye? I hope you're not in any trouble."

Geordie says, "I'm no in trouble, but I want to know if you can help me."

He says, "How could I -?"

He says, "That big castle down there's for sale and I want tae buy it."

So the policeman says, "Oh Geordie, you couldn't buy that castle," he says. "It takes money tae buy it," he says. "More than ever you'll earn," he says, "all your life," he says, "tae buy a place like that."

Geordie says, "Look," he says, "you're a policeman," he says, "and you're about the only man I come come tae," he says, "for information! And I should like to know," he says, "where I could go to buy that place."

"Oh well," the policeman says, "if ye insist like that, Geordie," he says, "go up tae that place up there," he says, "there's a lawyer up there," he says, "and he'll tell ye all about it. In the village." He says, "Go up and see Mr. McPherson, the lawyer."

So Geordie said, "OK." So he goes up tae the lawyer and he knocks on the door, and the lawyer come oot. He says, "Well," he says, "what do you want, my man?"

Geordie says, "I'm up," he says, "tae see," he says, "you're sellin that place down there. You've got the sellin o the big castle," Geordie says.

The lawyer looks up and, "Yes," he says, "and what about that?"

B14 (Contd)

He says, "I want tae buy it."

"Haw, now," says the lawyer, "come on man," he says. He says, "Away an play your pipes some other place," he says. "You've no money tae buy a place like that."

A15 But Geordie let him go in for a wee while, and he knocks the door again. Now, the man came oot in an awfy rage. "If you don't go away fae the door," he says, "I'm gonnae send for the police!" See?

An Geordie says, "I want tae see ye," he says, "aboot that big hoose for sale doon the road, there."

So the man thought he was a wee bit off the nut, see? A tinker askin tae buy a big mansion hoose!

"All right," says the man, "just wait there a minute and I'll go doon and get all this title deeds an everything o this hoose," he says, "an I'll see about it." Thought he was a madman! Down he goes, and the constable and the sergeant comes up, and the solicitor wi them. He says, "There;s the man there, now," he says. "He's been tormentin all the day," he says. "Get him out o here," he says. "He's touched in the brain a wee bit."

So Geordie says, "What's wrong?"

"Oh," he says, "come on now," says the sergeant. "Ye'll have to come," he says, "tae the polis station, with us," he says. He says, "Ye've been carryin on," he says, "kickin up a disturbance o the peace," an he says, "ye'll have tae come tae we lock ye up till tomorrow, ma man. Ye've had a drink too."

A15 (Contd)

Geordie says, "I'm here tae buy that big hoose doon there."

But he argued an he tossed wi the policemen, until the young constable says to the sergeant, he says, " Maybe he does want tae buy the hoose sergeant," he says. "Let him in," he says, "an see what - an take some statement from him and see what he says."

"Well," says the sergeant, "that's a good idea. Is the big house for sale?"

"Yes," says the solicitor.

"Well," he says, "let him in and see." They wanted tae get a right grip on him tae give him about two year in the jail, ye see.

A16 But in Geordie goes wi the solicitor, and they sits at this table. An he says, "Here's the title deeds." He's pullin out this drawers and liftin out the papers, and everything, till he gets this forms oot that he wanted, and the price o the hoose. Och - it run - the price o the hoose run intae thousands, ye see. So Geordie says, "Well, I cannae pay ye just noo," he says Geordie, he says, "but A can gie ye a deposit on the hoose." See. He says, "In fact," he says, "I couldnae count the money," he says, "ye want for the house. Ye'll have tae count the money for me!"

So the sergeant and the policemen looked at each other. So Geordie put hand in his trooser pocket. He says, "There's some gold sovereigns," maybe aboot two handfuls o gold sovereigns he put on the table. He says, "There's some o part payment," he says. "Can ye tell me how much that is?"

So of course they looks at each other, ye see, an the solicitor he takes the coins an counts them. He says, "That's all right." Run into hundreds onyway, the coins he took out his pocket and puts on the table, ye see.

"That's a deposit anyway."

"That's all right. When'll you be back?"

He says, "I'll be back about the same time tomorrow," Geordie says, "an I'll pay the rest o the money."

"Very good."

Sergeant could do nothing about it! They went away out an left Geordie, ye see.

B16 Geordie says, "Look," he says, "anybody can buy a place. It's for sale, isn't it?"

The lawyer says, "Yes, it's for sale."

"Well, look," he says, "I was at the policeman," he says, "and I want tae buy it."

So the lawyer looked at him. "Oh well," he says, "come on in," he says, "and we'll see what we can do."

So the lawyer said tae him tae come in tae see if he could see aboot the thing. He didnae know whether Geordie had money or not tae buy it. So he says, "How much money have ye got?" the lawyer says tae him, "tae buy it."

Geordie says, "You tell me what that place is worth first, and I'll try an buy it. How's that?"

"Well," the man says, "OK. It's worth about six hundred thousand."

Geordie says, "What? Six hundred thousand! That's a lot o money."

"Well," says the lawyer, "you wanted tae buy the place."

"Well," Geordie says, "I'll buy it," he says, "but can ye wait till tomorrow night? I'll do it tomorrow."

So, "All right," says the lawyer.

"So I'll see ye tomorrow," he says tae the lawyer, "say about one o'clock?"

Geordie says, "Yes."

A17 An Geordie went over and had another couple o drinks in the pub, got some messages for his wife. He had them in a big bag. They carried them in a bag in these days, on his back, an away back.

Lands back tae the smiddy, gies the kids a feed. The next day, that night, Geordie's doon again. He wouldnae go through the day, he went at night, in case he would spoil the whole enchantment, ye see. Down he goes to the cave and intae the cave, and he takes a sack wi him, he fills a sack, like a kit bag, like an army kit bag. Half fills as much as he can lift on his back, wi gold sovereigns. An he's up the cliff, an he lea's it at the back o the hoose, an went up an got his breakfast. An he's away tae the toon wi the bag on his back.

B17 So Geordie come oot an he walked an he said, "Hoo can I coont this money?" he says, "I couldnae coont aa that money." So he says, "I'll tell ye what I'll do," he says, intae hisself, "I know what I'll do," he says, "I'll get a bag an I'll take as much coins," he says, "in the bag," he says, "and I'll take it tae the lawyer's office and I'll let the policeman and the lawyer coont the money, tae see if I've enough."

So Geordie went in. He bought some messages, bought shoes for his wee boys, nice boots for his wife, a coat for his wife, so he come back and he gives her the messages. "What's aa this ye've got in this bag?"

He says, "Some shoes and clothes," he says, "I bought for you."

"Where did you get the money," she says, "tae buy aa that?" She says, "Any time you went oot," she says, "you couldnae make fifty cents," she says, "never mind - or five shillings," she says, "ye couldnae make it."

So anyway, "Never mind," he says, "try on the coat," he says, "and see if it'll fit ye." So she tried the coat on, put the boots and socks on the wee boys. "Now," he says, "I'll go away the next day."

She says, "What are ye gonnae do?" she says. "If you stole any money," she says, "at any place or farm house," she says, "you'll get the jail."

He says, "I stole no money." He says, "I earned the money," he says, "I worked for it."

"Well," she says, "I don't know where you'd get as much money as that for buyin a new coat an shoes tae the boys."

B17 (Contd)

So anyway, Geordie walks out an he says, "I'm away doon here tae get some sticks for the fire." So he takes an old bag an puts it underneath his airm and he went doon again, right down the footpath tae the sea. It wasnae snowin now, it had faired up, and he sees his tracks in the snow an he follaes right down an he goes tae the cave. An he half fills the cave (sic) with gold sovereigns and he puts the bag on his back. It was as much as he could pick up again. He was a big man, Geordie, he was aboot six fit and aboot two hundred pun, smart kinna man. Pulled the bag of coins on his back and he's pantin an pechin comin up, and pullin the bag wi him up the path tae he got up tae the field and he walked up, but instead o goin tae the hoose, he went roon the back o the hoose tae get oot ontae the highway and walked right tae the village.

So he come tae the policeman and he says, the policeman, he says, "Hallo Geordie, is that you?" He says, "you look tired."

"Aye," he says, "if ye'd a weight like this on your back, you'd be tired tae."

"What is it?"

Geordie says, "I want ye," he says, "tae come in," he says, "tae the laywer's. Ye see, I'm buyin the castle."

"On come on, Geordie," he says, "ye have nae money." He says, "Where'd you get the money tae buy the castle, man?" He says, "Ye couldnae." He says, "When ye buy the castle," he says, "ye buy the village too, y'know." He says, "This aa goes in wi the estate."

So anyway Geordie goes up wi the policeman and knocks on the door. The lawyer says, "Oh come in sergeant, come in George."

Geordie says, "I brung ma money, but," he says, "I can't coont it. Ye'll have tae coont it."

He says, "Have ye no money wi ye?" He's lookin in Geordie's pockets tae see if he had the money.

Geordie says, "I've nae money in pockets," he says. "Here's the money."

A18 Comes intae the solicitor an pays the money, teems them oot on the table.

"Oh my word!" says the solicitor, he says, "I never seen as much gold in ma life!" he says. "That'll be enough, that'll be enough!" says the solicitor. He says, "They're goin, they're rollin over the floor." They're scattert on the floor, an the solicitor an Geordie's pickin them up off the floor, ye see. An the solicitor says, "Oh that's plenty," he says, "that's ye've got aa the thousands we want here. Ye've have tae take the rest," he says, "an put them in the bank."

"Na, na," says Geordie. "Will you keep them for me?"

The solicitor sas, "Well, I'll keep them for ye. But would ye not be better puttin them in the bank?"

"Na, na," says Geordie, he says, "you're ma man," he says. "You'll look after the house now for me," he says. "Sign everything in my name."

So the solicitor says, "All right."

So he says, "There's some money for ye," and he gein the solicitor a handfu o gold sovereigns, ye see.

"Very good, your lord."

Geordie says, "What? What? What are ye sayin ma lord fur?"

He says, "All right, m'lord," he says, "I'll do everything I can for ye."

See?

Geordie says, "They cry me Geordie MacPhee," he says, "no, 'Ma lord,' they cry me. It's Geordie MacPhee, they cry me." See?

B18 An he took the bag and what fell oot o the bag: but gold guineas an pit them oot on the front of the table an they're fallin on the flair an everything. An the policeman looked at Geordie an the lawyer looked at Geordie an they run pickin up the coins off the floor.

"Now," says Geordie to the lawyer, "now," he says, "count the money out o that. Is there enough there?"

"Oh," says the lawyer, "there's more than enough here," an him an the sergeant's coontin the money oot on the table in bundles, till they got all this money counted up. Six hundred thousand pounds worth o coins they pit out through the table.

So anyway, "Now," he says, "sign here George," and the policeman signed as a witness, that Geordie was the Laird o the place. So the sergeant got up, the policeman got up an the lawyer got up an he says, "Here's your papers, m'lord," he says tae Geordie.

Geordie says, "What did ye say?"

"Here's your papers, m'lord," he says, "for your mansion house."

Geordie says, "I'm no your lord," he says, "I'm Geordie MacPhee."

A19 "All right, Geordie MacPhee," he says tae Geordie. He says, "We'll see that we get everything put right for ye, m'lord," again, ye see.

"Och, you an m'lord!" Geordie says, an he marches oot.

B19 "Oh no, m'lord," he says, "you're m'lord," he says. "You're the Laird o the place," he says. "Ye bought the village an everything." Y'know.

And the sergeant stood to attention an says - the sergeant says, he says, to the sergeant, "Policeman," he says, "what's this lawyer talkin about," he says. "I'm not your lord."

"Yes m'lord," he says, "you're the - you're the -" and the policeman saluted him. The policeman went out and stopped the traffic in the road for Geordie comin intae the road. So here he goes in an Geordie says, "Ye neednae salute me," and he gies some money tae the policeman. He says, "Here, go an have a drink," he says, an he gave the policeman a handful o gold sovereigns.

So anyway Geordie'd go an have a drink, so he went owre an had a drink owre at the - wine an everything, so the sergeant went in an told the man o the hotel that this was the new owner of the village and the big house. This was him just arrived in the place. So Geordie got two or three drinks an he goes back to the lawyer's (sic) door and knocks at the door. And he says, "Well," he says, to the lawyer, he says, "I don't know too much o this place," he says. "Is there anybody," he says, "you could give me tae help me?"

"Oh yes, m'lord," he says, "we could get ye all the - we could take ye up tae the castle and show ye all the staff." He says, "Ye've got cooks and maids and butlers, everybody's up in that house yet."

So he says, "Well," he says, "I need somebody tae look after me," he says, "because," he says, "I haven't got the education to look after this."

"Oh," he says, "I'll do that," says the lawyer.

"Well," he says, "what d'ye think I should do now?" he says. "I don't want tae tell me wife right away. But," he says, "I want tae get everything all put right," he says, "because I'll be movin in tae the castle."

A20 Now the solicitor comes oot an he shouts after him. "Oh ma lord, just wait a minute!" Ye see? "There's something I want ye to do."

He says, "What's that?"

He says, "I want ye to go to the tailors an get a suit o clothes made." He says, "You're in filthy rags."

"Oh," Geordie says, "I've never had a suit o clothes in ma life!" he says. "But," he says, "will ye get a suit that'll fit me?"

"Oh, yes," he says, "I'll get the tailor down."

B20 "Well," he says, "the first -" he looks at Geordie, an Geordie was in rags - an he says tae Geordie, he says, "Look, Geordie," he says, "my lord, I mean my lord," he says, "the only thing ye can do," he says, "is go down," he says, "an get Philip the tailor tae fit ye out wi a suit of clothes."

"Well," says Geordie, he says, "one thing - I don't want ye tae call me is My lord," he says. "Call me Geordie," he says. "I'm Geordie MacPhee." He says, "I'm no m'lord." He says, "The lord," he says, "is up above me."

"Well, no," he says, "you're the lord," he says, "the and the people just say m'lord," he says. "That's what they do," he says, "for politeness tae the gentlemen. They say, 'Yes m'lord, no, m'lord'."

"Now," he says, "they better no caa me that ony mair."

A21 Phones up the tailor, and down the tailor comes. He's measurin Geordie wi a tape, till he can get the suit o clothes made. So anyway, tae make a long story short, they make a suit, they've got Geordie dressed tae the nineties, before he come back.

B21 So they goes doon tae the tailor's an the tailor measuret him, an he says, "I'll make ye a nice suit m'lord."

He says, "Don't call me m'lord," he says. "Call me Geordie MacPhee," he says, "make the clothes," he says, "make the clothes till I get on."

The man says, "I'll need an hour."

Geordie says, "That's aa right." He says, "Geordie says, "I'm goin over for another drink of beer," he says, "to the hotel," he says, "an I'll give ye an hour," he says. "An will the suit be finished then?"

The tailor says, "I'll have the suit finished."

So anyway Geordie went over to the hotel an he had another few drinks. He cam owre an here the lawyer's there an the policeman's there, an they sent for the butler, an the butler comes out, an they introduced the butler to Geordie. Here - fits Geordie on wi his suit, lovely bow tie an aw! he just looked like a real gentleman now. Geordie says, - the lawyer says, "How do ye feel now?" and the butler goin on about him lookin at him, pickin at his tie, "Leave me alone!" says Geordie, "ye don't need tae pick at me like that!"

"Oh no m'lord," he says, "I want tae see that ye're aa right."

He says, "I'm Geordie MacPhee tae you."

"Oh yes, George MacPhee," says the butler says. "That's a'right, George MacPhee."

A22 "Now," says Geordie, "I want two ladies," he says, "tae dress ma wife, an I want a suit o claes each for ma boys."

"Well," he says, "where do they live?"

He says, "Three mile oot at the old smiddy." He says, "They're camped oot there, an they're frozen tae death." Ye see?

"Well," he says, "the only thing we can do, is go up an get your chauffeur tae take ye out in the Rolls. Tae take ye out in the Rolls Royce." He says, "There's a big Buick, an there's a Humber, up there," he says, "but the Rolls is the nicest car," he says, "m'lord," he says, "and it'll give ye a bit hurl," he says. "It's never let the gentleman - the other man down yet."

So he says, "How will I get the chauffeur?" he says.

He says, "Just - I'll phone him."

Geordie says, "Well," he says, "tell him tae come out tae the peeveer tae me." Ye see. "At the boozer," he says, "an he can pick me up there."

So och, he was in haein a drink, and enjoyin a drink wi the men. He'd got half o the pub, he's got the pub man drunk an everything, wi this gold sovereigns, ye see. An just when the big car comes, "bee - beep!" at the door, ye see, pulls up an here's the man stan'in, ye 'know, like a soldier in the army, the chauffeur. He salutes Geordie when he comes out.

B22 So anyway, now, "The first thing," he says, "d'ye want the car tae come down?"

George says, "I havenae got a car!" he says. "What car?"

"Oh," he says, "you've got six cars, one a Rolls Royce," he says. "D'ye want the chauffeur tae come down for ye?"

"Well," he says, "I'll need tae get aa wi ma messages."

Geordie MacPhee wi his suit o clothes on, an the auld bag he had, he'd all the groceries in the auld bag! An the man phoned up for the taxi - phoned up the chauffeur, an here was this lovely Rolls Royce come doon, wi the chauffeur drivin the car. An Geordie shoves the big bag o messages in the back seat. An he steps intae the car. Geordie sits in the front wi the - the butler opens the back door. Geordie says, "I'm no gettin intae the back," he says. "It's my car, I want tae sit in the front." So Geordie sits in beside the butler - beside the chauffeur.

A22 (Contd)

Geordie says - shoves a bottle o beer in his hand - "Take a slug oot o that," Geordie says. So Geordie takes the b ... the man looks and says, "No (?)" He says, "No m'lord," he says, "not just now. I'm drivin the car."

"What's wrong wi ye?" he says. "Take a taste o this oot o this bottle!"

And he hands the chauffeur the bottle, and the chauffeur had tae take a drink oot o this bottle, see.

(= B25)
(= B 25)

GEORDIE MACPHEE

A23 "Now," he says, "there's the parcels. Ye've got the parcels?"

"Aye," he says, "m'lord," he says, "I've got the parcels. They're in the back o the motor."

"That's fine, but don't cry me m'lord," he says. "Cry me Geordie MacPhee, the tinker man," he says. "A used tae play the village here," he says. "But just about a couple o days there, A played the toon wi ma pipes, makin pennies." He says, "How much money, wages, do you get?"

"Well," he says, "I get," he says, "about five pounds ten an ma board, an ma food."

"Aw," says Geordie, "I'll give ye ten pounds a week," Geordie said. "Dinnae you bother yersel wi money. A'll gie ye plenty money," he says to the chauffeur. So when the chauffeur heard that he couldnae dae enough for Geordie, and Geordie's back o the car an the parcels an the meat an everything, an the beer's in the back o the big Rolls Royce, y'know, and he's drivin back tae the big hoose. So Geordie says, "Hey man, A'm goin tae the smiddy, no the big hoose."

"Oh but we have to pick up some o the men," he says, "an two or three o the servants," he says, "to dress your wife," he says. "You've got some - two little boys? We'll need tae take some o the nurses out." See?

"Oh," says Geordie, "I didnae know that!" Here there was about fower o them come wi them, and other two men and two women, a nurse for the wee boys.

A23 (Contd)

Geordie's sittin an he's singing by this time, he's gettin well on in the beer. An when they come on to the smiddy, here she come oot, and she says, "Are ye there laddies? Hurry up," she says, "here's the bene coul comin." This was the man, ye see. The bene coul, that's what they call the gentleman o a big place. "Here's the bene coul comin," she says. "Ye're gonnae get the stardie." She says, "Ye're gonnae get the jail for breakin the hedges an the bushes." See?

So, anyway, Geordie steps oot an he looks an he says, "Are ye ready Mag?"

Mag Says, "Oo is that you Geordie?"

"Aye, it's me," he says. "Get ready," he says, "here's the weemen," he says, "gonnae dress ye wi claes."

So they gien them a good scrubbin in the smiddy, dressed her up tae the nineties, wi a big hat an a feather stickin oot o it, the wee boys knicky bockers an that. An the two men come tae take her airm, tae pit her in the coach. She says, "Geordie! Geordie! Two shan gadjies, two shan gadjies, Geordie!" Ye see?

So Geordie says, "Be quait, wumman!" he says. "The men's aaright," he says. "They're good men, they're no bad men. They're no shan gadjies."

"Shad gadjies Geordie." Ye see. So anyway, they took Geordie, and she pulls away fae the men an she steps in. She fell intae the Rolls Royce, she didnae step in. She fell intae it. An the wee boys sat on her knee. They climbed owre the tap o it, and they're lookin at this, "Oh the barrie motor ged, the barrie motor ged!" they were saying tae each other, ye see, aboot this thing. An in they goes intae the motor. An the wee laddie's lookin at the chauffeur. "Is is hard tae drive a motor, gadjie?" he says tae the chauffeur."

"Be quiet, an let the man a-be. Dae ye want him tae crash the motor intae a dyke or somethin?" He says, "Lea'e the man alane." He's drunk an he's singin, ye see.

A24 Back they comes tae the big hoose, and they're up intae the big hoose anyway. An here when they come up, the whole staff's lined oot afore the big door o this mansion hoose, just like a castle, ye know. Geordie steps oot, an he looks roon aboot him, and he says, "What is aa the folk daein standin there," he says tae this man.

"Oh," he says, "they're lined up for tae meet ye," he says, "m'lord."

He says, "Dinnae cry me ma lord," he says. "I'm Geordie MacPhee," he says. "Just cry me Geordie," he says, "or MacPhee."

So he says, "Ye have tae come over an see them." But the wumman she marches up the stairs tae the front door, an she gets inside, her an the laddies. An Geordie's lookin at the staff, the servants and the chef and everything, ye see, ootside this door [indistinct phrase]. He says, "What wages do ye get?" Oh some o them was gettin four pounds, some o them was gettin five pounds, but Geordie riz it double. He was givin ten pounds, twenty pound. Them that was gettin ten pound, he was gien them twenty pound. Them that was got four pound, he was gien them eight pound. An he had the place in an uproar. Oh it was a great boss they had, ye see!

B24 While they're drivin home an George says, "Noo, stop!" he says, "I don't want you to go any further," he says. He says, "Go up tae the castle," he says, "I'm not goin home just now."

"Oh yes, m'lord," he says, "I'll drive ye up tae the castle." So they drove Geordie up tae the castle an Geordie stepped out. An here the butler come an opened the door an all this staff is lined up in the big hallway: butlers an maids an horsemen an fitmen an aa kind o men that ye can get in a big house in an estate. There was about a hundred and twenty rooms in this big castle. Geordie walks in with his suit an he's lookin at them aa an he says, "What are yese aa lined up for?"

An the maids bowed tae him like this ye know, an they curtside doon tae Geordie, an he says, "Ye don't have tae dae that! I'm not the king! I'm Geordie MacPhee. I don't know what's comin over aa youse people."

So he looked at the first row o women an he says, "How much do you get for a week any way?"

This woman she says, "Oh I get about twelve pound a week."

"Well," he says, "after this you'll be gettin twenty pound a week."

"Thank you m'lord, thank you m'lord!"

So he raises aa their money up, ten dollars a week more, ten pound a week more.

So anyway they all thought Geordie's a great man.

B25 (= A23)

So, "Now," he says, "I've tae go for ma wife an kids." So here the maids went with him. He says, "Some o youse women come with me," he says, "I want tae get ma wife dressed," he says, "an the boys an everything." So they took - the butler went an two maids, in the Rolls Royce, an Geordie sittin in the front an the butler an the two maids sittin the back o the car.

So they drove tae the old empty hoose, the haunted hoose. An Geordie jumped oot. The chauffeur jumped oot an opened the door for Geordie an Geordie says, "I can open the door for masel," he says. "Ye don't have tae open the door. Am I an invalid?" Geordie jumps oot. He says, "Are ye there, Maggie?"

She says, "Aye. What dae ye want? Is that you Geordie?"

"Yes, come here a minute," he says. "Come on," he says, "these women's wantin tae clean ye up."

So the butler went tae take the wumman's airm, Maggie's airm, his wife, tae get her in the car, an she pulled her airm away like that she says, "Oh," she says, "you keep away from me," she says, "I'm a decent wumman," she says, tae the chauffeur an the butler. "Don't uou - keep your hands off me!" she says.

"Oh yes, my lady, I'm sorry my lady." An she was in rags too, jist an old coat an she'd hardly shoes on her feet.

So anyway, they goes an they pit her in the back o the car, an pushed the wee boys in the back o the car, an they drove tae the castle. An they fixed her and dressed her up, dressed up the boys, washed up the boys and everything.

A26 But tae make a long story short, the next day was market day, in this village. So Geordie went away down, him an his wife, tae get a drink. He says, "M'lord," he says, "I'll drive ye down the road, fast if ye go down for anything, in the car."

"Na!" says Geordie, "me an the wife's gonnae walk doon," he says, "an the two laddies."

So doon they goes. Well, he got a tailor made suit, that day before, but it was in rags the next day. He went an got hissel drunk at the market. An he's all the men drunk, an they're dealin in horses, ool horses. Some o the horses wasnae worth a hapenny. Some o them had only two legs on them. An they're dealin, an here they were handin the horses, before Geordie was finished, they were handin the horses tae each other for nothin, they were that drunk! Ye see Geordie was giein them plenty o money, giein them a good treat, ye see. But here, thw two police come up, wi the sergeant, he was gonnae lift them, the ones that was disturbing the place. But anyway here when they were gettin lifted, there were some o them just come intae the toon, they started fightin. An when they were takin away to the jail, takin them away tae the jail, Geordie comes walkin owre, and the policemen stand tae attention and salute Geordie. He says, "M'lord," he says, "these people," he says -

B26 So Geordie says, "All these hills an mountains oot here, wi the doors, dae ye see the doors oot there," he says, "who does that belong tae?"

"Oh my lord, that's your estate," he says. "Ye've aboot five thousand acres." He says, "There's five thousand acres of shootin land there, fishin property an everything."

"Well," he says, "if that's shootin land an aa the deer is mine," he says, "they hills an everything?"

He says, "Yes," he says, "it's all yours."

"Well," he says, "I'm goin tae have a go at shootin the morn." So he sent for the Townsleys, he sent for the Higginses and the Stewarts an aa the folk he could get his hands on, an the Kelbies, an the Johnstons, he sent for all the travellin people all round about, tae come an hunt his stock. An they were rinnin through - some o them had sticks in their hand, stanes in their pocket. Some o them couldnae shoot a gun, an they're roarin through the hills, an had everything frightened tae death. Geordie says, "Yese not gaun hame the night," he says. "Yese move tae my place," he says, "an pit up your camps," he says, "on ma land." He says, "That's aa my estate there." He says, "Camp on that, pit aa your camps up."

A26 (Contd)

"Hi," says Geordie, "where ye takin these men? These tinker men?"

He says, "We're takin them," he says, "to the jail," he says, "till they sober up and we'll let them out in the mornin."

"Ye'll do nothing o the kind," says Geordie. "Just leave them away."

"All right m'lord."

So the police just let them away.

Ye see, he was laird o this village tae. He bought the village too, it was in the estate, this village, see? He says, "Just leave them alone," he says, "it's me 'at's giein them a drink," he says, "and I'll stand the responsibility for the mess."

So the police had tae leave them alone, let them ramp about as they liked.

Now it was gettin that late they had no place to go. Some o them couldnae make home that night. They were lyin in the streets, an the snow on the grun, the hard snow. Geordie says, "I'll tell ye what ye'll do," he says. "I've got covers, and I'll buy covers out the ironmonger's for you, and come up an put barricades an tents up on ma grun." Ye see?

A27 So they went and they yokit an old horse an they got the horses and he bought the two iron-mongers shops that was in the toon, he went an bought aa the covers. He bought some tents off the people in the village, and some o them gien them covers for nothin, for the sake of giein them shelter, when the laird asked them for covers they gied it tae help these tinkers people. Up they goes tae the estate an the front - no roon the back, no in the bushes roon the back - in a field -right on the front lawn, where the gairdens an the flooers was, they camped there. Dug the snow back an pit up their tents. An before ye could say Jack Robertson, there was about a hundred fires burnin. They broke all the laurel bushes, and they've got the fires outside. See? Some o them puttin on kettles, some o them playin their pipes, and the laddies wi dogs is after rabbits, through the front door o the hooses, teerin up the holes, teerin up the burrows, breakin aa the bushes, an they made an awfy mess o the place.

B27 Well, Geordie invited all the families tae the big hoose, an they come up wi their buggies an everything, some wi horses an carts, an drove in, some wi wee burros, an that, an they brought them an put their tents up. An they lit fires, they were like Indians, they lit fires aa roon the castle, at night, and they're aa drunk. They're intae the hotel an drunk, an Geordie payed for everything. An they started fightin. An they wanted sticks so they tore up aa the nice bushes, all the lilac trees, they tore them down an burnt them in the fires, an they were makin the place an awful mess.

A28 Well, Geordie went up the stair at night, when he got them aalyin, an kin o settled doon an he's lookin oot at the wee fires, oot at the windae. Well, it was like that the next mornin, ye see, when a big car comes up. When Geordie was gettin short o money, he'd nae money in the bank, the solicitor come up an he says, "Ye've no more money left now, nothing in the bank, m'lord," he says.

"Never mind about money," Geordie says, "I'll get ye plenty money." But here wi him goin back an forrit tae the cave, the gold's beginning tae sink, the golden sovereigns is beginning tae go low, see? Geordie's gettin some money in, but he's spendin more than what he's there. He's handin it away tae this Tom, Dick and Harry, this money, he's ruinin hisself.

B28 Geordie's gettin bills in for this, tax money, this an that. Geordie's aye goin back, when he gets the time, he's aye goin back tae the cave where the money is, but the money's goin down, down. The last time he come back for money, there was only a few coins. An he lifted the last o the coins like that an put them in his pocket an come back.

A29 But anyway, a big car comes up tae the door, and here was the man fae London, an this other lady, an steps oot o the motor, and she looks at the hoose, "My word," says the lady, "what a terrible mess this house is in," she says. "I've come tae meet this new laird o the place," she says, "and look at the mess it's in."

And the man says, "My word," he says, "it's terrible!"

So they came up the stairs. When they came up the stair, old Mag, she meets the lady from London at the door. She says, "Are ye fur a cup o tea wumman?" She says tae the lady.

The lady says, "A cup of tea?"

"Yes," she says. "Come on in an I'll gie ye a bit braxy," she says, "and I got a tattie (?) It's very cauld," she says, "and ye must be cauld." An she's pullin the lady in be the shouter tae get a cup o tea.

But the lady shrugged her shouthers an she's lookin at her an she says, "My word," she says, "this terrible woman," she says.

And Geordie says, "Are ye for a drink, man? Here!"

Hands him a bottle in his hand and gies him a drink o this whisky, I think it was VP or something, he was gettin skint noo. He was drinkin the VP and he was giein him VP tae drink.

"What's this?" says this man. "Oh now, no. This is disgraceful," he says. "I'm goin away." So he went out an the two o them had tae clear oot.

"Aaright," says Geordie, "and dinnae come back," he roared efter him, an he's away.

A30 So, at the finish up, Geordie was gettin skint, he wasnae able tae pay his staff, money was goin out o him. No money in the bank, and at last he goes up tae the solicitor, tells the solicitor he couldnae keep things goin, his money's run oot.

"No wonder," says the solicitor, "look at the bills!" he says. "The money you've been pittin out," he says. "Ye even bought motor cars for these tinkers," he says. "Now half o them's away from them," he says, "away with more money in their pockets than you've left with." He says, "All ye've got," he says, "is the deer, hill shootin in the hills, and that cattle ye had, ye've sold them out," he says, "ye've none left." An he says, the man says, "Ye've ruined the gardens," he says, "and everything," he says.

"Well," says Geordie, "what's the best thing?"

"The best thing to do," he says, "ye'll have tae sell your estate." And Geordie selt the estate, and he done the same wi the money, and he was ruined. That's big Geordie MacPhee. He's still camping in the barraces tae this day, away up the side o Dunkeld there, ye'll see him.

B30 He wasnae able tae pay his tax (?) he's went an ruined hisself. So he goes up tae the lawyer an he told the lawyer he;d no more money an how is he goin tae pay his - "Well," he says, "ye'll have tae sell the place off."

"Well," Geordie says, "I don't want tae sell the place. It's mine. All that people," he says, "that I've been robbed wi," he says, "the travellin people," he says, "all round about," he says, "that travels through the country," he says, "comes in here," he says, "an that's their restin place," he says, "an I don't want tae sell it."

But here Geordie got intae worse difficulties; they took the castle off him and he lost all his money. He assigned a cut ground deed for the place and he's out. An Geordie says, - He's back on the road again wi his wife an his wee buggy an they're in rags again, an he's the happiest man that ever was playin his pipes, goin through the doors for a livin, and that's the end o ma story.

I.13 THE LORD'S PRAYER

A. Alec Stewart

A1 A tramp man away in the north of Scotland and he's trampin away up by Inverness and Sutherlandshire, and the whole night he trampit an he couldn't get no houses on the road an he was starvin with hunger. So he came marchin on an walkin on an walkin on an he lookit an he saw a man comin along the road an he stoppit the man. He says, "Hey," he says, "are there any houses on this road?"

He says, "No," he says, "there not many houses on this road," he says. "There's only one house an," he says, "you've to walk about a mile off the main road to it." An he says, "I'm a tramp man the same as you an I was up at it." An he says, "I couldn't get nothin out of the house."

"Oh," he says, "that's terrible," he says. But he says, "I must try maself anyway." He says, "Is it far on?"

"Oh," he says, "about two miles on."

He says, "Thanks very much."

B. John Stewart

B1. This was a tramp man was walking along the road, ye know, an he was coming into the outskirts o this village an his feet was skinned, boots was very bad. He says, "Och tae hang," he says, "here's a minister's hoose beside this church," he says, "I'm gaun up," he says, "tae see," he says, "if he can - if I can touch him up for a pair o boots." Ye see.

Of coorse he didnae say this out loud. It was his thocht, ye know.

C Belle Stewart

C1 The Lord's Prayer. It's a wee shorter one, ye know. Ye see, when Alec used tae tell this story, it was really about a man, an auld tramp man, an he said he was the tramp man, this all had happened to himself, ye see. Anyway, I cannae say I'm an aul tramp man, but this is the story anyway an it's called "The Lord's Prayer." An I think it's an appropriate time o the year - Easter an aa the religious services an that.

Anyway. This is a story about an old tramp man, an he was trampin away up in the north o Scotland somewhere. An he was - he'd lain oot the night before in a barn or somewhere at the back of a hedge, I don't know where. But he got up in the mornin, give himself a shake an he got on the road an he's walkin on this road. An he couldn't see a house for miles. He says, "Oh God bliss me, but I'm hungry," he says. "I wisht I'd some'hin tae eat."

But he kept walkin on anyway an in the distance he saw somebody comin. An this was another auld tramp man comin in the other direction. So he stopped him an he says, "Well, have ye come far?" the one says to the other.

"Aye," he says, "I've come a long, long distance."

He says, "Are there many hooses on this road?"

"Well," he says, "there's one. It'll be about a mile or two mile fae here. But," he says, "it's a minister's hoose. Oh God," he says, "he's a greedy man. He put the dogs on me." This other auld man he'd met, ye see.

"Ah well," he says, "I cannae help it. I'll jist have tae face his dogs," he says, "because I'm starvin."

THE LORD'S PRAYER

A2 So he's trampin away and he walked it an walked it till he came to this avenue. So he walked up this avenue an he rang the bell o this big house. So he heard this footsteps comin along the passage, the door opened and here was a minister. An he says to the boy, "What do you want?"

 He says, "Excuse me, your reverence, I was gonnae see if you would learn me the Lord's Prayer."

 So the minister looks at him. "The Lord's Prayer?" he says.

 "Yes," he says, "the Lord's Prayer."

 He says, "Do ye not know it at all?" he says. "Was ye never at school?"

 "No," he says, "I was not."

 "Well," he says, "come away in."

B2 So in he goes tae the minister's an walks up tae the big front door, rings the bell. So he waits two or three minutes an out comes the minister. Oh a very stern looking man. So just off-hand the tramp man says, "Excuse me," he says, "your reverence," he says, "I've come tae see," he says, "if you could learn me the Lord's Prayer," he says. "It's that long," he says, "since I was at church," he says, "I've forgot all ma Biblical learning," he says. "An I could do if you could learn me the Lord's Prayer.

 "Oh yes," says the minister, "I'll do that ma man," he says. "It's very nice o ye tae think about it. Come in."

THE LORD'S PRAYER

C2 So anyway, this tramp man came on an on till he come an he saw the Minister's hoose. He went in an knocked on the door, or rang a bell or whatever they had, big knockers I think in that days. An a butler came oot. An he knew, the auld man told him it was a minister's hoose. He says, "Could I see the - his Reverence?" That was the way they spoke in they days.

 An he says, "Oh I don't know." He looked at him, ye see, an the poor old man was in an awfy mess, wi lyin outside. Anyway he went back in an the minister come oot tae the door.

 "Well, well," he says, "what is it? I'm very busy," he says, "what can I do for you."

 He says, "Could you teach me the Lord's Prayer?"

 "What?" he says.

 "Could you teach me the Lord's Prayer?"

 "D'ye not know it at all?"

 "Nut me," he says, "your Reverence, I don't know it at all."

 "Oh well then, come on in," he says, "I can't st- pare much time wi you, but come away in."

THE LORD'S PRAYER

A3 So he took him in an he says, "Say after me, now," he says. "I havenae much time," he says, "tae waste on ye," he says, "because I have to be away down to the church," he says. "Say after me, 'Our Father which art in Heaven -'"

"Excuse me," he says, "your reverence. Was he your Father?"

He says, "Yes. He was my Father." He says, "Yes."

"Well," he says, "ye wouldn't see your brother," he says, "going with a pair o boots like that, would ye?"

So the minister looked at him an he says, "Well," he says, "I would not," he says. He says, "I'll give ye a line. Ye can go down to the cobbler's," he says, "down to the village," and he says, "ye can get a pair o boots."

He says, "Thanks very much," he says. He says, "What about some'hin tae eat brother?"

"Oh," he says, "ye can go intae the - the cookhouse," he says, "an get some'hin tae eat."

He went round to the back door an he got some'hin tae eat.

B3 So he takes this tramp man intae the manse and gies him a cup o tea an when the tramp had drunk his tea he says, "Ye want tae learn the Lord's Prayer?"

"Oh yes," says the tramp, he says, "I would like tae get the Lord's Prayer."

"Well," he says, "the first verse," he says, "is 'Our Father which art in Heaven!'"

"Oh hold on, now," says the tramp, he says. "Our Father which art in Heaven." He says, "That makes him out to be your father too, your reverence."

"Oh yes," says the minister, he ways. "He was my father."

And he says, "He was my father?"

"Yes," says the minister, "he was your father too."

"Well," he says, "that makes us out two brothers."

"Yes," says the minister, "quite correct."

So, stickin his fit up like that, he says, "Well, would you see your brother," he says, "goin wi a pair o boots like that?" Ye see.

So the minister looked aback for a while. "Oh no," he says, "I wouldn't," he says. "Here's a line," he says, an he takes his pen oot an writes a line for him. He says, "Take that down to Mr. Robb, the shoemaker," he says, "in the village," an he says, "he'll give ye a pair o boots."

THE LORD'S PRAYER

C3 So they went in an the minister started tae say, "Our Father -"
An the tramp man says, "Just a minute, your Reverence. Was he
your Father?"

"Oh yes," says the minister.

He says, "Was he my Father?"

"Oh yes," he says, "he was your Father."

"Well," says the tramp man, "he says, "if he was your Father an
my Father, you an me must be two brothers."

So the minister says, "Well, puttin it like that, yes," he says,
"we would be."

"Well, surely tae God," he says, "ye wouldnae see your brother
stervin o hunger?" he says. "I havenae had a bite for two days. I'm
really hungry an I'm tired."

"Oh well," he says, "sit down there." An - put him in the porch
of course, [indistinct phrase] an put him in the porch. So away he
went an got oh! plenty tae eat an drink. Tea it would be, I suppose.
Anyway, he was goin away. "Now," he says, "you're sure you still don't
know the Lord's Prayer?"

"No," he says, "well that's what I wantit tae know was whose
Father he was. An you said it was our Father. Your Father an my
Father."

So the old tramp man, ye know, the whole sole was comin off his
boot, an he looked at his feet an he says tae the minister, "Ye
wouldnae surely see your brother goin aboot," he says, "wi his shoes as
far gone as that, his boots."

"Oh," he says, "I don't have any old boots. They wouldn't fit
you anyway."

"Well," he says, "that's gey sair, walkin the roads wi that, an
nae sole on them."

"Just a minute," he says.

So away the minister went an he come back an he'd written oot a
wee note. He says, "Ye'll be goin tae the village?" he says tae the
tramp man.

"Is there a village on this road?" the tramp man says.

"Yes," he says, "jist aboot a mile down the road."

So he gave him a note, but the auld man couldnae read it. Any-
way, he give it to him. He says, "You go the black - to the shoe-
maker's," he says, "in the village. An give him that note from me, an
he'll give ye a pair o boots."

THE LORD'S PRAYER

A4 So he's away down to the village now, an went into the cobbler's. He says, "There's a line," he says, "I got from the minister," he says, an he says, "he told me tae get a pair o boots."
"Oh yes," he says, "what kinna boots dae ye want?"
"Oh," he says, "aye," he says, "the best in the shop. A want the best in the shop."
So he got his pair o boots an he's away.

B4 So the tramp man gets the minister's line an away he goes into the village, goes intae the shoemaker an pits the best pair o boots he has in the shop, cost about five pound, them days. They werè good boots, fur-lined, hand-sewn soles on them. So he gies Mr. Robb the shoemaker the line an gets the boots an away he goes.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

C4 So he's away down now, an he came to the village, into the shoemaker's shop. He showed him the note an he read it. "Oh yes," he says, the shoemaker, he says, "he does that with a lot o people gaun about, that minister. Oh but," he says, "just you go an pick a pair o boots," he says.

 So the tramp man went round aa the boots till he got the best pair he thought would stand the road. 'Cause they were aa hand made in they days.

 He says, "Are they aa right?"

 "Oh yes," he says, the tramp, "they're aa right." he says.

 So the tramp man went away.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

A5 So the minister come down on the Saturday an he says tae the cobbler, he says, "Hallo, John," he says, "how ye gettin on?"
"Nut bad."

B5 So Mr. Robb the following week he's toting up his takings an that an he comes across the line. An he says, "Oh I'll need to go out to the minister an get it paid." The five pound for this boots. So he jumps on his bicycle an he cycles oot tae the minister's hoose, an he goes up an rings the bell. The minister's standin watchin him come up the avenue, through the windae. Rings the bell at the door an the minister comes oot. He says, "Well, Mr. Robb how are ye the day?"
He says, "Oh," he says, "I'm fine," he says, "I just come out," he says, "your reverence," he says, "for tae collect the five pund," he says, "that ye gave tae a beggarman," he says, "tae come in for a pair o boots. Is that right."

THE LORD'S PRAYER

C5 Some time in the next week the minister went doon tae the village, tae see aboot what the tramp took, an the boots he took an what tae pey for them. So he went into the shoemaker's shop. He called the man John.

"Oh it's yourself, Reverence," he says, tae him, tae the minister.

"Yes, it's me," he says. "By the way," he says, "did you have a tramp man in here last week?"

"Aye," he says. "I had that."

"Did you give him a pair o boots?"

"Aye," he says, "he was a fly one that," he says, "he picked the best pair o boots in the shop."

THE LORD'S PRAYER

A6 He says, "I never saw ye at church last Sunday."
"Naw," he says, "A was that busy," he says, "mendin boots an that," he says, "I couldn't get tae the church."
He says, "Dae ye mind on the Lord's Prayer?"
"Oh yes," he says, "I can say the Lord's Prayer."
"Let me hear ye," he says.
"Our Father which art in Heaven," he says.
"Wait a minute," he says, the minister. "He was your Father."
he says.
"Yes."
"He was my Father?"
He says, "Yes."
"An he was thon tramp man's Father that got the pair o boots?"
"He says, "Yes."
"Well," he says, "you pay one half o the boots an I'll pay the other tae your brother!"

B6 "Oh yes," the minister he says, "that's quite correct. But there's something I want tae say tae you. I never saw you at the church," he says, "for weeks an weeks an weeks." He says, "Ye'll be gettin very rusty."
"Oh," he says, "my wife wasnae too well."
"Well," he says, "don't put the blame on your wife," he says. "Ye havenue been at the church for a long time." He says, "I'll bet ye," he says, "ye've even forgot how tae say the Lord's Prayer."
"Oh no," says Mr. Robb the shoemaker, he says, he says, "it's 'Our Father which art in Heaven'."
"Now, now," says the minister, "take your time," he says, "was he your father?"
"Oh yes," says Mr. Robb, "he was my father."
An he says, "He was my father?"
"Yes," says Mr. Robb, he says, "he was your father too, your reverence."
"An that man," he says, "that I sent down to you for a pair o boots," he says, "he was his father too? That tramp man."
"Yes," says Mr. Robb.
"Well," he says, "that makes three brothers."
He says, "Yes."
"Well," he says, "there's two pound ten," he says. "You pay the other half of your brother's boots!"

Maggie: There's a good wee yin for ye.

Sheila: Where did ye hear that one John?

John: My father told me that one, years an donkeys' years ago.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

C6 "I see. Now," he says, "John," he said to the - the shoemaker, he says, "come tae think of it, you havenae been at the church these last two weeks."

"Well," he says, "I was that busy repairing boots and shoes, an making the new boots," he says, "I hadnae time."

He says, "John, do you know the Lord's Prayer?" the minister says.

"Oh yes!" he says.

"Well," he says, "will ye start it for me?"

He says, "Our Father -" [indistinct word] "Our Father" - he just got to "Our Father." The shoemaker says, "He was your Father?"

"Yes," he says, the minister says, "he was my Father."

"Well," he says, "will he be yon tramp man's Father?"

"Oh yes," says the shoemaker. "He's our Father," he says, "everybody's Father."

"Well," he says, "I'll tell ye what tae dae then," he says. "You pay one half o the tramp man's boots an I'll pay the other, seein we've got three brothers."

I.14 THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

A Alec Stewart

A1. This is a story about a shepherd man. He was gettin married and his father and mother were staying with him in his house and he says to his father, "Father, I'm gettin married tomorrow."

"That's be all right," says the old man. So when he got married they had a great big celebration at night. The dancing and playing and music was all in this house. Then the old man came over to his son and he says, "Listen, son, it's only about eleven o'clock and the drink's all finished. What are going to do?"

B Alec Stewart

B1 Away in the north of Scotland there was a wedding party and oh! there was a big crowd coming that night - a big crowd - all the shepherds, gamekeepers, foresters - even the very gentry of the big house was down - and they went on dancing and singing and carrying on intae this house; but the drink went down, the drink went down - it got lower and lower and the glasses were not getting filled wi some o the brands any more.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

C Alec Stewart

C1 Well, this is a shepherd an he stayed away up on the side o the hill. An he was gettin marrit on a Friday. So that got aa thing ready for the marriage, for the reception. So that night they had the piper goin an they had the melodeon goin, fiddles goin - aw, an they were carryin on up until twelve o'clock at night. And the drink got aa finished so the man says, "The drink's aa finished, son. What are we gonnae do?"

D Alec Stewart

D1 This is about a shepherd and his son was gettin married. An all day they were cartin stuff in, ye know, drink an food an all that, an they had a good bit tae go to the town. So night came an they were aa dancin an pipes an fiddles an aa thing was goin on. So it come tae about twelve o'clock an the auld man was sittin at the fire, he was half drunk, ye know. So the young fella cam owre tae him an he says, "Father."

He says, "Yes?"

He says, "The drink's finished."

"Oh no," he says, "aaready?"

He says, "It's all away."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

E Alec Stewart

E1 Well, once upon a time there was a shepherd stayed away in the hill, in the side o the hill and his father and mother. The old man went oot some days but other days he didnae go out because he was gettin kinda - over fifty, gettin too auld for the hill. So the young lad he was out at the sheep and he come back at night and he says, "Father," he says, "I'm gettin too old now. I'm nearly twenty six and I'm not married yet," he says. "I'm goin away to see some girl."

"Oh it's up to you," he says, "son, whatever you do," he says, "what kin o girl is't? Do I know her?"

"Yes," he says, "she's the next farm to us."

"Oh well," he says, "that'd be aa right."

So he went away and he's went wi her for about six months and they got engaged. So the marriage was goin to be in about a fortnight's time. So time rolled on till it come to the day o the marriage. So the auld man, he got a lot of drink in the son got drink it. Oh they had a good time, dancin an that! The son came over to his father and "Father," he says, "the drink's aa finished! What are we gonnae do?" he says. "It's only twelve o'clock."

F John Stewart

A gentleman goin tae get married tae another farmer's daughter. They knew one another, they were neighbours. They were neighbours an they were gonnae get married, an they were holdin a bit of a do in the farm. So they carried on that night, an carried on that night, an they ran oot o drink, as any party would do.

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A2 "Oh, I'll tell ye what we're going to do," says his son. "It's only about three miles to the pub. I'll go and tell the man the drink's aa finished and I'll get a puckle bottles o beer and some whisky."

His father says, "Will ye manage it noo?"

"Oh," he says, "I'll manage it all right. Give my stick, my cromach stick and my shawl and I'll get going."

So he got his stick and his plaid and he's thrown the plaid owre his shoulder and he's down the road. But before he went away his father said to him, "Now, listen, son, if you meet anything on the road don't touch it, and don't say a word to it. Just you march on and never mind it."

"Oh that's all right," says his son, "I'll not speak to anything. What would I see on the road anyway?"

"You never know," says his father. "You might see something."

B2 So the auld man - the host like - he said to the shepherd, his son, he says, "I'll give you some money to go intae the pub to get some beers and whisky," he says, "and ye better take the wheelbarrow wi ye."

So the young man said, "Aye," he said, "I'll do that - but I'll no take the barrow - I'll tak twa creels alang."

"Please yersel," says the auld man, "but dinnae linger on the road - just go straight on."

"Aye," says the young man, "I'll do that."

"I'll be waiting on ye."

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C2 "Och," he says, "it's no that very far," he says, "tae the public hoose," he says. "I'll run along," he says, "an get two or three bottles."

He says, "Aa right then."

So he gets his plaid throwed owre his shoulder and his crook in his han an he's away up the road. But before he went out o the house, the father says, "Now," he says, "if ye meet anything on the road," he says, "son, don't touch it," he says, "an don't say anything. Just keep going."

"Och father," he says, "what am I gonnae see on the road?"

He says, "Ye never know?"

D2 "Well," he says, "ye know what to do," he says. "It's a long way to go," he says, "to the hotel, but ye'll have to go." He says, "The weddin's just startin." The reception like.

So he says, "All right father, I'll go."

So the father says, "I'll gie ye some money."

"Na, na," he says, "you got the last stuff," he says, "I'll buy this stuff."

"All right," he says. "Now," the father says, "if ye meet anything on the road, don't give it any cheek," he says, "or lay ontae't wi a stick. Don't touch it at all," he says. "Just you carry on."

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E2 "Well," he says, "the only thing ye can dae," he says, "is some one o ye can go doon the hotel," he says, "an get some drink. He knows," he says, "that ye're gettin married and he'll not refuse ye."

So the father gave him some money, the young lad he got his cromak stick, ye know, his handkerchief and he put it round his neck and he's away doon the road.

"Now," the father said, "if anything stops ye on the road," he says, "pass it. Don't say nothing to it, jist pass it on."

"Och what's gonnae meet me on the road?"

"Ye never know," he says, "just you pass on."

F2 So the chap that was gonnae get married says, "I tell ye what," he says, "I'll go back tae the hotel for drink," he says, "it's not that far."

This was away up about Glencoe some way. I can tell ye that. No far - roon about Argyllshire on the Glencoe side.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

A3 So he's away on this road and he's marching on this road till he had to go across a wee bridge. So he's crossing over this bridge and there's something just went "wheecht" right by his neck and pulled the muffler off his neck.

 "My goodness," he says, "what was that? My muffler's away ony-
wey. I ken that. Something pulled the muffler off ma neck. But I
cannae look for it the noo. I must go on or I'll be late for the
pub."

B3 So thing young shepherd got his plaid on him and his cromak
stick - and he's on the road now - he's about six mile to go to
the pub - and about halfway down the road he had to go over a wee
bridge that went across a burn. When he crossed the bridge it was gone
half past eleven at night. There was something like a bat come fleein
up his neck and took away his muffler. So he says, "Dash it, what the
heck here is that? My muffler is away." He was looking up and down
the road and he lighted a match but he couldnae get it. So he went
away on and he never minded the muffler.

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C3 So he's marchin on, marchin on, till he come tae this wee bridge, an he felt somethin like a bird flying past him an it took the hale muffler away from his neck.

 "My God," he says, "what's that?" He says, "It must have been some kin o a bird or something," he says, "an it stuck it's feet or somethin. Och," he says, "I'll no bother with it. Ma faither telt me no tae say anythin."

D3 So this shepherd got his big stick wi him an his plaid shawl throwed over his shoulder an he's on the road. So he'd a good long way to go. So he came to tae a wee bridge an aa of a sudden he heard this thing, "Aw haw haw ha, awhaw haw haw haw." It was going like that.

 "My God," he says, "what's that? It must be a cow or somethin in the burn. Na, na," he says, "it's no a cow in the burn," he says. "It's got a voice that thing." So he went across and he lookit owre the bridge an this was a wee totie woman about this size an she was sittin on the edge of the river and she was lookin all round about her, ye know. All of a sudden she was up at the bridge an pulit the - a handkerchief he had tied round his neck, as we ca't a napekin. And she's doon tae the river an she started tae wash this hankie.

 "Ach," he says, "ma father was quite right," he says. "I'll just carry on."

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E3 So he's awa doon this road and then he come tae a bridge an he's whistlin tae himsel when he got tae the top o the bridge and he heard somethin.

 "Hu hu hu hu hu! Hu hu hu hu hu!"

 So he lookit owre the bridge and this was a wee wee woman, totie woman. And he says, "What are ye doin here?"

 "Oh," she says, "is that you?" An she named him by name.

 "How do you know my name?" he says.

 "Oh," she says, "I was waitin fur ye."

 So she got up an flew right past him and went right back doon tae the burn again.

 "My God," he says, "that's a funny woman that."

 So he marches up an went to the hotel. So he came to the hotel and he put his hand to his neck. "My God," he says, "my handkerchief's away! Ach," he says, "I must hae dropped it on the road."

F3 An the boy stopped ye see, an he got the money and he got his walkin stick, went oot the door, an he spit on his stride, an away he goes back five or six miles to the pub for drink, where he can get drink ye see. Now he walks on, walks on, walks on, gets tae the pub, has a couple o drinks tae himsel, buys his drink an gets it in his pockets or whatever way he carried it back and on his road back. See?

 So he comes walkin on an walkin on an walkin on an walkin on home, ye see. An he has tae pass over this wee bridge afore he comes tae his ain fairm place, ye see a wee river goin doon. An he comes tae this wee river an wee bridge cross over. Aha boy! There was a thing like a flash o fire comin oot o the river. An it pulls the muffler off his neck. Y'know the muffler - off his neck.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

A4 So he went on to the hotel. He rapped at the door and he got his drink. So he's comin back over this bridge again an richt up tae the hoose. And he says, "There's the drink father."
 "Oh," says his father, "so you got it?"
 An he says, "Aye, I got it all right."

B4 He got to the pub and he these beers and whisky into his creels, ye see, and he went back home - he got back about two hours after that. When he got back home his father looked at him an says, "Are you feelin aa right?"
 "No," he says, "I think I've caught a chill - I lost my muffler at the bridge doon there."
 "How come?"
 "I don't know father."
 "Och," says the auld man, "never mind, I'll gie ye another one - I've got another one in the kist there."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

C4 So he marched on till he came tae the public house an he got what he wanted. So he marched back again, back tae the hoose an the father said tae him, "Did ye see anything on the road son?"

 "No," he says, "I never seen anythin on the road," he says, "but there was somethin," he says, "took away ma muffler frae aroon ma neck," an he says, "I couldnae get it."

D4 So he carried on till he came to the hotel an he got aa his drink. So he marched back an he heard the same thing goin on at the wee bridge, her rubbin away at his handkerchief. So she - he come up tae the fairm. An he says tae the father, he says, "There's the drink."

 "Well," he says, "did ye meet anything on the road?"

 "Naw," he says, "not - not much," he says. He says, "There's something come up at the burn," he says, "like a wee woman. An it poked the hankie outa ma neck," he says. "I had it tied roon ma neck."

 "My goodness," he says, "aye," he says, "we'll let it go," he says, "it'll no do ony hairm."

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E4 So the hotel keeper come oot. He says, "Oh well, is the drink finished?"

 He says, "Yes," he says, "my father sent me down for to get some more. If it's all right with you, I'll give you the money now."

 So he got his bag an he got his drink intae a bag and he's away. He come to the bridge an he seen the wee woman an she was sittin by the river and she's washin this handkerchief and she's goin, "Hee hee hee hee hee! Hee hee hee hee hee!" She's going washing this handkerchief.

 "My goodness," he says, "she's a funny woman that. Oh well, she's quite entitled to the handkerchief. I'm no wantin it."

 So he marched hame. So he come in and his father says, "Did ye get it?"

 "Oh yes," he says, "I got it."

F4 A wee auld wumman about that size an she's doon by the river an she's dippin the hankie, his muffler, intae the river, intae the river, an she's, "Hee, hee hee hee hee! Hee hee hee hee hee!" An she's laughin an she's washin this wee muffler. Noo this is supposed to be true! This is supposed tae be a true wan. Well, he looks an looks at her. So he just spits on his stick an he steps doon roon the bridge and he puts his hand in like that an he pulls the muffler fae her. No, I'm tellin a lie! He leaves her and he goes straight home, straight home! An he comes intae the hoose, gies them a drink, that he went for.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

A5 So after they're aa drinkin an dancin away, but this young shepherd, he's sittin at the fire an he's gettin drowsy an drowsy and drowsy. Until his father comes over and says, "There's something wrong with you son. What's wrong?"

And his son says, "I cannae tell you father."

And his father says, "Did you meet anything on the road when you were going for the whisky and beer?"

"No, I never met anything but there's something flew past my neck and took away the muffler off my neck."

His father says, "Did you get the muffler?"

And his son says, "No."

"Well," says his father, "you'd better go back and get that muffler. At once."

His son says, "Where's my stick?"

His father says, "You'd better not take the stick with you, because if you take the stick with you, it'll maybe worse for you."

But his son says, "Give me my stick father." So he got the stick.

"Now," his father says, "don't touch it - whatever it is - don't touch it."

B5 So he gied him a drink and oh, they're carryin on boozing, pip-
ing and dancing and that - and this young man he's sitting at
the fire and he's getting drowsier and drowsier - and he's drowsing
away at the fire and the father cam across and he says, "Hey," he says,
"what's wrong wi you?" he says. "You must hae got twa-three drinks
when you were in the pub."

"Never touched it," says the young chap, "but I feel awful
weak."

So who was in the house but the minister and he cam owre to him
and he says, "What's wrong wi you, John?"

"I don't know."

"Well, John," he says, "what happened to you when you went down
the road?"

"Nothing happened to me," he says, "only thing - this muffler
that went awa - somebody fetched ma muffler and took it awa."

"Och," says the minister, "you better go and get your hurricane
lamp and go back to the river - the bridge - and try and get the muff-
ler back - for it you don't, you're coopered."

"Can I no ask ma father, 'cause I'm awful weary?"

"No, no," says the minister, "you must go yourself."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

C5 "Well," he says, "time ye were away back an gettin it," he says.
"Go back at once," he says, "an get it."
"But father," he says, "I donnae want the muffler."
He says, "You don't want the muffler," he says, "but that muffler will do you harm if you don't go back an get it."
"All right, father," he says, "I'll go back for it."

D5 But the longer - the young shepherd he sats down at the fire-side. And the longer he sats, the weaker he was gettin. He's closin his eyes an he's fa'in forward like that. So the auld man came across. He says, "What's wrong wi ye?"
He says, "I'm gettin weak as water."
He says, "You better haud back," he says, "to that river," he says, "an get that handkerchief. If she makes a hole in it," he says, "there'll be a hole in your heart."

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E5 So he went and sat down and he took a drink the man and put aa the drink on the table. So they were aa dancin an playin and this boy, he's beginning tae get sleepy, the shepherd, the young shepherd. The father came owre tae him, he says, "Whit's wrang wi ye? Ye're no drunk, are ye?"

 "No me," he says, "I only took two drinks the night."

 "Well, what's wrong wi ye?"

 He says, "I don't know," he says, "I'm gettin weaker an weaker an weaker."

 "My God," he says, "did anything stop ye," he says, "on the road?"

 "No," he says, "it didnae stop me," he says, "but there was a wee woman," he says, "down at the burnside and," he says, "she pulled the handkerchief off my neck and she wash't it."

 "Oh my goodness," says the auld shepherd. "Time you was down there and get that handkerchief from her quick!"

 So he got the stick and he's away down and "Don't touch it," the auld man says, "jist take the handkerchief from her. Don't touch her!"

F5 His bride to be was there an aa the folks carry on an are havin a drink or two. An the more the night went on, the sicker he got. Y'know what I mean? He started be fadin, fadin, fadin. So the auld man, the oul man that was in says, "What's wrong?" he says, "Donal?"

 "Oh," he says, "nothin. Jist dinnae feel too good."

 He says, "Something happened the night, wasn't there?"

 He says, "No." He kept denying it for a long time, y'know.

 "Oh but," he says, "there must have been somethin," he says. "Tell me what happened."

 So Donald telt him aboot the wee woman, jumpin up at the burn, an takin the muffler off his neck and startin washin it at the burn.

 "Ha ha! Well," says the auld man, "the quicker you're back there Donald and take your muffler," he says, "the better. Because," he says, "the mair she rubs at that hankie, she's rubbin a hole in your hairt," he says, an he says, "go back an get it. But," he says, "don't interfere wi her in no way." An he says, "If ye dinnae," he says, "the mair she's rubbin a hole in your hairt."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

A6 So the shepherd he's away back the road now and back the road till he come to the wee bridge. And he looked over the bridge on a moonlight night and he heard something crying, "Eeh he he! Eeh he he!"

 "My goodness," he says, "what's that?"

 He went down to the water's edge and he looked and he saw a wee woman - oh just a fairy old woman and she was sittin at the burnside and she was washing this muffler. And she's washing it and washing it and washing it.

 "Oh," he says, "it was you that took my muffler from round my neck, was it? You're the one that took it? You'd better give it to me."

 And he put down his hand and he plucked it from her. "I'll mak you you won't take a muffler from another man." So he spat on his stick and he gave three wallops at this wee woman at the burnside and the wee woman's roarin and she's jumpin about six or seven feet in the air. So he got tired layin into this wee woman an he went away home.

B6 So the shepherd went back down to the bridge - and he looked over the bridge and he saw a wee toattie man - oh just like a wee fairy - or like a leprechaun - and he's sittin intae this burn and he's haudin this young chap's muffler between his hands - rubbin it threadbare - and he goes, "Heeheeheehee! Heeheeheehee!!" An dipped it in the water and again he goes, "Heeheeheeheehee! Heeheeheehee!" In the water ye see.

 So the shepherd says, "O my God what's this?"

 So he goes down to the water an he caught the muffler an he gied it a pull - and when he looked at it he could see it was nearly worn through wi the wee fairy rubbin it.

 He looked at the wee man and he says, "I'll make you rue wearing my muffler through like that." An he set about him wi his stick and beat him black and blue: he would have killed him but the thing disappeared you see.

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C6 So he went back to the bridge an he heard something crying, "Hee heeheeheehee, heeheeheeheehee." So he went over to the bridge and lookit over an this is a wee wee woman and she's sittin at the water side and she was washin the hankie, sittin washin the hankie at the burnside.

"Aha," he says, "I see where ma muffler went noo." So he went right round and down tae the bank o the river an he caughted the muffler an pullt it away fae the auld wumman's hands and pit it in his pocket an it was just a wee totey wumman. So he got - spit on his stick an he gien her - he thought he was hittin the oul wumman, but the oul wumman was jumpin owre the stick. Every time he made a welt at her, she would jump owre the stick. So he went away an back home.

D6 So he's right away back tae the bridge. An he heard her goin at it an goin at it. So he got richt through the side o the bridge and he caughted the handkerchief like that and he pulled it from her an stuck it in his pocket. "Now," he says, "I'm gonnae give ye something tae - tae craw about." So he spat on his stick an he gied her a walt like that! But she jumpit, ye know - an the stick went underneath her. An every time he'd mean tae welt her, she could always jouk the stick, wherever she was goin. He says, "I cannae hit ye," he says, "what-ever's wrong," he says, "A cannae hit ye but," he says, "I'll get ye some other time."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

E6 So he went down to the river and she was sittin. "Hee hee hee hee hee!" at this burnside. So he went roond the outside o the - and snapped the handkerchief from her.

"Now," he says, "ye wee devil," he says, "I'm goin tae cut the lugs aff ye!" So he took his cromak stick and he made a wind at her, you know, wi the cromak stick, but she jumpit owre like that, jumpit back and he couldnae touch her.

"Ach well," he says, "I'm goin away tae leave ye," he says. "I cannae touch ye at aa," he says, "you're too smart for me." So he went away back home again.

F6 So Donal gets his stick an goes oot the door and walks five or six miles back to the road till he come tae the wee river. An she's still sittin. "Hee hee hee hee hee! Hee hee hee hee hee!" Look-in up in his face, y'know, wi the hankie. He steps doon an he grabs the hankie fae her an he hits the thing five or six times wi the stick. He gave her a ruddy lickin, this wee auld wumman, pits the hankie in his pocket an comes straight home see?

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A7 "Well," his father sas, "did ye get your muffler back?"
He says, "Aye, I have it in my pocket here. There it is."
So his father looked at it and he held it between him an the lamp that was on the mantelpiece and he looked and he saw that it was threadbare. "It's threadbare," he says. "If that had gone right through that, there would have been a hole in your heart and you would have died. She would have rubbed a hole in your heart." He says, "I hope you didn't touch her."
"Oh no," says his son, "I never touched her. I only gave her three or four whacks with this stick."
"Laddie," his father says, "you shouldn't have touched her, because that woman will haunt you all the days of your life."

B7 He cam hame and the minister he says, "Well, did you get your muffler?"
He says, "Aye."
Says he, "Let me see it." So the minister got the muffler and he's lookin at it. "Another ten minutes," he says, "and your heart would have stopped beating - when you'd get a hole in this muffler, then your heart would have stopped beating - it's a good thing you got it," he says. "Did you touch the wee man when you got back?"
Says the shepherd, "I laid on it for aboot half an hour - I dinnae ken whether I hurt it or no."
"Well," says the minister, "ye shouldnae hae touched it - and you'll know that within two or three night."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

C7 "Well," he says, "I got ma muffler father."
An he says, "Did ye see anything?"
"Oh aye," he says, "I seen a wee woman," he says, "an she was
rubbin an washin ma hankie at the waterside."
He says, "Did ye touch her?"
"Oh," he says, "I gien her a layin on," he says.
"Oh," he says, "ye'll rue that," he says, "for touchin the oul
wumman."

D7 So the shepherd went back an he's sittin at the fire.

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E7 So his father said, "Well, did ye get it?"

 "Oh aye," he says, "I got it," he says, "but I couldnae get hittin at her at aa," he says.

 "Did ye try tae hit her?"

 He says, "Yes, I tried tae hit her."

 "Well," he says, "ye'd no damned right," he says. "You're gon-nae pay for that," he says.

 "How can I pay for a wee woman like that?" he says.

 "Aa right," he says, "let me see your handkerchief," he says. "See that wee hole in it?" he says. "Just threadbare. If she'd got through wi that," he says, "you would hae been dead. Every bit she was taking away off it, she was - it was making a bigger hole in your heart."

 "Oh my goodness," the young shepherd says, "that's terrible!"

 "Well," he says, "ye shouldn't hae touched her, you should just hae taken the handkerchief and come away."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

A8 So oh! a week passed an he's sitting at this fireside, the shepherd with his young wife. He's taking his supper about six or seven o'clock at night and a rap come to the door. So the woman went out to see what it was but ah! there was nobody there. So couldn't see anybody. So went back in and sat down again. A rap come again.

 "Wait a minute," he says to his young wife, "I'll go out this time and see if I see somebody."

B8 So the young shepherd was sitting by the fire now - the next night - everything was past - him and his wife they had a pitch and toss that night - and they're sittin at the fire.

 A rap comes at the door. So she went out but there was nobody there. He says, "Och it must hae been the wind a-blawin the knocker." But another knock cam to the door - louder this time and she went out again - and there was nobody there. So she went back in again - and the rap cam again - and this time he went out.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

C8 But och! a week passed an he was sittin in his own house now, away up the side o a hill. An one night he come in an he was sittin at the fire an a rap come tae the door.

So the wumman rose an she went out an she lookit aa roon, an she says, "There's naebody here." Shut the door again, went an sat down again.

A rap comes again. "Ach," he says, "I'll go masel this time," he says.

D8 So time wore on. Him an his wife shifted an went up tae a wee hoose up on the side o the hill. So one night there was a rap at the door. So she went out to see what it was. Couldnae see nothin. She says, "There's nobody there."

"Oh it must be," he says, "I heard the rap aa right."

Says she, "I heard it too, but there's nobody there."

So she comes in an sits by the fire; he was at one side and she was at the other. An this rap came to the door again. So she went oot again. No one there!

"My goodness gracious," he says, "there must be somebody there," he says. "If he [indistinct phrase] A'll g'out."

So the rap came a third time. He says, "I'll g'out now." So he went.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

E8 So he's mairrit and he's away to his own house now. So they were sittin there oh! for about six month and one night they were sittin at the fire, him an her, and she says, "D'ye hear any knockin Tam?"

 "No," he says. "I dinnae hear any knockin - oh aye," he says, "I hear it now." He says, "I'll go out an see who it is at the door." So he went out and he went out on the step an he looked roon aboot it. He says, "There's nobody there."

 He shut the door again, come in an sat doon. A rap came again. She went out this time. "Now," she says, "there's nobody there. I can't see anybody." So they're sittin again and the rap come again. So he took his cromak stick an he went oot and this is the wee woman.

F8 That was aaright. The mairriage went off aaright. The drink went off aaright. But the next night (knock, knock, knock, knock) at the door! The auld man went tae the door. He says, "There's naebody there." (Knock, knock, knock, knock.) Goes to the door again. Says, "There's naebody there." See? Two or three went, there naebody there. Then (Knock, knock, knock, knock) it's Donal that went, Donal that went.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

A9 So he went out and this was the wee woman. "Here shepherd," she says, "you are to fight me one hour a night for a year."
"Fight you?" he says. "Nobody could fight, you're owre wee."
"Ah, but," she says, "I'm a wee woman the noo, but wait a minute
So she turned herself and it was the Devil and he was standing at the door. "Come on," he says, "shepherd, me and you must have a fight for one hour every night for a year."

B9 When he opened the door there was something caught him by the neck and he pulled him out; and there was a big voice says, "You're the one - it's you I want - you're the one that laid into me at the riverside."- but it was a great big man this time. So the two of them are fighting with each other, fighting and fighting, and the big fellow says, "I want to give you punishment for what you did to me at the river."

"But it was you that started it - and you would hae killed me through the muffler," says the young shepherd.

"Never mind that," says the big man. "You'll have to fight me for three night - and if ye cannae stand up tae me, I'll take you away wi me - you know who I am?"

"No."

He says, "I am the Devil."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

C9 So he went oot tae the door an when he went oot tae the door he shut the door behind him an the wumman's sittin an waitin an waitin an waitin till he come back trailin in.

D9 Whatever caught him by the breist tae pull him oot, this was the wee woman. She says, "You're tae fight me," she says, "for a year and a day." She says, "You gave me a hammerin," she says, "down at the - at the bridge, down at the riverside an you're tae fight me," she says, "for a year and a day."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

E9 "Aye," says she, "I've waited this six months for you tae get you at your own door. You tried to hit me," she says, "when I was doon at the river thonder, at the burn."

"Ah but," he says, "you stole my hankie."

"You could hae taken your hankerchief," she says, "and I wouldn't ha touched ye. Now," she says, "ye've tae fight me for seven year."

"Oh I couldn't do that," he says, "fight a wee woman like you. Oh I don't -"

"Don't go by my size," she says, "for I can grow just like that."

F9 Donald went oot, he sees it was the wee auld wumman from the burn, the wee auld wumman, "Hee hee hee hee hee." It was her! An she says, "Donald, you think you done a great thing, didn't ye? Well, for seven year and a day, you have to fight me."

Donald says, "Oh for God's sake," he says, "a wee auld cratur like you?" he says, "I dinnae want tae have tae fight you."

"You have tae fight for a year and a day."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

A10 So he's fighting this Devil and fighting this Devil and oh! he came in half bended doon, sore and bruised and his face all cut.

 "My goodness," says his wife, "what happened?"

 "Oh nothing at all," he says, "I must have fallen down there."

B10 So he fought him and fought him and fought him for about half an hour without stop until he came crawling in on his hands and knees. So his wife says, "I'll have to get the doctor, there's something wrong wi you."

 "No, no," he says, "there's nothing wrong wi me," he says, "and when I'm like this the first night, what will I be like the second night?"

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

C10 He walkit on his hands and knees in at the door.
"My God," she says, "what's wrong wi you?"
He says, "I had tae fight wi the Devil," he says, "the oul wum-
man," he says, "that took the muffler off ma neck, was the Devil! An
I've tae fight wi the Devil," he says, "for seven years."

D10 So the first night wasnae sae bad. He had a black an blue spot
aa owre his body but he wasnae bad that time. He can walk in.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

E10 So he come in an he was aa sore aa roon his body was sore.
 "My goodness," she says, "where were ye?"
 "Och I was jist oot there," he says.
 "Well," she says, "ye're awfy tired lookin."
 "I know," he says, "one o the bulls came oot o the shed," he
says, "and I had tae run efter it."

F10 Aw that night Donald had tae crawl in on his hands and knees!

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

All So for about three months he done that till he said to the young wife and his father, "I cannae stand it no longer, father." And he told his father what it was.

 "I told you," his father says, "not to meddle with yon wee woman. You shouldn't have touched her. The best thing you can do is pack up an go to America. Then he'll no ken where ye are."

 The shepherd says, "I never thocht o that."

B11 So the next night cam the same way - chap at the door - chap, chap at the door - and the man went oot again and they started fighting again, and he was in worse shape that night than the night before.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

C11 So the next night was the same. Aw it went on for weeks like that. He says, "I cannae stand it any longer," he says, "I must go."

"Well," she says, "one thing ye can do," she says, "is get the boat an go away tae Canada or America."

D11 But it wore on an wore on an wore on till he was crawlin on his hands and knees intae the hoose. Until it come last - near the last day. He says, "I cannae stick it no longer," he says. He says, "I'm gonnae shift."

"Where can ye go?" she says.

He says, "I'm goin tae Canada," he says.

"Well," she says, "I'll stay here tae ye come back." When the year and the day's up, like.

"All right," he says, "I'll go. I may get a job over there for two or three weeks anyway," he says.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

E11 Next night it was the same. They were comin aboot five years and he was gettin aulder an aulder an aulder and tireder and tireder.

"There's somethin wrong wi you," the wife said.

"No." So he told her everything that happened.

"Well," she said, "the best thing you can do is to get a ticket to go to Canada or America."

He says, "That's what I'll do," he says.

F11 It went on that way for a month tae his auld man and his auld wife telt him tae go an jine the army.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

A12 So he packed up and he went to America. And he was on the boat one night on the deck and at a certain time this man, the Devil, was standing waiting for him and he says, "You needn't try to get away to America, shepherd. You're to fight me, no matter where you are. You're to fight me for one hour every night."

So the two of them are fighting and fighting on the deck, but the captain comes down and he says, "What are you doing shepherd?" He couldn't see the Devil but he could see the shepherd battering away at something.

So when he landed in America he thought, "There's no use me bidding here, I'll have to go away back home again, for he's here, just like he was at home."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

C12 So he got his things packed an he landed doon tae Southampton an he got the boat tae Canada. The first night on the boat somebody touched him on the shoulder. He says, "Ye needna try tae get away," he says, "ye must fight for seven years, doesnae matter ye were at the other side o the world. Ye must fight for the seven year," he says, "every night."

 So he had tae fight again that night till landed in Canada an he took the boat right back again an he fought every night till he came back tae his ain hoose.

D12 So he got the boat and he's away. The first night the rap came to the cabin door. "Come on," he says, "shepherd," he says, "ye've a long way to go yet. Come on," he says, "tae A gie ye anither hammerin."

 So he's oot an he's fightin owre the deck, this wee woman. An she battered him useless. An he crawled intae the - till he landed in at the next - the - owre in Canada. He just turned roon aboot an peyed his passage back.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

E12 So he went and booked his passage paid his money and went away. On the boat the first night a rap come to his cabin door. He says, "This must be the captain or some o them wantin tae see me." So he went to the door and this was the wee woman.

 "Ye neednae try it," she says. "Doesnae matter you go to the other side o the world, I'll be there." So he had tae fight her till he landed in America and coming back on the boat he had to fight every night, coming back on the boat.

F12 He went and joined the army an the first night he was in the army (knock, knock, knock, knock) "Donal, come oot!" Battered again, battered seek. He joined the navy. The first night in the boat (knock, knock, knock, knock) "Donal!" An right oot.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

A13 So he came home again and he fought him for a year. And the last night, the Devil says, "Now this is the last night shepherd. This is the hardest night of the lot. You're a hardy man shepherd, you're a hardy man."

So they started to fight and fight and fight and fight. And the shepherd came crawling in on his hands and knees. "Wife," he says, "I'm about done. I'm finished. Put me to my bed." So he went to his bed and he lay down for three days. And who come the next morning but the nurse and the doctor. And the doctor says, "What happened to you?"

He says, "I'm sorry doctor, I can't tell you."

"You're bruised all over," says the doctor. "You're black and blue. But I'll give you some kind of ointment here to rub on yourself and see if it'll do any good."

So he took the box of ointment and he rubbed it all over himself and it was no use at all. Didn't do any good.

B13 And the third night he was worse still. Come midnight the third night and the Devil says to him, "My time's up and you're still on your feet," he says. "But another ten minutes and you'd be mine - but you'll be six months in hospital after this for what you did to me at the riverside," says he.

"And from now on remember this: never again hit anything at the riverside smaller than yourself."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

C13 An for seven year that man was intae hospital, out o hospital, intae hospital, out o hospital, till the seven years was up.

D13 An up tae his ain hoose an he fought for a year and a day. An he lay for about six month after.

The doctor attended him and the doctor asked him, he said, "What happened to ye?"

He says, "I cannae tell ye," he says, "I cannae tell ye."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

E13 And when he come hame he crawled on his hands and knees in through the door.

"My God," the woman says, "what happened tae ye?"

"That man followed me," he says. "Followed me! And I'm sore the whole -" he says.

She says, "I better send for the doctor?"

He says, "Ye better no send for the doctor. The wee woman'll know."

"I'll send for the doctor," she says.

So they sent for the doctor and he looked when he come. He says, "You must ha got an affa beatin wi somebody. You're black and blue all over."

"I know," he says. "I got tossed wi the bull."

"Ha," he says, "tossed wi the bull?" he says. "Has he any horns?"

"Oh no," he says, "if it had horns I wad be dead noo."

F13 "Well, these are funny bruises you've got," he says, "for a bull to do."

But he'd only six month tae dae wi this auld woman. So the last night come, and she says, "Now," she says, "that'll be a lesson to you. Don't hit everything that ye see."

It fought him for seven year and a day. It didnae actually kill him, it tortured him. For seven year and a day!

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

A14 But on the Sunday night there was a chap come to the door. The young woman went out and this was the wee woman. She says, "I hear your husband's lyin in bed."

His wife says, "Aye."

And the wee woman says, "Could I see him?"

And his wife says, "Oh aye, come in and you'll see him."

So the wee woman came in and the shepherd looked and he said, "Oh you're back again."

"Ah but," she says, "I'm no here for to do you any harm. I'm here to cure ye."

He says, "How can you cure me?"

She says, "Well, sit up a minute." So he sat up in the bed and she gave his back a rub like that and down the front of him. And all his face and all his body. "Now," she says, "get up and get on your clothes. I'm away. You'll never see me again. I'm away."

So he got up and he started to dance and "I'm cured," he says. "That was the woman I had to fight every night for a year, and she's cured me." So that's the last o ma story.

B14 So that's the last of my story. Is it any good?

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

C14 An he was a cripple aa the days o his life efter that! An that's supposed to be true. Last time I saw him he was down in Blairgowrie at the berry picking.

D14 So that's the last o ma story and the last time I was up there he was fit an well an he gien me a cup o tea an some bread and cheese.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WEE WOMAN

E14 And she says, "I'll leave ye noo. You'll be all right," she says, "one ye get onto the door," she says, "aa the soreness'll leave you."

So he went back into the house and he was as fresh as a daisy. An that's the last o ma story.

F14 An the last day that it done it, it says, "Donal, lay your hand there. You're a hell of a good man! You'll have good luck, 'cause I'm givin it to ye."

I.15 JOHNNY IN THE CRADLE

A Andrew Stewart

A1 It was a man in a farm, and ... a man and his wife ... they werenae long married, ye see, and they'd a wee kiddie, and they christened its name Johnnie, see? But it was a very crabbit wee baby this, it was always goin' "nyaaa, nyaaa, nyaaa," jist that way a' the time, ye see. So here, there was another neighbor man, the tailor, used to come up an visit this farm, ye see (he'd a small croft). And when they come up tae the farm, they used always to have a wee drink o' whiskey between them, ye see, and a bit talk and a gam o' cards, and somethin' like that, ye see. So anyway, it was the day o' the market (I think in them days, if I can mind, it's every six month, or every year, there was a market day); they went away - they loaded up their van wi' pigs or anything, cattle, they went away tae the market with them. So, it was a very warm day, and just as usual, Johnnie wasnae growin', it was aye about the same size nae gettin' oot o' the bit, and it was aye goin' "nyaaa, nyaa," greetin' away.

B Andrew Stewart

B1 A man and his wife were not married and they had a wee kiddie ca'd Johnnie but he was always crying and never satisfied.

C Alec Stewart

C1 There were once a tailor. Know what a tailor is? [voices indistinct - Alec says, "No, no."] and he travelled the country instead of having a shop or anything, he just travelled the country right around. An every place he got an order, he stayed there till he made what was ordered. So he come tae this wee farm and he rapped at the door. The man come out. "Aw," he says, "is that you tailor?"

He says, "Yes," he says, "are ye needin anything the day?"

"Oh yes," he says, "I was just gonnae send for ye," he says, "because I want a suit o clothes made."

"Oh," he says, "have you got any room for me?"

"Oh yes," he says, "I've got a room." An he says, "Ye can shift the bed."

"Well," he says, "I'm here tae an I'll just shift it."

So he went intae the room and he heard this wee bairn greetin ye know. An it was goin, "uhuh-huh! Uhuh-huh!" Sore greetin aa the time. And "Oh my God," says the tailor, "what's wrong wi the bairn?"

"Oh," he says, "he was like that since he was born."

"What age is he?"

"He's about eighteenth month old. He gret like that since he was born." He says, "We've tae shove him intae anither room tae get get sleepin."

"My goodness, that's terrible," he says. He says, "Ach but he'll no bother me," he says. "I'll just make your suit."

D John Stewart

D1 This tailor - he knew the man and woman, Mrs. Mackinnon and her man. Comin in, he says, "I see Geordie's aa right yet." This wumman had a bairn in the cradle and oh! it was a good age but it never grew. Know what I mean? It never grew. It just lay there like a wee infant, "Nyah, nyah, nyah, nyah," in this cradle on top o a bed o straw wi a bit o blanket over it, ye know what I mean. 'Cause in them days they didnae have mattresses or anything like that, beds wi straw, ye know.

So the next day the minister came, was passin and he says - minister comes in an he says tae the father, he says, "I never see you," he says, "nor your wife doon at the church nowadays Mr. Mackinnon," he says. "What's wrong?"

"Well," he says, "tae tell ye the truth," he says, "A'm that busy roon the farm," he says, "your reverence," he says, "and the wife's that busy," he says, "wi Johnny," he says, "because there's aye somebody tae be wi him. You know that yoursel, an we cannae get."

E John Stewart

E1 Well, I'm gonnae tell ye that story A was talkin tae ye aboot - Johnny in the Cradle. Well, ye see, years an years an years ago, before my time or your time, tailors used tae travel from farm tae farm sewing up the people's clothes an makin skirts an trousers an suits for the men an one thing an another like that.

Now this tailor landed at this farm an he was there for a week, a Mr. Jackson we'll call the man. He says, "Were ye round at So-an-So a farm?"

He says, "No I havenae gone round it yet." He says, "I'm meanin to go that way."

"Well," he says, "I saw him," he says, "the other day and he was askin me was the tailor roond, because, he says, he wants ye tae make some skirts for his wife and a suit for her - for hissel."

He says, "An how's Johnny gettin on?"

"Och," this farmer he says, "Johnny's aye thonder, same wey," he says, "this last fifteen or twenty year," he says, "thon cratur's still the same, lyin in the cradle," he says, "swingein away." Ye see?

Now the tailor goes round the next day into this farm an he comes in. He says, "How's Mr. Bruce?"

"Oh no so bad. I've got some work for ye, Jimmy."

"Aye, well. How's Johnny gettin on? He's lyin in the cradle there, "Nyaa, nyaa, nyaa," an away on in the cradle all the time, ye see, girnin!

So the tailor sits doon an gets his tea, he's shewin claes an suits an things tae the wumman an that.

So the next day - or two days efter that, the minister comes tae the door, aboot something. An he says, "Mr. Bruce, I've never seen ye at the church," he says, "for a while," he says.

"No," says the mini- says the fermer, he says, "I havenae been doon," he says, "your reverence," he says, "I cannae get," he says, "things is that busy," he says, "an I've naebody tae look efter Johnny," he says, "ye know that fine," he says, "yersel."

JOHNNY IN THE CRADLE

A2 So here, they were in the ... down in the byre. The man was cleanin' oot the byre, ye see, an' the man says ... the tailor says to the farmer, he says, "You're awfy worried-lookin'," he says. "What's wrong wi' ye?"

 "Och," he says, "it's market day the morn," he says; "my wife," he says "me and the wife had a bit o' a row," he says. "And ... she wanted to come wi' me tae the market. She's been ... stayed closed in the hoose, watchin' the wean," he says, "and that," he says, "she's gettin' kin' o' fed-up. She wants to go tae the market, she wants tae buy some things. And she's naebody to watch the wean."

 "Oh, but," says the tailor, he says, "I'll no see naebody ... wee Johnnie wantin' a nurse. I'll nurse the wean - see? so - if she wants to go."

 So the man says, "No, no" he says, "I dinnae think she wad let ye doe that, but we'll gae roon an' see anyway."

 So he went roon wi' the tailor, and he asked his wife if she wad let the tailor watch Johnnie till they would get a day at the market.

B2 There was a neighbour near, a tailor and it came to market day and Johnnie was aye greeting and never growing. And the wife wanted to get a day at the market, so the tailor said he'd stay and watch wee Johnnie.

JOHNNY IN THE CRADLE

C2 So one day, on a Friday it was, the fairmer come in and he says, "I wonder could ye look efter Johnny?" he says. "He's in the cradle ben the room," he says. "Ye can take your stuff ben there," he says, "and make the suit."

 "Oh," he says, "that'll be all right."

 So he took his stuff and went intae the room - intae the ither room. So Johnny he's greetin away and greetin away an greetin away. So the tailor's aye watchin him, ye know. The fairmer says, "Well, I'm away then," he says. "I hope ye'll no be bothert wi Johnny."

 "Not at all," he says. "You go away," he says, "to the market an I'll look after Johnny."

D2 So the tailor he pops up. He says, "Well," he says, "the morn's Sunday," he says. "Why do you and Mr. McKinnon no go," he says, "tae the church the mornin and I'll watch Johnny?" he says. "He'll only dae wi me," he says, "what he's daein wi you," he says, "jist lie an girn." He says, "An A can gie him," he says, "his bit drop o milk."

 So, "Oh," the wumman says, "that's right enough," she says. An she says, "We ken you tailor," she says, "this while comin back an for-rit, daein wur claes for 'im an we ken ye'd watch him right enough."

 So the man says, "Well, well," he says, tae the minister. "We'll be doon," he says, "tae the kirk the morn," he says. "Sunday."

JOHNNY IN THE CRADLE

E2 So the tailor speaks up, "Well," he says, he says, "Mr. Bruce," he says, "if you want tae go tae the church, you an your wife," he says, "wi me bein here," he says, "makin claes for ye, sewin up claes fur ye," he says, "I could watch Johnny," he says, "for the Sunday," he says. He says, "He'll dae nae mair wi you," he says, "than what's he's done - dae nae mair wi me that what he's done wi you, is sit girnin in that cradle."

 So Mr. Bruce says, "Well," he says, "that's very good o ye," he says, "tailor," he says. "I'll see what the wife says," he says, "an I'll let ye ken, the night."

 So the minister went away an that night the wife says, "We'll just go tae the church then," she says, "tailor," she says, "if you watch Johnny the morn."

 "Oh ay," [indistinct word], the tailor, "that'll be fair enough," he says, "I'll watch him aa right."

A3 So the woman was pleased, you see, and the next morning come (to make a long story short). The next morning come, and they packed up their van, yoked up the horses - I think it was two horses they had in them days - and away they went to the market. So the man was in, and he was doin' somethin', the tailor, sewin' at a pair o' trousers or makin' a suit, or somethin' at the side o' the fire, finishin' off a job, and he hears a voice sayin':

 "Is my mother and faither awa?" See?

 So the tailor looks roond, and didnae think but for one minute it was the baby that was talkin', See? So he looks roond, he goes over tae the windae, he looks oot the windae, and he could see nothin'. He goes back and sits in the chair again. He thought the baby was sleepin'; it had stopped cryin'.

 So he hears the voice sayin' again, "Is my mother and my faither awa tae the market? Are they awa?"

 So he looks roond, and this was the baby haudin' wi' its wee hands at each side the pram; it was sittin' up. And it says ...

B3 So he was sittin sewing by the fire and a voice said, "Is ma mother and ma faither awa?" He couldn't think it was the baby speaking so he went and looked out of the window, but there was nothing and he heard it again. "Is ma mother and ma faither awa?" And there it was, sitting up, wi its wee hands gripping the sides of the cradle. "There's a bottle o whisky in the press," it says. "Gie's a drink." Sure enough there was one and they had a drink together.

A3 (Contd)

Of course, the tailor was a wee bit ... he got kin' o' feared like, an' he looks at the baby and he kin' o' kep' hissels', an' he says, "Yes," he says, "they're away tae the market, Johnnie," he says. "What is it?"

He says, "If you look in the boddom press," he says, "there's a bottle o' whiskey," the baby says, "take it oot an gie me a wee taste." See?

So he takes the bottle o' whiskey oot ... He went and sure enough the tailor he opened up the boddom o' the press, and here was the bottle o' whiskey, and teemed oot some for the wee baby - the wee baby took the whiskey an' drunk it. See?

JOHNNY IN THE CRADLE

C3 So they're away for about two or three miles on the road. And Johnny lookit - he stoppit greetin all of a sudden. So the tailor looked owre. He says, "My God," he says, "he's stoppit greet-in."

"Aye," he says, "I've stoppit greetin aa right," he says. He says, "Are they far away?"

"Oh aye," he says, "they're about two or three mile away."

D3 So the next day the farmer goes out an he yokes the horse intae the gig, y'know, this machine. An his wife pits on her best coat an her hat, an she goes oot an she gets intae the gig wi the man an they drives away, to go tae the kirk, remember. They had three miles to go or something like that.

So they were just no long away when the girnin stopped in the cradle. An the tailor he's sittin at the big peat fire, tough peats they burned. Big fire was on; the tailor's sittin sewin away. An the girning stopped and the tailor looked at it. Boy! It's lookin at the tailor wi beady eyes. Know what I mean? An a sensible look on its face. An it says, "Tailor!"

Tailor says - the tailor was a real old fashioned suspicious man that knew everything about these, an hearin stories about it, ye see? He days, "What is it Johnny?"

He says, "Ma mither and faither'll be a guid bit doon the road now."

He says, "Oh aye, they'll be a guid bit doon the road Johnny."

"Wad ye like a dram tailor?" Ye see?

The tailor, says, "Where ye gonnae get it Johnny?" he says. "The presses," he says, "is aa locked up."

"Oh but," he says, "A'll no be long in opening the presses, tailor."

And it jumped oot o its cradle, boy, an it went to the press, an (breathes hard) its breath on the lock, opened the press, took oot the bottle o whisky an the glasses, yin tae the tailor an yin tae itself, boy. Yin tae the tailor and yin tae itsel.

JOHNNY IN THE CRADLE

E3 So Mr. and Mrs. Bruce they gets up the next day an they yokes the horse an the trap an away they goes tae the church. Ye see?

 Noo the tailor he was sittin sewin up people's claes, a pair o troosers he was sittin sewin up. An all of a sudden, the "Egh, egh," stopped, just like that, ye see? An the tailor lookit roon like that, he says, "That you stoppit greetin, Johnny?"

 Now Johnny never spoke tae nobody in his life, y'know what A mean? He was just a wee croil. He says, "Aye," he says, "ma father an mother should be a good bit on the road to the church noo."

 "Aye," says the tailor, "they should be a good bit down the road, Johnny," he says.

 "Well," he says, "if I gie ye a drink," he says, "if I gie ye a drink, a good dram," he says, "ye'll no tell ma mother an faither?"

 "Naw," says the tailor, "I'll no tell, Johnny," he says, "God forbid, I wouldnae tell on naebody."

 He says, "Well, wait there then."

 But the tailor says, "Ye neednae Johnny," he says, "every press and drawer in the hoose is locked up, ye know that yersel."

 "Ah but," he says, "I'll get it."

 So he jumps oot o his cradle an he's aboot this size, way - way over tae the press, ye see, an he does, "Whoo! Whoo!" huffin on the lock, pulls it oot wi a bottle o whisky an two glesses. Ye see? Yin tae the tailor and yin tae himsel, ye see, an anither couple.

JOHNNY IN THE CRADLE

A4 So it says, "Are there ony pipes ... hae ye got a set o' pipes in the hoose?" "No' me," says the tailor, he says, "I cannae play the pipes," he says, "but," he says, "I like to hear the pipes."

 "Well," he says, "go oot to the byre and bring me in a strae, an I'll play ye a tune."

 So of couse the tailor got up, and oot he went, brings in a strae. (It wisnae a bashed strae, it was a roon straw, it had to be roon, so that the fairy could blow through it, ye see?) Takes the straw in, and hands it tae Johnnie, and the tailor's watchin' everythin', see? He was worried, the tailor, noo; he was thinkin' about the mother and the faither, and this wee Johnnie bein' the fairy, see? Didnae know what to say about it ... He sat doon and he's watchin'. He says, "Can ye play a strae?" the tailor said.

 So the fairy says, "Aye," he says, "I'll play ye a tune on the pipes." Sat doon, and it played the loveliest tune on the pipes that every ye heard - through a strae! The greatest pipe music - he says he heard lots o' pipers in them days, the MacCrimmons an a' them, pipin', ye see? - but he says he never heard the like o' it in his life, this wee baby in the pram. He knew it was a fairy then, ye see, it was playin' the pipes.

B4 Then wee Johnnie wanted a blow on the pipes, but there was not a set in the house, so he told the tailor to go an fetch a round strae from the byre and he played the loveliest tune on the pipes through the strae.

C4 He says, "Would ye like a tune?"

"A tune?" he says. "Aye I'd like a tune aaright," he says. "What thing dae ye play on?"

He says, "I'll show ye," he says, "what I'm gonnae play on." So he puts his hand intae the cradle like that and he pulled out a big long straw and he burred hissel out an he started tae play reels an jigs, marches, anything you could mention, he could play it. An he's going like that the whole time an the tailor he's goin workin away ye know at the suit.

D4 An after it got one or two doon, it says tae the tailor, "Wad ye like a tune tailor?"

"Oh but," the tailor says, "where ye gonnae get fiddles an -?"

"Oh," he says, "I'll play a tune on the pipes," he says. So it jumped back in its cradle again an it pulled a corn straw oot o the bed, ye see? An it pit this corn straw in its mooth, boy. You're talkin aboot strathspeys an reels an jibs. Callum Beag (cantarachs) Drones an everything goin, boy, an this corn strae! An it's rattlin out tune after tune. At the finish o't the tailor's up dancin! Ye see?

JOHNNY IN THE CRADLE

E4 He jumps back intae his cradle again, an he says tae the tailor,
he says, "Would ye like a tune, tailor?"
"Whit o?" says the tailor.
He says, "The pipes!"
"Oh," says the tailor, "aye, but where are ye gaun tae get the
pipes?"
"Oh," he says, "I'll soon get a set o pipes," he says. A big
corn strae oot o the wee bed! Ye see where he was lyin on corn straw.
Habri hechadon.
Ti habri hechadon.
Ti habri hechan techan tachan ha ho hum achi
O, he goes, boy on this chanter! An the tailor's very nearly
dancin. An another dram or two, ye see.

JOHNNY IN THE CRADLE

A5 So they had a good talk together, this fairy and the tailor, ye see, so it says, "Is it time for my father and mother to come hame yet?"

 So he says, "Aye," he says, "they'll be hame in aboot half an 'oor."

 So he says, "Well," he says, "ye'd better take a look an' see if they're comin'."

 So the tailor he went oot, and looked oot the windae, and he says, "Aye, here they're comin' up the lane." Ye see?

 So of course, the wee fairy, he says, "I'll have tae get back into my pram again." And it lay doon on its back and it's goin' ... and when the mother come to the door the wee bairn started goin' again "nyaaa, nyaaa," greetin' away, ye see?

B5 They had a good talk together and the wee thing said, "Is ma mother and ma faither coming home?" And when they came, there he was, "nya, nya, nya," in the cradle.

JOHNNY IN THE CRADLE

C5 So Johnny said tae him, he says, "I wonder, are they comin home yet?"

"Aye," he says, "they should be about a mile or a mile and a half from home." So he pit it back underneath it. So they waited a wee while an he started oot again, Johnny, ye see.

D5 So it stopped an it said, "What time is it tailor?"

The tailor says, "I dinnae ken," he says. "There's nae clocks," he says.

"But," he says, "I think ma mother an faither should be comin back aboot noo," he says. But he says, "What a done, Tailor don't you mention it for the peril of your life," he says. "Don't mention it," he says.

"No," says the tailor, "I'll no say nothin, Johnny."

So it jumped intae its bed, boy, an pulled the bit blanket owre it an, "Nyah, nyah!" went back tae its greetin, ye see. An pit it, pit, the things back tae the press and locked everything up.

JOHNNY IN THE CRADLE

E5 So Johnny jumps back in his cradle an puts the straw away an he says tae the tailor, he says, "They should be very nearly comin hame noo, tailor."

 The tailor says, "Aye," he says, "they're a good long time aw," he says. "It's a good thing ye asked me," he says, "because," he says, "that twa or three drams ye gien me was kin o goin tae my heid," and he says, "I micht hae forgot."

 But he says, "I didnae forget." He says, "Noo, when they come, don't you let on."

 So he got the bottle an he put everything away, ye see. An he's lyin in the cradle boy, "Nyegh! Nyegh!" when the mother an faither comes intae the hoose. Ye see?

A6 So here noo the tailor was worriet. But he broke the news off to the fairmer, ye see, and tellt the fairmer.

"Well," he says, "I don't know," he says, "what I'll dae."

But in them days, what they done wi' a fairy, they got a girdle, ye know a girdle for bakin' scones. They put thon on the fire, and they took - in them days, to put away a fairy - they took horse's manure off the road, or a anywhere at all, ye see, and they put it in a pan and burned it in a pan, and the fairies seen that, they took fear and they disappeared. Ye see? Put it on the top o' the pan. My mother used to tell us this.

So here - the fairmer asked him what was wrong. So he tells the fairmer.

"Well," he says, "I'll have to break it to my wife," he says.

"But," he says, "I don't know how I'm goin' tae dae it, it'll break her hairt," he says. "I can hardly believe this."

"Well," says the tailor, he says, "I'll tell ye what I'll dae. You and your wife," he says, "go ... wait for a while, an go tae another market. Let on there's another market, that the stuff wasnae half sellt, there's two days' market. And go through ..."

B6 By this time the tailor knew it was a fairy they had there so he followed the farmer into the byre and told him all that had happened.

The farmer just couldn't bring himsel to believe it; so between them they hit on a contrivance. They let on that a lot of things had not been sold at the market and there was to be a second day of it, and the tailor promised to come over again and sit by the bairn. They made a great stir about packing up and they went through to the barn and listened through the keek hole in the wall.

A6 (Contd)

In them days, there was a hole fae the byre right to the kitchen, ye could look through a hole in the wall, through to the byre. Ye see? Ye could see the cattle, and everything.

"Go into the byre, and lift the curtain back, and listen tae everything that's goin' on. Ye can see what I'm tellin' ye," says the tailor, "is true. It's a fairy ye've got for a wean." See?

So, anyway, the next mornin' come, and they packed up their things as usual, lettin' on that they were goin' tae another market. And they went through tae the byre. And here, they're sittin'.

C6 So the farmer came in an he says, "Well," he says, "was ye bothered wi Johnny?"

"Nut a bit," he says. He says, "the best day ever I had," he says. So Johnny's aye watchin him and he's aye greetin away. He says tae the farmer, he says, "Come 'here," he says. He told him what I'm telt you about him playin this tunes on the straw. So -"aw," he says, "it cannae be."

He says, "I'm tellin you," he says, "next Friday," he says, "you do the same thing. Say you're going to the market. An," he says, "you stand in the lobby and you'll hear him."

He says, "All right."

So time wore round till they come tae Friday an the farmer came in. He says, "Will ye look after Johnny?"

"I'll look after Johnny all right," the tailor said. So they're away now, supposed to be away like, but he's standin in the lobby.

D6 So the man an the woman came in an the tailor didnae know what tae do. Every move the tailor's makin, Johnny's watchin him, boy. Every move watchin every move the tailor's makin, ye see, in case the tailor wad tell them, ye see. But the tailor went oot, when the man went oot tae milk the ca - the couple o kye he had, the cows. The tailor telt the man. He says, the man says, "My God," he says, "that's awful!" he says. "I wonder what's wrong there?"

The tailor says, "There's something definitely wrong," he says.

But he says, "There's weys an means," he says, "o comin roon that." He says, "I'll tell ye," he says, "if ye dinnae believe me," he says, "next Sunday," he says, "go tae the kirk again." But he says, "Instead o goin to the church, come roon," he says, "an ye can keek in the back door," he says, "an ye'll see everything that's gaun on." Ye see? So the week goes through. Johnny he's lyin in his cradle, girnin and girnin and girnin, night and day. The wumman hasnae a bit o peace wi him. An mind he was a lot o years age, he'd be aboot sixteen or seventeen, maybe twenty years o age, this way. Never grew oot o the bit. So the next Sunday comin, the man said it in a loud voice so as Johnny would hear, "I think we'll go to the kirk," he says, "the morn," he says, "wife," he says, "cause the minister wants tae see me," he says, "aboot milk or somethin."

"Aye," she says, "that'll be all right." Ye see. An Johnny he's lyin listening. Next mornin, Sunday mornin, the fairmer he goes out an he yokes Meg the mare intae the cairt an his wife gets her coat an her claes on, an they makes on they're drivin away. But he just goes doon a bit an comes in roon the back an keeks in through the back door, in the kitchen. An the two o them's are standin in the door.

E6 Now the tailor doesnae know how he's gonnae tell the man or wumman, because every move the tailor's makin, Johnny's watchin him like this, y'know, every move, boy, his eyes is follaein him every place. But the tailor waits till the man goes oot tae milk the coo. Ye see? He says, "I'll go out an get some turf for ye, some peats," he says tae the wumman. An he lifts the basket for the peats an he goes oot an gets the man in the byre. An he ups an he tells the man, ye see.

The man says, "My God," he says, "that's affa," he says. He says, "I've heard o things afore like that," he says, "there's nae use o sayin A havenae, but," he says, "tae think," he says, "what's gonnae happen, gonnae happen here," he says. "I cannae hardly believe that," he says.

"Oh but," the tailor says, "it's right enough." He says, "That's quite correct what I'm tellin ye."

"Well," he says, "I'll tell ma wife," he says, "and then, what are we gonnae dae?"

"Well," the tailor says, "I'll tell ye what tae dae." He says, "Let on the two o you's is goin tae kirk next Sunday," an he says, "come roon the back," he says, "an watch in through the back, the slit o the back door. But," he says, "don't - don't make a noise." He says, "Drive a good bit doon the road wi the trap and horse before ye jump off an come back."

"Right," says the fermer.

So they works away on the week an the tailor's shewin away an crackin away wi them at the fire at night. So the tailor says, - an Johnny's sittin listenin tae every word, ye know - the tailor says, "Ye goin tae church the morn, fermer?"

"Well," says the fermer, he says, "while you're here tailor, I'm as weel goin tae the church," he says, "as that," he says, "because when you leave, we'll hae nae time tae go tae the church, ye see, because we'll hae naebody tae watch efter Johnny." See?

Anyway, next day comes, Sunday, and the fermer an his wife cleans thirsel, yokes the horse in the trap, jumps in the trap an away they goes doon. See? But when they went away doon the lane a good bit, they jumps oot o the trap, ties the horse tae the fence, an they comes up the back way tae the back door an keeks in through a big split in the back door, ye see.

JOHNNY IN THE CRADLE

A7 An' it heard ... the mother an' the farmer heard the wee fairy sayin' tae the tailor, "Is my mother and father away tae the market?" So the tailor spoke kin' o' loud, ye see, to let them hear him.

 "O yes," he says, "they're away tae the market," he says. "Johnnie," he says, "you'll be wantin' a drink."

 "Aye, get the whiskey oot," he says, "and gie me a drunk."

 Well, the woman nearly fainted when she heard the fairy speakin' ... her ain baby speakin' tae the tailor, ye see? Soon efter this went on, the next mornin' they never said nothin' when they found oot it was a fairy.

B7 "Is ma mother and ma father gone?" said the wee thing and the mother could just hardly believe her ears. But when they heard the piping through the cornstrae they kent it was a fairy right enough.

C7 So Johnny says, "I wonder are they far away tailor?"
 "Oh," he says, "they'll be two or three mile on the road now."
 He says, "Would ye like a tune again?" he says.
 "Oh aye," he says, "I'd like a tune."
 So he put his hand underneath and pullt oot this big long straw
 out. An he's started tae play this jigs, reels, strathspeys an aa
 thing. "An my word," he says, the tailor says tae him, he says, "ye
 can play that thing."
 "Oh aye," he says, "I can play it." He says, "They'll be coming
 back noo, I suppose."
 "Yes," he says, "they can't be far away." So he jist pit the
 straw back an he startit tae greet again. So the tailor he's shewing
 his suit o clothes. An the farmer comes in. He says, "Ye'll be tired
 listening tae Johnny greetin," he says.
 "Oh no," he says, "I enjoyed the day fine."
 So he went oot an the farmer followed him. He says, "Did ye
 hear him?"
 He says, "I did that," he says, "a, I don't what to do. What
 can I do?"

D7 "My mother an father awa?"
 "Aye," says the tailor, "they're awa."
 "Right," says Johnny, "we'll hae another dram." An he's oot
 boy, an he blaws his breath on, an the man an wumman's watchin. Oh the
 wumman nearly took a fit, know what A mean? An he's oot wi the whisky
 an him an the tailor's sittin drinkin and efter this good few drams,
 intae the thingmy an the corn strae's oot an the pipes is playin wi
 this corn strae an him an the tailor's dancin. So the man an wumman
 waited there. An Johnny says, "They should be comin back, tailor."
 "Aye, it's aboot their time," the tailor says.
 "Right," says Johnny, "don't you be mentionin it."
 "Naw," says the tailor, "I dinnae mention nothin Johnny."
 So he jumps back in the cradle, "Nyah, nyah".
 So the man and wumman jouks oot an they goes away doon an they
 gets intae their horse and cairt and waits a few minutes an they comes
 drivin up ye see. So that night when the man was oot milkin the
 cattle, the wife comes oot tae and they say tae the tailor, "What are
 we gonnae do aboot that?" The farmer says, "What are we gonnae do,
 tailor?"

E7 So, the tailor's sittin at the fire, sewin away, the greetin stopped, the cryin stopped. "Tailor!"

"What is it?" says the tailor.

"My mother an faither should be a good bit doon the road, noo."

"Oh aye, Johnny, they'll be a good bit doon the road."

"Anither drink, tailor!"

"Oh aye," says the tailor, he says, "if ye got it."

"Well," he says, "not a cheep, mind, tae them, when they come back!" He says, "Don't tell them!"

"Naw, naw," says the tailor, he says. He says, "I'll no tell them at aa, Johnny," he says. "What you dae," he says, "is a secret between me an you."

So Johnny jumps oot his cradle, right across tae the press, "Whoo!" with his breath on the press, opens the press an oot wi the bottle o whisky. Him an the tailor are sittin drinkin, ye see.

Noo the man and wumman's at the back door lookin, an the woman nearly faintit. The man stood on his knees prayin, ye know what A mean. An the straw's oot an the jigs an reels is goin. An the tailor he's dancin in front o the fire tae make things worse, ye see. Now, "Tailor, they should be comin near back noo. They're a good bit awa. Good while awa."

"Aye," says the - says the tailor, he says, "they're a - they're a good while awa." He says, "I think ye should put the bottle an that by, noo."

Sticks what - sticks whatever left in the bottle - there wasnae that much, sticks it back in the press, locks the press, jumps in his cradle an, "Nyaa! Nyaa!" Ye see? Then the man and woman goes right doon the road, jumps in their trap an comes hame.

So the fermer's oot that night an he says, to the tailor, he says, "How'm I gonnae f - sort that oot?" hje says. "What can we dae aboot that?" He says, "I've never seen the like o that afore," he says. He says, "I've heard aboot it, but," he says, "I know nothin aboot it."

JOHNNY IN THE CRADLE

A8 The farmer come in ... the baby's father come in ... got the girdle ... and the fairy looks wi' its eyes wild, watched the mother ... the father pittin' the girdle on the fire, seein' nae flour or nothin' on the table ... wi'oot any bread gettin baked, ye see?

Next thing come in, was wi' a bit o' a half o' a bag full o' the horse manure on tap o' the girdle, like that. And the fairy begun to get feared noo, its eyes kin' o' raised up, and it was gettin feared when it seen the girdle. And just as the farmer was comin' forward to reach for wee Johnnie in the cradle he just made a dive like that, and made a jump up the lum - went up the lum itsel', and it cries doon the chimley:

"I wish I had 'a kent my mother - if I had 'a been longer wi' my mother," he says, "I would have like to ken her better."

Ye can take that meaning oot o' that, what the fairy said, back doon the chimley, when it disappeared.

That was a story my mother told me, years ago.

B8 And the farmer went in to the room and he set the griddle on the fire and heated it red hot and he fetched a bagful of horse manure and set it on the griddle and the wee thing looked at him with wild eyes. When he went to grip it and put it on the griddle it flew straight up the lump and as it went it cried out, "I wish I had been longer with my mother, I'd a kent her better."

C8 "Now you leave it tae me," the tailor says, "I'll cure him. Well, get me the griddle an," he says, "get me some horse manure an," he says, "put it on top o the griddle." An there was one o those old fashioned fireplaces wi the svey - know what a svey is? An he put the griddle on top o the svey an the horse manure on top o that. So Johnny's aye watchin him an he's waitin till the griddle's hot ye know. An he went owre tae the cradle an says, "Come on Johnny, I want you." So Johnny heard that and he whoosh! out o the cradle on the other side and up the chimney in a ball o fire.

"My God," says the fairmer, "what happened?"

When they looked in the cradle they found their ain bairn lyin in the cradle. Can ye tell me what that was? The fairies changed the bairns. An that's the last o ma story.

D8 The tailor says, "I'll tell ye what tae dae." He says, "When I go in, fetch in a good big burden o turf an peats for the fire." An he says tae her, "Have you got a girdle for makin cakes, you know, a girdle?"

An she says, "I've got a girdle."

"Well," he says, "gie me the girdle." An he says tae the man, "I want a good big sheugh o fresh horse dung."

The man says, "I'll dae that."

So the tailor came in, pokes the fire up, an the man came in wi an this great big armfu o peats an the tailor builds the fire up. Oh bog fire! An blows wi the bellows till its gettin too red, these peats, an he gets the griddle fae the wumman an pits it on. Johnny boy, is watchin, watchin, his eyes is starin oot his heid. Ye see?

So the tailor gets the horse dung, manure an he pits it on the griddle, scatters it on the griddle, see, this is the wey ye're supposed tae burn a fairy. This is the old fashioned way of burnin a fairy. The horse dung on the griddle. An he says, "When it was well burned and heated [ending missing]"

I.16 BURKERS IN ABERDEENSHIRE

A John Stewart Senior

A1 When I was a young boy, my father was a tinsmith and he had orders tae go to the country. So he sent me and a sister and a niece of mines out with the orders. I don't remember what aa we had but we had a good lot apiece an was told not to come home that night 'cause we had very far to travel. There were no trains or buses in those days. An we travelled on tae it was dark an when we travelled on tae it was dark, we didnae ken what to do. We couldnae manage home, for it was about twelve or fourteen mile from home. An I said, "We'll go to this fairm here, an we'll maybe get ludgins to lie in the barn aa night."

So ma sister said, "A'right." So I walked in tae the hoose an I asked the wumman the missis o the house, if we could get anywhere to lie down in the barn tae mornin, because we were so wae an had owre far tae walk tae Fraser's Burgh. So the wumman said, "Wait tae ma son comes in." So when the son came in he was a tall chap about six fit high he wis. He says, "Hallo! Who's this ye've got?"

"Oh," she says, "cairders oot wi some tinware," she says, "orders here an they've gaun off their way but," she says, "they want intae the barn for the nicht."

B John Stewart Junior

B2 I heard a story from my grandfather once. My grandfather was John Stewart, the champion piper of Scotland. He told me - and I was only twelve years old at the time - he told me a farmer put him into this barn and told him he could sleep in the barn till the following morning.

BURKERS IN ABERDEENSHIRE

A1 (Contd)

"Oh," he says, "we'll pit them in this shed." An he took us oot an he put us intae a turnip shed, am a deep snaw on the ground, an the shed was full o neeps an full o snaw. So he says, "Ye can dae there 'ae mornin."

I said, "Well, if I'd plenty o straw, we'd manage fine."

"Oh ye'll no need strae - straw," he said, "before morning."

So he was goin 'ae put the outside bar on the door, when I said, "Naw, leave the door tae morning," I said. "Girls might be wantin tae - go oot."

"Well," he said, "whatever they're wantin tae do, they can do it on the turnips."

So he gaed oot an barred the door.

C John Stewart

... an his father made tin ye see. An when they made tin at that time they went hammer an tongs at it fae mornin tae night ate they made a good heap o wee joogs an basins an pails an that. Then the women wad take them an maybe have two or three days in the country roon aboot wi them. So ma father's father - that would be that man you used tae talk about - oul Jimmy Kate - well, he wad tell the lassies an if -if any o the boys was goin wi them - the road to go. Ye see? An tell them the farms tae call. An if they were stuck, or they were gon-nae be away all night, he told them farms that he knew, that would keep them, ye see? Now they set away wi a basket each o this tin. An ma father said they - they wannert on an on an on an they didnae manage the length o the place they were goin tae, but they went intae this farm an the wumman bought one or two things fae them. An his auldest sister, ma father's auldest sister says, she says, "We're the Stewarts," she says, "auld Jimmy's family," she says, "and wad ye have a place," she says, "where we could sleep aa night?"

Well, at that time, if ye were stuck, they wad generally pit ye intae the byre where there were plenty o straw an ye could make a bed, or they wad pit ye intae where they kept the wool or some place like that. So this - there was three big men in this hoose, big rough-lookin men. An the wumman says, "Oh aye," she says, "I think there wad be." An she says, "Hi San'y."

He says, "What is it?"

She says, "Show them," she says, "thon yin, whaur tae go." Ye see?

So he took them oot an walked across the steadin an he swung thon big bar off the door. An it was dark, ye see? An he pulls the door open an he says, "In there." An when they walked in, they were fa'in owre the top o a big heap o neeps. Ye know, when they cawp the need in a - a hole at the back intae a big shed? Well ma father turned quick tae him. "Wait a minute," he says, he says, "this is no much o a place," he says, an he says, "ma sisters might be needin oot through the night." Makin an excuse tae get out again.

He says, "Aw," he says, "the bitches can piddle among the neeps." He say'n it right oot, ye ken. An he shut the door. Shut the door, ye see.

BURKERS IN ABERDEENSHIRE

A2 An I was a laddie an I was small an ahint ma father an mother's back, they didn't know that I was smokin, ye know. An I had one match, an I says to my sister, I says, "I'm gonnae light this match," I says, "an see whaur we are."

So when I lookit, I was in nothin but a shed half full o straw an snow, turnips. Aberdeenshire people are [indistinct phrase] for they've been shawed. An I said, "We can never lie here, wantin or anything. I'm goin tae try an get oot."

Tried the door, but the door was barred fae the outside, wi one o them swingin bars. I looks at the back o the turnips an I sees a few boards up against the wall where the carts cowed the turnips in the shed, but they were hard frozen, I couldnae get movin them. But A workit with a knife - a pocket knife A hid, an A strugglet tae A got one o the boards away.

B2 But there was something very dubious about the whole affair and being travelling people there was something in it that made him dubious. And he says as he went down to sleep in the straw in the barn or the byre, or whatever it was, where he was meant to sleep, there was a barrel in the corner, a rain barrel. There was a lid on it and he was thirsty - this is the truth - and he lifted up the top off the barrel, and in there it was parts of human bodies. There was arms, there was legs, there was torsos. And it wasn't water that was in the barrel - it was vinegar. And this was not far from Aberdeen.

BURKERS IN ABERDEENSHIRE

C2 An ma father says, "I bet ye this is Burkers." He was only a laddie. An the lassies then got kinna feart an how were they gonnae get oot? They startit a controversy among theirsels. Ma father said he just had one match an-an-an Lizzie or some o them - in the basket had a wee stump o a candle like that, ye see. He says, "I'll spark this match," he says, "an licht it tae we see." But afore he got the licht tae the can'le, they were grapin aboot an he came across this barrl. Now the thocht struck him - at that time, they aa killed their ain pigs. Ye see? An ma father says, "If we got oot, before I go, I'm gonnae have a lump o this wi' me in the basket." Bacon, ye see? But he - he sparkit the match an lichtit the can'le, this wee bit can'le some o the lassies has had, an when they looked, there were blood, aa blood was aa hardened aa owre the top o this barrel. An ma father says he liftit it off, an pit his han' in like that. He says, he could swear it was human flesh that was in the barrel. He says it wasnae - wasnae pig at aa, it was like human flesh. He huntit aa roon the - the back o this shed an he says, "Up like that was a bore hole where they put the neeps in at the back intae the shed. Ye know, the ground at the back o the shed was higher than the front. But there was a board up again an there were a stick held it. Jammed on it fae the outside. Holdin it pressed up again this hole. Ye see? But ma father says, he got an old box an things an he stood on it an he worked it an worked it an worked it an worked it, tae the stick fell an he got the board doon.

BURKERS IN ABERDEENSHIRE

A3 An I says tae ma sisters, "Now, lift up that tinware," I said, "an gie't tae me canny as ye can, so they'll not hear us." An they did so, an they handit me oot the tinware, an they made as little noise as they could. An brought them oot, brought the two girls oot - an where they lay down tae the road an there were a bridge crossin an when we were near hand the bridge, we seen the lanterns oot an them talkin, an they said, "This marks o their feet amang the snaw, cannae be far away. They can't be far away." But however when we was in at the bridge they're on the top o the hill. An we'd never hae been clear because they seen us an very near hit us with a stone. But we hid under the hill an come tae a place they caa the Cocklaw, an there's twelve little crofters aa in a line, an we gaed intae the first wan. An when we gaed intae the first wan, there was two young men in an one of them had a little small axe in his hand, and as I was always head-strong, I gaed right up tae the fire. It was the fashion on the country. Ye doesnae tap at the door, ye must just go straight in. So ma sisters stood at the door, an the - I went straight in. An this fellow got the axe, this little hatchet an he got a haud o me by the hair o the heid an he was gonnae hit me. An I tore away from him, an run past ma sister an ma niece, an ma sister ran next wi me oot the door, an they got a haud o ma niece by the skirt, the little skirt she had on.

B3 An ma f - they - they knew aboot Burkens And when he tried to make out of the barn, the farmer met him with a knife and he had to fight his way out.

A3 (Contd)

She'd just be a girl aboot nine or ten year auld. An they tore the very skirt off her. An naethin left on her but her - bloom - is this ye call them? Her - chemmy, her chmee. An we run doon tae a little shop 'at was in it an asked the wumman tae get sittin at the fireside aa night.

"Oh well, laddie," she says, "that'll no dae." She says, "They're here every night in the week," she says, "lookin for folk tae - be awa. D'ye ken," she says, "that they sell every body they get?"

I said, "Naw. What dae they dae wi the bodies?"

"Bless me boy," she says, "they tak them an sell them in Aiberdeen." An she says, "The quicker ye're aff the road the better," she says, "they're here," she says, "ilky oor o the nicht." An she says, "Ye'd better go," she says, "for your father'll need you tae dae his orders. He always gaed tae a farm up the glen, ye ken where I mean?" she says.

I says, "Oh aye, aboot three mile there."

She says, "Ye better haud tae that road, anyhow."

C3 Noo, he says, "don't let that tin rattle," he says. He says, "Pass the things oot tae me." The lassies passed the things oot tae them as canny an as easy as they could, in case o making a noise. An there were about two feet o snow on the ground, ma father was tellin us. Deep snow on the ground. So the lassies - he helped the lassies oot - got the things back in the basket easy, an the brae where they come oot, a brae in the field went doon like that, then up another brae at the other side. An the road come round. It came up that way, past this farm an right round. Ma father says, "We'll go doon the field an up the other side," he says, "we'll got oot ontae the road."

So they're just down an through a fence an goin up the other side when they saw the lanterns an ma father says they heard them sayin, "Aye, the buggers is away this way! Here's their feet marks among the snow." Ye see? An there was two or three comin doon this hill efter them. But they run and got - an they got onto this road, ye see. Noo, Lizzie was the auldest, she would be aboot seventeen or eighteen. An they're runnin, like the hammers o hell, an they come intae this wee village - Clockbriggs they cry the village, I remember the name o that village yet. If ever I'm doon in Aberdeenshire, I'll need tae inquire - inquire aboot this village, jist tae see it. Clockbriggs, or some'-hin. An Clock Hill, some'hin like that. So comin out o the village, there wis a light in a windae, the post office. An it was late, because they were waitin on a mail coach or some'hin comin. An ma father an the lassies run right in to the shop. An the wumman was stan'in, an a man. An they says, "Oh there's men efter us," ye see? The wuman says, "Where wur ye?" They says, "At that fairm back there."

"Well," she says, "ye cannae be here," she says, "because," she says, "there's not a night o the week," she says, "but," she says, "there's a coach at that door, an my place is searched," she says. "Every oot hoose an every place aroon here," she says, "is searched, "for the like o you kinda people." Ye see?

So ma father an the two lassies, the three lassies, come oot an they run doon the - the - this bit o a street an at the last hoose, my father says, there were a light in it an the door was open. An they were breathless, ye know, pantin wi excitement. An they runs right in. Ye see? An ma father says there were a big red heidit man standin, an a wumman, big stoot middle aged wumman an anither auld man sittin on the corner an anither young fella daein somethin at a dresser. An the red heidit yin ma father says, was honin a knife, like that, or an aix or somethin, ma father says, honin it on one o these big hones, ye know. An they come in. They explained what was wrong an the fella was jist honin. "Oh aye, oh aye, aye, I see, aye. Aye, that'll be all richt. Oh aye." Ye see? An the woman, the aul wumman looked at him an she says, "Dinnae you died noo, San'y. Dinnae you deid." He says, "Go wa an sit doon ye auld bitch!" Ye see. An ma father says he turnt an ma father says the look in his eyes - he knew what was gonnae happen. Well, wi the door bein open he turned and made a sc - made a bash for the door, ye see, an the lassies in front o him. But he passed Lizzie gettin oot the door. An this man made a blam an he caught Lizzie be the skirt an he left her without a skirt. She was moth -naked fae there down, wi nae skirt on.

BURKERS IN ABERDEENSHIRE

A4 So we gane through the sma' glen an we had aboot two an a half or three miles tae go an a farmer was up in the high window when I pulled up at the humper draible an he says, "Wha's there?"

I said, "It's me."

An he says, "Who are you?"

I said, "I'm Stewart's laddie."

"Oh," he said, "wait an I'll come doon an see ye." Well, when he came doon I gien the man the crack. "Well," he says, "I'll pit ye," he says, "where naebody'll get ye," he says. "I'll pit ye," he says, "intae my dog kennel," he says, "an there's seven dogs there, an they'll warn ye an they'll warn me. I'll be oot," he says, "an gie them an oonce o leid in the backside."

So we got a bed fae him tae mornin. So that's a true story.

B4 And he ran from there to wherever he was staying. Now, I don't know, it's so long ago, I couldnt actually tell you where he ran to, but I know that he told me that in this barrel there were parts of human being. What do you make of that? They must have been picking on travelling people, people travelling from point to point, that couldn't be traced, from point A to point B, maybe from Banchory to Aberdeen, then to Inverness, then from there to Blairgowrie or, say Perth, Dundee. They could move anywhere. They didn't follow certain routes, they just went the way they thought best for them to follow. They could have went anywhere.

C4 An they run about a - two mile oot o that toon, an they come tae a fairm an ma father says, "This is the fairm noo," he says, "that ma father telt us tae come tae." Ma faither mindit the fairm there. So they went in an they knocked an knocked on the man's door an he liftit the windae up the stair, ye see an he says, "What's up? Who's there?"

They says, "Aul Jimmy Stewart's laddie an the three lassies. We're gettin chased."

"Oh aye, well wait a minute an A'll be doon the noo." So the fairmer come doon wi like jist long john on, ma father says. An he says, "What happened?"

They telt him. He says, "Oh I ken," he says, "them," he says. He says, "They dae that here, regular," he says, "ye should ha come here first," he says. He says, "Take the twa collie dogs an," he says, "go intae the first shed there," he says, "that's the wool shed." An he says, "I'll be up gey early in the mornin," an he says, "if onything comes aboot," he says, "I'll hear the dogs barkin." An he says, "I'll pit the gun oot," he said, "an I'll gie the buggers an oonce o lead." See? So they lay in the shed aa night, in the wool shed, wi big bags o stuff like wool, they were warm enough. In the mornin the woman took them in an she gien Lizzie a skirt, an was crackin tae them an askin them what happent. Gien them their breakfast an aa like that, tae they got hame, but ma father says the aul man never pit them away theirsels efter that. Know what I mean? It was some fright, ye know. Especially because at that time it was a noted thing. Every week some traveller wad go missin, every week some traveller was tellin ye aboot gettin chased, wi the Burkens.