

4. THE HORSEMAN'S WIRD

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Haud the horse till I lowp on,
Haud it faist an makk it staun,
Hup noo horsie! Aff we gyang.

On the Hill o Leddrach, the black faced rams war sirin neist year's lambs.
On the fermlan aneth, the rigs hid bin drawn, the feerins raised. The ploo
hid bin oot aa wikk on the parks o Steenhillock, the fite gulls skreichin at
its dowp. Whyles, the ploo wad strikk a steen an the ploo blade wad
sheer awa frae the rig, an the air wad be blue wi sweirin. Up an doon, up
an doon the lang rigs the yokit horse ruggit the ploo ben the clarty glaur
till it grew ower dark fur the plooman tae see. Syne the team war led back
tae the stable fur the nicht, tae be tied tae their staas, unharnessed, bedded
an wattered an fed, an the harness heistit up ower the spars o the stable.
Fin the great beasts stude chawin their meat, the rikk risin aff their swytin
flanks, Jock Dow sang as he caimbed the touzles an taigles frae their
silky manes a swatch o Drumdelgie, throwin his roch heid back an takkin
a richt moofu o the wirds. He hid a pouerfu voice, Jock, bit nae a sweet
ane :

The frost it bein sae verra hard, the ploo she widna go
An sae commenced oor cairtin days amangst the frost an sna

Ower at the ferm hoose, the fire in the ferm kitchie brunt wi a blue flame,
a sure sign o frost. The stars war that sherp in the sky they luikit like cut
gless. The ferm kittlin wis purrin afore the fire, twa threids an a thrum,
twa threids an a thrum, rochlin doon at the foun o its furry thrapple. The
lowe wis biggit heich wi peats cut frae Steenhillock's share o the Moss o
Leddrach Moss. The lamp wis lit an the kitchie wis criss-crossed wi
shaddas, lowpin like imps. The anely things steerin in the kitchie apart
frae the kittlin, war Minnie, her cousin Isie, an Meg Ramsay the maid.

Fur the last month up till Mairtinmas, the Menzies hid bin makkin ready
tae roup ooto Tullynorth. They hid selt their grun tae a chiel at Dunracht
an bocht the Glamis Hotel in the hairt o the toon echt mile awa. They hid
nae son tae takk ower the ferm, faith, the Menzies hid nae ither bairn tae
connach bit Isie. She hid wyed near eleyven pun at birth, an near killt her
mither comin inno the warld, a queer thing thon, fur she wis denty noo an
sma boukit. Isie wis tae be sent tae a fee-peyin schule fur young leddies
in the toun, tae polish her up like a bit o jewellry, sae she micht makk a
guid match an mairry intae siller. She'd a heich opinion o hersel did Isie,

bit still hid a saft spot fur Minnie. Jewellery ay luiks best fin it's preened tae a plain kinno clood.

The roup hid laisted twa days, a great steer in the pairish, gigs an cairts an shelts, motor cars an bicycles chokin up the roads an parks aroon as fowk steered in frae Leddrach, Dunracht an Kilrogie efter a bargain. Isie hid bin packed aff ooto herm's wye tae bide at Steenhillock wi her cousins, Minnie an Matty till it wis aa the stooshie wis by. Nae that Matty luiked ower his snoot at her leddyship bein twa year aulder than her he thocht himsel fair the man, noo. Hurlin oot an in tae the college ilkie day, he wis wis eesed tae seein toon quines decked up tae the nines, wi their hair tied up in ribbons an ither falderals.

The Bruces hid bocht a heeze o trock at the rowp, nae least an auld pianie tied onno the milk cairt an pued hame bi Princie an Tibby. Isie wis tae get a new pianie in the toon tae dirl an thump, thon auld moth-etten pianie frae Tullys wad dae fine fur Minny tae plavver an plunk on. This ae nicht, Meg Ramsay wis in chairge o the twa quines an the hoose, fur Matty an his Da an Ma war ower at Tullynorth. There they'd aa bide till daybrakk, makkin ready fur the flittin o the Menzies faimly inno the toon.

Past thirty, Meg wis still a bonnie wummin, bit time wis rinnin oot in the merriege stakes. 'She micht be on the shelf,' Minnie hid heard Jock Dow say, 'bit at least she's bin dusted,' fitiver that micht mean, tho he leuch fin he said it, as if himsel hid haen the dustin o her. Tae keep the twa quines quate, the maid hid taen oot the braisse fur them aa tae polish, an reenged it ower the table, tings an poker, coal scuttle, an a hantle ither geegaws frae mantle an press. Minnie wis timmerin up a wee braisse bell wi a clood, an Isie wis straikin the kittlin ae meenit an puuin its fuskers the neist. Meg Ramsay sighed. Luikin efter ither fowks' bairns wis a thankless darg, speecially Isie.

'Leave the kittlin be, Isie,' quo she. 'I'll gie ye ane o maister Matty's buiks tae read, wi bonnie picturs in't.'

Bit Isie didna wint tae luik at Matty's buik wi the bonnie picturs, it wis far mair fun tormentin the kittlin till it skreighed an tried tae cleuk her wi its cleuks.

Meg cast the antrin luik at the clock on the mantle fin it chingged oot the oor. Isie wis by aa mindin, as heich as a kite at the thocht o flittin the neist day. Efter the kittlin did draw bluid, an Meg's fingers war itchin tae skelp Isie's dowp, she tint aa patience wi the pair o them an packit them aff tae their beds.

'Awa ye gyang the pair o ye till I feenish ma wark doon here. Isie, yer fowk'll be ower at first licht wi the gig tae takk ye intae the toon tae yer new hoose. We winna ken ye fin neist we see ye. Ye'll be ower genteel tae takk us on.'

The maid lichtit a caunle fur the pair, an poored a jeelip o bylin watter frae the kettle inno a steen pig tae heat their bed. Minnie follaed her cousin up the stairs tae her ain wee bedroom an dowpit doon at the dresser tae rug oot her ribbons an caimb the toozles ooto her hudderie heid. Minnie's hair wis as wavy as corrugated iron. Maist nichts her Ma wid caimb her hair oot wi a been caimb fur fear she'd bin smittit wi beasties at Kilrogie schule. The nicht, she wad hae tae chaunce the beasties, she wis ower weariet tae plavver wi the caimb.

As Minnie sterted tae unbutton her blouse, she noticed in the keekin glass that Isie wis beddit wi aa her claes on.

'Are ye nae tirrin yer claes?' she speired movin Betsy her dallie ben the bowster fur fear that Isie wad flatten Betsy, Isie bein nae respector o ither fowk's dallies, or onythin else fur that maitter. Isie luikit Minnie up an doon, sizin her up.

'If ye promise nae the clype, I'll tell ye a secret.' quo she.

Minnie promised.

'Sweir on Betsy's life'

Minnie swore.

'Richt then. I heard Jock Dow spikkin tae Alec an Ned at the roup yestreen, ay, an a puckle mair loons frae ootbye. The made horsemen frae Northies an Jock Dow hae sent oot the sign tae come tae the jynin.

'Fit sign? Fit jynin?' speired Minnie, bamboozled.

Isie tossed her heid in disbelief.

'Tcyauch, dae ye nae ken onything, Minnie? The loons are tae jyne the Britherhood o the Horsemen. Seeven o them hae gotten a horse hair sent tae them in an envelope wi the time an place o the ceremony. Ilkie een maun bring a bottle o fusky, a loaf o breid an a caunle. They're aa tae meet ootside yer faither's laft here, jist afore midnicht, tae be gien the Horseman's Wird. Your fowk an mine are ower at Tullys sae Jock Dow said they'd hae a free haun, fur Meg Ramsay winna leave the hoose eence she's beddit.'

'Foo dis Jock Dow ken that?'

Isie luikit at Minnie sidewyes. 'Because Jock Dow an Meg Ramsay are coortin. An if Jock Dow hisna socht tae see her, she'll gae ben the hoose an takk a stiff dram ooto yer faither's bottle o fusky that he keeps fur veesitors, because she's clean daft on Jock Dow an she winna sleep fur worryin he's gaen aff her. Och, even if she disna ging tae the bottle, she'll be that ferfochan she'd sleep throw the resurrection. Mind, she'd near aa

the milkin tae dae hersel the nicht wi yer fowk awa. She'd sleep throw the Resurrection she'll be that weariet.'

Minnie stoppit caimbin her hair, an sat doon on the bed aside Isie.
'I'd like fine tae see fit they'll dae at a jynin', quo she. 'Bit Jock Dow wid catch us.'

'Jock Dow winna catch us. He'll be ower fu. An onywy, we're nae gaun tae makk a soun. They'll nae even ken we're there.' Here, Isie's imagination got the better o her.

'They say the Deil turns up wi aa his a deevilocks.'

'I'm nae gaun then,' quo Minnie, suddenly feart.

'I micht hae misheard the bit aboot the Deil an the Deevilocks' wheedled Isie, seein that she'd peintit some black a pictur o the proceedins.

'Creep aneth the bedclaes an wyte till we hear the clock strick hauf eleyven. Syne we'll rin ower tae the laft an hide ahin the corn sacks. They'll niver be neen the wiser that we're there.'

Minnie mindit a swatch o sang she'd heard her mither singin, an hauf kent noo fit it meant:

It's first I gaed on fur baillie loon
An syne I gaed on fur third
An syne of coorse I hid tae gyat
The Horseman's Grip an Wird.

The young loons o the district wid get the Grip an Wird this verra nicht.
An hersel an Isie wad see't!

A wee whyle efter, Meg Ramsay's feet cam up the stairs, on the wye tae her ain smaa bed in the laft. She opened the door an luikit in on her twa young chairges. The lowe frae her caunle shone ower twa pairs o steekit een.

'Peety they waurna aye sae quate, the vratchies,' quo the skiffy, dirt deen efter her day's tyauve.

Lang efter Meg beddit, the twa lassies lay in the derk wi Betsy the dall atween them, listenin tae the squeak o the antrin hairst-moose in the riggin o the hoose an the steady clunk-clunk o the pendulum on the granfaither clock hauf wye up the stairs. Syne, tae thon soon wis addit the rasp o Meg Ramsay snorin. Efter fit seemt an eternity, the clock chimed hauf eleyven, an the bold pair raise an creepit doon the timmer stairs, missin the step wi the creak, flittit ben the lobby like ghaists, lifitit the sneck on the door cannie, cannie, cannie sae as it widna skreich, syne steppit oot inno the pitmirk cauld o a Mairtinmas nicht.

The meen wis skweejee, like an auld wummin's moo caad cruikit wi the palsy, as the twa lassies creepit roon the ferm steadings, opened the door o the barn, an sclimmed the stoory timmer stairs o the barn in the derk. Benjy the dug, liftit his heid frae his paws an glowered at them, giein a bittie o a bowf an waggin his muckle tail.

'Wheesht Benjy! Lie doon min!' quo Minnie in a fuser, an the blaik an fite collie's lugs gaed doon at bein raged like yon fur naethin, an he sattled doon wi his snoot in his muckle paws. Minnie stood up on a sack o corn, an helpit Isie tae swing up in the spars o the reef, far sackin an strae rapes war keepit, an follaed her up there. Baith o them crawled inno a sack apiece, an cooried deep inno the faulds o't, wi anely their twa wee nebs peekin oot fur air.

It wisna a meenit ower seen, fur the door o the chaumer clashed tee, jist alang frae the barn. Tackety buits clattered ben the close, syne stoppit at the barn door, an up the stairs tae the laft cam Jock Dow, wi the heid horseman frae Northies, Attie Cooper, and Dod Mathieson, Steenhillock's bailie hard at his dowp. They war cairryin lamps an sat them doon in a neuk, while Jock Dow set up the makk-shift altar fur the nicht's proceedins, a bushel pressed hard doon on a sack o corn, wi its boddom uppermaist.

Jock Dow wis cairryin a bunnle. Fin he unrowed it oot fell a calfskin, clartit wi phosporus that gart it glow green an oorrie like a fireflaucht. Neist he drew ooto the pyoke the stump o a calfie's shank, frae horned hoof tae the knee. Bi this, the twa quines jeloused that it wis Jock fa wid be maister o ceremonies, at the initiation o the halflins inno the Britherhood o Horsemen.

Nae seener hid Jock slung the skin roon his shooders, than there war three lood raps on the barn door doonstairs. The twa quines cooriet doon in their stoory hideyhole, at a soon as if a horse wis pawin the door wi its fit, an a lood whinny. Except there wis nae horse there, as Isie could see fin she keekt throw a chink in the waa oot intae the nicht through the meenlicht. The 'horse' wis Donald Chalmers frae Dunracht wi Sanny Cruikshank frae Kilrogie Mains takkin up the rear, pitten blindfolds roon the een o seeven halflins.

'Fa's doon there? fusered Minnie.

Isie screwed up her een

'Jist twa frae Steenhillock - Alec an Ned Mathieson. Bit there's three loons frae the Mains o Kilrogie - Willie an Jimmy Peerie, an Wattie

Esson, him wi the muckle lugs, an twa frae the craft o Rashknockerty,
Digger an Euan MacPhee.

Minnie coontit silently in her heid.

'Thirteen aathegither, then, coontin the made Horsemen.'

'Ay' replied Isie. 'Noo wheesht fur the love o God Minnie, or Jock Dow'll
finn us an God kens fit he'll dee.'

Jock Dow, wi the deid calf's skin wrapped roon him, eerie green in the
derk, gaed doon the barn stairs tae lat them in.

'Fa's cometh? In the name o the Wird spikk yer name!'

'A brither'

'A brither o fit?'

'O Horsemasonry'

'Fa bad ye come here?'

'The Divil'

'Fit wye did ye come? The crooked wye or the straucht wye o the path?'

'Bi the hooks an crooks o the road'

'In fit licht did ye come?'

'Bi the stars an licht o the meen'

Donald Chalmers an Sanny Cruikshank proddit their chairges forrit,
guidin them up the stairs, Alec Mathieson hyterin as he gaed, near trippin
ower a besom richt unner the reef beams far Minnie an Isie war hidin.
Minnie could jist hear Ned fuser tae Alec:

'Dinna write onything, even if they tell ye tae dee't, or it'll be waur fur ye.'

Jock Dow tuik the fuskey, the breid an the caunle frae ilkie loon in turn,
garrin the halflins come up tae the altar an kneel in a circle roon him on
the stoory fleer o the laft. Ilkie een hid his left fit bare an his left haun
raised abeen him.

'Fat are ye needin maist?' he speired

'Mair licht', they sang oot.

He telt them syne, that the name o the verra first horseman wis Cain, an
the magic wirds that could reist a horse or cherm a wummin. Minnie an
Isie raxxed their lugs, an managed, jist, tae catch them: 'Baith in een'

Syne, Jock Dow spakk looder, an the two cousins dinna hae tae strain
their lugs, fur they heard him clear's ye like, repeat the Horsman's
fearsome aith:

'Haud up her haun an say efter me:

Jock Dow cried oot, garrin them say the Horseman's aith, stoppin at ilkie
line sae the halflins micht chant it efter him:

I, o ma ain free will and accord
Solemnly vow an sweir
Afore God an aa these witnesses
That I will heal, conceal and niver reveal
Ony pairt o the true Horsemanship
That I am about tae receive at this time.

Furthermair, I solemnly vow an sweir
That I will neither write it nur indite
Cut it nor carve it on wid or steen
Nur yet on onything moveable or immoveable
Aneth the canopy o Heiven
Nur yet sae much as raise a finger in the air
Tae neen bit a Horseman.

Furthermair, I vow and sweir
That I will niver gie it
Nur see it gien
Tae a tradesman o ony kind
Except tae a blacksmith
Or a farrier
Or a horse-sodjer.

Futhermair, I will niver gie it
Nur see it gien
Tae a fairmer or fairmer's loon
Unless he be working his ain
Or his faither's horses.

Furthermair, I will niver gie it
Nur see it gien
Tae a feel or a madman
Nur tae ma faither nor mither
Sister nor brither
Nor tae ony wummankind.

Furthermair, I will never gie it
Nor see it gien
Tae my wife nor dochter
Nor yet tae the verra dearest
Iver lay bi my side.

Furthermair, I will niver gie it
Nor see it gien
Tae onybody efter sunset on Setterday nicht
Nor afore sunrise on Monday mornin.

Furthermair, I will neither abuse nor bad use
Ony man's horses wi it
And if I see a brither do so
I will tell him o his faut

Furthmair, I will never advise ony man tae get it
Nur disadvise ony man frae gettin it
Bit leave ilkie ain
Tae his ain free will and accord

Furthermair, I will niver gie it
Nor see it gien
Tae ony under the age o saxteen
Nur abeen the age o fortyfive.

Furthermair, I will niver gie it
Nur see it gien
Unless there are three or mair
Sworn lawfu brethern present
Efter finding them tae be so
Bi tryin and examinin them.

Furthermair, I will niver refuse
Tae atten a meetin
If warned wi' in three days
Except in a case o ridin fire
Or gaun fur the doctor

An if I fail tae keep these promises
May my flesh be torn tae pieces wi a wild horse
An my hairt cut through wi a horseman's knife
An my beens beeriet on the sans o the seashore
Far the tide ebbs and flows ilkie twenty fower oors
Sae that there be nae remembrance o me
Amangst lawfu brethern,
So help me God to keep these promises, Amen.

On hearin yon dreidfu aith, Isie's een grew wide as twa ashets. Bit a wee bit strae hid creepit up Minnie's snoot an it wis aa she cud dee nae tae sneeze, an let the bethern ken she'd wis hidin up abeen luggin intae their ilkie secret wurd. She nippit her airm wi her ain sherp nails till she drew bluid, tae stop frae sneezin, terrifeed Jock Dow wad find her oot.

Efter the loons hid sworn, the made horseman gaed ilkie Brither a stick o chakk an a slate inno their hauns, an liftit the blinfauld a thochtie sae they could luik doon on the slatie. In a voice that rang tae the riggin o the laft, Jock Dow sang oot

'Noo that ye hae the Wird, write it!

An young Willie Peerie frae the Mains o Kilrogie fell inno the trap, an scrattit doon the magic wurds, *Baith in een*. Nae seener did he dae it, than Attie Cooper frae Northies liftit a cairt chyne an clattered it doon ower his the back o the loon's kuckles wi sic a force that Attie skirled an grat, fur the cloor barkit the back o his neive an skinned it.

'Noo ye maun gyang tae the caff-hoose for a shakk o Auld Hornie's haun,' Jock Dow telt them. An the halflins, cooryin thegither wi fear an cauld war herdit inno the caff hoose. Still blinfauld, ain at a time, they war pushed forrit tae shakk the haun o the Deil....the cloven fit o the deid calf, held oot bi Jock Dow, an syne the blinfaulds war wheeched aff. Wi their een nae adjusted tae the licht, the first thing they saw wis a green glowin chiel, happit wi the phosphorus calf skin. Willie Peerie feintit clean oot an hid tae be brocht roon bi a scoosh o cauld watter haived ower his face frae a sharny pail. Wi the blinfaulds aff, aa made Horsemen noo, the gaitherin treetled back tae the 'altar', far the fussy bottles war opened, an the serious business o drinkin sterted.

'I'm needin tae pee, Minnie,' quo Isie.

'Haud it in' replied her cousin. 'I'd rather weet ma brikks than let them catch me.'

Jock Dow an Dod Mathieson frae Steenies, an the other five made Horsemen frae oot aboot, war grinnin like the claws o an auld haimmer, slappin the loons on the back, tellin them they war fair the billies noo. Donald Chalmers frae Dunrucht telt Digger McPhee the trick tae stop a horse frae pittin its heid throw its collar...rub it wi a soo's piddles, or the skin o a stinkin mowdie, fur a shelt hates yon abeen aathing.

Afore the manger an the greep
Tis there that I dae hing ma wheep
Atween the stable an cairtshed
Twis there a horseman I wis made.

Jock Dow telt them aa that the best horseman in Leddrach wis Kildour, fa wis heid horseman an coach driver whyles, tae the auld Warlock o Leddrach, an he telt foo Kildour drave the warlock's coach an horse ower the Leddrach Loch on ae nicht's frost wi nae as muckle's a skirp o watter touchin hoof nor mane, wi the help o Auld Hornie.

Dod Mathieson telt his twa loons, Ned an Alec, that noo they kent the word, they could stop a shelt on the road an reest it, aye, an if they'd a mind, aa they'd tae dee if they winted tae lie wi a wummin wis jist tae touch her peenie, an she wad follae them fariver they led her, an lie doon tae them wioot a myowt.

The fusky passed aroon, an wi it challenges an boasts
'Far war ye made a Horseman, Jock?' speired Sanny Cruikshank

In a Horseman's haa
Far the sun niver shone
Far the win niver blew
Far the cock niver crew
An the feet o maiden niver niver trod

Cam the Jock Dow's set repon. Tam Davidson, three quarts bleezin afore the proceedins sterted, began tae sing:

Here's tae the horse wi the fower white feet
The chestnut tail an mane
A star on his face, an a spot on his briest
An his maister's name wis Cain

Sworn noo, niver tae reveal their mysteries tae onybody in an apron, ither than a smith or a farrier, the drinkin grew deeper, an the sangs grew rocher

Here's tae horn
Corn, lint an yarn
The pintle an the ploo-
Corn mills
An whisky stills
An cunts wi curly oo

Donald Chalmers telt the halflins foo tae cure a shelt o colic, wi ile o turpentine an ground ginger made inno baas o floor or meal. Jock Dow telt them a drappie warm ale wi sweet spirits o nitre an a wee sup laudenum wis better. Dod Mathieson telt them aa o a champion stallion

he'd haen the groomin o at his last fee, caad Dick, fa'd sired 5,000 foals in his 22 years. At his heicht, this winnerfu beast could serve a meer ilkie twa oors day an nicht at £60 a time in the breedin season, sic a valuable beast that the fermer fed him on raw eggs an gallons o milk, wirth £5,000 guineas a horse like yon, mair money than ye could imagine, an worth ivery penny.

Up until noo, aa that Minnie hid kent aboot shelts wis that 'Hup' meant stert an 'whoa' meant stop, bit ower the neist twa, three oors, she larned a deil mair nur yon, that nae quine's lugs hid iver heard afore. Bi then, tho, Wattie Esson's face wis chakk white, wi pain, excitement, fleg, an a bellyfu o chaip fusky he'd niver tasted afore that nicht. He keeled ower wi a dunt an hit the fleer.

'Ay weel, we've aa an early stert,' quo Jock Dow, laith tae stopper the fuskey.

'Nae wirth whyle lowsin wir pynts, will jist hae tae pit wir buits straicht back on,' who the horsemen frae Dunracht.

Ane bi ane, fu an happy, the horsemen clattered oot intae the wee smaa oors o a cauld November mornin, tae hyter hame wi a thick heid, aa bit Jock Dow, fur his bed lay hard by the barn, in Steenhillock's chaumer. He luikit a lang meenit, wyin up wis it wirth pyin Meg, his sweethairt, a veesit, wi his maister awa frae hame, bit thinkin better o't, he turned in. If Isie Menzies catched them he kent she'd clype, tho she'd makk fine tummlin hersel he jeloused in anither year or twa, fur he'd heard she wis easy trysted awa bi the loons eenoo, she wid lead her fowk a richt fine daunce fin her breists war a thochtie fuller.

'Thank God fur thon,' sighed Isie. 'If Jock hid gaen inno the hoose, we'd niver hae slippit back in wioot him kennin we'd bin oot.'

'If Jock hid gaen inno the hoose, my Da wid hae thrashed an sacked him, ay, an Meg Ramsay tee, fur a fool vratch,' quo Minnie piously.

'Yer Da nicht hae tried,' qho Isie. 'Bit my money wad be on Jock fur winnin the argyment.'

An wheechin up her skirts, she stoored lang inno the neuk o the frostit steadin, afore tiptoein efter Minnie inno the hoose.

Bit Minnie niver sleepit a wink yon nicht efter thon, fur finiver she closed her een, aa she could see wis the great, green glowin shape o Jock Dow, transmogrifeed inno the Horseman's link wi the Deil An she mindit, syne, o the pages frae Matty's schulebuiks she aften read, tho she wisna a loon an dinna warrant a fancy education. She thocht on Epona, the Great Meer, the Goddess o Horsemen worshipped throwoot the hale o the auncient

warld, bi Celt an Roman alike, an she thocht on Pegassus, fite, wi his muckle wings, an she thocht on unicorms wi their magic horns that steppit throw men's dreams. Deil the sleep could she win that nicht fur the whinney o Centaurs an watter kelpies an even she thocht on the great Wind Horse o the East that rade the lift.

Bit maist o aa, she thocht on the Sheltie Steen in the wids that raise frae the back o Kilrogie Schule, an the queer auld carl that sat astride the back o the auncient shelt, an winneret if like Jock Dow, he wis sib tae the Deil, wi the pouer o Grip an Wird ower shelts an weemin. An syne she grippit her dallie Betsy till her an grat fur rage an vexation that niver in the hale o her life micht she jyne the Britherhood o Horseman, fur weeminfowk war barred. Oh, thon wis coorse tae thole, fur she likit her faither's shelts better nor ony o them! She likit her faither's shelts better even than Jock Dow or faither himsel, yet she daurna let dab that she kent the Wird, nor spikk it, or she wad be torn limb bi limb bi wild horses, an her hairt cuttit oot wi a knife, an her beens left oot on the shore fur the sea tae shift. An on yon happy thocht twa oors afore mornin milkin, she steekit her weary een an fell asleep.