

The Draiglin Hogney

The war aince a man that haed thrie braw sons, but wi smaw fendin ti plenish thaim. Sae whan the auldest ane wes mair nor a hauflin, he gaed til his faither an said til him:

“Faither, an ye wul be sae guid as ti gie me a horse for ti ryde on, a hound ti hunt wi, Ah wul gang oot inti the warld an seek ma fortun.”

Aweill, whit mair coud oniebody want, sae his faither gied him whit he spiered, an he set oot on his traivels. He rade an he rade aw day owre bens an throu glens, or at the gloamin, he wan til a thick, mirk shaw. He gaed in, thinkin he micht finnd a pad that wad tak him throu it, but the war nae gait ti be seen, an eftir a lang whyle reingin up an doun, he haed ti admeit til himsell he wes fair lost awthegither.

Bi this tyme, it wes cummin doun haill wattir an the war naething for it but ti tether the horse anaith a mukkil tree an mak a bed o leafs for himsell on the grun. He wes juist aboot ti dae this, whan he saw a licht skinklin sum wey awa. He rade on in the airt it cam frae, an he suin cam til a steid in the wuid, whaur stuid a graund castel.

The winnoks war aw lit up an lowin lyke sae monie gleids, but the outer dure wes barred. Eftir he haed ridden up til it, an chappit on the dure wi nae aunser, the lad taen his huntin horn an gied a loud blaw on it, for ti lat the fowk inby the castel ken he wes at the dure.

Aw at aince, the dure flew open bi itsell, an the lad gaed in, fou o wunner. An he wunnert the mair whan he gaed frae chaumer ti chaumer, an fand that, for aw the war an ingil bleizin in ilka chaumer, an ane unco graund disjune laid oot on the taibil in the mukkil haw, the war naebodie ti be seen oniewhaur in the castel.

But whitever, he wes cauld, an wabbitie an droukit, sae he pat his horse in ane o the staws in the gret staibil, taen his hawk an his hound alang wi him, an gaed back inti the haw, whaur he ett a richt guid supper an drank a ful stowp o wyne. Syne he sat doun i the ingil neuk an beguid ti dry aff his wat claes.

The forenicht wes weirin on an he wes juist thinkin on gaun up the stairs til ane o the chaumers he haed seen, for ti gaun ti bed, whan a clock hingin on the waw chappit twal.

Bedein, the dure o the mukkil haw flew open, wyde ti the waw, an the maist awfuluikin Draiglin Hogney shauchilt in. His hair wes aw tawtie, he haed a dreip hingin frae ae nebstril an he haed a lang mankie baerd on him hingin doun til his kist. His een war lyke twa sterns o fyre lowin anaith his lang, bussie eebrous, an in his haunds he cairrit a mukkil droll club.

He never mismade himsell whan he saw his unexpekkit guest, but cam owre the haw fluir, sat himsell doun the tither syde the ingil an goaved at the laddie wi his gash in his haunds.

“Ma laddie, dis yeir naig ever kick at aw?” says he at lest, in a deep roch vyce.

“Ay, dis he?” aunsert the loun, for the onlie horse his faither coud gie him, wes a randie steirin cowt.

“Ah hae a hantil skeil in brekkin horses,” gaed on the Driglin Horney, “an Ah wul gie ye sumthing ti settil him. Thraw you this owre him!” An he poued ane o the lang course hairs oot his heid an gied it til the callant.

The war sumthing in the soun o the Horney’s vyce that gart the callant dae as he wes bidden, sae he gaed oot ti the staibil an cuist the hair owre the horse. Syne he gaed back ti the haw, an sat himsell down at the ingil. He wesna verra weill sutten down whan the Draiglin Horney spiered anither quaisten:

“Dis yeir hound ever snak at aw?”

“Ay, he dis that,” aunsert the loun, for his hound wes that ill-naiturt, he wes fair lyke ti chowe the airm aff onie man binna his maister, that daured lay a haund on him.

“Aweill Ah ken hou ti mak onie dug in aw Scotland cannie,” aunsert the Draiglin Horney. “Tak you that, an thraw it owre him!” An he poued anither lang hair oot his heid an gied it ti the callant, wha lost nae tyme in thrawin it owre his hound.

But the war a third quaisten ti follae. “Dis yeir hawk ever pyke at aw?”

The lad leuch. Ah aye hae ti keep a clout owre hir een, binna she is reddie for fliein,” says he, “or naething wad be sauf that she coud rax til.”

“Awthing wul be sauf nou,” said the Horney grim lyke. “Thraw that owre hir!”

An for the third tyme, he poued a lang hair frae his heid an haundit it til him. An juist as the ither hairs hae ben kuist owre the horse an the hound, this ane gaed owre the hawk.

Syne, afore the callant coud draw braith, the ugsum Draiglin Horney cloured him owre the heid wi his mukkil droll club an felled him deid til the fluir.

An in the verra same saicont, his hawk an his hound tummilt doun sterk on the fluir asyde him, an ootby in the staibil, his naig turnt steive-still, lyke thay war aw turnt ti stane. The Horney’s wurds haed meant a sicht mair nor a bodie micht think whan he haed claimed he kent hou ti mak steirin beiss quaet.

Back hame, a whyle eftir this, the saicont o the thrie sons cam til his faither wi the same plea that his brither haed made. He, anaw, wantit a horse, a hawk an a hound, an ti hae leave ti gang oot an seek his fortun in the warld. An his faither gied him whit he askit, the same as his brither.

Sae the saicont lad set oot, an cam ti the wuid, an lost himsell, lyke his brither; syne he sae the licht, an cam til the castel, an gaed inby, an haed supper, an dryit his claes, juist lyke aw fell oot afore.

In shauchilt the Draiglin Horney, an spiert the thrie quaistens, an the loun gied the same thrie aunasers, an wes gien thrie hairs frae the Horney's heid: ane ti thraw owre his horse, ane ti thraw owre his hound an ane ti thraw owre his hawk. Syne the Horney cloured him deid juist as he haed killed his brither.

Tyme gaed in as it aye dis, an the yungest son, seein that his twa brithers war never lyke cummin hame, pled on this faither for a horse, a hawk an a hound, for ti gang seekin thaim. An the pur auld caird, that bi nou wes feelin gey disjaskit in his eild, gledlie gied thaim til him.

Sae the yungest laddie set out on his eirant, an at the gloamin he cam, lyke the ithers haed duin, til the unco shaw an the castel. But, be-in a mensefu loun, he haed his douts about the steid an keepit his wuts about him. He didna lyke the tuim houss, he didna lyke the spreid on the taibil heid, an maist o aw, he didna lyke the sicht o the Draiglin Horney whan he saw him. Sae he made up his mynd ti be tentie in whatever he said or did in his cumpanie.

Sae whan the Draiglin Horney spierit whuther his horse kickit, he aunsert that it did, but whan he gat ane o the Horney's hairs for ti thraw owre him, he gaed oot ti the staibil an feingit ti dae it, but brocht back the hair in his neive, an whan his wanchancie fier wesna luikin, he kuist it inti the ingil. An here did it no whuff up wi a bricht reid lowe an a hiss lyke a sairpent?

“Whit's that fizz-fizzin Ah hear?” said the Horney, suspeiuss lyke.

“It's juist the brie frae the green wuid, whit ither?” aunsert the callant, galluss lyke, an he turnt ti clap his dug.

His aunser seeminlie satisfied the Draiglin Horney, an he peyed nae heed til the soun made bi the hair that soud hae been thrawn owre the hound, or the soun made bi the hair that soud hae been thrawn owre the hawk, whan the lad kuist thaim inti the ingil, as thay fizzed up lyke the first ane.

Syne, thinkin the loun wes nou in his pouer, he breinged owre the herthstane ti fell him wi his mukkil club, as he haed felled his twa brithers, but the lad wes on his gaird, an whan he saw him cummin, he joukit him an lat oot a loud wheipil. At this, his naig cam skelpin in frae the staibil, an his hound banged up frae the herthstane whaur he haed been doverin, an his hawk that wes sittin on his shouther, bumfild up hir fethers an skraicht.

Thay aw gaed for the Draiglin Horney at aince, an he fairlie fund oot hou weill the horse coud kick, the hound coud snak an the hawk coud pyke, for thay kickit him, snakkit him an pykit him or he wes as deid as a dure nail.

Whan the yungest son saw he wes richt deid, he taen his club frae his haund an airmed wi this, he set oot ti luik roun the castel. As he expekkit, he fand the war derk an drearie dungeons doun ablo, an in ane o thaim thare war his twa brithers lyin lyke twa whunstane men, syde bi syde. But wi ae tig wi the unco club thay cam back ti lyfe again, an up thay lowpit til thair feet, as gleg an weill as ever thay haed been,

Syne he gaed intil anither dungeon, an thare war thair twa horses, the twa hawks an the twa hounds, lyin lyke stanes, juist lyke thair maisters haed been. Sae he tiggit thaim tae wi his ferlie club, an thay cam back ti lyfe anaw.

Syne he cawed his twa brithers, an the thrie callants gaed inti the ither dungeons, whaur thay fand rowth o gowds an siller, aneuch ti mak thaim aw walthie as keings for the lave o thair days.

Sae thay laired the Driaglin Horney's corp i the wuids ayont the castel grounds, an twa o thaim gaed hame an brocht thair auld faither back wi thaim ti byde in the castel. Syne thay aw bade thare blyth an weill content, an for aw oniebodie kens, thay ir bydin thare yit.