

Rashiecoat

Rashiecoat wes a keing's dochter, an hir faither wantit hir ti be mairrit, but she didna lyke the man. But hir faither said she buid tak him, an she didna ken whit ti dae. Sae she gaed awa ti spier at the henwyfe.

The henwyfe says: "Say ye winna tak him binna thay gie ye a coat o the baeten gowd!"

Weill, thay gied hir a coat o the baeten gowd, but she didna want ti tak him for aw that. Sae she gaed til the henwyfe again, an the henwyfe says:

Say ye winna tak him binna thay gie ye a coat made o aw the fethers o aw the burds o the air!"

But the Keing sent a man wi a mukkil haep o corn an the man cryit up til aw the burds o the air!

"Ilka burd tak up a pea an pit doun a fether!"

Sae ilka burd taen up a pea an pit doun a fether, an thay gethert aw the fethers up an made a coat oot thaim an gied it ti Rashiecoat; but she didna want ti tak him for aw that.

Weill she gaed til the henwyfe again an spiered whit she soud dae, an the henwyfe says:

"Say ye winna tak him binna thay gie ye a coat o rashes an a perr o slippers!"

Weill thay gied hir a coat o rashes an a perr o slippers, but she didna want ti tak him for aw that. Sae she gaed til the henwyfe again, but the henwyfe said she coudna help hir onie mair.

Aweill, she haed taen a fair skunner at this man, an raither nor mairrie him, she left hir faither's houss an gaed ferr, an ferr an ferrer nor Ah can tell, an she cam til anither keing's houss an she gaed intil't. Thare thay spiert at hir whit she wes seekin, an she said she wes seekin sairvice; sae thay pat hir intil the kitchen ti serr as a wallie-draigil, ti wash dishes an tak oot the auss an aw that.

Whan the Sabbath day cam, awbodie gaed ti the kirk an left hir at hame ti mak the denner. Syne a fairie cam til hir whan she wes thrang wi the denner an telt hir ti pit on hir coat o the baeten gowd an gang til the kirk. Rashiecoat said she durstna gang, for she haed ti mak the denner, but the fairie threipit at hir ti gang, an said she wad mak the denner for hir.

Syne she said: Ae peat gar anither peat burn,
ae spit gar anither spit turn,
ae pat gar anither pat play,
lat Rashiecoat gang til the kirk the-day!

Sae Rashiecoat pat on hir coat o the baeten gowd an awa she gaed til the kirk. An the Keing's son saw hir thare an fell in luiv wi hir at aince, but she cam hame afore the kirk skailed an he docht na finnd oot wha she wes. An whan she wan hame, here she fand the denner made an naebodie ever kent she hae been oot.

Weill the neist Sabbath day, the fairie cam again an telt hir ti pit on the coat o fethers o aw the burds o the air, an gang ti the kirk, an she wad mak the denner for hir. Sae she pat on the coat o fethers an gaed ti the kirk, an again she cam oot afore the kirk skailed. The Keing's son saw hir gang oot an he gaed oot anaw, but he coudna finnd oot wha she wes. An she wan hame an taen aff the coat o fethers, an fand the denner made, an again naebodie ever kent she'd been owre the dure.

An the third Sabbath day, the fairie cam til hir again an telt hir ti pit on the coat o rashes an the perr o slippers an gang ti the kirk aince mair. Aweill, she did awthing the same, an this tyme the Keing's son sat bi the dure, an whan he saw Rashiecoat slippin oot afore the kirk skailed, he slippit oot tae, an gruppit hir. But she warsilt awa frae him an ran hame, but on the road hame, she tint ane o hir slippers. The Prince fand it an taen it til the Court, an syne he gart cry throu aw the kintrie that onie leddie that coud git the slipper on hir fuit, he wad mairrie.

Sae aw the leddies o the Court tryit for ti pit the slipper on, but it wad fit nane o thaim. An the auld hen wyfe cam an fush hir ill-faured dochter ti try ti git it on. Hir fuit wes ferr owre mukkil, but she nippit it an clippit it, an raxt it on that gait. Sae the Keing's son felt obleiged ti mairrie hir.

He wes takkin hir awa for ti mairrie hir, rydin on a naig wi hir ahint him, an feelin gey ill-duin til, whan thay cam til a wuid. Here, the war a wee burd sittin on a tree brainch an as thay rade by, the burd keikit doun an yammert:

Nippit fuit an clippit fuit
ahint the Keing's son rydes;
but bonnie fuit an prettie fuit
ahint the caudron bydes.

Whan the Keing's son haird thir wurd, he poued the slipper aff the fuit o the henwyfe's dochter an flang hir doun onti the grund. Syne he skelpit back hame again on his horse an luikit ahint the caudron---an thare he fand Rashiecoat, greitin for hir slipper. He tryit hir fuit wi the slipper an here it gaed on fyne.

Sae he mairrit hir, an thay leeved happie an died happie, an never drank oot a dry cappie, an whit mair coud onie o us want.