

20 WHEN LOVE CALLS MEN TO ARMS

at what he saw to be angry. "And what may this be?"

Looking back at it now, I think it must have been an odd picture. There were the cows wandering about the burn, and Don John sitting on a rock squeezing the water out of his hair and whistling a queer but, to me, familiar tune,* while I sat on



my hunkers under a cow, busy milking into a horn, and with Don John's sword tucked under my left arm.

Don John stopped whistling. His hair was as straggly as a crow's nest as he stood up before my father. My father looked at him, and then at me. He was a slow-thinking man, but not suspicious. Kind at heart and generous of mind, his judgments were not hasty.

"I would be troublin' ye, sirrah," he said to Don John, mustering his English; "I would be troublin' ye to say wha ye are, whaur ye come frae, an' what ye may be doin' here?"

Don John replied with that lofty air of his which

* Don John's Lilt.