

Oor Wee Scuil



**Ulster-Scots songs
for weans!**

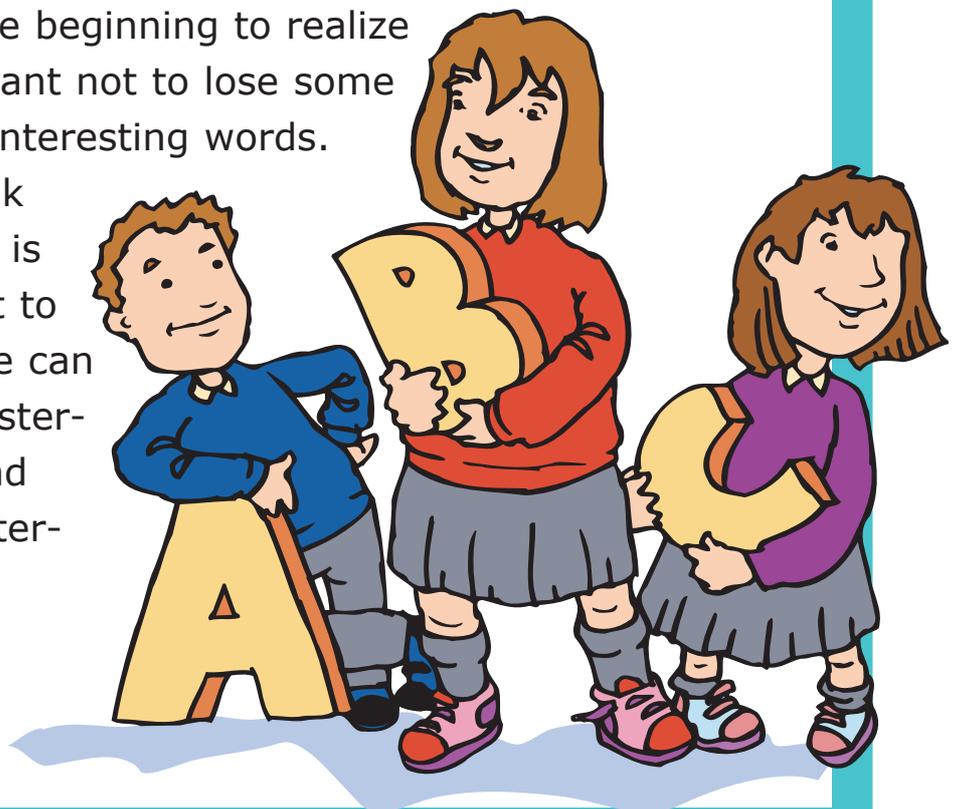
Some information about **Ulster-Scots....**

Why are there so many different ways of spelling the same words? Why are some words so like English but others are so different?

Many Scots people moved to Ulster in the 17th century and brought their language with them. We now call this language Ulster-Scots. Some of the words are very close to English because both Scots and English came from Anglo-Saxon hundreds of years earlier. Both Scots and English were sister languages in the same way that Gaelic in Ireland and Gaelic in Scotland are closely related.

People today are beginning to realize that it is important not to lose some of these really interesting words.

People also think that although it is really important to learn English we can also listen to Ulster-Scots poems and enjoy using Ulster-Scots words when they are appropriate.



Vocabulary and dialect

There are different Ulster-Scots words used in different parts of the country. A person from one area might not always know the words used in another area. You might hear words that you are very familiar with and others which you have never heard before.

Spelling

There is no strongly agreed method of spelling for many Ulster-Scots words. Some people think it is best to look to the way words were spelled in the past, others think we should spell them the way they sound.



My Aunt Jane

My Aunt Jane she tuk me in
An gien me tay oot o her wee tin
Half a bap wae sugar on tha tap
An three black balls fae her wee shap

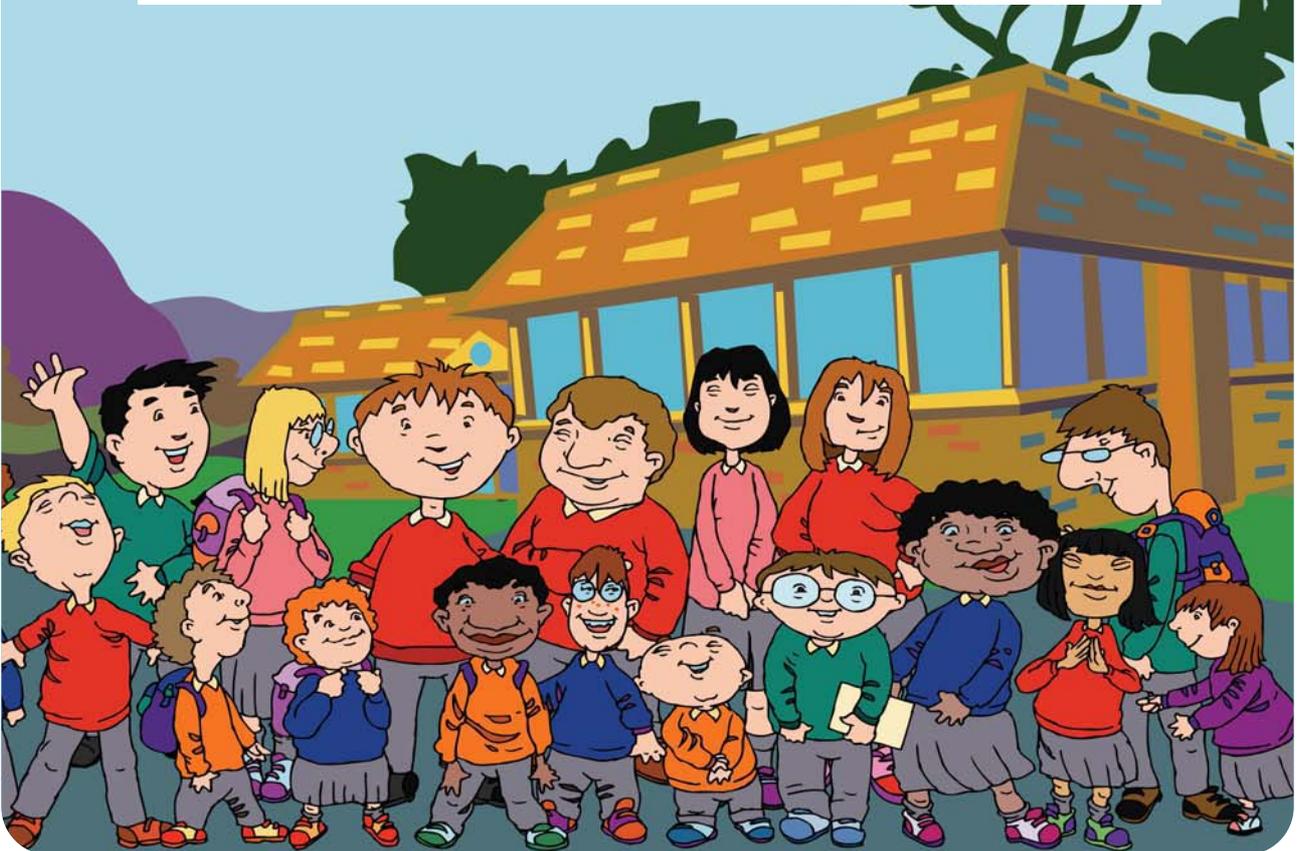
My Aunt Jane sez drink yer tay
An sing oot til yer dyin' day
An ye wunner why I an sae prood
An ye wunner why I sing sae lood

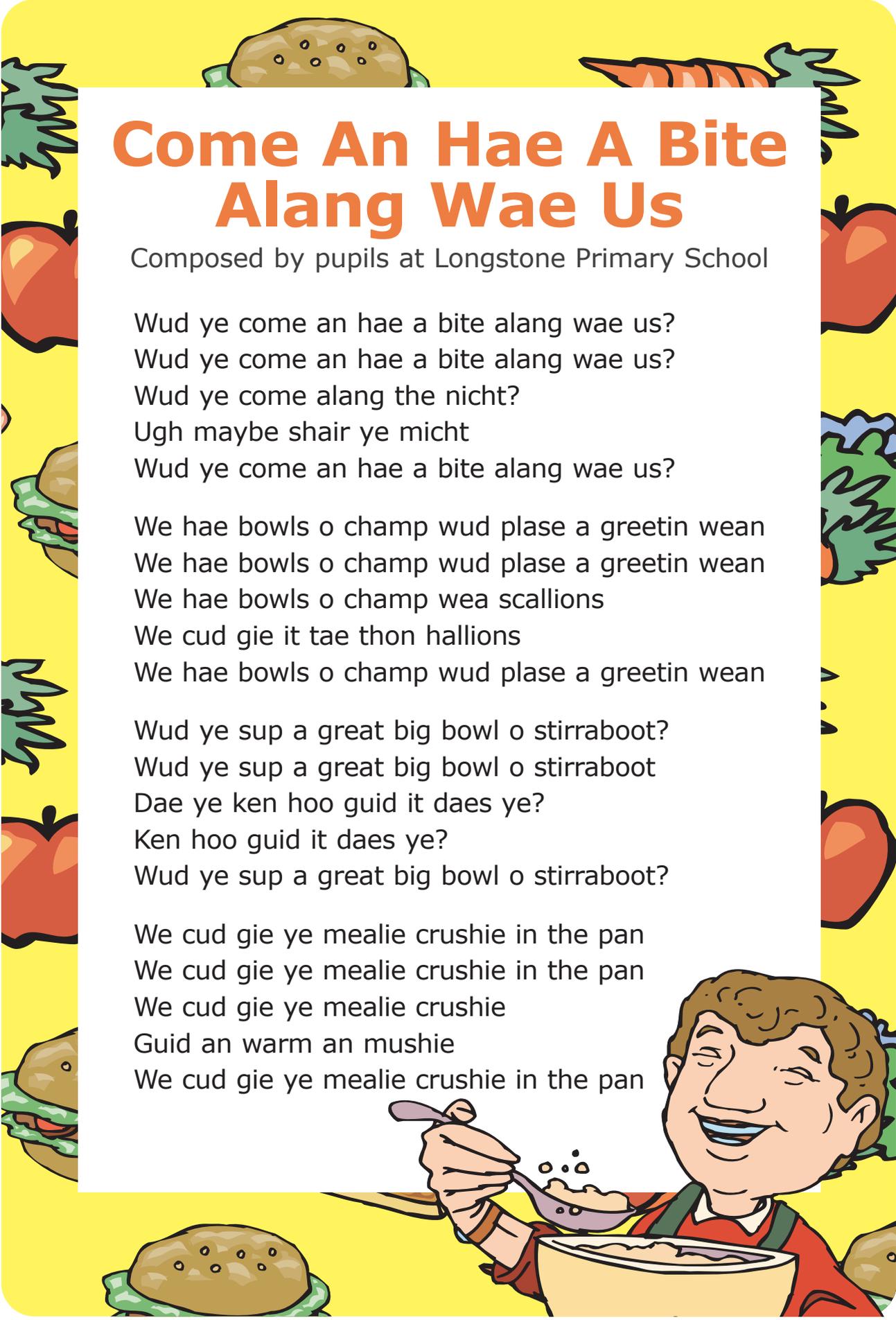
For my Aunt Jane she tuk me in
An gien me tay oot o her wee tin
Half a bap wae sugar on tha tap
An three black balls fae her wee shap.



Oor Wee Scuil

Oor wee scuil's a fine wee scuil
It's made wae bricks an plaister
The ainly thing ats wrang wae it
Is oor crabbit oul heid maister
On Friday een whun he gets hame
On Setterday an Sunday
He jist draims aboot bein bak agane
Yellin at weans on Monday.





Come An Hae A Bite Alang Wae Us

Composed by pupils at Longstone Primary School

Wud ye come an hae a bite alang wae us?
Wud ye come an hae a bite alang wae us?
Wud ye come alang the nicht?
Ugh maybe shair ye nicht
Wud ye come an hae a bite alang wae us?

We hae bowls o champ wud plase a greetin wean
We hae bowls o champ wud plase a greetin wean
We hae bowls o champ wea scallions
We cud gie it tae thon hallions
We hae bowls o champ wud plase a greetin wean

Wud ye sup a great big bowl o stirraboot?
Wud ye sup a great big bowl o stirraboot
Dae ye ken hoo guid it daes ye?
Ken hoo guid it daes ye?
Wud ye sup a great big bowl o stirraboot?

We cud gie ye mealie crushie in the pan
We cud gie ye mealie crushie in the pan
We cud gie ye mealie crushie
Guid an warm an mushie
We cud gie ye mealie crushie in the pan



Bobby Shaftoe

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles at his knee,
He'll come back and marry me,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Chorus:

**Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair,
He's my ain for ever mair,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.**

Bobby Shaftoe's tall and slim,
He's always dressed so neat and trim,
The lassies they all keek at him,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Chorus

Bobby Shaftoe's gett'n a bairn,
For to dandle on his airm,
On his airm and on his knee,
Bobby Shaftoe loves me.

Chorus



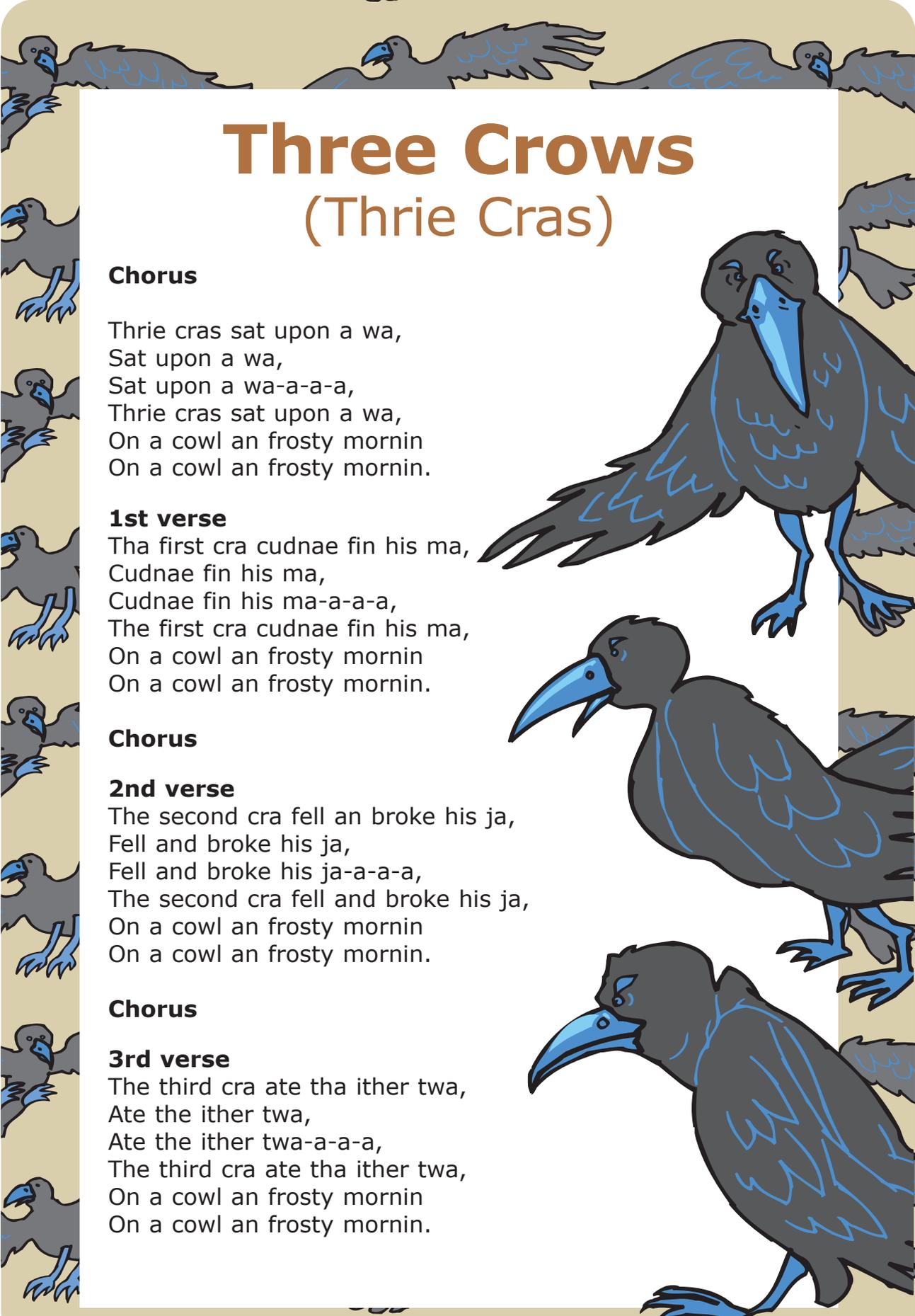
I'll Tell Me Ma!



I'll tell me ma, when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone.
They pull my hair, they stole my comb,
And that's alright till I go home.
She is handsome, she is pretty
She's the belle of Belfast city,
She is courtin, one two three
Please won't you tell me, who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her,
All the boys are fighting for her.
They rap at the door and they ring at the bell.
Saying "Oh, my true love are you well"?
Out she comes as white as snow,
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,
Old Johnny Murray says she'll die,
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come shovelling from the sky
She's as nice as apple pie
And she'll get her own lad by and by.
When she gets a lad of her own
She won't tell her ma when she gets home
Let them all come as they will,
But 'tis Albert Mooney she loves still.

The page features a light tan background with a repeating pattern of stylized crows in grey and blue. Three larger, detailed illustrations of these crows are positioned on the right side of the page. The top crow is looking towards the left, the middle one is looking towards the left, and the bottom one is looking towards the left. The title 'Three Crows' is written in a large, bold, brown font, with '(Thrie Cras)' in a smaller, bold, brown font below it.

Three Crows

(Thrie Cras)

Chorus

Thrie cras sat upon a wa,
Sat upon a wa,
Sat upon a wa-a-a-a,
Thrie cras sat upon a wa,
On a cowl an frosty mornin
On a cowl an frosty mornin.

1st verse

Tha first cra cudnae fin his ma,
Cudnae fin his ma,
Cudnae fin his ma-a-a-a,
The first cra cudnae fin his ma,
On a cowl an frosty mornin
On a cowl an frosty mornin.

Chorus

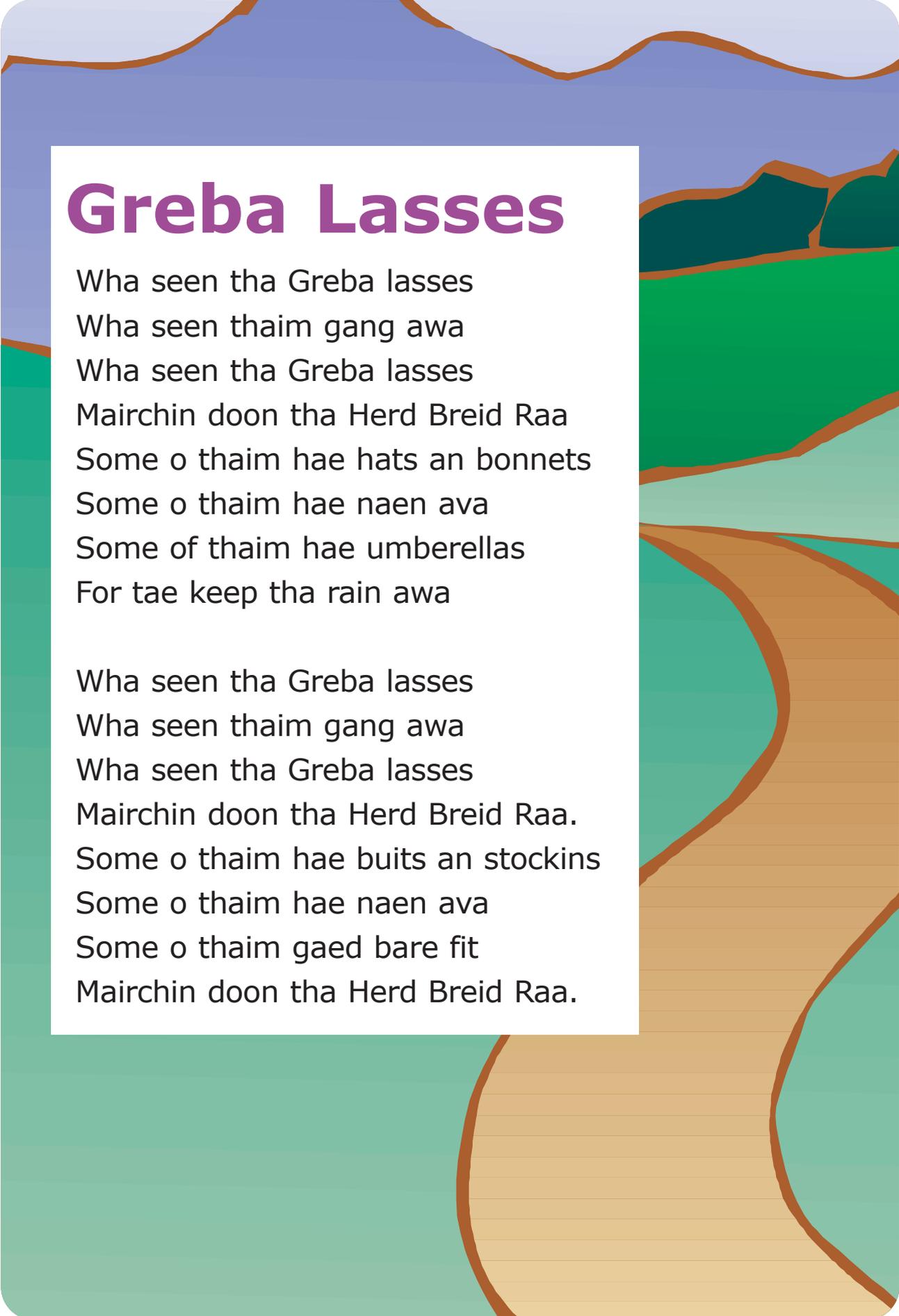
2nd verse

The second cra fell an broke his ja,
Fell and broke his ja,
Fell and broke his ja-a-a-a,
The second cra fell and broke his ja,
On a cowl an frosty mornin
On a cowl an frosty mornin.

Chorus

3rd verse

The third cra ate tha ither twa,
Ate the ither twa,
Ate the ither twa-a-a-a,
The third cra ate tha ither twa,
On a cowl an frosty mornin
On a cowl an frosty mornin.



Greba Lasses

Wha seen tha Greba lasses
Wha seen thaim gang awa
Wha seen tha Greba lasses
Mairchin doon tha Herd Breid Raa
Some o thaim hae hats an bonnets
Some o thaim hae naen ava
Some of thaim hae umberellas
For tae keep tha rain awa

Wha seen tha Greba lasses
Wha seen thaim gang awa
Wha seen tha Greba lasses
Mairchin doon tha Herd Breid Raa.
Some o thaim hae buits an stockins
Some o thaim hae naen ava
Some o thaim gaed bare fit
Mairchin doon tha Herd Breid Raa.

Wee Maggie Picken

Maggie Picken day or nicht
Sang oot wae aa her nicht
Folk says she wusnae richt
Maggie Picken day or nicht

Chorus:

**Wee Maggie Picken, Wee Maggie Picken
Wee Maggie Picken, Wee Maggie Picken**

Maggie Picken had a hen
Scaiched an cackled when
She laid an egg noo an then
Maggie Picken's ain hen

Chorus

Maggie Picken had a pig
Hoakin up the proota rig
Get a stick, gie er a dig
Maggie Picken's ain pig

Chorus

Maggie Picken had a dug
Naw tha soart ye'd wantae hug
Gien a gowl wud deave yer lug
Maggie Picken's ain dug

Chorus

Maggie Picken had a cat
For supper ate a rat
Nea wunner she got fat
Maggie Picken's ain cat

Chorus

Maggie Picken had a wean
Thran, crabbit bein
Swore she'd never dae that again
Maggie Picken's ain wean

Chorus

Maggie Picken had a goat
Hairy baird, hairy coat
He growe oul begun tae dote
Maggie Picken's ain goat

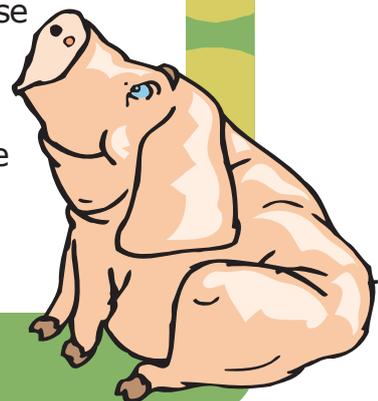
Chorus

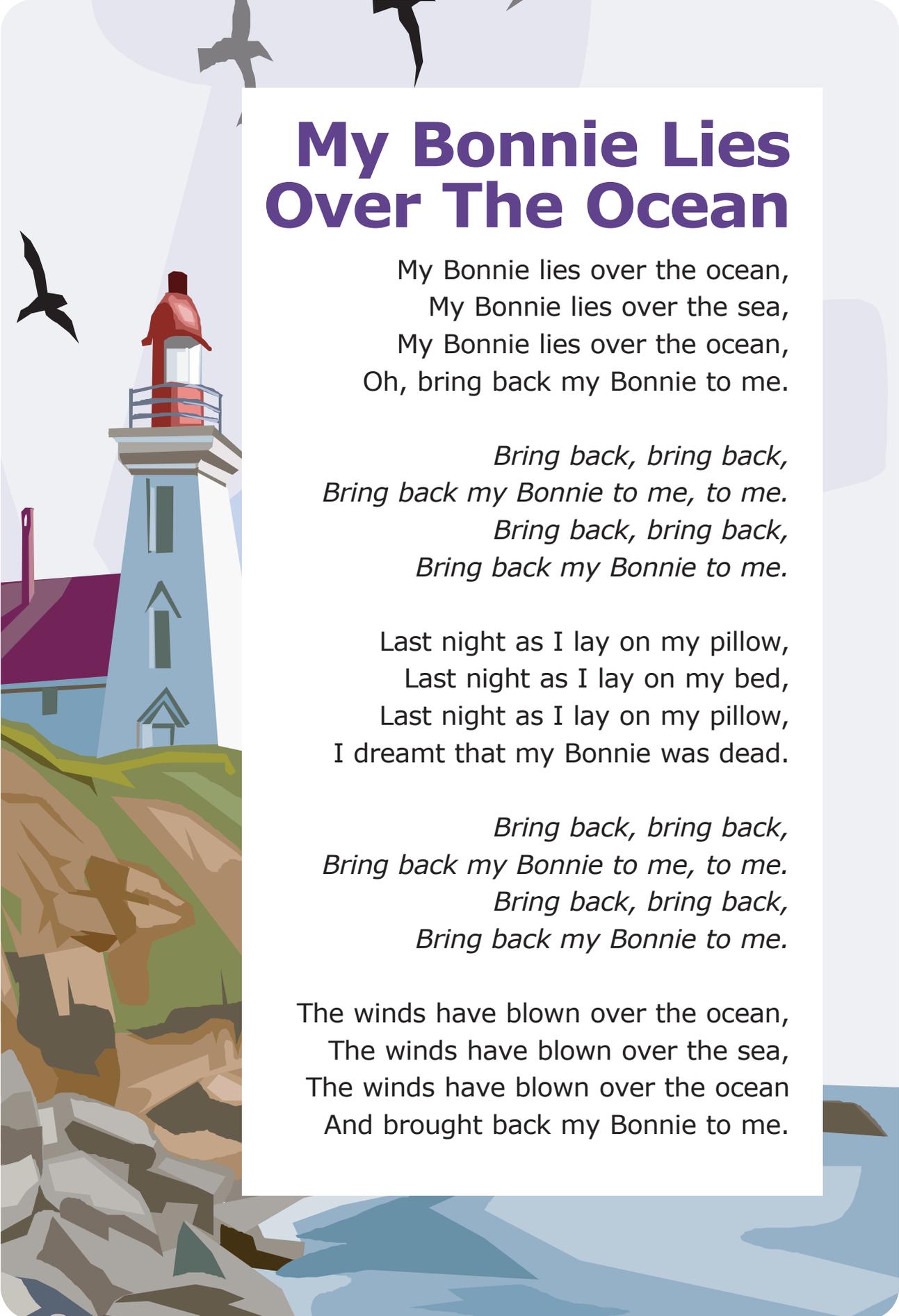
Maggie Picken had a coo
Black an white about the broo
Apen the gate an let er throo
Maggie Picken's ain coo

Chorus

Maggie Picken had a goose
Rinnin roon on the loose
In an oot o her hoose
Maggie Picken's ain goose

Chorus





My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea,
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

*Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me.*

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.

*Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me.*

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean
And brought back my Bonnie to me.

Big May Fair O Ballyclare

By Willie Drennan

Chorus:

In Ballyclare—hi were ye ever there?

In Ballyclare—wae the music in the air

In Ballyclare were ye ever in the square?

At the big May Fair o Ballyclare

Doon thonner by the Six Mile Waater
There lies doon there oor wee market toon
There's toons mair big, foo a chatter
But naw when oor May Fair cums aroon
Folk cums fae near an fae far awa
Tae buy hardware there an claes tae wear
Fold's fir tae fin there ocht ava
At the big May Fair o Ballyclare

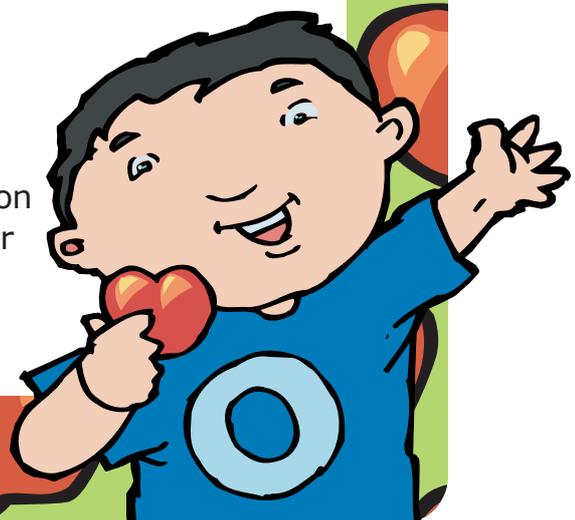
Chorus:

Wae a wadge o yellaman in their han
Folk birl aroon an roon tae the chune
Fae the fiddle o the music man
On the big man street baith up an doon
A horse an a cart an a cuddie on the street
A bull an a coo an a soo an even mair
A billy goat, an nanny goat yeese wull meet
At the big May Fair o Ballyclare

Chorus:

Doon thonner by the Six Mile Waater
There lies doon there oor wee market toon
There's toons mair big, mair foo a chatter
But naw when oor May Fair cums aroon

Chorus: Repeat last line



Oh Susannah

Written by Stephen Foster

Well I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee
And I'm bound for Louisiana
My true love for to see
It rained all night the day I left;
The weather was bone dry!
The sun so hot I froze myself
Susannah don't you cry!

Chorus:

Oh Susannah, oh don't you cry for me!

For I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee!

Well I had a dream the other night
When everything was still
I dreamed I saw my girl Susanne
Coming down the hill
The buckwheat cake was in her
mouth
The tear was in her eye
I says I come from Dixieland
Susannah don't you cry!

Chorus



Champ, Champ

By Willie Drennan

Verse 1:

Champ, champ, gie us mair champ
Wairms yer sowl when its cowl an damp
Champ, champ on yer plate
Wae a wadge o butter hi, herd tae bate.

Verse 2:

In Cullybackey noo we're getting aa
Fancy food frae, far awa
Thon curry's sae het it burns yer mooth
An leas ye wae a powerful drooth.

Repeat verse 1

Verse 3:

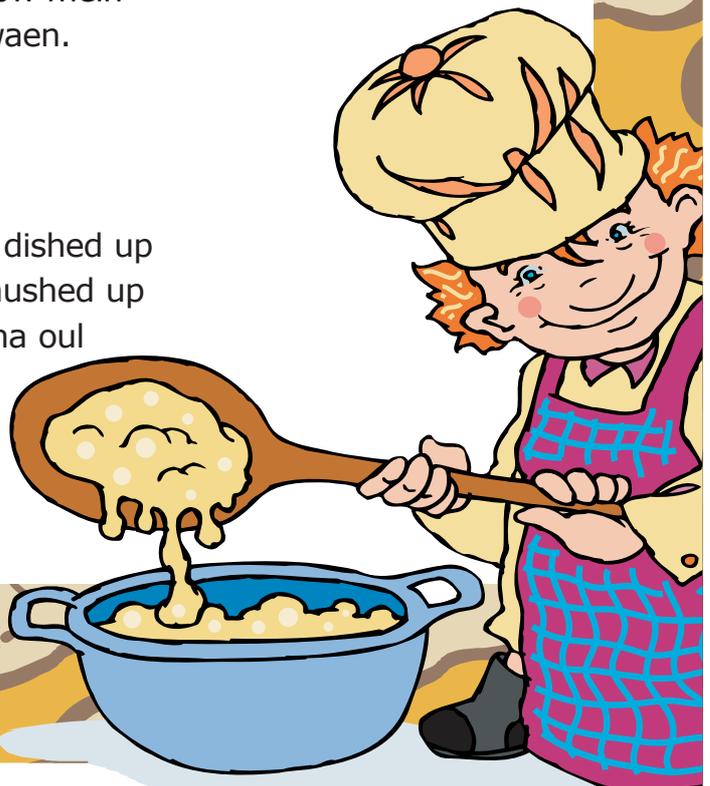
Thon pizzas, burgers and chop suey
Thons naw fit for oor Wee Hughie
Thon spaghetti, rice and chow mein
Thon naw fir foe a gruw in waen.

Repeat verse 1

Verse 4:

It's quare pak in hi when aa dished up
Prootas wae scallions aa smushed up
Fir for baith tha young an tha oul
Maks ye hearty, maks ye
boul.

Repeat verse 1



Soldier, Soldier

Oh soldier, soldier won't you marry me
With your musket, fife and drum
Oh no sweet lass I cannot marry you
For I have no boots to put on

So she ran to the town as fast as she could run
With a hey and a ho to the sound of a drum
And she brought him boots of the very very best
And sez soldier put these on

Now soldier, soldier won't you marry me
With your musket, fife and drum
Oh no sweet lass I cannot marry you
For I have no suit to put on

So she ran to the town as fast as she could run
With a hey and a ho to the sound of a drum
And she brought him a suit of the very very best
And sez soldier put this on

Now soldier, soldier etc.
(No shirt, tie, hat)

Last verse:

**On no sweet lass I cannot marry you
For I have a wife of my own**



An illustration in a stylized, geometric art style. In the foreground, a man wearing a dark suit, a light blue shirt, a dark tie, and a dark green hat with a gold band looks towards the right. In the background, a large red and white striped ship's funnel rises against a blue sky. The overall scene suggests a historical setting related to the Titanic.

The Belfast Titanic Song

By Willie Drennan

In Belfast town we were mad keen,
To build the biggest boat ever seen;
Folks said she'd never be sunk,
They never thought they were in for a gunk.
Hammerin' sore and hammerin' hard,
On the great big boat in the Belfast yard;
Ship Titanic was to be her name,
What a pity, what a shame.

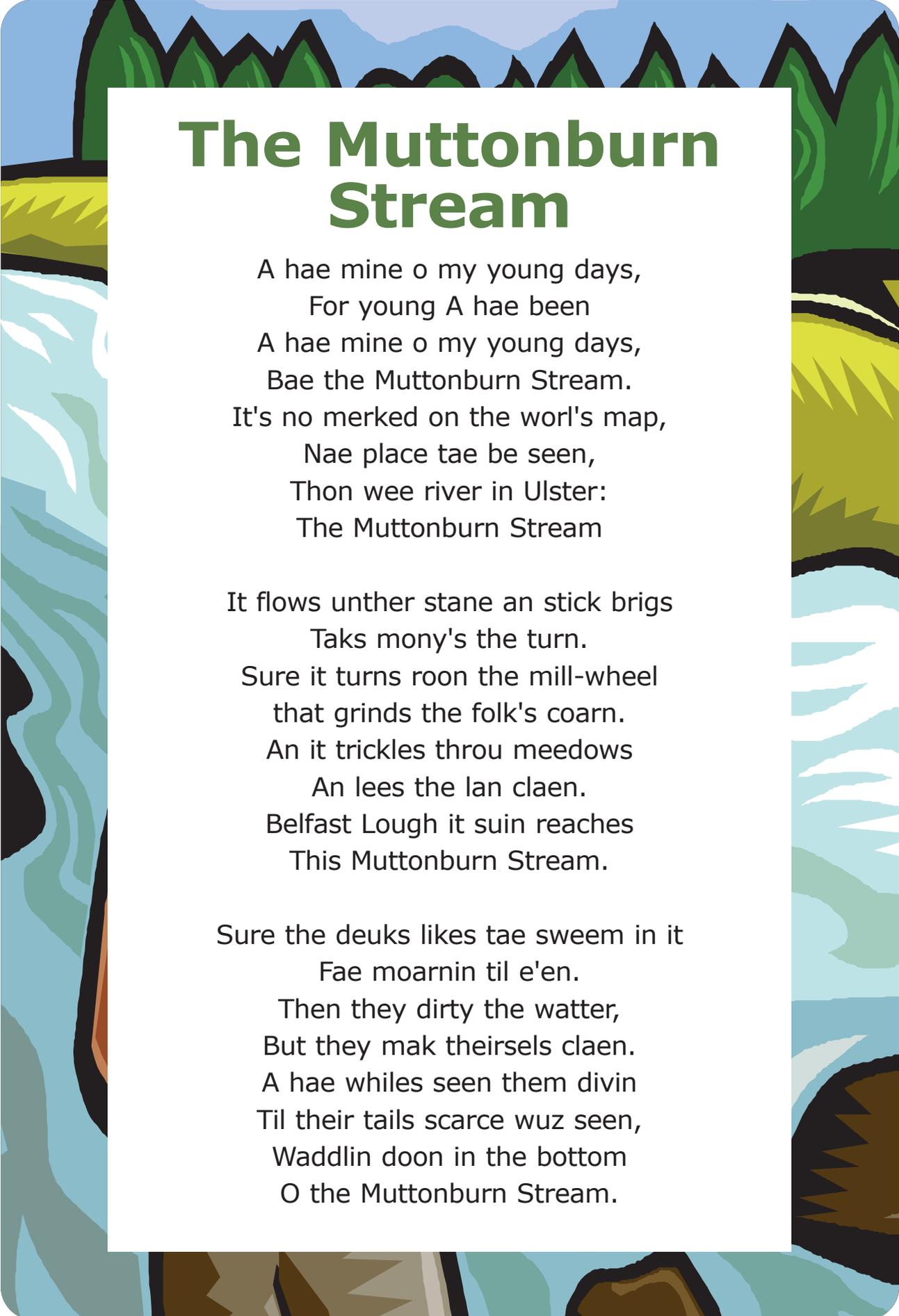
CHORUS:

**Don't blame Billy, Geordie or Sam,
Don't blame Hughie or Wee Tam;
Don't blame us and don't blame me,
For poor Titanic beneath the sea.**

In 1912 the spring of the year,
The big girl showed she had no fear;
Southampton quay she sailed away,
Bound out for Americay.
Folk on board were glad as could be,
Just to be part of the history;
They sung their praises up and down,
On the big boat built in Belfast town.

CHORUS

So sing with pride and sing out loud,
We're the boys, true and proud;
We're the boys from Belfast town,
You'll surely know when we're around.
In the yard in East Belfast,
We built the big boat meant to last;
Folk said she'd never be sunk,
They never thought they were in for a gunk.

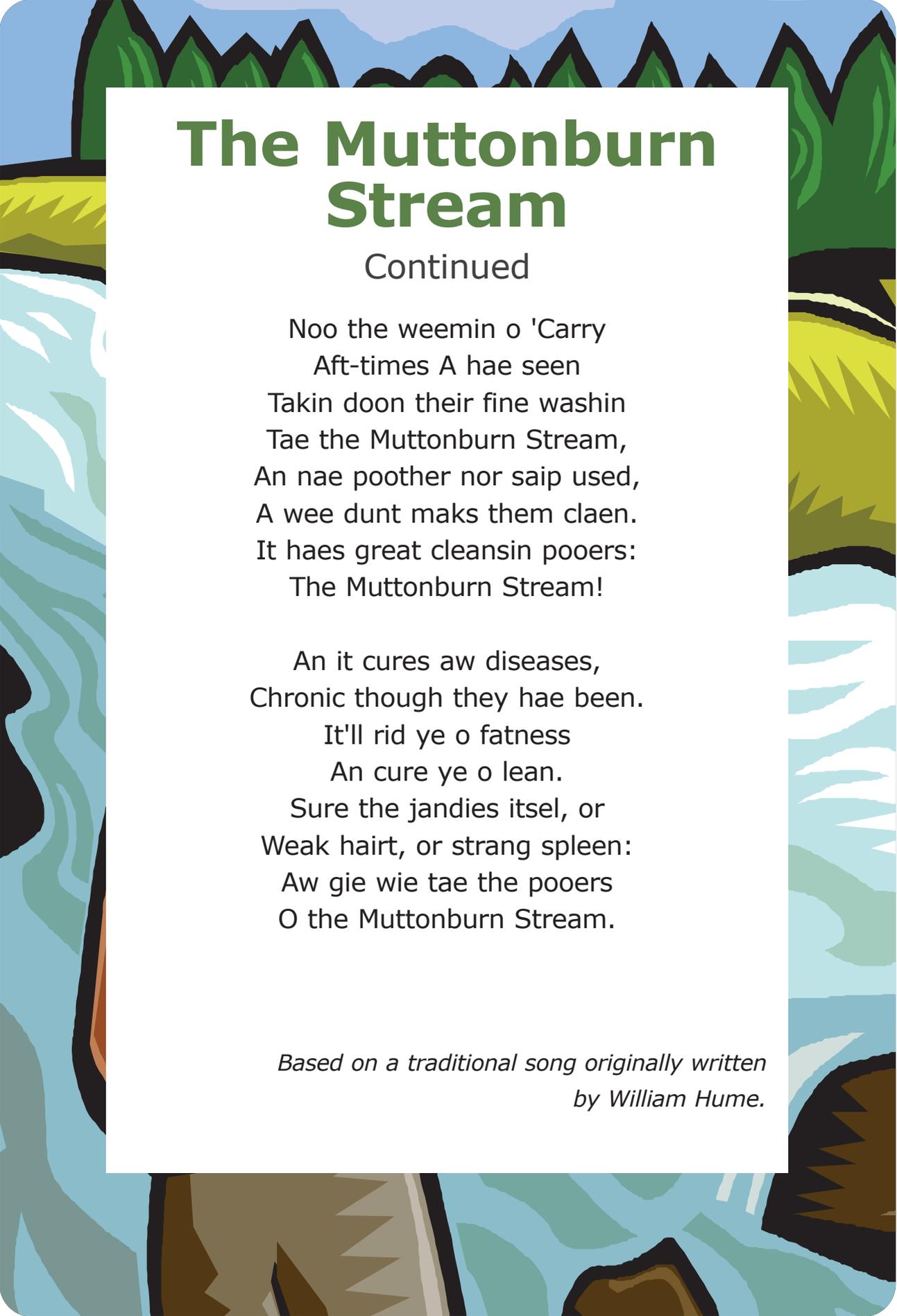


The Muttonburn Stream

A hae mine o my young days,
For young A hae been
A hae mine o my young days,
Bae the Muttonburn Stream.
It's no merked on the worl's map,
Nae place tae be seen,
Thon wee river in Ulster:
The Muttonburn Stream

It flows unther stane an stick brigs
Taks mony's the turn.
Sure it turns roon the mill-wheel
that grinds the folk's coarn.
An it trickles throu meadows
An lees the lan claen.
Belfast Lough it suin reaches
This Muttonburn Stream.

Sure the deuks likes tae sweem in it
Fae moarnin til e'en.
Then they dirty the watter,
But they mak theirsels claen.
A hae whiles seen them divin
Til their tails scarce wuz seen,
Waddlin doon in the bottom
O the Muttonburn Stream.



The Muttonburn Stream

Continued

Noo the weemin o 'Carry
Aft-times A hae seen
Takin doon their fine washin
Tae the Muttonburn Stream,
An nae pother nor saip used,
A wee dunt maks them claen.
It haes great cleansin pooers:
The Muttonburn Stream!

An it cures aw diseases,
Chronic though they hae been.
It'll rid ye o fatness
An cure ye o lean.
Sure the jandies itsel, or
Weak hairt, or strang spleen:
Aw gie wie tae the pooers
O the Muttonburn Stream.

*Based on a traditional song originally written
by William Hume.*

Dinnae, Dinnae, Dinnae

By Willie Drennan

Dinnae let ocht ava get tae ye
Dinnae get au het up
For if ye let ocht ava get tae ye
It never wull let up
Dinnae lie doon in the muck an tha glar
Dinnae lie doon in the sheugh
For if you're lay doon in tha muck an tha glar
A doot hie yer getting er reugh.

CHORUS

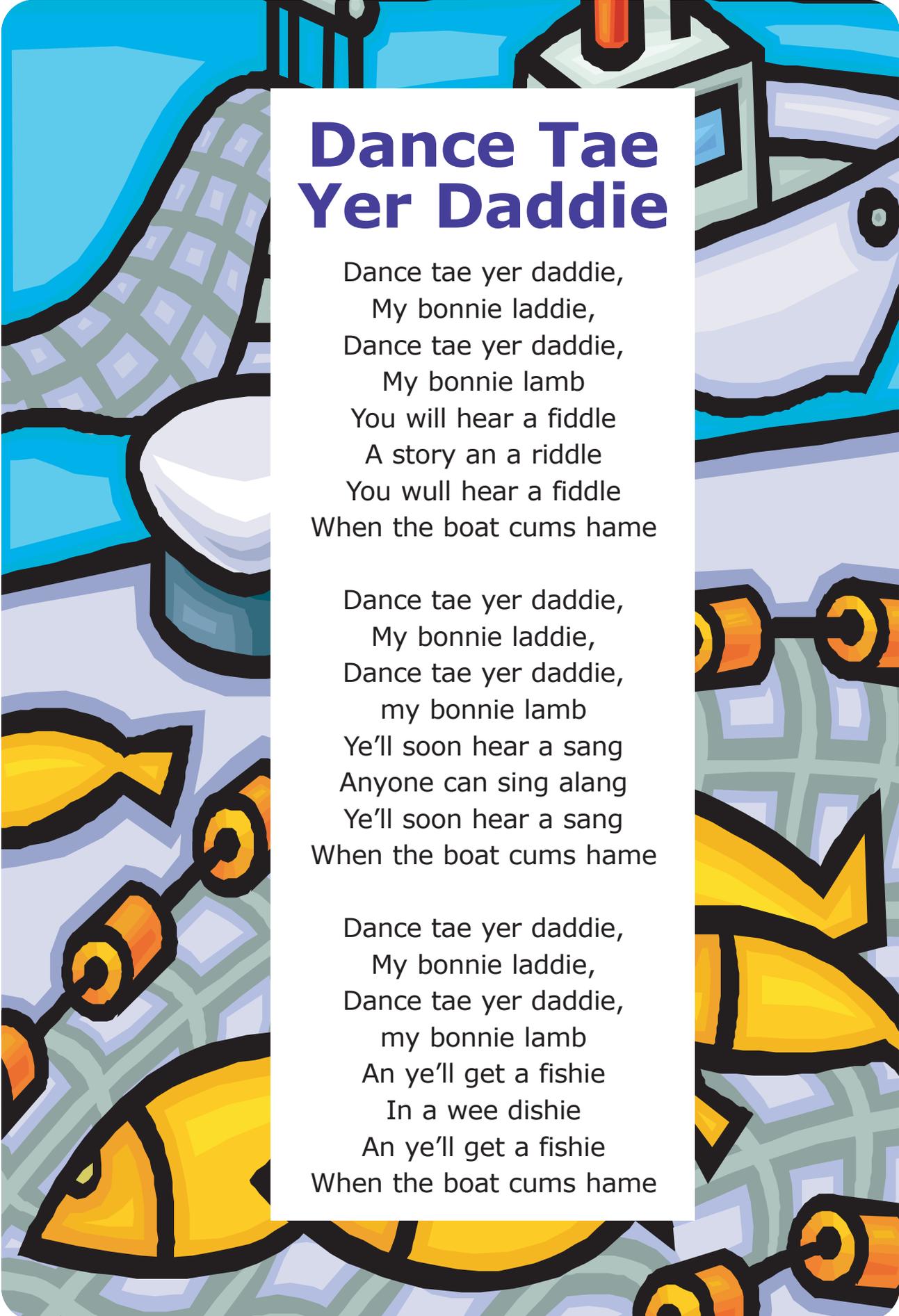
**An jist sing oot as yer gan along
Sing oot a cantie sang
Ower tha hills an the moors
Tae tha heather an tha whuns
Sing oot a cantie sang
An dinnae dinnae dinnae
Dinnae, dinnae, dinnae
Dinnae, dinnae, dinnae
Dinnae, dinnae, dinnae.**

Dinnae let big boadies dunt ye
Dinnae let them dunt ye aroon
For if ye let big boadies dunt ye
They'll dunt ye till yer doon.
Dinnae let them waak aa ower ye
Dinnae let them dae their thing
An if they try tae waak aa ower ye
Jist lep ye up an sing.

CHORUS

Dinnae heed aa fowk tell ye
Jist leuk them in tha ee
Dinnae heed aa fowk tell ye
Dinnae even heed you me
An dinnae dae daft things that are no richt
Dinnae dae ocht wrang ava
For if ye dae daft things at are no richt
Ye'll en up like yer da!



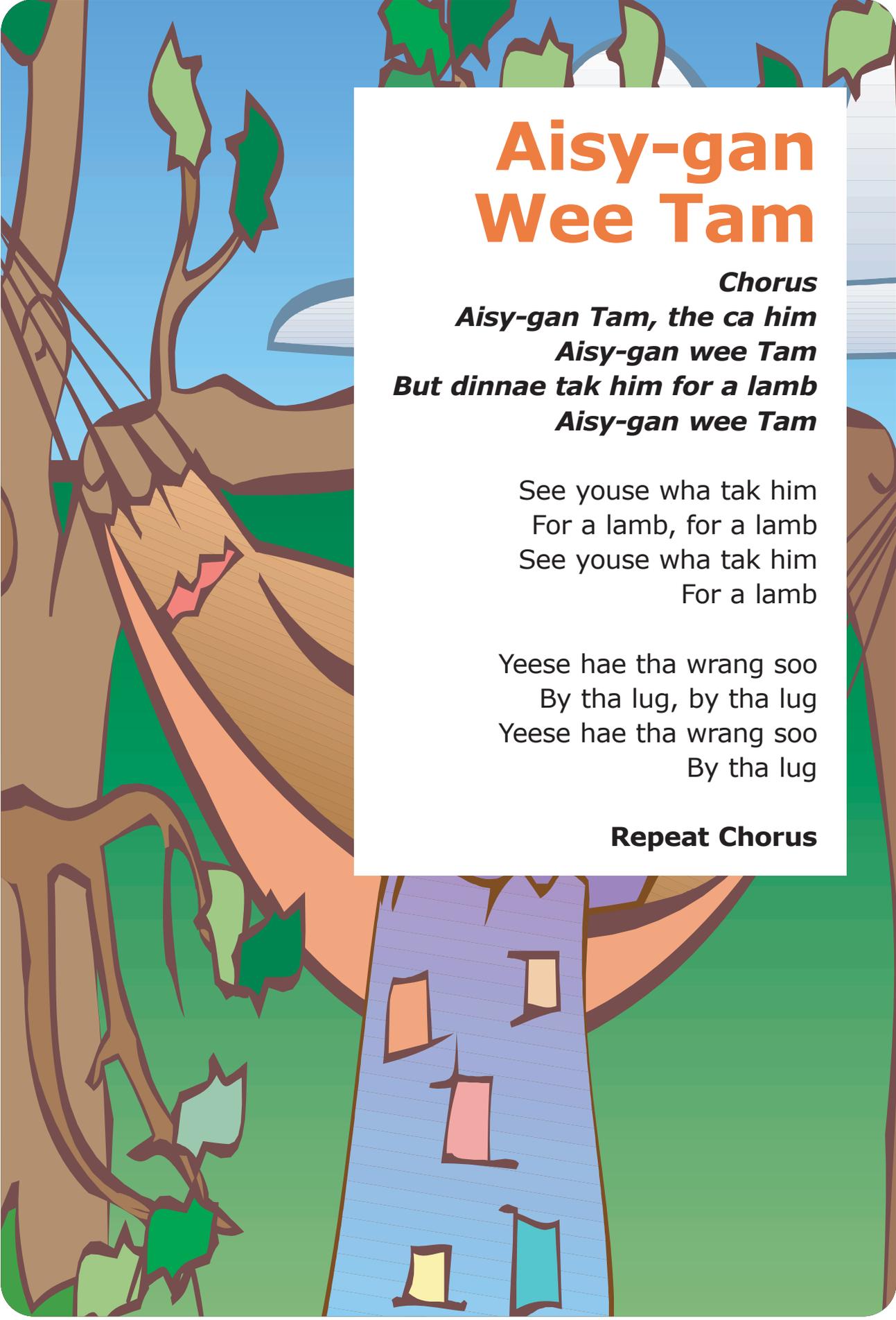


Dance Tae Yer Daddie

Dance tae yer daddie,
My bonnie laddie,
Dance tae yer daddie,
My bonnie lamb
You will hear a fiddle
A story an a riddle
You wull hear a fiddle
When the boat cums hame

Dance tae yer daddie,
My bonnie laddie,
Dance tae yer daddie,
my bonnie lamb
Ye'll soon hear a sang
Anyone can sing alang
Ye'll soon hear a sang
When the boat cums hame

Dance tae yer daddie,
My bonnie laddie,
Dance tae yer daddie,
my bonnie lamb
An ye'll get a fishie
In a wee dishie
An ye'll get a fishie
When the boat cums hame



Aisy-gan Wee Tam

Chorus
Aisy-gan Tam, the ca him
Aisy-gan wee Tam
But dinnae tak him for a lamb
Aisy-gan wee Tam

See youse wha tak him
For a lamb, for a lamb
See youse wha tak him
For a lamb

Yeese hae tha wrang soo
By tha lug, by tha lug
Yeese hae tha wrang soo
By tha lug

Repeat Chorus

Auld Lang Syne

Robert Burns

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hea roar'd
Sin, auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
Sin, auld lang syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.



Oor Wee Scuil Glossary

Ulster-Scots

Aa

Athort

Bawbee a coin,

Ben

Banes

Breekies

Een

Fecht

Gird

Greetin

Hunkers

Kail

Ken

Kittle

Lowps

Mair

Rugs

Scunthered

Skelp

Sole

Soople Tam

Tirlin'

Wa

Whalin

English

all

across

a halfpenny

in

bones

trousers

eyes

fight

hoop

crying

haunches

broth, cabbage

know

tickle

leaps

more

tugs

disgusted, full of loathing

smack

lower part

a top (toy)

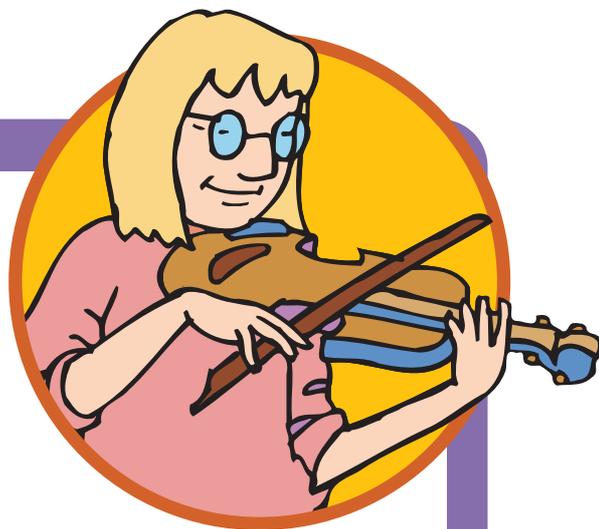
knocking, rattling

wall

beating



Oor Wee Scuil References



My Aunt Jane: Traditional

Oor Wee Scuil: Traditional

Come An Hae a Bite Alang Wae Us: Composed by pupils at Longstone Primary School.

Bobby Shaftoe: Traditional

I'll Tell me ma: Traditional

Three Crows: Traditional

Greba Lasses: Traditional

Wee Maggie Picken: Traditional

My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean: Traditional

Big May Fair O Ballyclare: Willie Drennan

O Susannah: Stephen Foster

Champ Champ: Willie Drennan

Soldier Soldier: Traditional

The Belfast Titanic Song: Willie Drennan

The Muttonburn Stream: Original by William Hume

Dinnae, Dinnae, Dinnae: Willie Drennan

Dance Tae yer Daddie: Traditional

Alsyan Wee Tam: Traditional

Auld Lang Syne, Robert Burns: Traditional