

# Ballads and Bairns

In association with the Scottish Traditional Boat Festival  
[www.scottishtraditionalboatfestival.co.uk](http://www.scottishtraditionalboatfestival.co.uk)

The songs for the 2007 Ballads and Bairns concert are a mix of traditional songs from the north east of Scotland and new songs. Over a period of several months the children worked with the team of Norman Chalmers, David Francis, Christine Kydd and Rod Paterson. The aim for 2007 was for the children to learn an old song from their own part of the world, write a new song to a traditional tune, and, for some, to learn a tune on the whistle with Norman.

The concert programme is listed here complete with the words to the new songs.

**1. Banff, Ordiqhuill, Portsoy, Whitehills**

***Song of the Fishgutters***

*(Ewan MacColl)*

**2. Whitehills**

***Mulnabeenie***

*(traditional)*

**3. Banff**

***The Black Cat***

*(Banff School/ Rod Paterson. Tune: The Overgate)*

**4. Portsoy**

***Tramps and Hawkers***

*(traditional)*

**5. Whitehills**

***Fae Fitehills to Chongqing***

*(Whitehills/ Rod Paterson, David Francis. Tune: The day we went to Rothesay)*

My name it is Liaxing Dong  
I hope I won't detain you long  
I've come to sing you this wee song  
About my life in Chongqing

Duram a doo a doo a day  
Duram a doo a daddio  
Durrum a doo a doo a day  
Fae Fitehills to Chongqing

My name is Keiran Addison  
And I salute my Chinese friend  
I've also got a song to sing  
About my life in Fitehills.

The Yangtze River's long and wide  
Tall buildings tower along its sides  
And on its waters big ships ride  
Sailing out of Chongqing.

## 6. Banff

### **Let the wind blaw high**

*(Banff School/ Norman Chalmers, David Francis. Tune: Donald where's yer troosers)*

Chorus

Let the wind blaw high, let the wind blaw low  
A the loons doon the street they go  
A the quiniies shout 'Fit like?  
Fit ye gan tae dee the night?'

I'm awa to the trampoline  
I'm awa to the TV screen  
I'm awa to the sweetie machine  
Then we'll aa scoff jeely beans

Chicken korma, peshwari nan  
Wee willie winkies in a fryin pan  
I'll eat pizza, as much as I can  
O Brussels sprouts I'm nae a fan

Żurek is a Polish food  
We've never tried it, but we're sure it's good  
We'd eat crisps all the time if we could  
We like chocolate when we're in the mood

## 7. Portsoy

### **Games through time**

*(Portsoy School/ David Francis. Tune: Mistress Greig)*

Mair nor fifty year ago  
In the days o my great granny  
They played games like hide and seek  
Chasies, hopscotch, kick the cannie

But we do  
dancin, swimmin, basketball and go karts  
trampolinin, golf, and if it's rainin – darts!

On a lovely simmer's day  
We a heid up tae the Death Wish  
Say a prayer, count 1 – 2- 3 –  
Jump right in and swim like monk fish

And we do  
dancin, swimmin, basketball and go karts  
trampolinin, golf, and if it's rainin – darts!

In a thoosan years fae noo  
We'll eat holographic quick snacks  
We'll a play in virtual games  
an bairns'll fly to school in jet packs.

**8. Ordiqhuill**

***Cornhill Highland Games***

*(Ordiqhuill School/ Team. Tune: Wha saw the Forty Second?)*

*Chorus*

Cornhill in early summer  
Brings fowk oot frae their hames  
Bring on the pipes and drummers  
To the Cornhill Highland Games

In a corner o the playin field  
Stands a red and fite marquee  
Lucky Dip and a big tombola,  
Strawberries, biscuits, cups o tea

*Chorus*

Fermers, crofters, milkmen, posties  
Pey their twa pun to come in  
Join the crowd aroon the sports ring  
Mak a racket, raise a din.

*Chorus*

See the big men toss the caber  
Heave the wecht richt ower the bar  
High jump, long jump, throwin the hammer  
Come and see the tug o war

*Chorus*

See the quinies Highland dancin  
Neat and tidy, trig and trim  
See the loons sae braw and handsome  
Line up for the Fernie Run.

*Chorus*

**9. Ordiqhuill and Fordyce**

***Fareweel to Tarwathie***

*(traditional)*

**10. Macduff**

***The Bonnie Ship the Diamond***

*(traditional)*

**11. Aberchirder**

***Herrin's heid***

*(traditional)*

**12. Macduff**

***The Star o Doune***

*(Macduff School/ David Francis, Christine Kydd. Tune: The Battle of Harlaw)*

The Star o Doune's a bonny ship  
wi sic a happy crew  
they've sailed the oceans far and wide  
fae Troup Heid to Peru

Chorus  
Ecclemacdhu, Ecclemacdhu and the Star o Doune  
Ecclemacdhu, Ecclemacdhu, fit's in store for you?

Ae nicht in early spring they sailed  
and hoped to mak good time  
The crew was swaying to the motion,  
hopin they'd be fine.

Plenty were the fish they caught  
Some near the size o a whale  
They stacked the crates, the haul-man said  
'I think we're in for a gale!'

The clouds turned black and dark, they did,  
the boat went up and doon  
An awfa storm wis pickin up  
they couldna see the moon.

The boat turned roon, the nets got ripped,  
'Oh no! we've hit the rocks!'  
A cry o pain, the haul-man's airm  
wis broke wi a fa'in box.

Intil the lifeboat they a jumped  
and left the Star o Doune  
and drifted ower the salty sea  
by the licht o an April moon

Till at last they reached some shore  
and fell upon the sand  
When they looked up they fun themsels  
in unfamiliar land.

They heard a voice that said 'Eat this!'  
The food it looked richt fool  
but when they pit it in their mous  
it tasted sweet and cool.

The crew woke up in tiny beds  
wi sheets sae white and clean  
Surrounded by wee mannies  
Wearing singin hats o green

The haul-man's broken airm was fixed  
But nae wi doctor's pills  
But wi a strip o chequered breek  
and 'e sap o daffodils.

Their sleep was deep and full o dreams  
And then when they awoke

They a' sat doon an rubbed their eyes  
and then the skipper spoke:

'We're back hame in Macduff, ma loons  
Did you anes hae dreams too?  
Did we get caught in a batterin storm  
And land in Ecclemacdhu?

'We're shair o what we saw, my boys,  
I ken it's hard to thole,  
But naeboddy'll believe us, lads  
we canna tell a soul.'

### 13. Aberchirder

#### **Oor Scotland**

*(Aberchirder School/ David Francis. Tune: The Gadie rins)*

Chorus

There's whisky, tartan and hielan coos  
Eagles, craws and cushie doos  
Highland dancers wi braw new shoes  
An the hill o Bennachie

We aa hae a favourite dish  
It's nae chips and it's nae fish  
Haggis, neeps and chappit spuds  
Are aa that we could wish.

There's bluebells, thistles and prickly whins  
Playfu salmon wi flappy fins  
The scary monster in Loch Ness  
Squirrels, hare and deer.

There's Turra, Fyvie and Strathbogie,  
Aiberdeen, Macduff and Foggie  
And Glesca, Lewis and Dundee  
An the back o Bennachie!

### 14. Fordyce

#### **A Song for Europe**

*(Fordyce School/ David Francis, Norman Chalmers. Tune: The rakes of Mallow)*

Chorus

Greece and Spain and Germany  
Ireland, England, Scotland tae  
Norway, Finland, Sweden, France  
Let's all join the Europe dance.

400 different kinds of cheese -  
Puts a smile on the Mona Lis'  
Red wine, white wine, and rosé  
The French drink a coupla bottles every day.

The Netherlands they have no hills,  
They get their pow'r from windy mills  
They had a famous artist called Van Gogh  
Who went a little mad and cut his right ear off.

In Spain they like to fight the bull  
Tho' others often find it cruel.  
The poor wee bull never stands a chance  
We'd be better watching a flamenco dance

**15. Bracoden**

**SOS!**

*(Bracoden School/ David Francis, Rod Paterson. Tune: The barren rocks of Aden)*

Oh no we've hit the rocks (x3)  
Oh no we've hit the rocks  
Sparks'll send the signal

Chorus

Dot dot dot dash dash dash dot dot dot SOS  
Dot dot dot [clap clap clap] dot dot dot SOS

Help help an avalanche  
We need the mountain rescue

Oh no the aeroplane  
is running out of fuel

Help help the submarine  
is leaking

Oh no we're in Loch Ness  
the monster's going to eat us.

**16. Bracoden**

***The rovin ploughboy***

*(traditional)*

**17. Aberchirder, Bracoden, Fordyce, Macduff**

***The barnyards o Delgaty***

*(traditional)*