

Whistling Away

YMI Whistle Resource



seis rois

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Whistling Away

This resource features a selection of tunes for those new to learning the tin whistle.

The material is divided up into different levels and these sit in parallel to Fèisean nan Gàidheal's tin whistle book, Stòras na Fideig, which can be found on their website: www.feisean.org

A note of thanks:

Thank you to Fèis Rois YMI tutors Ruth Morris and Claire Mann for their work on researching, collating and arranging all the material for the tin whistle.

Many thanks to Gavin Marwick who composed a series of new tunes for this resource in order to inspire learners and give them a taste of playing traditional-styled tunes right from the very start.

We hope you enjoy learning all these tunes!

Seinn Fìdeag

Anns a' ghoireas seo gheibhear measgachadh phort dhan fheadhainn a tha a' tòiseachadh air an fhìdeig
Tha na stòrasan air an roinn a rèir irean agus tha iad seo cuideachd a' freagairt air Stòras na Fìdeig, an leabhar teagaisg le Fèisean nan Gàidheal a gheibhear aig:
www.feisean.org

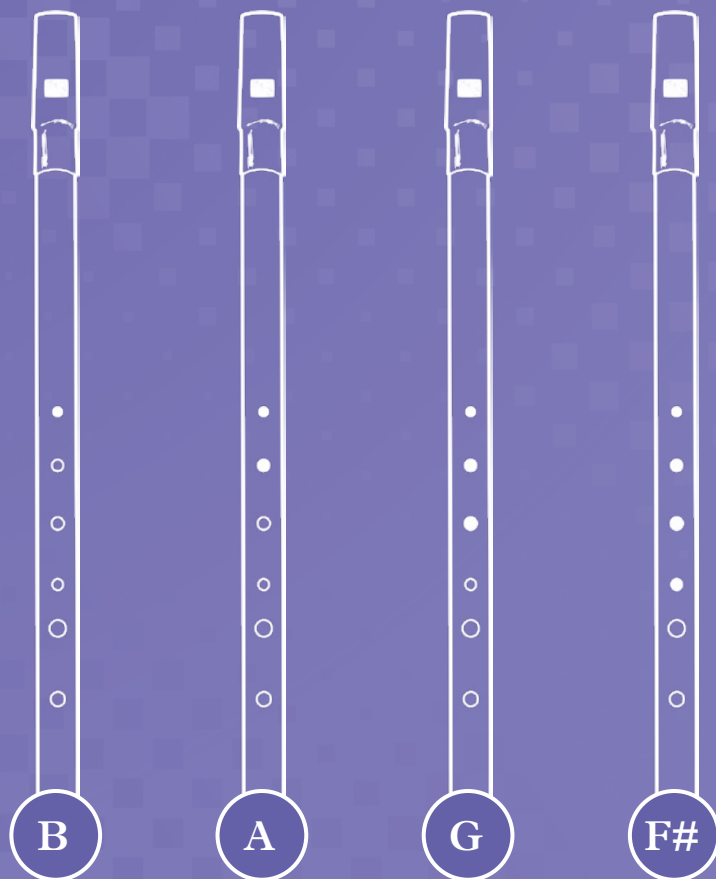
Taing:

Taing mhòr dha Ruth Morris agus Claire Mann, luchd-oideachaidh YMI Fèis Rois, airson an cuid obrach a' rannsachadh, a' cruinneachadh agus a' rèiteachadh nan stòrasan fìdeig air fad.

Taing mhòr cuideachd dha Gavin Marwick a sgrìobh sreath de phuirt ùra airson an goireas seo gus luchd-ionnsachaidh a bhrosnachadh agus blasad a thoirt dhaibh bhon fhìor thoiseach air puirt san nòs thraidiseanta.

Tha sinn an dòchas gun còrd e ribh na puirt seo ionnsachadh.

Level 1



B,A,G,(F#)

Mammy Is Sleeping

Gavin Marwick



Jig Trì Nota

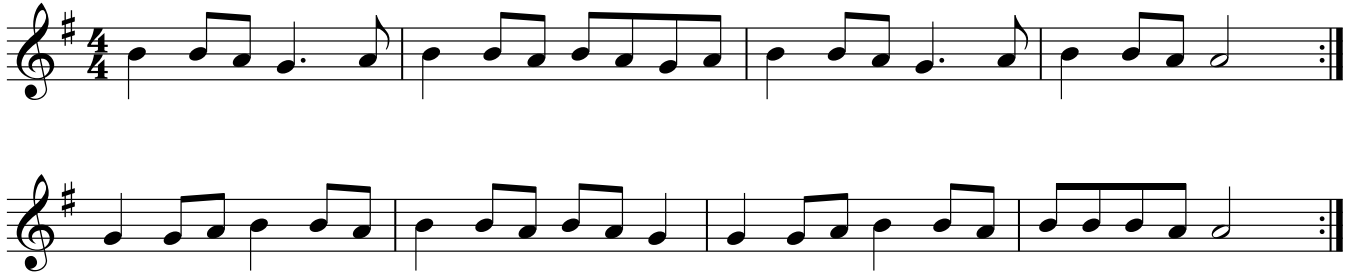
Three Note Jig

Gavin Marwick



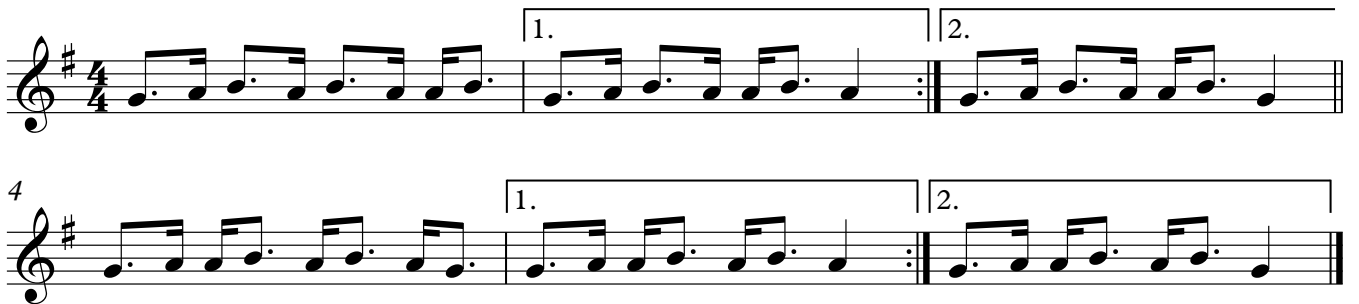
First Day of Advent

Gavin Marwick



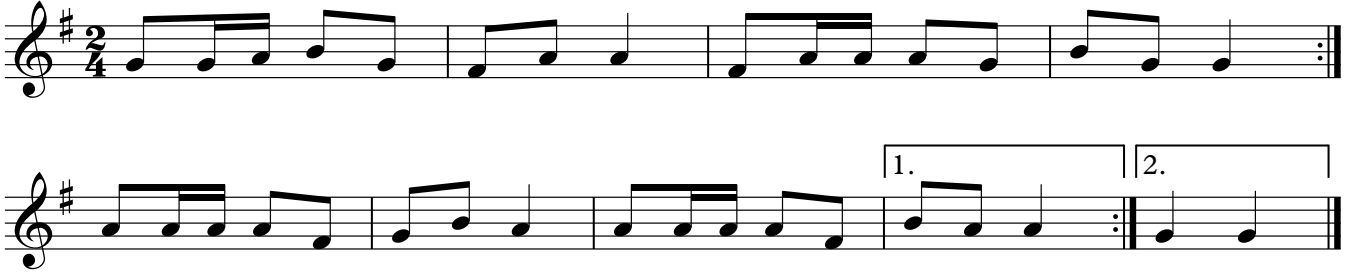
A Short Schottische

Gavin Marwick

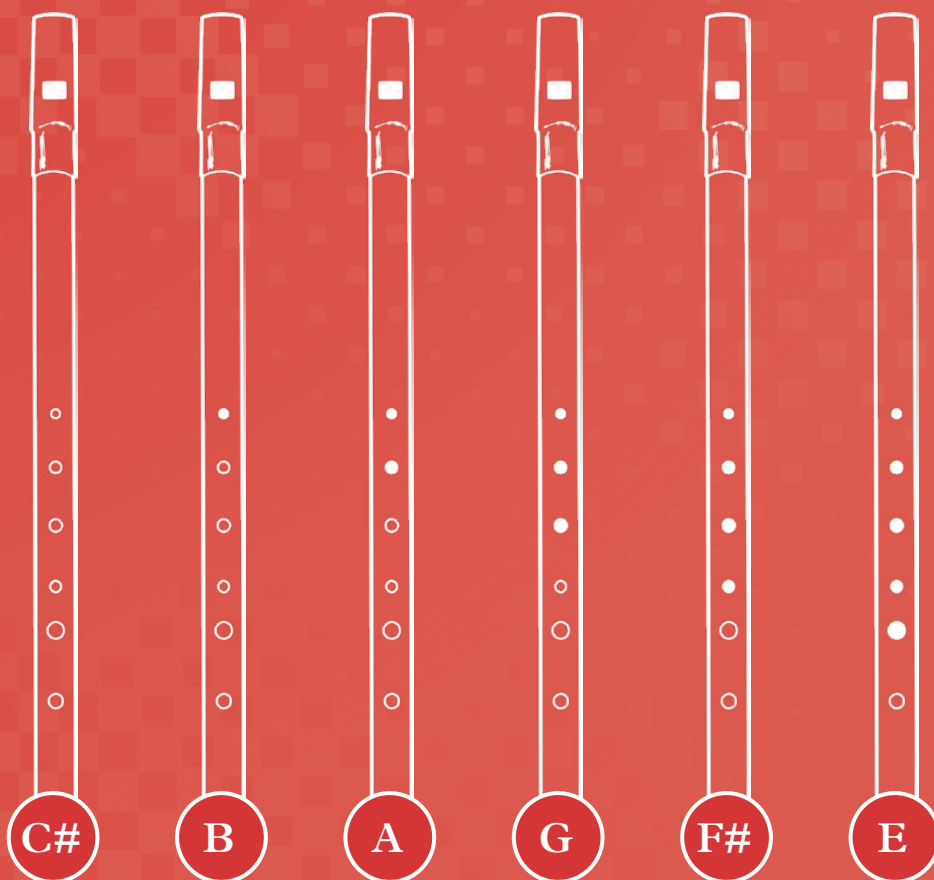


Ireland Over The Water

Gavin Marwick

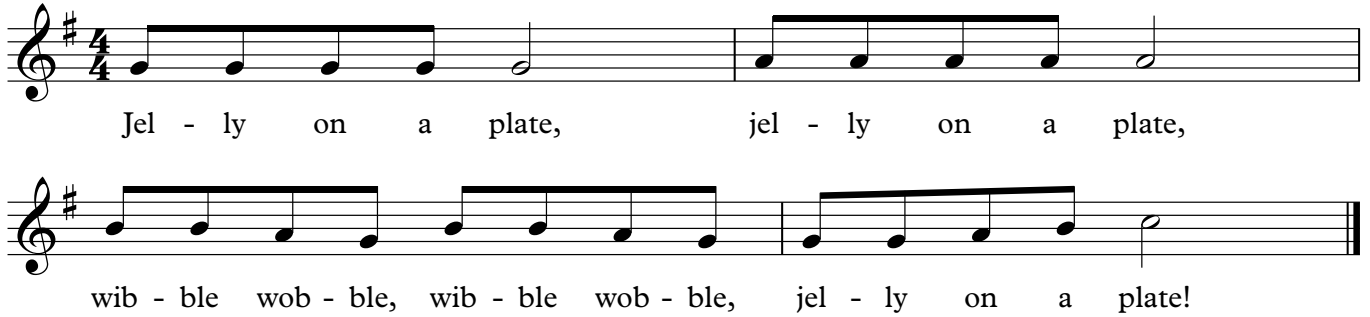


Level 2

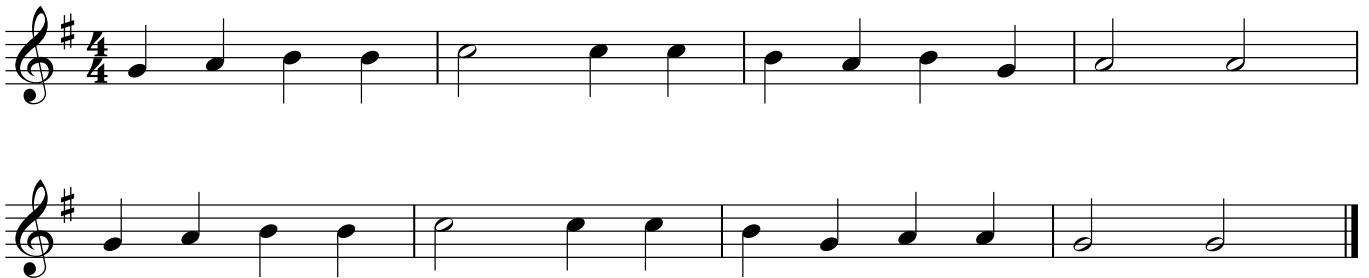


C#,B,A,G,F#,(E)

Jelly On A Plate

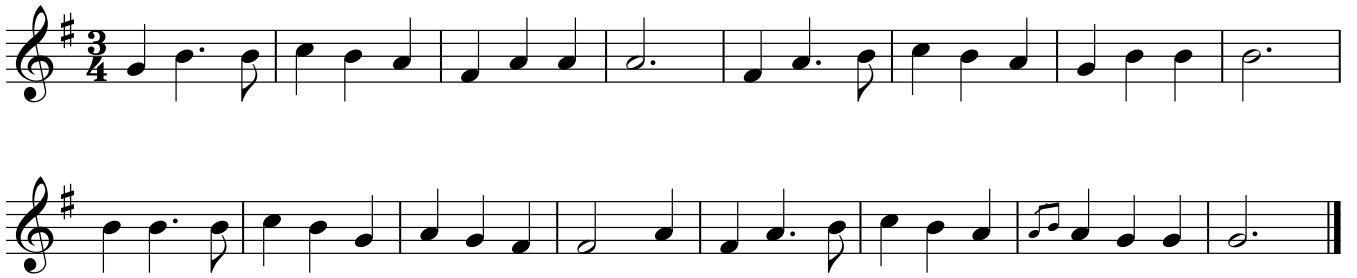


Mattachins

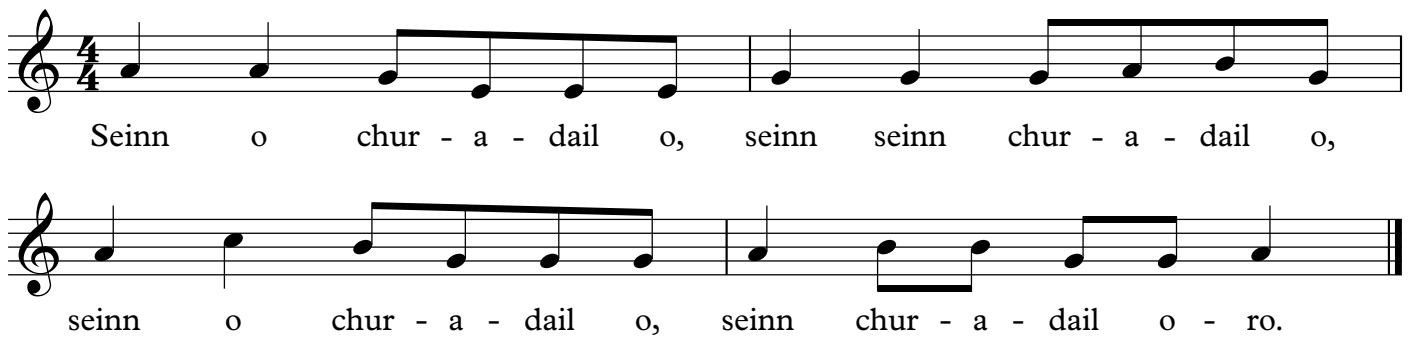


Come Greet The Morning With Joy In Your Heart

Gavin Marwick



Seinn 0



Rough Island

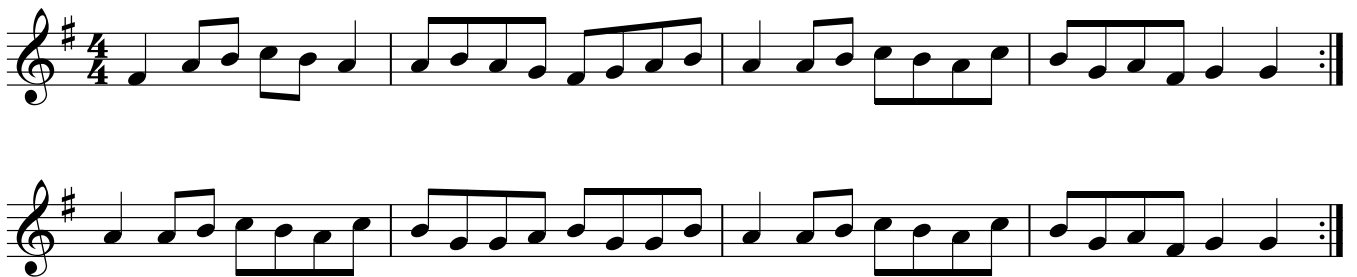
Gavin Marwick



Ruidhle Còig Nota

Five Note Reel

Gavin Marwick

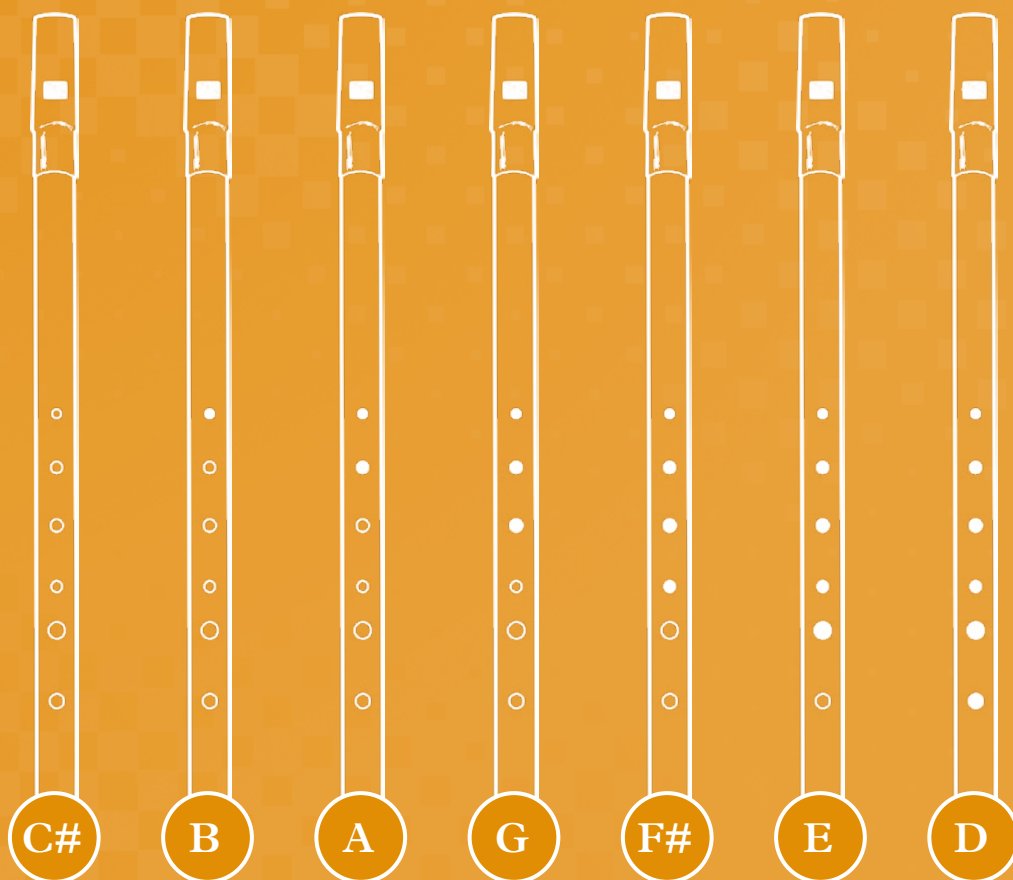


Sandyhills

Gavin Marwick



Level 3



C#,B,A,G,F#,E,D

Tobar Tobar

Melody



Harmony 1



Harmony 2



Bass line



Tobar, tobar, siolaidh
Tobar, tobar, siolaidh

Toebur, toebur, shee-ah-lye

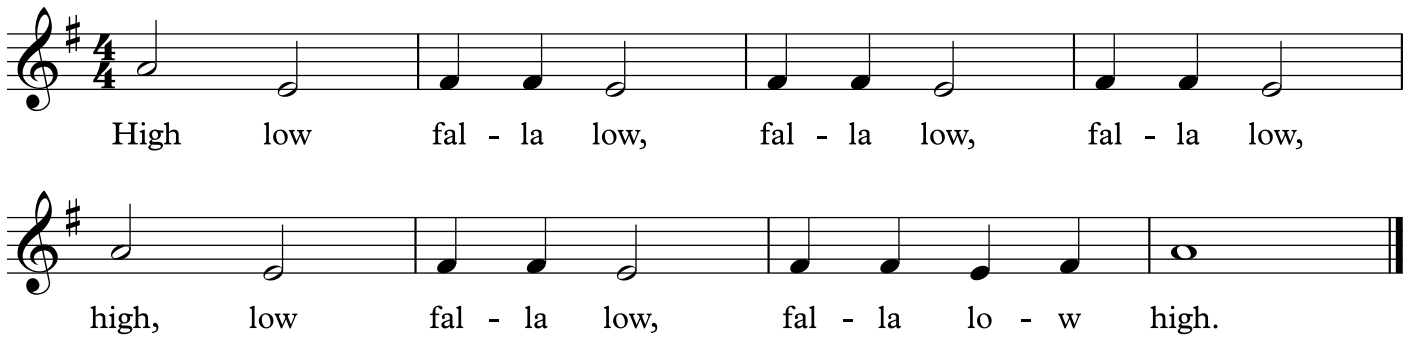
*O well, o well,
yield up your water.*

Nighean Rìgh ag òl dighe
'S na gobhair ag èigheach

*Nyee-in ree uck awl jee-uh
Snuh goe-ir uck ay-uch*

*The daughter of a king
taking a drink, and the
goats bleating.*

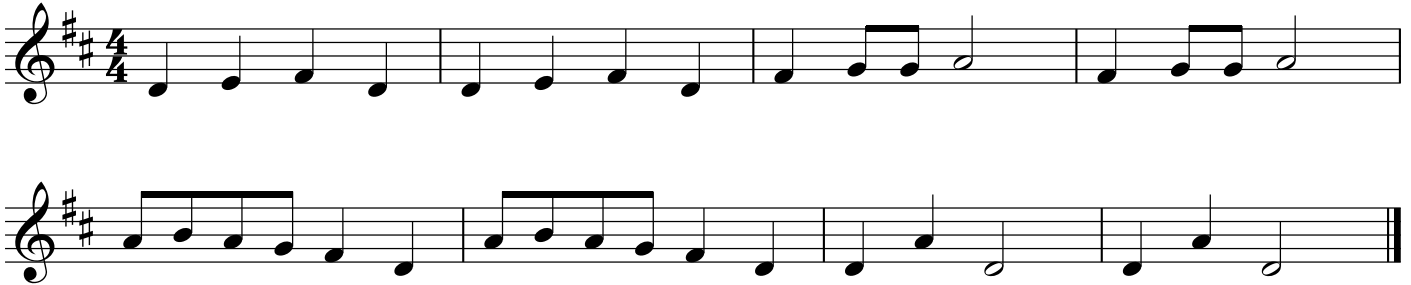
High Low Falla Low



This is a clapping game, done with a partner. Stand facing your partner and hold your partner's left hand with your own left hand. Following the words of the song, clap your partner's right hand with your own, above your held left hands, on the word 'high', then below the held hands on the word 'low'. Then clap on the back of the held hands on the word 'fal-la', and below them again on the word 'low', And so on.

Damhan - allaidh

(Spider)



Damhan-allaidh, damhan-allaidh (Spider, spider) (*Davan ally*)
 Beag agus dubh, beag agus dubh (Small and black) (*Beag agus doo*)
 Càit a bheil thu a' fuireach? x2 (Where do you live?) (*Catche vele foorech*)
 Air do cheann, air do cheann! (On your head) (*Air do heean*)

Air do shròin, air do shròin (On your nose) (*Air doh hron*)
 Air do bhrù, air do bhrù (On your tummy) (*Air do vroo*)

Alternative song to the same tune:

Seall an Sneachda!

Look at the Snow!

Seall an sneachda, seall an sneachda (Look at the snow) (*Shall an shnachda*)
 Tighinn a nuas, tighinn a nuas (Coming down) (*Cheean a noose*)
 Feumidh mi mo chòta, feumidh mi mo chòta (I need my coat) (*Feemee me mo hota*)
 Tha e fuar, tha e fuar! (It is cold) (*Ha ee fooer*)

This tune also works in the key of G

Katie Bairdie



Ka - tie Bair - die had a coo, black and white a - boot the moo,



was - nae that a dain - ty coo, dance, Kat - ie Bair - die.

Katie Bairdie had a cat,
It could catch baith mouse and rat,
Wasnae that a dainty cat,
Dance Katie Bairdie.

Katie Bairdie had a hen,
Cackled but and cackled ben
Wasnae that a dainty hen,
Dance Katie Bairdie.

Katie Bairdie had a pig
It could dance the Highland jig
Wasnae that a funny pig?
Dance Katie Bairdie

Katie had a crocodile
Havnae seen her in a while!
(snapping crocodile sounds)

You can make up more verses for yourself!

The World Must Be Coming Tae An End

We sent her for eggs oh aye oh aye We

sent her for eggs oh aye, oh aye, We

sent her for eggs and she fell and broke her legs Oh, the

world must be coming tae an end oh aye

We sent her for cheese, oh aye, oh aye
 We sent her for cheese, oh aye, oh aye
 We sent her for cheese and she fell and skint her knees
 Oh, the world must coming tae an end oh aye

We sent her for butter, oh aye, oh aye
 We sent her for butter, oh aye, oh aye
 We sent her for butter and she dropped it in the gutter
 Oh, the world must be coming tae an end oh aye

We sent her for jam, oh aye, oh aye
 We sent her for jam, oh aye, oh aye
 We sent her for jam and she brought back ham
 Oh, the world must be coming tae an end oh aye

We sent her for breid, oh aye, oh aye
 We sent her for breid, oh aye, oh aye
 We sent her for breid and she dropped doon deid
 Oh, the world must be coming tae an end oh aye

Witches Reel



Cummer, go ye before, cummer go ye
If ye willna go before, cummer, let me
 Ring-a-ring-a-widdershins
 Linkin lithely widdershins
Cummer, carlin, crone and queen
 Roun go we

Cummer, go ye before, cummer, go ye
If ye willna go before, cummer, let me
 Ring-a-ring-a-widdershins
 Loupin lightly widdershins
 Kilted coats and fleein hair
 Three times three

Cummer go ye before, cummer, go ye
If ye willna go before, cummer, let me
 Ring-a-ring-a-widdershins
 Whirlin skirlin widdershins
 De'il tak the hindmost
 Wha e'er she be

Words:

Carlin: old woman, witch

Cummer: woman friend, witch

Deil: devil

Fleein: flying

Hindmost: last, furthest behind

Kilted: tucked up

Loupin: jumping, leaping

Queen: quean or quine, girl, woman

Skirlin: screeching

Widdershins: anti-clockwise

Jump Jim Joe

Jump jump jump Jim Joe,

Shake your head and nod your head and tap your toe,

Round and round and round you go, Then you

find a - noth - er part - ner and you jump Jim Joe

This can be done as a dance. Find a partner and then, holding hands with your partner, follow the actions in the song. During 'find another partner', larger groups than couples can also be made by the teacher calling out a number. Make sure that no-one is left out.

Some pupils could play the melody on the whistle while the rest of the class perform the dance.

Och Is Duine Truagh Mi

I Am A Poor Man

Melody

Easy Part

The musical notation for 'Och Is Duine Truagh Mi' is presented in two systems. Each system consists of two staves. The top staff is labeled 'Melody' and the bottom staff is labeled 'Easy Part'. Both staves are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the easy part consists of half notes. The first system has four measures, and the second system has four measures. Both systems end with a double bar line and repeat dots.

More Brose, Less Butter

Gavin Marwick

The musical notation for 'More Brose, Less Butter' is presented in two staves. Both staves are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 3/8 time. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The first staff has four measures, and the second staff has four measures. Both staves end with a double bar line and repeat dots.

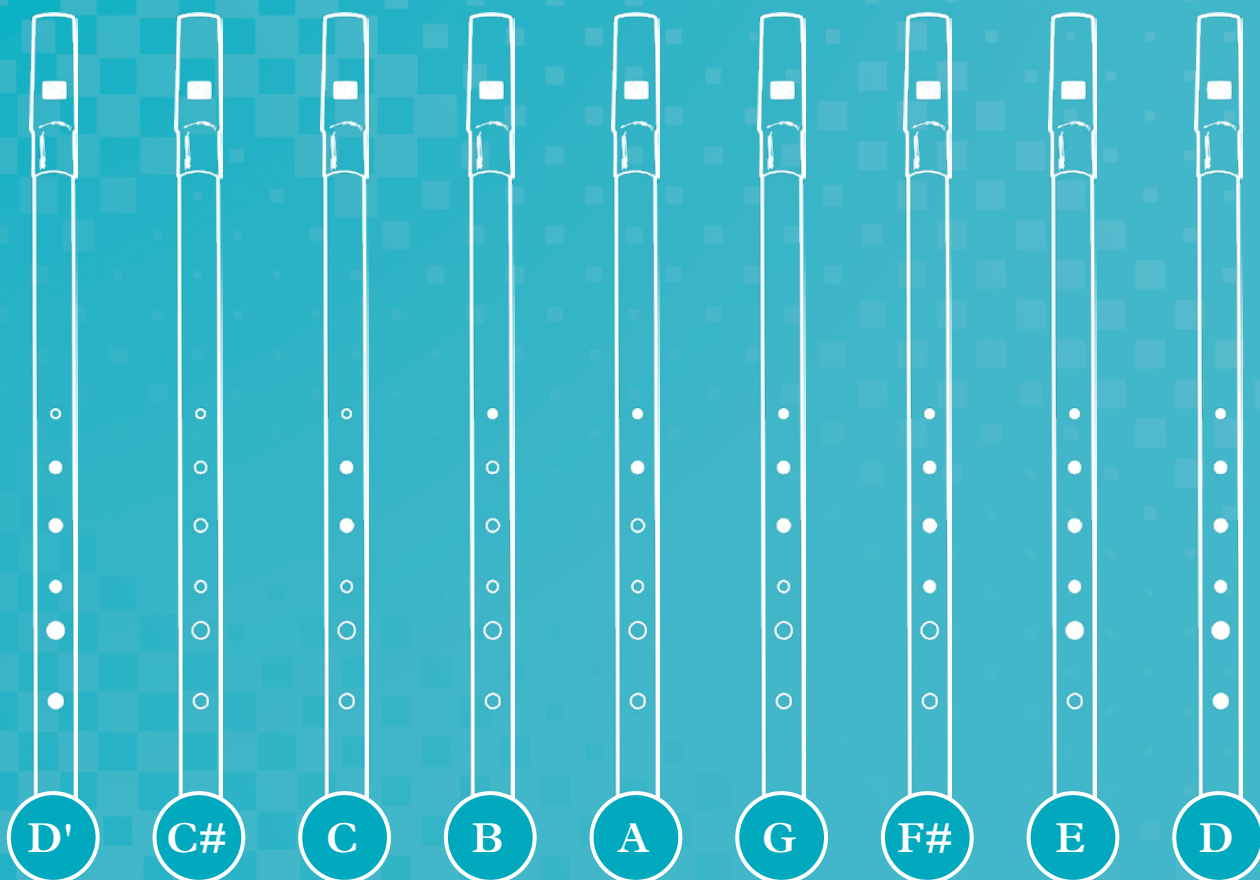
Am Fonn A Deas

The Southern Tune

Gavin Marwick



Level 4



D'C#,C,B,A,G,F#,E,D

Oor Wee Wean



Oor wee wean can sook a bar o' choco-late, oor wee wean can sook a bar a day.



Oh, Geor-die, sook a bar o' choco-late, oh, Geor-die, sook a bar a day!

It can be fun to make up your own verses for this song, some other examples here:

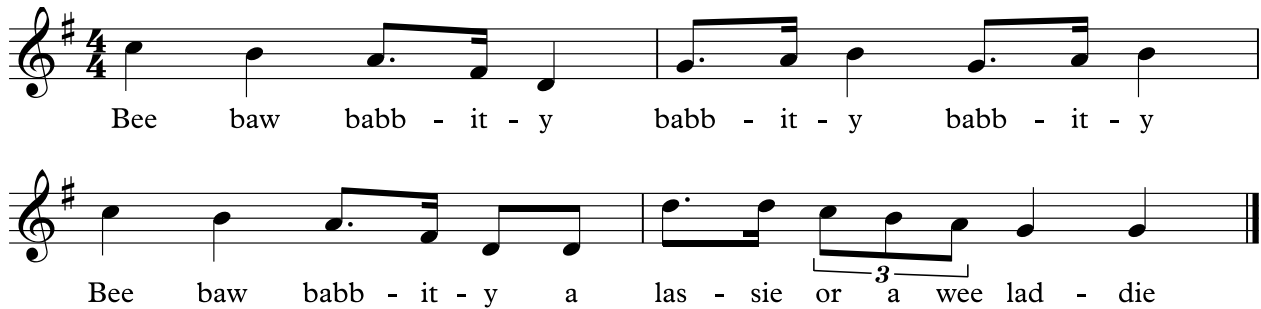
Oor wee wean can lick a stick o' licorice....

Oor wee wean can chew a pack of chewing gum....

Clapping game: stand in a circle facing a partner. Clap your knees to the rhythm of the words 'sook a bar o' chocolate', and clap your knees again on 'sook a bar a' and try to clap your partner's hands on the word 'day'.

Second part of the game: when singing the words 'Oh, Geordie', pass your partner's right shoulder and stop in front of the next person you meet. Do the clapping in the same way as in part one. Pass your partner by the right shoulder and get a new partner every time you sing the words 'Oh Geordie'.

Bee Baw Babbity



Bee baw babbity,
Babbity, babbity.
Bee baw babbity,
A lassie or a wee laddie?

Choose, choose who you'll tak,
Who you'll tak, who you'll tak.
Choose, choose who you'll tak,
A lassie or a wee laddie?

The players stand in a circle. If there are up to 12 people, one goes in the middle.

While 'choose, choose' is sung, the person in the middle points around the circle, then chooses someone. That person comes into the circle and the two inside dance for the first verse. At 'choose, choose', the second person chooses a third person to join the first two, and so on.

If there are more than 12 people in the circle, you can start with two people in the middle, each choosing a partner, so that the game goes faster.

There are a few other versions of this song. One is called Babbity Bowster. The words are:

Wha learned ye tae dance, Babbity Bowster, Babbity Bowster?
Wha learned ye tae dance, Babbity Bowster brawly?

Ma mither learned me tae dance, Babbity Bowster, Babbity Bowster,
Ma mither learned me tae dance, Babbity Bowster brawly.

Tom an t-Serraich

The Hill Of The Foal



Madainn Mhath



Feasgar math, a h-uile duine feasgar math a h-uile duine
 Feasgar math a h-uile duine, tha gu math, tapadh leibh

Good morning everyone
 Good morning everyone
 Good morning everyone
 How are you today?

Good afternoon everyone
 Good afternoon everyone
 Good afternoon everyone
 I am fine, thank you!

A song and dance about meeting and greeting.

Standing in two concentric circles with the inside circle facing out and outside circle facing in towards partner. Every time you sing “Madainn mhath” shake hands with your partner. On “a huile duine” the outside circle moves clockwise one person to meet a new partner. Then on “ciamar a tha thu an duigh?” switch inside and outside circles by walking right shoulder to right shoulder past your partner and then turning around to face back into the circle. Repeat these moves from the start for “feasgar mhath a huile duine” and so on.

Birlinn Ghoraidh Chròbhan

Ghoraidh Crovan's Galley

Hò bhan na hò bhan hò

Hì ho rò na h - ù bhan

Hò bhan na hò bhan hò, Air

Bir - linn Gho - raidh Chrò - bhan

Sèist:

Hò bhan na hò bhan hò
 Hì ho rò na hù bhan
 Hò bhan na hò bhan hò
 A' bhirlinn Ghoraidh Chròbhain

Fichead sonn air cùl nan ràmh
 Fichead buile lùghmhor
 Siùbhlaidh i mar eun a' snàmh
 Is sìoban thonn 'ga sgiùrsadh

A'bhirlinn rioghail 's i a th'ann
 Siubhal-sith 'na gluasad
 Sròl is sìoda àrd ri crann
 'S i bratach Olaibh Ruaidh i

Dh'fhàg sinn Manainn mòr nan tòrr
 Eirinn a' tighinn dlùth dhuinn
 Air Ile 'n fheòir tha sinn an tòir
 Ged dh 'èireas tonnan dùghorm

Chorus (after each verse):

Ho bhan na ho bhan ho
 Hì ho ro na hu bhan
 Ho bhan na ho bhan ho
 On Godfrey Grovan's galley

Twenty stalwarts behind the oars
 Twenty vigorous strokes
 She will travel like a bird swimming
 And the spindrift of the waves hitting her

'Tis the Royal Galley
 May she have a peaceful passage
 Satin and silk banners at mast top
 'Tis the banner of Red Olave

We left Big Man of the hills
 Ireland coming close to us
 We are in pursuit of grassy Islay
 Although blue-black waves rise

One, Two, Three, Aleerie

One, two, three, a - lee - rie; Four, five, six, a - lee - rie;

Seven, eight, nine, a - lee - rie; Ten, a - lee - rie o - ver ball.

This is an old playground game. 'Aleerie' is a very old word that means holding your leg crooked. The original game was to bounce a ball three times and lift your leg and bounce the ball under it when you came to 'Aleerie'.

An adaptation of the game for the whistle class could be to pass the numbered notes around a circle. Individuals would play the written notes for 'One, Two, Three', then the class would play 'Aleerie', back to individuals for Four, Five, Six and so on.

Orra Bhonnagan

Or - ra bhon - na-gan a ghaoil, or - ra bhon - na-gan a ghràidh, or - ra
 bhon - na - gan a ghaoil, thèid thu tho - gail a' bhun - tàt.
 Ò cha leig mi thu 'n to-bar, e cha leig mi thu 'n tràigh, ò cha
 leig me thu 'n to - bar, thèid thu tho - gail a' bhun - tàt.

Orra bhonnagan, a ghaoil
 Orra bhonnagan, a ghràidh
 Orra bhonnagan, a ghaoil
 Thèid thu thogail a' bhuntàt'.

*orra vonnagan a gool
 orra vonnagan a gry
 orra vonnagan a gool
 haitch hoo hoogle a voontat*

Ò cha leig mi thu 'n tobar
 E cha leig mi thu 'n tràigh
 Ò cha leig mi thu 'n tobar
 Thèid thu thogail a' bhuntàt

*o ha lake me hoo n toepar
 e ha lake me hoo n try
 o ha lake me hoo n toepar
 haitch hoo hoogle a voontat*

A song about lifting potatoes in your bare feet.

Laoidh Chaluim Chille

The Sound Of Mull



Daphne Cochrane

Words written by Billy Henderson

Daph - ne Coch-rane, who's this Daph ne Coch-rane? She's the kid that puts the lid on the

Ro - bert-son's mar - ma-lade! How I love her baul - dy heid, how I

love her baul - dy heid, baul - dy heid baul - dy heid, baul - dy heid, baul - dy heid!

Each time we sing a verse we add in a new part of Daphne's body'

2 ...how I love her wrinkly broo, how I love her wrinkly broo,

her wrinkly broo, her wrinkly broo, her bauldy heid, her bauldy heid...

3 ...her twae gless e'en, her wrinkly broo, her bauldy heid... How I love

4 ...her broken nose, her twae gless e'en, her wrinkly broo, her bauldy heid... How I love

etc, keep building the verses up as shown:

5 ...her blu-blu lips How I love

6 ...her goofy teeth How I love

7 ...her dooble chin How I love

8 ...her sunken chest How I love

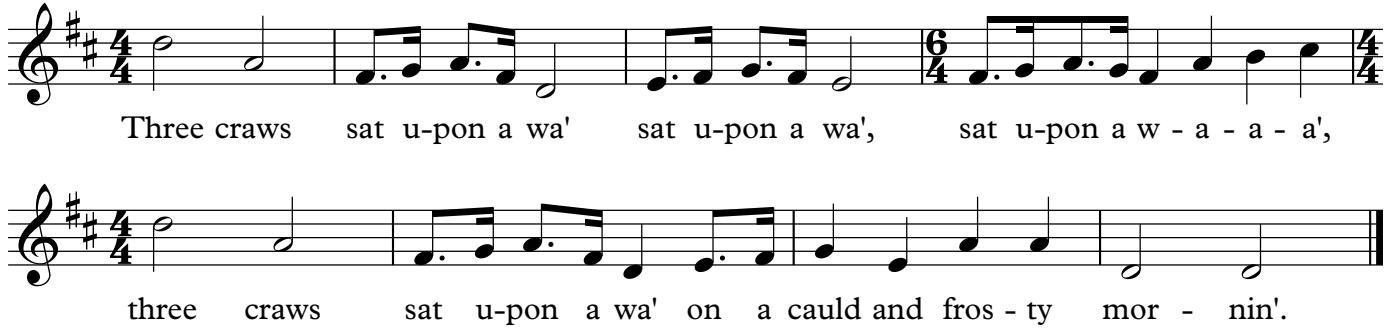
9 ...her big fat guts How I love

10 ..her knocky knees How I love

11 ..her smelly feet How I love

12 ..her hammer toes How I love

Three Crows



The first crow was greetin' for his maw,
 Greetin' for his maw, greetin' for his maw,
 The first crow was greetin' for his maw,
 On a cauld and frosty mornin'.

The second crow fell and broke his jaw,
 Fell and broke his jaw, fell and broke his jaw,
 The second crow fell and broke his jaw,
 On a cauld and frosty mornin'.

The third crow, couldnae caw at a',
 Couldnae caw at a', couldnae caw at a',
 The third crow, couldnae caw at a',
 On a cauld and frosty mornin'.

The fourth crow, wasnae there at a',
 Wasnae there at a', wasnae there at a',
 The fourth crow wasnae there at a',
 On a cauld and frosty mornin'.

Huis Huis Air an Each



Huis, huis, air an each, An t'each a' dol a Bhà-laigh. Bei-ridh am muir-làn oirnn,
 Bei-ridh e air cha-san oirnn. Bei-ridh e air chinn oirnn.
 Huis, huis, air an each, An t'each a' dol a Bhà-laigh.

Huis, huis, air an each, (*hooish, hooish, air an yak*)
 An t-each a' dol a Bhàlaigh. (*an t'yak a dol a valley*)
 Beiridh am muir-làn oirnn (*berry am moorlan orn*)
 Beiridh e air chasan oirnn (*berry e air kasan orn*)
 Beiridh e air chinn oirnn (*berry e air hin orn*)
 Huis, huis, air an each, (*hooish, hooish, air an yak*)
 An t-each a' dol a Bhàlaigh. (*an t'yak a dol a valley*)

Gee up on the horse
The horse going to Vallay
The high tide will catch us
It will catch us by the legs
It will catch us by the head
Gee up on the horse
The horse going to Vallay

A song from Uist warning about the quick incoming tide to the little Island of Vallay.

Jock Stewart



Oh, my name is Jock Stewart, I'm a can-ny gaun man, and a
ro - ving young fel - low I've b - e - e - n, so be
ea - sy and free, when you're drin- kin' wi' me, I'm a
man you don't meet eve - ry day.

I have acres of land,
And men at my command
And I've many's a shilling to spend.

I'm a piper by trade,
I'm a roving young blade,
And it's many the tunes I do play.

Chorus:
So be easy and free
When you're drinkin' wi' me.
I'm a man you don't meet every day.

Let us catch well the hours
And the minutes that fly,
And we'll share them together this day.

So, come fill up your glasses
Of brandy and wine,
And whatever the cost, I will pay.

When The Boat Comes In

(Dance To Your Daddy)

The image shows two staves of musical notation in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 3/4 time. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Dance to your dad-dy, sing to your mam-my, dance to your dad-dy, to your mam-my sing,

You shall have a fi-shy on a lit-tle di shy, you shall have a fi-shy when the boat comes in.

Wha Wadna Fecht For Charlie?



Chorus:

Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?
Wha wadna draw the sword?
Wha wadna up an' rally
At the royal Prince's word?

Think on Scotia's ancient hero's
Think on foreign foes repelled
Think on glorious gruesome Wallace
Wha the proud usurper quelled.

Chorus

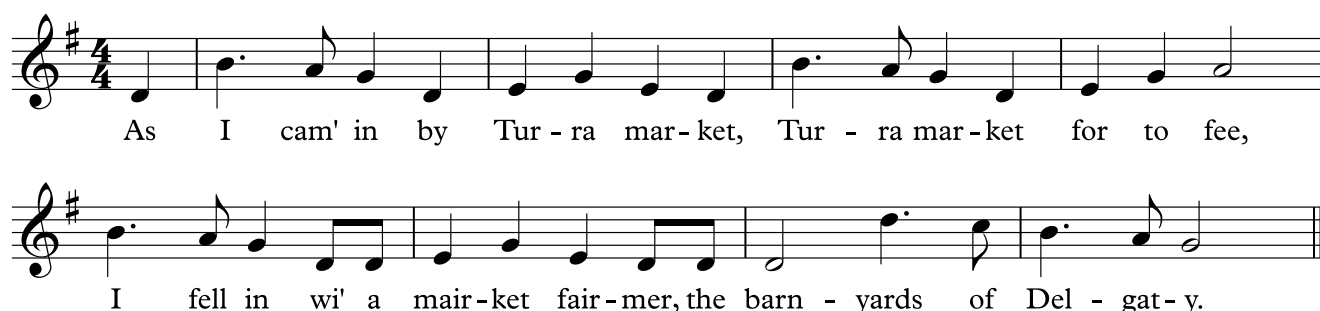
See the northern clans advancing
See Glen Garry and Lochiel
See the brandished broadsword glancing
Highland hearts as true as steel.

Chorus

Now the prince has raised his banner
Now triumphant is our cause
Now the Scottish lion rallies
Let us strike for Prince and Laws.

Chorus

Barnyards Of Delgaty



Chorus: Linten addie toorin addie,
Linten addie toorin ee,
Linten lowrin, lowrin, lowrin,
The Barnyards of Delgaty.

He promised me the twa best horse
That ever were in Scotland seen,
But when I gaed doon tae the Barnyards,
There was naething there but skin and bane.

The auld black horse sat on its rump,
The auld white mare lay on her wime.
And for all that I could "Hup" and crack,
They wouldna rise at yokin' time.

When I gae to the kirk on Sunday,
Mony's the bonnie lass I see,
Sitting by her faither's side
And winkin o'er the pews at me.

Noo my candle is brunt oot,
My snotter's fairly on the wane.
Sae fare ye weel ye Barnyards
Ye'll never catch me here again.

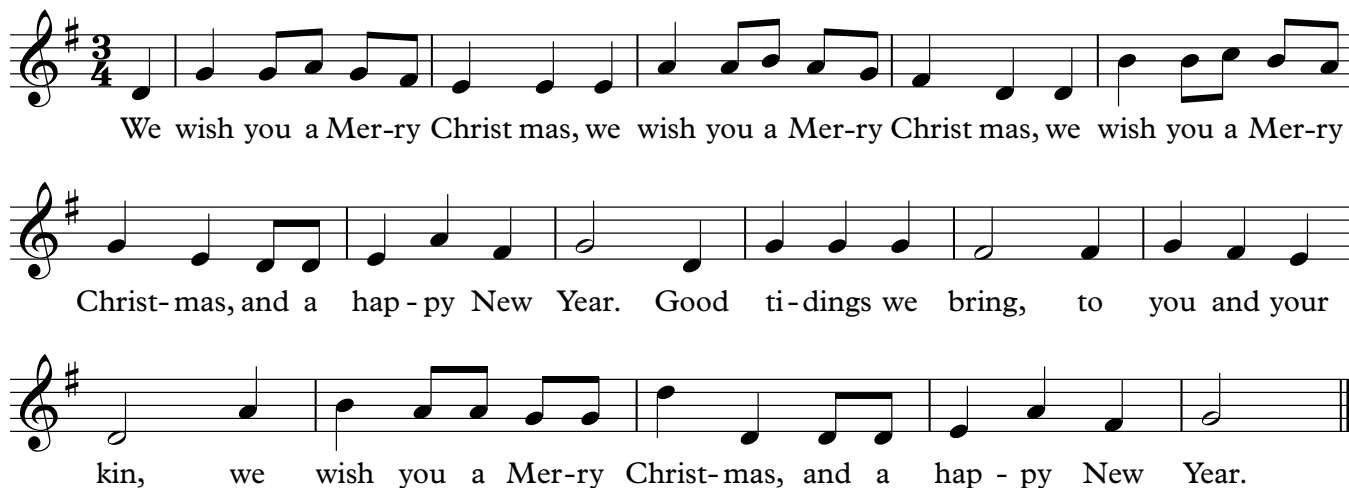
Meaning of unusual words:

for to fee=to be hired

wime=belly

brunt=burnt

We Wish You A Merry Christmas

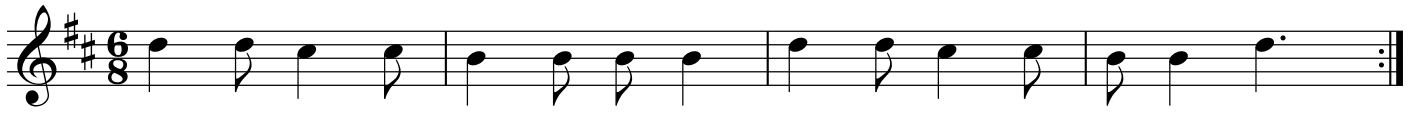


We wish you a Mer-ry Christ mas, we wish you a Mer-ry Christ mas, we wish you a Mer-ry
 Christ-mas, and a hap - py New Year. Good ti - dings we bring, to you and your
 kin, we wish you a Mer-ry Christ-mas, and a hap - py New Year.

Oh, bring us some figgy pudding,
 Oh, bring us some figgy pudding,
 Oh, bring us some figgy pudding, and bring it right here.
 Good tidings we bring, to you and your kin,
 We wish you a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

We won't go until we get some,
 We won't go until we get some,
 We won't go until we get some,
 So bring it right here.
 Good tidings we bring, to you and your kin,
 We wish you a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

Heire Bannag



Hei - re ban - nag, hoi - re ban-nag, hei - re ban - nag air a' bheò.



1. Mac na niu - la, Mac na niu - la, Mac na run - na, Mac na reula.
 2. Mac na dì - le, Mac na déi - re, Mac na spi - re, Mac na speura.
 3. Mac nan la - sa, Mac na leu - sa, Mac na cruin - ne, Mac na cè.
 4. Mac nan dù - la, Mac nan nèa - mha, Mac na gi - le, Mac na grèine.

Latha nam Bannag - the day of the little cakes/bannocks - was Christmas Eve, the words are good fun and the Mac na is Son of The song goes through a long list of everything on earth, above and below!

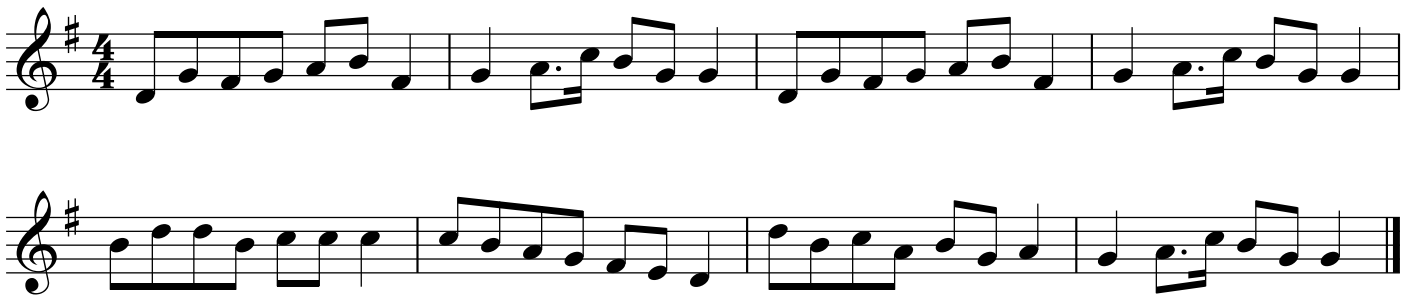
The Lochaber Badger

Fred Morrison



Duncan Gray

Robert Burns



The Four Poster Bed

Melody

Easy part

The musical score is written for two staves in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The top staff is labeled 'Melody' and the bottom staff is labeled 'Easy part'. The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, while the easy part consists of a series of quarter notes and rests. The score is divided into three systems, each with two staves. The first system has four measures, the second system has four measures, and the third system has four measures. The melody and easy part are written in a simple, accessible style suitable for a Level 4 player.

'S trusaidh mi na Coilleagan

The Cockle Gatherer



I dal a du vil, I dal a du ho ro,
I dal a du vil, 'S trusaidh mi na coill - ea - gan.

Ròic aig an fhaoil - eig, Shios anns na sgei - rin ud,
Ròic aig an fhaoil - eig, 'S trusaidh mi na coill - ea - gan.

I dal a du vil, I dal a du ho ro, I dal a du vil,
'S trusaidh mi na coilleagan. (*sh'trusay me na colligan*)

*I dal a du vil, I dal a du horo I dal a du vil,
While I gather cockles.*

Ròic aig an fhaoileig, (*royk ak an oolek*)
Shios anns na sgeirin ud, (*heeos ounce na skeerin ut*)
Ròic aig an fhaoileig,
'S trusaidh mi na coilleagan.

*Seagulls are screaming,
Down on the skerry there
Seagulls are screaming,
While I gather cockles.*

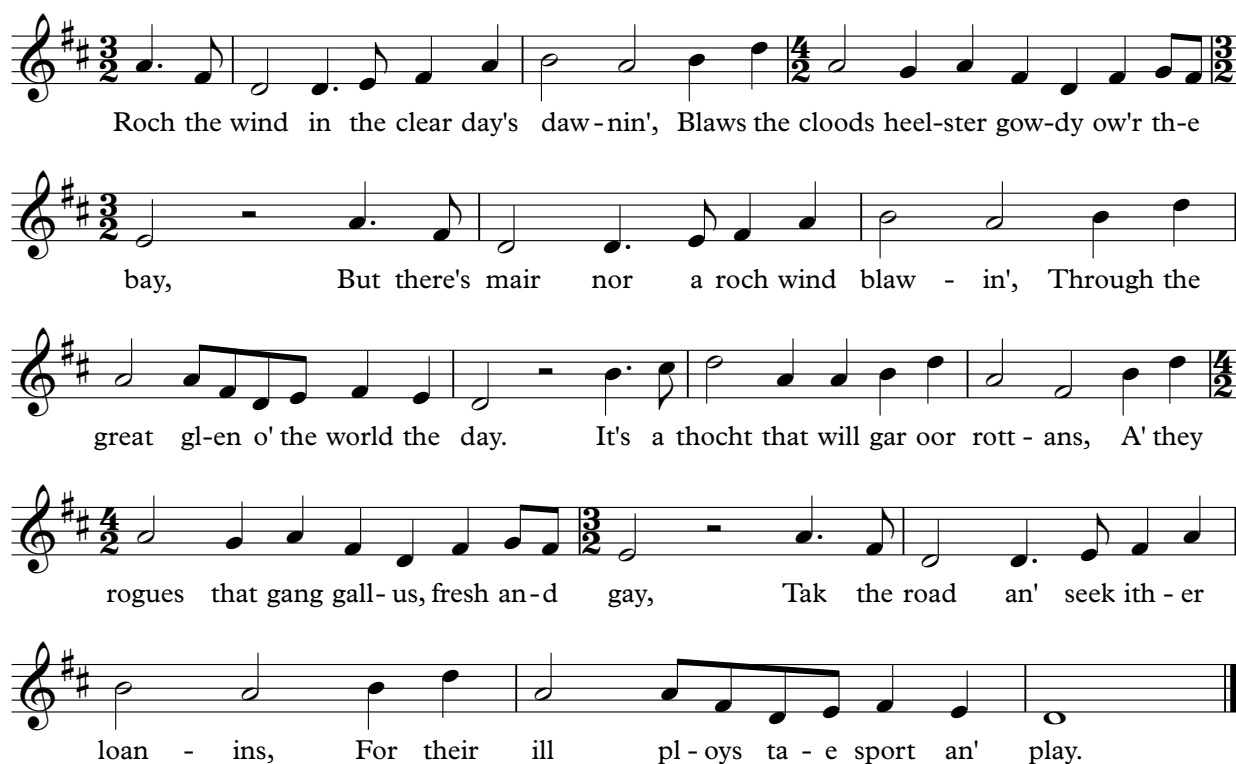
Gàir aig an fhaire, (*guyr ak an arracher*)
Shuas anns na speuran àrd, (*huas ounce na spooran ard*)
Gàir aig an fhaire,
'S trusaidh mi na coilleagan.

*A laugh at the seagull,
Up in the high heavens,
A laugh at the seagull,
While I gather cockles.*

The Freedom Come All Ye

(The Bloody Fields Of Flanders)

Hamish Henderson

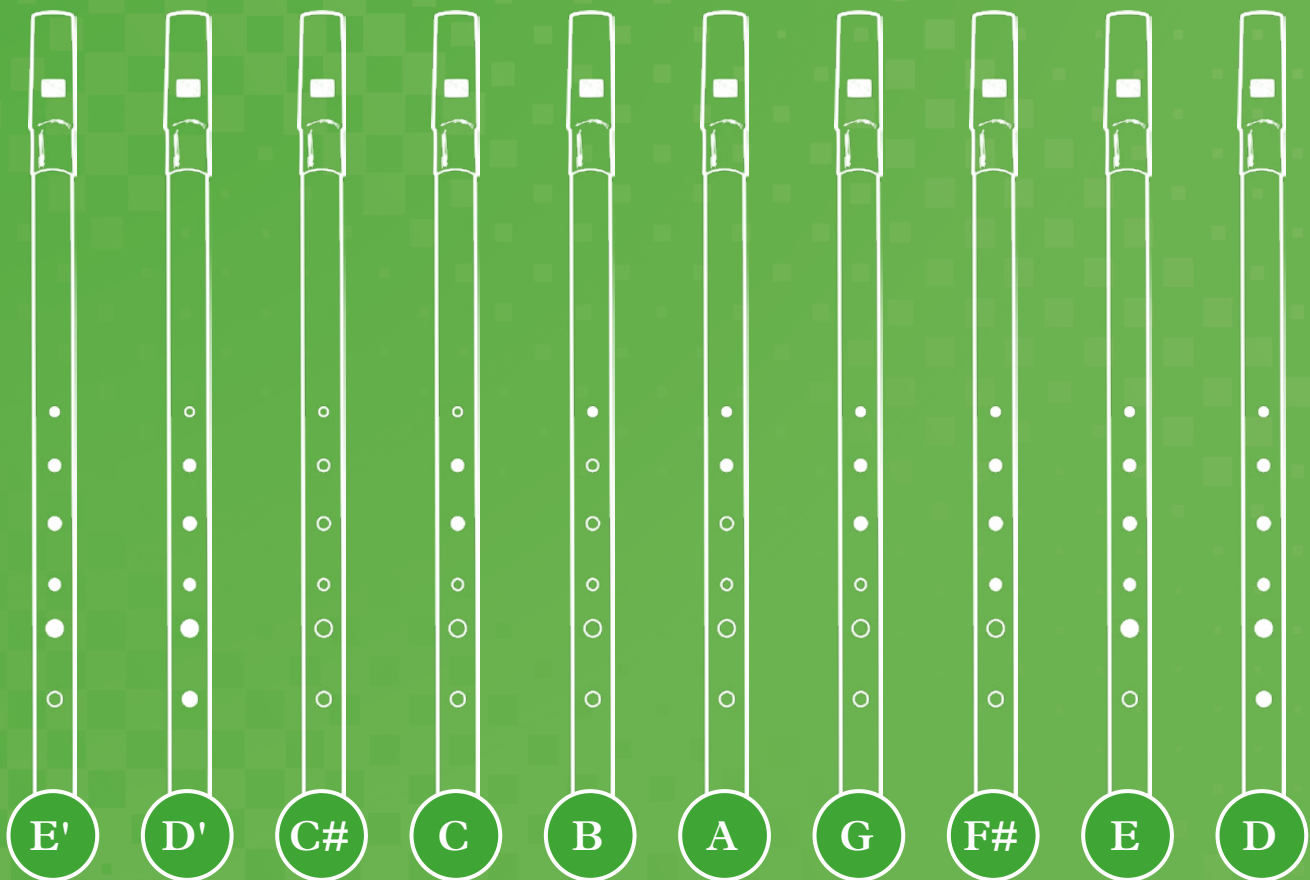


Roch the wind in the clear day's daw-nin', Blaws the clouds heel-ster gow-dy ow'r th-e
 bay, But there's mair nor a roch wind blaw - in', Through the
 great gl-en o' the world the day. It's a thocht that will gar oor rott - ans, A' they
 rogues that gang gall- us, fresh an-d gay, Tak the road an' seek ith - er
 loan - ins, For their ill pl - oys ta - e sport an' play.

Nae mair will the bonnie callants
 March tae war when oor braggarts crouselly craw
 Nor wee weans frae Pitheid and Clachan
 Mourn the ships sailing doon the Broomielaw
 Broken faimlies in lands we've herriet
 Will curse Scotland the brave nae mair, nae mair
 Black and white ane til ithier mairriet
 Mak the vile barracks o the maisters bare

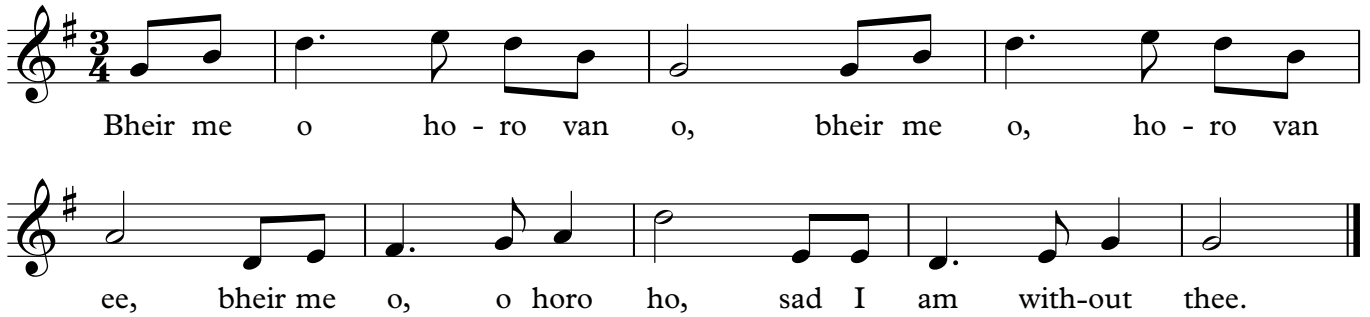
So come all ye at hame wi' freedom
 Never heed whit yir hoodies croak for doom
 In yer hoose a' the bairns o' Adam
 Will find breid, barley bree and painted room
 When Maclean meets wi' his freens in Springburn
 A' they roses and geans will turn tae bloom
 And a black boy frae yont Nyanga
 Dings the fell gallows o' the burghers doon

Level 5



E', D', C#, C, B, A, G, F#, E, D

Eriskay Love Lilt



Chorus

Bheir me o, horo van o,
 Bheir me o, horo van ee,
 Bheir me o, o horo ho,
 Sad am I, without thee.

Thou'rt the music of my heart,
 Harp of joy, o cruit mo chruidh,
 Moon of guidance by night,
 Strength and light thou'rt to me.

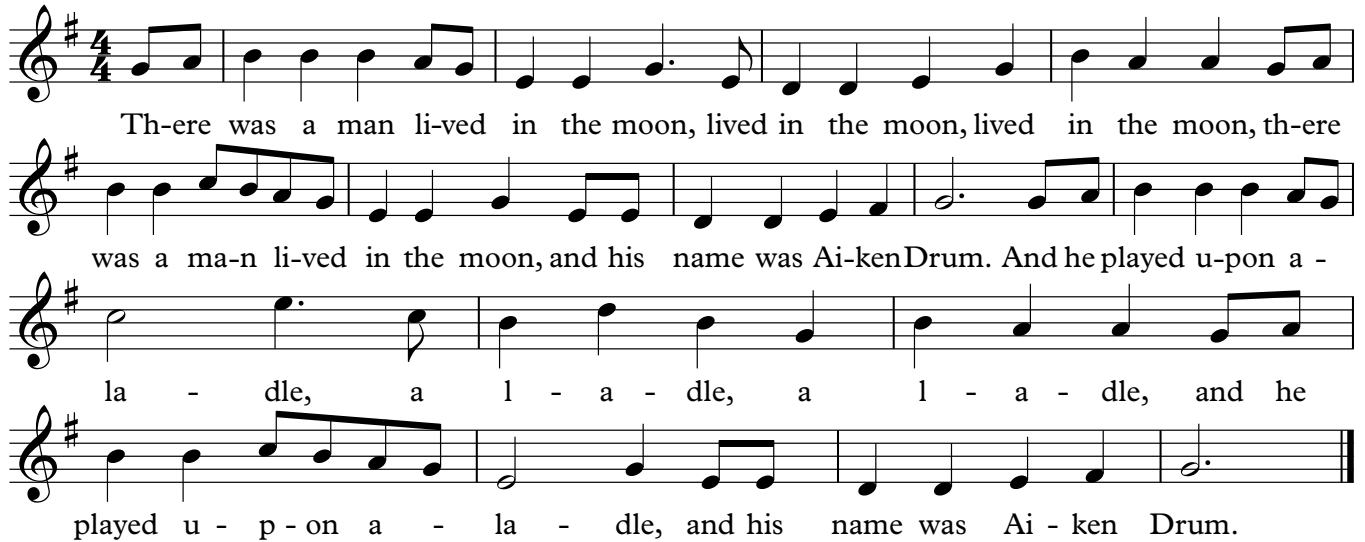
Chorus

In the morning, when I go
 To the white and shining sea,
 In the calling of the seals,
 Thy soft calling to me.

Chorus

When I'm lonely, dear white heart,
 Black the night and wild the sea,
 By love's light, my foot finds
 The old pathway to me.

Aiken Drum



Th-ere was a man li-ved in the moon, lived in the moon, lived in the moon, th-ere
was a ma-n li-ved in the moon, and his name was Ai-ken Drum. And he played u-pon a -
la - dle, a l - a - dle, a l - a - dle, and he
played u - p - on a - la - dle, and his name was Ai - ken Drum.

And his hat was made of good cream cheese,
Good cream cheese, good cream cheese,
And his hat was made of good cream cheese,
And his name was Aiken Drum.

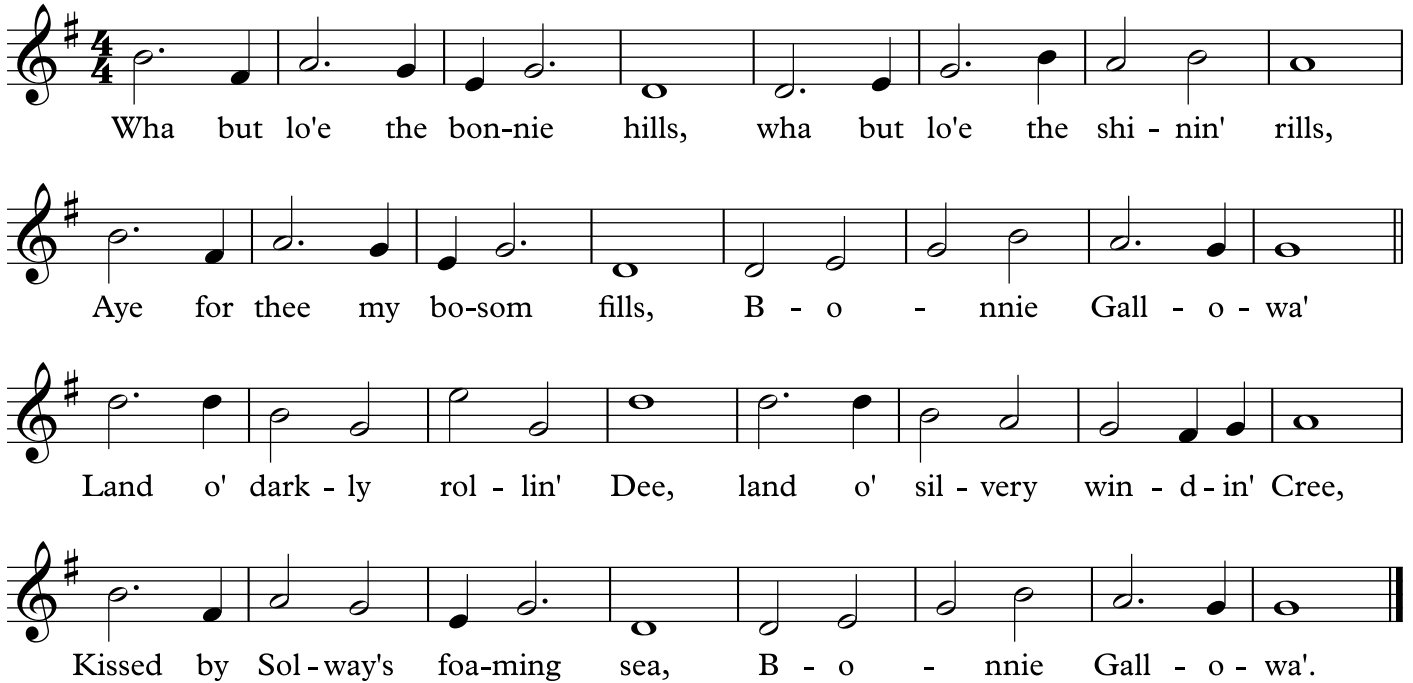
And his coat was made of good roast beef,
Good roast beef, good roast beef,
And his coat was made of good roast beef,
And his name was Aiken Drum.

And his buttons were made of penny loaves,
Penny loaves, penny loaves,
And his buttons were made of penny loaves,
And his name was Aiken Drum.

And his waistcoat was made of crust of pies,
Crust of pies, crust of pies,
And his waistcoat was made of crust of pies,
And his name was Aiken Drum.

His breeches were made of haggis bags,
Haggis bags, haggis bags,
His breeches were made of haggis bags,
And his name was Aiken Drum.

Bonnie Gallowa'



Wha but lo'e the bon-nie hills, wha but lo'e the shi - nin' rills,
 Aye for thee my bo-som fills, B - o - nnie Gall - o - wa'
 Land o' dark - ly rol - lin' Dee, land o' sil - very win - d - in' Cree,
 Kissed by Sol - way's foa-ming sea, B - o - nnie Gall - o - wa'.

Wha 'mang Scotia's chiefs can shine,
 Heroes o' the Douglas line,
 Maxwells, Gordons, a' are thine,
 Bonnie Gallowa'
 Land o' birk and rowan tree,
 Land o' fell and forest free,
 Land that's aye sae dear tae me,
 Bonnie Gallowa'.

Davidson The Luthier

Gavin Marwick

Melody

Harmony

1. 2.

1. 2.

Fear A Phige

(The Whisky Still Man)



Fàgail Steòrnabhagh

(Leaving Stornoway)



Brochan Lom



Brochan lom, tana lom, brochan lom na sùghain
 Brochan lom, tana lom, brochan lom na sùghain
 Brochan lom, tana lom, brochan lom na sùghain
 Brochan lom 's e tana lom 's e brochan lom na sùghain

Chorus

Brochan tana, tana, tana, brochan lom na sùghain
 Brochan tana, tana, tana, brochan lom na sùghain
 Brochan tana, tana, tana, brochan lom na sùghain
 Brochan lom 's e tana lom 's e brochan lom na sùghain

A song about thin, watery porridge.

O tha'n Tombaca Daor

O tha'n tom - ba - ca da - or, o tha'n tom - ba - ca gi - ni,
 O tha'n tom - ba - ca da - or, b'fheàrr leam gu robh e tuill - eadh.
 Gi - nidh air a h - uile punnd, punnd air a h - uile gi - ni,
 Tha e gi - ni air a phunnd, a - gus punnd air a' ghi - nidh.

O tha'n tombaca daor,
 O tha'n tombaca ginidh,
 O tha'n tombaca daor,
 B'fheàrr leam gu robh e tuilleadh (x 2)

O an tabacca daor
O an tabacca ginn-ee
O an tabacca daor
Byee-ar lom goo ro e tool-ay

Oh, the tobacco is dear,
 Oh, the tobacco is a guinea,
 Oh, the tobacco is dear,
 I would prefer it to be more!

Ginidh air a h - uile punnd,
 Punnd air a h - uile ginidh;
 Tha e ginidh air a' phunnd,
 Agus punnd air a' ghini . (x 2)

Ginn-ee air a hool-e poont
Poont air a hool-e poont
Ha e ginn-ee air a foont
Ag-us poont air a ginn-ee

A guinea for a whole pound,
 A pound for a whole guinea,
 It is a guinea for the pound,
 And a pound for the guinea.

Reel of Tullochgorum



Oh, Those Britches Full Of Stitches

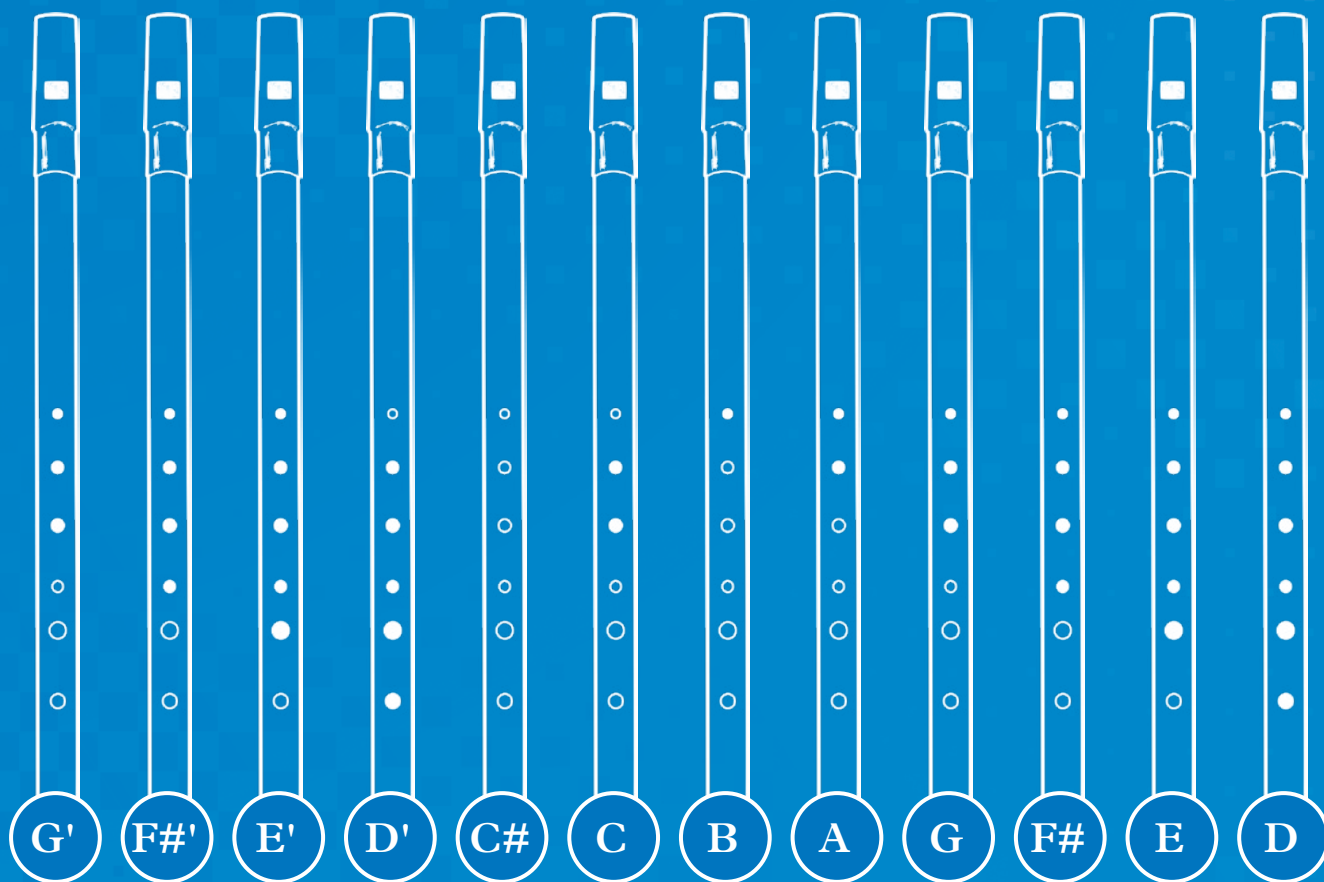


Elliott's

Finlay MacDonald



Level 6



G', F#', E', D', C#, C, B, A, G, F#, E, D

This Too Will Pass

Gavin Marwick



Glenogie

There's three score o' no - bles rade up the King's ha', But
 bon - nie Glen - o - gie's the flow'r o' them a'; Wi' his
 milk - white steed, and his bon - nie black e'e, 'Glen -
 o - gie, dear Mi - ther, Glen - o - gie for me!

O had your tongue dochter, ye'll get better than he, O say na sae, mither, for that canna be,
 Tho' Drumlie is richer and greater than he, Yet if I maun tak him, I'll certainly dee.

Where will I get a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon, Will gae to Glenogie, and cum shune again,
 O here am I, a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon, Will gae to Glenogie and cum shune again.

When he gaed to Glenogie, 'twas wash and go dine, 'Twas wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go dine,
 O 'twas ne'er my Faither's fashion, and it ne'er shall be mine, To gar a Lady's hasty errand wait til I dine.

But there is, Glenogie, a letter to thee, The first line that he read, a low smile gae he,
 The next line that he read, the tear blindit his e'e, But the last line that he read, he gart the table flee.

Gar saddle the black horse, gae saddle the brown, Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a town,
 But lang ere the horse was drawn, and brought to the green, O bonnie Glenogie was twa mile his lane.

When he cam to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth was there, Bonnie Jeannie's Mother was tearing her hair,
 Ye're welcome, Glenogie, ye're welcome said she, Ye're welcome, Glenogie, your Jeannie to see.

Pale and wan was she, when Glenogie gaed ben, But red and rosy grew she whene'er he sat down,
 She turned awa her head, but the smile was in her e'e, O binna feared Mother, I'll may be no dee.

Tha Mo Ghaol Air Àird A' Chuain

My Love Is On The High Seas



Feasgar ciùin an tùs a' Chèitein
Nuair bha 'n ialtag anns na speuran
Chualaim ribhinn òg 's i deurach
'Seinn fo sgàil nan geugan uain'
Bha a' ghrian 'sa chuan gu sìoladh
'S reult cha d' èirich anns an iarmailt
Nuair a sheinn an òigh gu cianail
"Tha mo ghaol air àird a' chuain"

Thòisich dealt na h-oidhch' ri tùrling
'S lùb am braon gu caoin na flùrain
Shèid a' ghaoth 'na h-oiteig chùbhraidh
Beatha 's ùrachd do gach cluan
Ghleus an nighneag fonn a h-òrain
Sèimh is ciùin mar dhriùchd an Òg-mhìos
'S bha an t-sèisd seo 'g èirigh 'n còmhnaidh
"Tha mo ghaol air àird a' chuain"

Chiar an latha is dheàrrs' na reultan
Sheòl an rè measg neul nan speuran
Shuidh an òigh, bha 'bròn 'ga lèireadh
'S cha robh dèigh air tàmh no suain
Theann mi faisg air reult nan òg-bhean
Sheinn mu 'gaol air chuan 'bha seòladh
O bu bhinn a caoidhrean brònach
"Tha mo ghaol air àird a' chuain"

Rinn an ceòl le deòin mo thàladh
Dlùth do ribinn donn nam blàth-shul
'S i ag ùrnaigh ris an Àrd-Rìgh
"Dìon mo ghràdh 'th' air àird a' chuain"
Bha a cridh' le gaol gu sgàineadh
Nuair a ghlac mi fhèin air làimh i
"Siab do dheòir, do ghaol tha sàbhailt
Thill mi slàn bhàrr àird a' chuain"

*On a quiet evening at the beginning of May
When the bat was in the skies
I heard a tearful young maiden
Singing beneath the shadow of the green branches
The sun was setting in the sea
And no stars yet graced the sky
When the young girl sang sorrowfully
"My love is on the high seas"*

*The night's dew began to fall
Each bloom yielding softly to the droplets
The wind blew in a fragrant breeze
Bringing life and renewal to each field
The girl tunelessly sang her song
Quiet and peaceful like the June dew
And this chorus constantly repeated
"My love is on the high seas"*

*Day darkened and the stars shone
Setting their course amongst the clouds
The maiden sat, burdened by her sadness
Her singing could not have been more soothing
I moved closer to the young woman
Singing of her love sailing on the sea
Oh sweet was her sad lament
"My love is on the high seas"*

*The music enticed me
Nearer to the brown-haired maiden of the warm eyes
And she prayed to the King of Heaven
"Protect my love on the high seas"
Her heart was breaking with love
When I took her by the hand
"Wipe your eyes, your love is safe
I have returned to you from the high seas"*

Chì Mi Na Mòrbheanna

The Mist-Covered Mountains



Sèist

O chì, chì mi na mòr-bheanna
 O chì, chì mi na còrr-bheanna
 O chì, chì mi na coireachan
 Chì mi na sgoran fo cheò
 Chì mi gun dàil an t-àite san d'rugadh mi
 Cuirear orm fàilte sa chànain a thuigeas mi
 Gheibh mi ann aoidh agus gràdh nuair a ruigeam
 Nach reicinn air tunnachan òir

Sèist

Chì mi na coilltean, chì mi na doireachan
 Chì mi ann màghan bàna is toraiche
 Chì mi na féidh air làr nan coireachan
 Falaicht' an trusgan de cheò

Sèist

Beanntaichean àrda is àillidh leacainnean
 Sluagh ann an còmhnuidh is còire cleachdainnean
 'S aotrom mo cheum a' leum g'am faicinn
 Is fanaidh mi tacan le deòin

Sèist

Chorus

Oh, I see, I see the great mountains
 Oh, I see, I see the lofty mountains
 Oh, I see, I see the corries
 I see the peaks beneath the mist
 I see, straight away, the place of my birth
 I will be welcomed in a language which I understand
 I will receive hospitality and love when I reach there
 That I would not trade for a ton of gold

Chorus

I see woods there, I see thickets there
 I see fair, fertile fields there
 I see the deer on the ground of the corries
 Shrouded in a garment of mist

Chorus

High mountains with lovely slopes
 Folk there who are always kind
 Light is my step when I go bounding to see them
 And I will willingly remain there for a long while

Chorus

Finnish Polka



Salmon Tails Up The Water



Whistle Games and Activities

1. Mexican Wave

Sit in a circle and attempt to pass a note around the circle, passing it from one person to the next without a gap in the sound, like a Mexican wave. Start with B and then see if you can do it with all the notes.

2. Hocket

Using a simple tune such as Hot Cross Buns, see if you can play it in a 'hocket'. There are 2 ways of doing this. First split the room into 2 groups. One group plays B, the other group plays A, the first group plays G, the second group plays B, and so on. Passing each note from one group to the other. This can be further developed to try and pass the tune around the circle in this way; the first person plays B, second plays A, third plays G etc.

3. Conducting/ playing words

Someone chooses a note and everyone has to try and play it. Pupils can take turns to choose the notes. This can be developed by thinking about which words can be spelled using the available notes on the whistle, then trying to play the words.

4. High, Low, Middle

Assign an action to a High note (stretch up), Middle note (make a cross with arms out) and Low note (crouch or arms down). Play a run of notes and then play a longer high, low or middle note. The children then guess the note by using their actions. Allow the class a few practice runs then they can be eliminated for getting it wrong or hesitating.

5. Guess the note

Ask the class to shut their eyes and play them a note. They then have to try and match it by playing what they think that note is. This could be done with the whole class or with individuals/pairs.

6. Chord build up

Start by sending a continuous note around the circle, for example a G. Once the G gets approximately half way around start sending another note to add on top (B). The children only change note when it reaches them. Add more notes to build up a chord.

7. Copy the rhythm

Somebody chooses a note and plays a rhythm on that note, the next person has to try and play the same rhythm, and it gets passed around the circle. You can start with the person choosing saying what the note is, then you can develop it to having to guess the note as well as copy the rhythm.



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