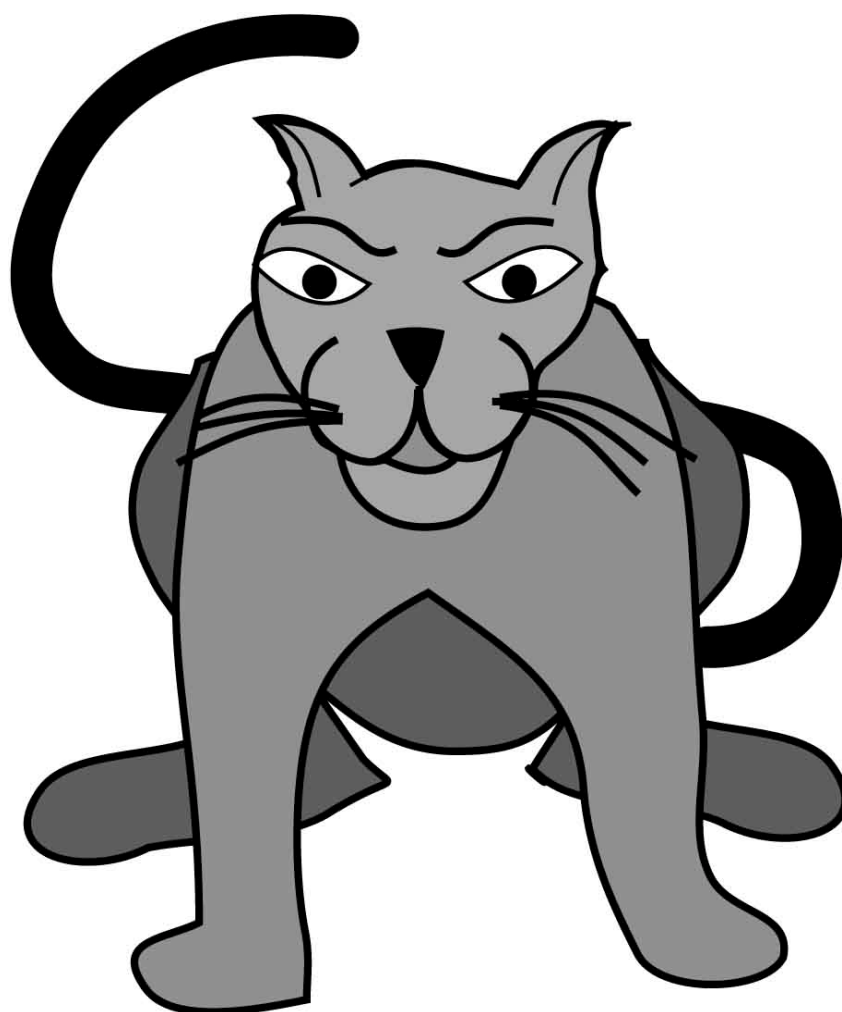


GLEG 1



GLEG

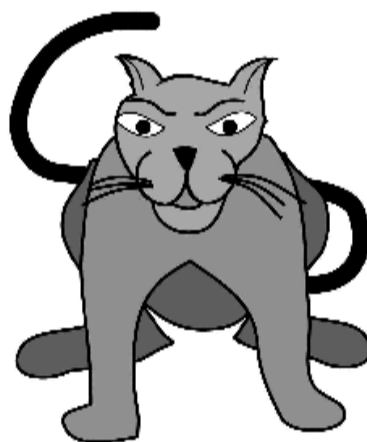
Gleg – quick on the uptake, nimble



LEARNING SCOTS

in song and story

with accompanying Scotsoun cassette/CD



GLEG

. . . nae langer up and down
Gleg as a squirrel speils the Adam's apple.

Hugh MacDiarmid (A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle)

“Ye’re no very gleg at the jumping”

Robert Louis Stevenson (Allan Breck to David Balfour in “Kidnapped”)

“And a’ her bairns, aye gleg to lauch”.

William Soutar (The Hungry Mauchs)

CONTENTS

Throughout the text where '*ou*' appears in italics it is to be pronounced as '*oo*' in moor. The text is in Scots*scribe* – a phonetic script which is consistent and uncontrived and is the written mirror image of Scots*oun*.

Foreword

Acknowledgements

RHYMES

Rhymes for Singin or for Fun
 Riddle Rhymes
 Playtime Rhymes
 Educational Rhymes



Throughout the booklet this symbol will appear beside those items which can be heard on the accompanying audio cassette/CD 084

SONGS

Hush-a-ba-birdie, Croon, Croon
 John Smith, Fallow Fine
 Wee Willie Winkie
 The Tod
 Katie Bairdie
 Ballad

STORIES

On the Mune
 Whitey
 Wee Willie Sparra
 The Wee Wee Puddock
 Patch Wins Hame
 The Twins and the Muckle Moggie

FIRST HUNDRED KEY WORDS

SECOND HUNDRED KEY WORDS

WEE WORDS FOR WEE FOLK (Three and Four letter words)

WORDS AT WORK "GLEGGO"

Foreword

to the Third Edition

The concept of this booklet was inspired by the concern to provide an interesting variety of poems, riddles, songs and stories in Scots enhanced by an honest attempt to present a step-by-step progress from simple three and four letter words — which are neither difficult to say, spell nor remember — to sentences using these same words. Here the *wee words for wee folk* are used as building blocks.

Also, we have made up word families by which those learning Scots can become used to both the sound system and spelling system of the language.

There has never been any serious attempt to encourage the *speaking* of Scots, the *spelling* of Scots or the *writing* in Scots and in this respect Scots of *all* ages are but bairns! We hear much about Scots Literature but how can we appreciate our literature if we know nothing of the linguistic basis on which it rests.

Here then, is just what the learner needs to get started and we have translated the most frequently used FIRST 200 WORDS (in *any* language) into Scots — where apt. We have not contrived to “invent” a Scots equivalent where the English word has become standard and engrained. I believe this publication is for every man, woman and child in Scotland.

We feel that Scots songs are a very important source of Scots vocabulary and idiom and the words are naturally occurring — and persist in folk memory. Such songs when sung by children have an enchanting quality and are presented here in the text and also feature on the accompanying cassette/CD along with some of the stories which present different accents and dialects.

Lastly, while I have taken it upon myself to mak siccar that all the careful work which has gone into this publication will see the light of day, it is “In memory of Gordon*” and all that he stood and strove for that has made me persevere.

George Philp, Glasgow 1992

* Gordon K Murray (see also *Acknowledgements*)

Acknowledgements

The rhymes 'I've a kistie', 'Wee choukie birdie', 'Rainy, rainy rattlestones', 'Come a riddle', and 'There's a wee, wee house' and songs 'Hush-a-ba birdie, croon, croon', 'John Smith, fallow fine' and 'Katie Bairdie' are to be found in *Scottish Nursery Rhymes* edited by Norah and William Montgomerie and published by Chambers in 1985.

The Trustees of the National Library of Scotland for permission to reproduce the poem 'Ballad' by William Soutar.

The stories 'On the Mune', 'The Twins and the Muckle Moggie' and 'Patch Wins Hame' being translations of the original stories 'On the Moon', 'The Twins and the Giant Cat' and 'Patch Goes Home' appearing in *Link-Up Round the World No. 8* published by Holmes McDougall Limited are included with the kind permission of the authors, namely Jessie Reid, former Senior Lecturer in Educational Sciences in the University of Edinburgh, and Joan Low, former Chief Primary Adviser, Lothian Region.

Material in the booklet was researched by a steering committee of the Glasgow Branch of the Scots Language Society in 1983 consisting of Mrs Frances Hendrie (F.H.) a Primary School Teacher, Mattha Kidd (M.K.) fluent native speaker, the late Gordon Murray (G.K.M.) a writer of stories in Scots including *Tales o a Gamie* published by Heatherbank Press, and Dr George Philp (G.P.) joint-promoter, founder member and first Preses of the Lallans Society (now the Scots Language Society). The help of other Branch members, Mrs Lorna Borrowman, Mrs Cath Scott and Miss Moira Clark is also gratefully acknowledged.


Thanks are due to David Hewitt for preparatory work on the manuscript and for support at all times from Ronnie Renton — both of the ASLS.

The cassette/CD recordings were made and are contributed by Scotsoun Recordings.

RHYMES, SONGS AND STORIES


RHYMES

Rhymes for Singing and for Fun.

1 I've a kistie, I've a creel 
I've a haggis *fou* o meal
I've a doggie at the door
Ane, twa, three, fower.


2 Wee *choukie* birdie, tol-ol-ol
Laid an egg on the windaesole;
The windaesole began tae crack,
Wee *choukie* birdie roared and grat.

3 Wee Davie Daylight
Keeks ower the sea,
Early in the mornin
Wi a clear ee;
Waukens aa the birdies
That are sleepin *soun*
Wee Davie Daylight
Lichts up *our toun*.

4 Hey the dusty miller 
Wi his *stourie* coat,
He will win a shillin
Or he spend a groat.

Stourie wis the coat,
Stourie wis the colour,
Stourie wis the kiss
That I gat frae the miller.

5 Chappit tatties
Beef and steak,
Three reid herrin
And a bawbee cake.

6 Jenny wi the lang poke, 
Haste ye ower the main
Lampin wi yer lang legs,
Plashin *throu* the rain:
Here's a waukrife laddie,
Winna steik his ee;
Pit him in the lang poke
And *douk* him in the sea.

*('Jenny wi the lang poke' was a witch
who came for children who would not go to sleep)*

7 Rainy, rainy rattlestones,
Dinna rain on me;
Rain on John o Groat's *house*
Faur across the sea.

8 **Queer Intit**


A pen has a heid bit has nae hair;
A knock has a face bit has nae *mou*
there;
Needles hae een bit canna see;
A hill has a fit bit has nae knee;
A watch has hauns bit hasna fingers;
Buits hae tongues but arena singers;
Burns can rin tho they hae nae feet;
And a saw has teeth bit canna eat.

Riddle Rhymes

1 Come a riddle, come a riddle,
 Come a rot-tot-tot;
 A wee, wee man, in a reid, reid coat,
 A staff in his haun,
 And a stane in his throat;
 Come a riddle, come a riddle,
 Come a rot-tot-tot.

2 Roun and roun the ragged rocks
 The ragged rascal ran;
 Gin ye tell me hou mony 'R's
 There are in that,
 Ye'll be a clever man.

3 There's a wee, wee house,
 It's unco fou o meat;
 But neither door nor windae
 Will lat ye in tae eat.

4 Whiles tae the East, 
 Whiles tae the Wast,
 I turn and I twine,
 Tho I'm tethered fast.

My wings are sae strang,
 My plumes are sae braw,
 I fain wid up
 And flie hyne awa.

"Ye're juist guid for a rest",
 Said an auld dune craw;
 "Ye may try yer best,
 But ye winna win awa".

Answers (1) A cherry (2) None (in 'that')
 (3) An egg (4) A weathercock

*Playtime Rhymes***1 Traffic Signals**

Stop! says the reid licht.
 Go! says the green;
 Watch!! says the yalla licht,
 winkin in atween:
 Mind whit they say,
 mind whit they mean;
 We aa maun heed them
 — even the Queen!

2 The Pick-up Man

Bits o sweetie papers,
 The orra tin can,
 Mak muckle fykie wark
 For the pick-up man.
 Stick them in yer jaiket,
 (Grass looks better green);
 Lat the pick-up mannie whustle,
 And keep yer country clean.

S O N G S**1 Hush-a-ba Birdie, Croon, Croon**

Hush-a-ba birdie, croon, croon,
 Hush-a-ba birdie, croon.
 The sheep are gaen
 tae the siller wuid,
 And the coos are gaen
 tae the broom, broom.

Oh, it's braw milkin
 the kye, kye,
 Oh, it's braw milkin the kye.
 The birdies are singin,
 the bells are ringin,
 The wild deer
 come gallopin by, by.

Hush-a-ba birdie, croon, croon,
 Hush-a-ba birdie croon.
 The gaits are gaen
 tae the mountains high,
 And they'll no be hame
 till noon, noon.

**2 John Smith, Fallow Fine**

John Smith, fallow fine,
 Can ye shoe this horse o mine?
 Ay, Sir, that I can,
 Juist as weel as onie man.

There's a nail upon the tae,
 Tae mak the pownie
 speil the brae,
 There's a nail upon the heel,
 Tae mak the pownie
 scamper weel.

Scamper, scamper weel,
 Scamper, scamper,
 scamper weel,
 Scamper, scamper weel,
 Tae mak the pownie
 scamper weel.



3 Wee Willie Winkie

Wee Willie Winkie rins *throu* the *toun*,
 Upstairs and *downstairs* in his *nicht gown*,
 Tirlin at the winnock, cryin *throu* the lock,
 “Are the weans in their bed, it’s past eight o’clock?”

“Hey Willie Winkie, are ye comin ben?
 The cat’s singin gray thrums tae the sleepin hen.
 The dog’s speldert on the flair, and disna gie a cheep,
 But here’s a waukrife laddie that winna faa asleep”.

Oniethin but sleep, ye rogue, glowerin like the muin,
 Rattlin in an airn jug, wi an airn spuin,
 Rummlin, tummlin *roun about*, crawin like a cock,
 Skirlin like I kenna whit, waukenin sleepin fowk.

Hey Willie Winkie, the wean’s in a creel,
 Wammlin aff a bodie’s knee like a verra eel,
 Ruggin at the cat’s lug and raivellin aa her thrums,
 Hey, Willie Winkie, — see here he comes.

Wearied is the mither that has a *stourie* wean,
 A wee stumpie *stousie*, that canna rin its lane;
 That has a battle aye wi sleep afore he’ll close an ee —
 But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew tae me.

William Miller

4 The Tod

“Eh,” quo the tod, “it’s a braw licht nicht,
 The win’s in the Wast and the muin shines bricht;
 The win’s in the Wast and the muin shines bricht,
 And I’ll awa tae the *toun*, O”.



He’s taen the goose by the gray green sleeve,
 “Eh, ye auld witch, nae langer shall ye lieve,
 Yer flesh it is ten’er, yer banes I maun prieve,
 For that I cam tae the *toun*, O”.

Up gat the auld wife *out* o her bed,
 And *out* o the windae she shot her heid;
 “Eh, guidman, the gray goose is deid,
 The tod has been tae the *toun*, O”.

5 **Katie Bairdie**

Katie Bairdie had a coo,
 Black and white about the mou;
 Wasna that a denty coo?
 Dance Katie Bairdie.

Katie Bairdie had a hen
 Kecklt but and kecklt ben;
 Wasna that a denty hen?
 Dance Katie Birdie.

Katie Bairdie had a cat,
 Sleek and sleet and unco fat;
 Wasna that a denty cat?
 Dance Katie Bairdie.

6 **Ballad** *by William Soutar*

O! shairly ye hae seen my love
 Down whaur the waters wind:
 He walks like ane wha fears nae man
 And yet his een are kind.

O! shairly ye hae seen my love
 At the turnin' o the tide;
 For then he gethers in the nets
 Down be the waterside.

O lassie I hae seen your love
 At the turnin o the tide;
 And he was wi the fisher-folk
 Down be the waterside.

The fisher-folk were at their trade
 No far frae Walnut Grove;
 They gether'd in their dreepin nets
 And fund your ain true love.

STORIES

ON THE MUNE



The mune is gey hyne awa. It'll tak a space-ship five days tae win till't. It's unco quaet on the mune. The grund is happit wi gray *stour* and muckle stanes. There's nae air on the mune nor onie watter. Sae there arena onie trees and nae *flowers* ava, nor onie fower-leggit or twa-leggit craiturs. Naethin ava dwals on the mune.

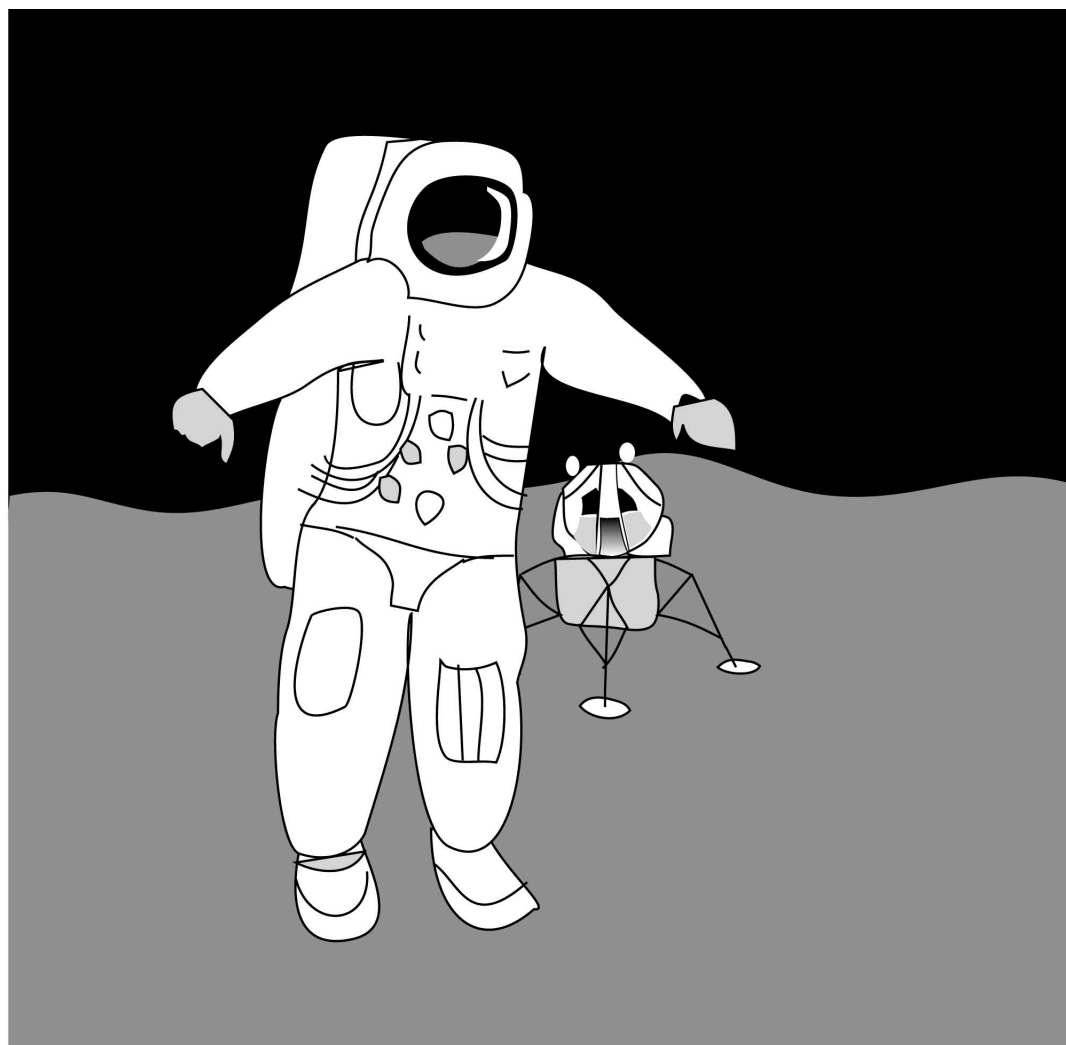
Whan men gang tae the mune they hae tae weir space-claes. They hae tae tak maet tae eat as weill, for there is naethin tae eat on the mune.

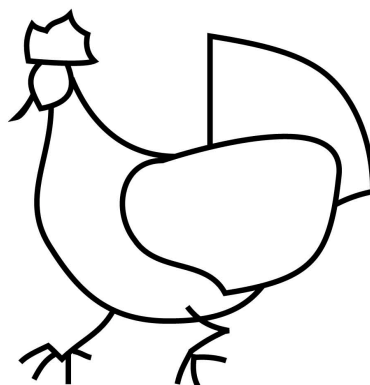
Whan a man is on the mune he can lowp a fair hicht. Bit he sune gets wabbit, seein his space-claes are geyan heavy.

The first chiel wha landit on the mune wis Neil Armstrang. Here is a pictur o Neil Armstrang on the mune in his space-claes. Ye can see the space-ship ahint him.

Wad ye like tae gang tae the mune yae day?

Translated by G.P.





“WHITEY”



Wee Jamie wis nearly nine. He bade wi his Mammy in a wee *house* in the country. Jamie had a tame hen caa’d “Whitey”, seein it wis white. Whitey wis aince a gey feart hennie aye rinnin awa tae hide. She didna come in *about* yer feet like ither hens.

Ae day there wis a great storm o thunner and lichtnin and Jamie wis gey feart himsel. He hid ablow the bed. Efter the rain stoppit, Jamie gaed *out* tae the hens. Somethin unco queer had come ower Whitey for she didna rin awa. She wis tame as tame and ran efter Jamie for corn. Whitey followed Jamie *about* the place like a doggie. Jamie got gey fond o Whitey and gied her lots o corn.

She got that muckle corn his Mammy said Whitey wis gettin ower fat and widna lay eggs. Jamie never lat on he heard, he wis daft *about* Whitey.

Jamie wanted tae tak Whitey tae the schuil wi him, but his Mammy said, “Na”, and sneakit in the hennies. *Hou* it cam *about* is a secret, but yae day the hens gat *out* and whan Jamie looked *roun* — there wis Whitey, and she followed him aa the wey tae the schuil. Jamie wis real *proud* o his pet hen and showed her aff tae his chums. They aa had rare fun straikin Whitey till the bell rang.

Jamie wanted Teacher tae lat Whitey sit aside him in the class, but Teacher said Whitey micht want tae lay an egg or twa, and forby she hadna a nest. Jamie said Whitey *couldna* lay eggs seein she wis ower fat. Teacher said the hennie widna mak muckle o readin and spellin and *counts*, and she made Jamie tak Whitey hame real nippy like. Puir Jamie, it wis hard tae keep a stracht face till he wis *out* o the schuil, and Whitey scraiched a lot and lookit up at Jamie as if she kent.

Jamie isna latten play wi Whitey *nou*, til he wins hame frae the schuil, but Teacher lat the class paint and draa hennies instead o daein sums for a hale week and stick their picturs up on the waa.

WEE WILLIE SPARRA



In the riggin o the *house* the nest was warm and cosy. “This is fine and rare,” thocht wee Willie til himsel. Aifter aa the shovin and raxin the nicht afore as his brithers and sisters focht for leg room, wee Willie fand the peace and quaet muckle tae his likin — as fine as the taste o a fat, juicy grub. That happy thocht gart him gape his wee beak; bit nae mammy bird cam tae stap it *fou* for him. Wee Willie’s een apened at that. He wis mindin *hou* his mither had aye been on at him tae learn tae flie, deavin him wi her cheeps. Whit wis it she said again? Oh ay, “Up wi ye, Willie, ye lazy wee lump. Lat the East wind play *roun* yer bairn wings, syne gie them a bit flaff or twa and ye’ll be aff”. Bit Willie had keekit ower the lip o the nest and didna muckle like whit he saw *doun* there. Puir Willie! Sair feart he nicht faa, and *nou* he wis aa his lane.

The East wind wis a wild thing *nou* as it *souched* and sabbit, eerie its sang, yowlin in the riggin and *roun* the chimlie pats. “Flie-in canna be waur nor this,” thocht Willie wi a grue. Willie got up, spread his wings, missed his fittin, and on a suddenty the frienly East wind had him nippit up and sailin *throu* the air. “I can flie! I can flie!” cheeped wee Willie, flaffin his wings like daft, bit ither birds peyed nae heed. He wis juist anither sparra like theirsels hungry and on the hunt for fresh, creishy grubs and ither tasty bites.

G.K.M.

THE WEE, WEE PUDDOCK



A wee, wee puddock sat on a stane and grat. Weill, he didna greet like you and me, it wis mair o a “craik, craik”. And whit wis he greetin for? The wee, wee puddock wis aa his lane! His mammy and his daddy had taen him for a dauner bit they tuik muckle great lowps hyne awa up tae the lift, and the wee, wee puddock coud only hip hop hip. Ye’ll mind he wis juist a wee puddock and his leggies were smaa. It wisna lang afore the wee puddock had tint his mammy and his daddy, sae he set himsel *down* on a stane, opened his *mou*, steikit his een and “craiked”.

Puir wee puddock, he wis gey sair-made, and twa puddock tears cam intil his een. It wis hard on a wee puddock that *coudna* lowp and him sae dowie . . . Afore lang he heard a “plip-plop” and, whan he opened his een, there, sittin on the verra same stane, wis a big black rat sizin him up like he wis a denner piece. The puir wee puddock shiftit ower tae the edge o the stane as faur as he *coud* win. He gapit and gollopt but nae “craik” cam. *Nou* he *coudna* lowp and he *coudna* “craik” and forby he wis unco feart.

A mirky shape flew *out* among the trees and across the face o the mune. Wis it a witch maybe takin the air? A bogle on a spree? Jings! even a wee puddock kent better nor that. It wis IT — the terror, the grue o aa wee creepie craturs late at nicht, and the *houlet* flappit its wings, *sounless* and *quaet*. *Wi-out* thinkin, the wee puddock tuik a lowp and a breinge, syne twa, syne three and fower or mair and landit “splosh” in the middle o a pond at the verra feet o his ain mammy and daddy in a chorus o happy sang. Puddocks were croakin and craikin like daft, sae the wee puddock gapit his wee gab and craikit like he wad burst. He wis sae happy and canty tae be hame aince mair.

G.K.M.

PATCH WINS HAME



This is the tale o a cheetie cat caa-ed Patch. He wis a braw bleck cheetie, wi white paws and a white patch on his breist. He bade wi a faimily caa-ed Smith. The Smiths had twa weans caa-ed Maggie or Meg and Jock, and they were gey fond o the cheetie. They caa-ed him "Patch" because o the white patch on 's breist.

Yae day Meg and Jock were sittin on the steps o their *house*, watchin cheetie waashin his face. "Patch is smert", Jock said, "he can waash his ain face". Cheetie waashed *roun* his lugs, lickin his paw tae wat it.

"He waashes ahint his lugs anaa," said Meg. "You dinnae dae that. Cheetie's smerter nor you".

"He isnae", said Jock, and he tried tae *pou* Meg's hair. Then their mither cam *out* tae see whit they wir up tae. Jock tauld her whit Meg said, and his mither replied: "I think ye can waash ahint yer lugs fine: ye juist forget whiles. But a cheetie can dae a wheen o things ye canna dae. He can lowp gey heich, and he can see in the daurk."

"He can catch mice anaa," said Jock.

Juist at that their faither cam hame fae his darg, and the bairns ran tae meet him. Whan they wir aa back in the *house*, Maister Smith tauld them he'd got a new job. "It's in a new work in *Newtown*" he said. "It's a gey lang wey frae here, sae we'll hae tae fin a new *house*."

Faither and Mither went tae luk at a wheen o new *houses* till they fund yin they likit. It had lots o room for them aa. Maister Smith said it was haundy fur his wark. Mistress Smith took a notion tae the kitchen. Meg likit the bathroom, and Jock fancyit the wee gairden. Maister Smith said they wid tak the *house*. Patch sat on a sait and purred, sae they aa said, "I wunner if Patch'll like the *house* as weel?"

Yae Setterday mornin the flittin men cam wi a muckle van, and pit aa the furniture intae it, the saits and tables and beds, and the TV and aa the toys. They took Patch's bed as weel.

When the *house* was tuim, Mistress Smith *sou*pit the flair, and cowpit aa the rubbish intae the midden. Patch went *roun* the tuim *house*, sniffin but and ben, and lukin gey bamboozled. He didnae like it ataa. Then Maister Smith pat him in a creel wi a lid, and they aa went awa tae the new *house* in a cab.

Patch *coudna* see whaur they were gaun, and he miaowed aa the time. Whan they cam tae the new *house* they gied the flittin men a haun tae pit aathing in the richt place. They lat Patch *out* o his creel. He waunert *roun* the *house* sniffin aa roads. Then he went *out* tae the gairden. Meg and Jock went tae play in the gairden anaa. Sune Mistress Smith caa-ed *out*. "Come awa in and get a bite tae eat afore ye gang tae bed."

They were juist rinnin in whan Jock said, "Whaur's cheetie?"

They stoppit and cried "Patch! Patch! come on, cheetie, come on, cheetie." Bit deil a cheetie cam. They lukit aa ower the gairden and ower aa the *house*, heich and laich, but and ben, but deil the haet o cheetie *coud* they fin.

They keekit ablow the beds and on aa the saits, and ablow the TV, but *coudnae* fin the cheetie oniewhaur.

They were fair worriet. "Aiblins he'll come back later on," said Mistress Smith. "Nou, you twa get awa tae yir bunks and dinnae fash". Meg and Jock went tae bed but they lay a gey lang while wunnerin whaur Patch wis. Then Jock had a grand thocht. "I jalouse Patch has gone awa back tae *our* auld *house*" he said. Meg tauld him no tae be sae daft. She said Patch didnae ken whaur the auld *house* wis.

Then they fell ower, for they were gey tired. Next morning Jock tellt his mither and faither *about* his great thocht. Maister Smith said: "Whit a guid idea. We'll tak the bus and gae back tae the auld *house* juist tae see." Sae Jock and 's faither took the creel wi the lid and went back tae their auld *house*. Whan they got there they sclimmed the stairs and whit d'ye think they saw?

They saw the cheetie sittin *outside* the door o their auld *house*. He wis miaowin gey sair, bit whan he saw Jock he got up and started tae purr. Jock gethered him up and straikit his fur and said: "Silly auld baudrons, we hae a split new *house* *nou* and dinnae bide in this *house* onie mair." They put Patch intae the creel and went hame in the bus. Whan they got hame Mistress Smith and Meg were awfu gled tae see the cheetie again.

Mistress Smith said: "We maun put creish on his paws, and then he'll aye come back tae this *house*." Maister Smith said: "It wis gey GLEG and smert o Patch tae fin his wey back tae *our* auld *house*. I wunner *hou* he did it? He *coudnae* see *out* o the creel whan we went in the cab." They aa lukit at Patch and Patch juist sat on Meg's knee and purred and thrummed.

Translated by M.K.

THE TWINS AND THE MUCKLE MOGGIE

A Tale frae *South America*



Lang syne a wifie dwalt aside a meikle glen. She bade in a wee *house* wi her twa twin laddies. They lookit awfie like yin anither. They were o the samin *bouk*, they had the samin hair and they had the samin een. Their vyces *soundit* the same.

Ane o the laddies wis cried Chairlie and the ither wis cried Pete. Chairlie aye wore reid claes and Pete aye wore blae yins sae fowk *could* tell yin frae tither.

Chairlie wis a reiver and gaed out ilka day tae the wuids. Pete likit gey weel warkin amang trees and plants. He grew corn and sneddit wuid for his mither's ingle in winter.

Yae day Chairlie cam hame frae the wuids and fand his mither and Pete wi the door lockit. He chappit on the door and cried, "It's Chairlie, lat me ben". Syne Pete cam and lat him in. "Whit's wrang?", spiered Chairlie. "Whit wey hae ye the door lockit?". Pete said, "The day, whan I wis sneddin wuid I heard o a suddenty an awfie din, somethin like a moggie bit faur *louder*. I ran tae the *house*, gaed in, and sneckit the door. I keekit *out throu* the wee winnock and saw a great muckle moggie. It wis a byordinar moggie. This muckle *poussie* said he had come tae be the King o the wuids. He said we maun aa dae whit he tauld us, and gin we didnae, he wid gobble us up. Syne he gaed awa".

Their mither said, "O, whitiver sall we dae? It wull be geyan awfie tae hae a muckle *poussie* for *our* King".

Chairlie said, "Mither, gang ye tae yer bed and rest. Pete and me wull bide by the ingle and crack". Sae Chairlie and Pete sat by the ingle and cracked *about* things for a when *hours*.

In the mornin they said, "Mither, we are gaun tae shaw the muckle *poussie* that he is no the King o the wuids and ye maun help us. Gif he comes back, dinna lat dab that ye hae twa bairns. Tell him ye hae only yin".

Sae that day Chairlie gaed *out* like he aye did wi his bow and arra, bit he didna gang faur. Pete bade ben the hut. Sune the meikle *poussie* cam breengin *throu* the trees spittin and yowlin. Chairlie heard him and ran ben the *house* and lockit the door juist in time.

"Mi-aa-ow", cried the byordinar *poussie*. "I am the high heidyin o the wuids". Syne the laddies' mither said, "O, meikle *poussie*, dinna sair yaise me. I am a puir body wi only the yae son".

"Mi-aa-ow", cried the meikle *poussie*, "Still I maun see yer laddie. Is he at hame?"

"Aye", Chairlie said, and he opened the door a wee, sae that the *poussie* *could* see him. "I'm a reiver", Chairlie said, "and I want tae see *hou* fast ye can rin. Gif ye can rin faster nor me ye can be *our* King".

"Of *course* I can rin faster nor ye", yowled the meikle *poussie*.

"Lat us hae a race than", said Chairlie. "The morn's morn come tae the edge o the glen. I'll be there tae see ye, and we sall see wha is the faster rinner".

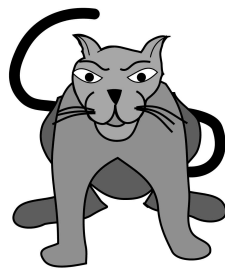
“Mi-aa-ow”, yowled the meikle *poussie*, “I’ll be there, bit I’ll bear the gree”, and aff he ran intil the wuids. The laddies’ mither said, “Ye canna rin faster nor the meikle *poussie*”. Bit Chairlie said, “Mither dinna be feart, Pete and me hae a guid plan”.

Syne he said tae Pete, “Pete, ye maun gang richt *nou* tae the tither side o the glen. It’s a lang wey, sae ye maun stert *nou*. Tak a meikle gully and a wheen o bannocks. Pit on some o ma claes sae that ye luik juist like me. Pit on the reid coatie tae hide yer jaiket, and ye can sleep in the cloak aa nicht”. Pete did aa that Chairlie tellt him and set aff. He cam tae the side o the glen and sclimmed *down*. He lookit *roun* for the meikle *poussie*, bit it wisna there. Pete fand some lowpin stanes tae win ower the river. He sat *down* and had a barley and a bannock. Syne he sclimmed up the tither side. Whan he won tae the tap, it wis growe-in geyan daurk, sae he happit himsel in his plaidie and gaed tae sleep aneth a tree.

The neist mornin he waukent early and he had some breakfast. Syne he gaed and stuid on the edge o the glen juist like Chairlie said, for Chairlie wis aaready staunin on the tither side waitin for the meikle *poussie* tae come. Sune the meikle *poussie* cam *out* o the wuid. He wis spittin and yowlin.

“Mi-aa-ow”, he cried
race ye tae the tither side o the

“That’s nae bother”
aff he gaed sprachlin *down* ower
rin the race and syne cam back
meenits the meikle *poussie* wor
and pechin — and there wis Pete!
dumfounert and he *couldna* speak. He thocht it wis Chairlie, seein he didna ken
there were twa laddies.



aur sall we rin *our* race?” “I’ll
n”, said Chairlie.

yowled the meikle *poussie*, and
the stanes. Chairlie stertit tae
and sat *down*. Eftir *about* five
ae the tither side. He wis huffin
ne meikle *poussie* wis fair

“Hallo”, said Pete, “Ye tuik yer time!” “I can gang a lot faster nor that”,
said the muckle *poussie* — “BACK AGAIN!” he yowled as he set aff, makin
muckle *stour*. He sprachled *down* tae the river, *soumed* across and sclimmed up
the tither side. “I’ve beaten ye this time”, he cried. Bit there wis Chairlie waitin
for him. “Is that the best ye can dae?”, spiered Chairlie.

“N-n-n-no”, peched the meikle *poussie*. “BACK AGAIN!” and aff he gaed at
a great lick, kickin up a wheen o stanes. He won tae the tither side in juist twa
meenits — and there wis Pete! The meikle *poussie* thocht it wis Chairlie again.
He wis fair forfochen, and his fur wis aa fyled wi glaur. “*Hou* can ye gang sae
fest?”, he speired at Pete. “Och, I had plenty o time”, said Pete. “BACK
AGAIN!” roared the meikle *poussie*, and he gaed aff that fest it wis like the
wind *souchin*. Bit whan he sclimmed up ower the edge o the glen — there wis
Chairlie, and the meikle *poussie* laid *down* fair beat. Syne Chairlie cam ower and
said til him.

“Ye’re no the King o the wuid. I am fester nor ye are. Ye maun dae whit I
tell ye. Ye maun awa intae the heich bens and bide there for ever”.

Sae the meikle *poussie* gaed awa intae the heich bens. He niver cam back
tae frichten the fowk o the wuid, and the wifie lived canty wi her twa skeelie
bairns.

FIRST HUNDRED KEY WORDS

in	i	it	it	and	and
was	wis	a	a	of	o
is	is	the	the	are	are
I	I	that	that	for	for
he	he	to	tae	you	ye
had	had	not	no, nae, na	on	on
so	sae	they	they	his	his
have	hae	with	wi	at	at
said	said	one	ae, ane, yae, yin	him	him
as	as	we	we	all	aa
but	but, bit	can	can	will	wull
old	auld	me	me	an	an
be	be	came	cam	no	nae
up	up	my	my, ma	or	or
do	dae	new	new	now	<i>nou</i>
did	did	just	juist	went	gaed
by	by	out	<i>out</i>	them	thaim
if	gif, gin	your	yer	well	weel
go	gang, gae	into	intae, intil	there	there
down	<i>down</i>	our	<i>our</i>	were	were
big	muckle	from	frae, fae	must	maun
call	caa, cry	only	anely	make	mak
back	back	first	firstlins	more	mair
been	bin	off	aff	made	made
come	come	over	ower	much	muckle, meikle
look	leuk	then	then, than	see	see
little	wee, smaa	their	their	about	<i>about</i>
some	some	when	whan	could	<i>coud</i>
like	like	this	this	before	afore
right	richt	two	twa, twae	other	ither
get	get	which?	whitna? whatna?		
she	she	what	whit		
here	here	where	whaur		
has	has	who	wha		
her	her	want	want, ettle		

SECOND HUNDRED KEY WORDS

ask	speir	yes	ay	got	gat
home	hame	every	ilka, ilk	sat	sat
am	am	run	rin	good	guid
house	house	round	roun	soon	sune, suin
any	onie	very	verra, unco	give	gie
boy	laddie, loun	tree	tree	hand	haun
dog	dug, tyke	too	tae, as weel	Mr	Maister
play	daff	time	time	head	heid
girl	lassie, quine	three	thrie	father	faither
day	day	take	tak	mother	mithier
men	chiels	last	hinmaist	under	aneath, ablow
room	chaumer	jump	lowp	year	twalmonth, towmond
red	reid	bird	burd	would	wid, wad
man	cheil	long	lang	thing	thing
use	yaise	four	fower	school	schuil, schule
after	efter	sit.	sit	best	best
again	aince-, yince-mair	blue	blae	don't	dinna
know	ken	say	say	bad	ill, course
always	aye	black	bleck	read	read
away	awa	saw	saw	put	pit
left	caurry	next	neist	gave	gaed, gied
bring	fess, fesh	open	apen	may	mey
let	lat	never	niver, ne'er	find	fin
green	green	own	ain	fly	flie
live	bide, dwall	once	aince, yince	many	monie
fell	cowpit	stop	gie-ower	fast	GLEG
ran	ran	help	forder	walk	dauner
tell	lat dab	sing	lilt, croon	five	five
than	than	going	gaun	keep	kep
eat	eat	how	hou	found	fand, fun
wish	wiss, wuss	white	white		
think	refleck	should	soud		
why	whit for, whit wey	another	anither		
these	thir	woman	wifie, wumman		
work	wark	because	because		

WEE WORDS FOR WEE FOLK (*Three and Four Letter Words*)

a		e		i	
gar	make	ken	know	gin	if
mak	make	neb	nose	sib	related
rax	stretch	het	hot	tid	mood
darg	work	pech	puff	brig	bridge
sark	shirt	GLEG	smart	birl	turn
		redd	tidy	kist	box
o		u		ou	
tod	fox	dub	puddle	mou.	mouth
yon	over there	but	out,outer	hou	how
nor	than	busk	dress	our	our
stot	bounce	lunt	smoke	dour	hard
snod	neat	dunt	bump	toun	town
boss	hollow			pouk	pluck
ow		owe		a	
pow	head	howe	hollow	ane	one
jow	ring (bell)	lowe	flame	bane	bone
dow	can, be able	rowe	roll	hame	home
gowd	gold			lave	(the) rest
lowp	leap			nane	none
gowk	cuckoo, fool			wale	pick
ai		aw		au	
ain	own	caw	drive	auld	old
air	early	craw	crow	daur	dare
aix	axe	braw	bonny	maun	must
kaim	comb			waur	worse
mair	more			faut	fault
hain	keep, make the most of			haud	hold
a		aa		ae	
awa	away	aa	all	ae	one
ana	as well	baa	ball	dae	do
ava	at all	caa	call	hae	have
wha	who	faa	fall	taen	taken
twa	two	waa	wall	faem	foam, sea
				brae	hill

WEE WORDS FOR WEE FOLK *(Three and Four Letter Words)*
continued

ang

sang song
 lang long
 'mang among

ei

deil devil
 reid red
 beik warm
 heid head
 reik smoke
 eild age

ie

gie give
 die (dee) die
 hie hasten
 prie taste
 brie liquid, stock
 bien comfortable

ee

wee small
 een eyes
 slee sly
 weel well
 keek peep,look

ea

gean wild cherry
 leam glow
 leal loyal
 gear goods

ey

gey very
 pey pay
 wey way
 stey steep
 gley squint
 cley clay

eu

neuk corner
 deuk duck
 beuk book

ine

dine dinner time
 tine lose
 bine tub

ive

rive tear

o

poke bag
 onie any
 yoke start
 cosy warm

u

sune soon
 mune moon
 dune done

ule

dule sorrow
 fule fool

y

dyke wall
 byke wasps' nest
 wyce wise
 tyke dog
 gyte mad
 fyle dirty

ui

cuif fool
 luif palm
 tuim empty

“GLEGGO” WORDS AT WORK

- 1 Peelin an ingan will **gar** ye greet.
- 2 Twa and twa **mak** fower.
- 3 **Rax** me ower the saut for ma *soup*.
- 4 There's the bell — the day's **darg** is ower.
- 5 That's a braw **sark** ye've got on.
- 6 Awa tae yer bed — ye **ken** it's past yer time.
- 7 Nosey Parker had a big **neb**.
- 8 Ye're lowpin like a hen on a **het** girdle.
- 9 Thon stey brae fair maks ye **pech**.
- 10 Yon wee laddie's GLEG on the uptake.
- 11 Ye maun **redd** up the *house* afore the visitors come!
- 12 **Gin** ye gie me a sweetie I'll fess the paper.
- 13 Johnnie is **sib** tae Rab.
- 14 She's in fine **tid** wi aa thir presents.
- 15 The Kingston **Brig** ower the Clyde is gey thrang.
- 16 He had a guid **birl** on the *round-about* in the park.
- 17 Pit the peltie back in the tool **kist**.
- 18 The slie **tod** killed the fat goose.
- 19 **Yon** wee boy is a guid dribbler wi the baa.
- 20 She's better **nor** you at the skippin.
- 21 He likes tae **stot** his baa agin the waa.
- 22 His faither likes tae keep his gairden **snod** and trig.
- 23 The barrel *soundit* **boss** whan the bairns duntit it wi a mell.
- 24 There was a muckle **dub** on the road efter the rain.
- 25 The wee *house* wis juist a **but** and ben.
- 26 It's easy tae **busk** a bonny bride.
- 27 The auld man made a fair reik whan he had a **lunt** at his pipe.
- 28 She got quite a **dunt** whan she fell *downstairs*.
- 29 The wee bird opened its **mou** for a worm.
- 30 **Hou** are ye gettin on at the new schuil?
- 31 **Our** brither is comin hame the morn's morn.
- 32 She was a **dour** wife that seldom smiled.
- 33 I'll aye come in by yon **toun**.
- 34 He tellt me tae **pouk** the loose hairs *out* o the dug's coat whan it was castin.
- 35 There's no sae muckle hair on the auld man's **pow nou** and it's gettin gray forby.
- 36 He *coud* hear the kirk bell **jow**.

- 37 Facts are chiels that winna ding and **downa** be disputit.
- 38 Aa that glisters isna **gowd**.
- 39 **Lowp** ower the burn and dinna get yer feet wet.
- 40 He heard the **gowk** caa in the wuid but he *coudna* see the bird ava.
- 41 The sheep sheltered in the **howe** *out* o the snell wind.
- 42 They *coud* see the reid **lowe** and smell the reik o the burnin heather.
- 43 **Rowe** the bairn in a blanket and keep it warm.
- 44 **Ane** o the twins had curly hair.
- 45 The dug got a **bane** and was fair joco.
- 46 It's gettin ower late — I'm awa **hame** for ma tea.
- 47 Ae sheep gaed *throu* the gate and the **lave** o them followed on ahint.
- 48 **Nane** o them likit the schuil.
- 49 He thocht the puppy wi the GLEG ee was the **wale** o the litter.
- 50 Tak yer **ain** buits tae the snab.
- 51 **Air** and late the blackie sings til his mate.
- 52 Whaur's the **aix** sae I can chop some kindlers.
- 53 Rax me ower the **kaim** and I'll **kaim** yer *tousie* hair.
- 54 Onie **mair** o yer lip and I'll skelp ye.
- 55 During the war we aye yaised tae **hain** *our* bars o Duncan's Hazelnut chocolate.
- 56 **Caw** cannie, but caw awa is guid advice.
- 57 The **crow** was biggin its nest in a heich tree.
- 58 It's a **braw** bricht munelicht nicht the nicht.
- 59 I saw the **auld** man hirplin *down* the street.
- 60 The motto o the Scottish Monarchs was "wha **daur** meddle wi me?".
- 61 He wha will tae Cupar **maun** tae Cupar.
- 62 The lassie's jeans luik the **waur** o the wear.
- 63 It's wisna ma **faut** I was late — I got taigt wi the traffic lights.
- 64 It's no easy tae **haud** a sliddery elver.
- 65 **Awa** and byle yer can and dinna haver.
- 66 There were twa lassies **ana** pinchin aipples.
- 67 The big boys got aa the sweeties but we got nane **ava**.
- 68 **Wha** cam *down* the road but the man himsel.
- 69 Maist folk hae **twa** airms and **twa** legs.
- 70 **Aa** ae oo? — ay, **aa** ae oo (All one wool? — yes, all one wool)
- 71 Yon wee chap that's fitbaa daft has got a new **baa**.
- 72 I'll gie ye a **caa** whan it's denner time.
- 73 Mind ye dinna **faa** *down* the stairs in the daurk.
- 74 Some folk say that's a **waa** but I caa it a dyke.
- 75 **Ae** fond kiss and then we sever.
- 76 That'll nae **dae** ava — ye'll **hae** tae **dae** it again.

- 77 He was **taen** no weel at his wark and had tae see his doctor.
 78 Tae Noroway, tae Noroway, tae Noroway ower the **faem**.
 79 It taks a **stout** hert tae a stey **brae**.
 80 The **sang** o the laverock is shrill in the lift.
 81 It's a **lang** road that has nae turnin.
 82 It's fine tae be '**mang** friens.
 83 The wee **deil** rang the bell and ran awa.
 84 The rowan and the hawthorn baith hae **reid** berries.
 85 It's fine tae **beik** yer cauld hauns at the ingle.
 86 The wee laddie can fair **heid** the baa; he scored twa goals yestreen.
 87 The **reik** frae the bonfire in the neist gairden has fyled ma mither's washin.
 88 **Eild** disnae come its lane.
 89 Ma mither said she wad **gie** me a piece if I was guid.
 90 Yon plants'll **die** gin ye dinna watter them.
 91 **Hie** awa ladybird, **hie** awa hame.
 92 Gie me a bit o cake tae **prie** afore I say I like it!
 93 Thon **brie** was gey guid broth.
 94 The squirrel was **bien** and snug in its drey.
 95 The **wee** boy wull be bigger yin day.
 96 The wee lass has twa sparklin **een**.
 97 The **slee** tod *joukit* the dogs.
 98 I wiss ye **weel** in yer new house.
 99 I saw the wee lass **keek** roun the corner.
 100 The **gean** tree has bonny white flouers in the Spring.
 101 The embers o the fire **leam** in the mirk.
 102 An auld frien is a guid frien — **leal** and true.
 103 Guid **gear** gaes intil smaa *bouk*.
 104 It was **gey** cauld last week.
 105 He got his **pey** on Friday efter lowsin time.
 106 Shaw me the **wey** tae gang hame.
 107 There's a **steil** brae ahint his house.
 108 The best laid schemes gang aft a-**gley**.
 109 The auld **cley** biggin is staunin yet.
 110 The East **Neuk** o Fife has mony braw herbours.
 111 The **deuk** fair likes the weet and dreepy weather.
 112 Playin cairds were caa-ed the Deil's pictur **beuks**.
 113 We twa hae paidlt in the burn frae mornin sun til **dine**.
 114 The lad was dowie for fear he *soud* **tine** his lass.
 115 Grannie yaised tae mind on the days whan she did the washin in a **bine**.

- 116 Aiblins the muckle spate will **rive** the banks o Spey.
 117 Whan I was a wee laddie I yaised tae get Dolly Mixtures an
 Jube-Jubes in a paper **poke**.
 118 Ma mither says she winna gie me **onie** mair parritch as it maks me
 growe *out* o ma claes.
 119 It's time we got **yokit** — mair's the pity (peety).
 120 It's fine and **cosy** in the chaumer ben the *house*.
 121 Ye'll **sune** be hame ma wee doo — ye've traivelt faur the day.
 122 The **mune** shone like a gowden penny in the lift.
 123 I'm fair **dune** wi aa thon wark.
 124 Efter the accident she was *fou* o **dule** and wae.
 125 The mair **fule** you for believin yon chiel.
 126 The dug lowpit ower the **dyke** and chased the sheep.
 127 Dinna poke the wasp's **byke** wi that stick or ye'll be sorry.
 128 Ye *soud* be **wyce** wi aa that leir crammed intil yer heid.
 129 Thon *tousie* **tyke** wis creepin ben whan I caughted him.
 130 The din frae thon disco wull drive me **gyte**.
 131 Dinna **fyle** yer new shune wi that glaur.
 132 This waly boy will be nae **cuif**.
 133 The gossip keekit in his **luif**.
 134 Because the caddie was **tuim** the wifie *coudna* mask the tea.

GLOSSARY OF SCOTS WORDS USED IN GLEG

A

aa, all
aa his lane, all alone
aa roads, everywhere
aaready, already
aathing, everything
ablow, below
ae, one
aff, off
afore, before
aft, often
agin, against
ahint, behind
aiblins, perhaps
ain, own
aince, once
aipple, apple
air, early
airm, arm
airn, iron
aix, axe
ana, as well
ane, one
aneath, beneath
anither, another
apen, open
arena, are not
arra, arrow
atween, between
auld, old
ava, at all
awa, away
awfie, very
aye, always

B

baa, ball
bade, stayed
bairns, children
baith, both
bamboozled, puzzled
bane, bone
bannock, girdle scone
a barley, a rest
baudrons, pussy
bawbee, halfpenny
bear the gree, win
beik, warm
beuk, book
bien, comfortable
bigg, build
bine, tub
birl, turn
bit, but
blackie, blackbird
blae, blue
bleck, black

bodie, person
bogle, ghost
bonny, beautiful
boss, hollow
bouk, bulk
brae, hill
braw, fine
breengin, crashing
breist, breast
bricht, bright
brie, liquid/stock
brig, bridge
brither, brother
buits, boots
burn, stream
busk, dress
but, outside
byke, a wasps' nest
byle, boil
byordinar, exceptional

C

caad, called
caird, card
cam, came
canna(e), can not
canty, cheerful
caredna, did not care
cauld, cold
caw, to drive
chappit, knocked
chaumer, room
cheep, noise
cheetie, pussy
chiel, person/fellow
chimlie, chimney
choukie, chick
claes, clothes
cley, clay
coo, cow
corbie, rook
cosy, warm
coudna(e), could not
counts, arithmetic
crack, talk
craigit, (long)necked
craik, croak
craitur, creature
crawl, crow
creish, fat
cried, called
croon, hum
cuif, fool

D

dae, do
darg, work

dauner, stroll
daur, dare
daurk, dark
deavin, tormenting
deil, devil
deil a, never
deil the haet, not a trace
denner, dinner
denty, dainty
deuk, a duck
dine, dinnertime
ding, beat down
dinna(e), do not
doo, dove
douk, plunge
down, down
dour, hard/sullen
dow, can/be able
dowie, sad
downa, cannot
draa, draw
dreepy, dripping
dub, puddle
dug, dog
dule, sorrow
dumfounert, amazed
dune, done
dunt, hit
dwal, live
dwalt, stayed
dyke, wall

E

ee(n), eye(s)
eild, age
efter, after

F

faa, fall
faem, foam/sea
fain, would like
fair beat, overcome
fair, very
fair, lot of
faither, father
fallow, fellow
fancyit, fancied
fand, found
fash, worry
faur, far
faut, fault
feart, afraid
fell ower, fell asleep
fess, fetch
fester, faster
fin, find
fitbaa, football

flaff, flap
flair, floor
flappit, flapped
fleggitt, frighten(ed)
flie, fly
flie-in, flying
flittin, removal
flouers, flowers
focht, fought
forby, as well
forfochen, exhausted
forkytail, earwig
fou, full
fower, four
fower-leggit,
four-legged
fowk, folk
frae, from
frichten, frighten
friens, friends
fule, fool
fund, found
fykie, tricky
fyled, dirtied

G

gab, mouth
gaed, went
gaen, gone
gaes, goes
gairden, garden
gait, goat
gang, go
gapit, gaped
gar, to make
gart, made
gaun, going
gean, wild cherry
gear, goods
gemms, games
gether, gather
gey, very
geyan, extremely
gie, give
gif, if
gin, if
glaur, mud
gled, glad
GLEG, bright
gley, squint
glisters, glistens
glower, scowl
gollopt, gulped
goun, gown
gowden, golden
grat, cried
greenichty, green

GLOSSARY OF SCOTS WORDS USED IN GLEG

speil, climb
 speir, ask
 speldert, sprawled
 split new, brand new
 sprachlin, scrambling
 spuin, spoon
 stane, stone
 stap, stop
 staunin, standing
 steik, close
 stert, start
 stey, steep
 stoppit, stopped
 stot, bounce
stour, dust
stourie, dusty/lively
stousie, plump
stout, brave
 stracht, straight
 straikin, stroking
 strang, strong
 stranger, stronger
 stuid, stood
 stumpie, stocky
 suddenty, suddenly
 sune, soon
 swalled, swollen
 syne, then

T

tae, to
 taen, taken
 taigl, delayed
 tak, take
 tap, top
 tellt, told
 ten'er, tender
 thir, these
 thocht, thought
 thon, that over there
 thrang, busy
 thrapple, throat
throu, through
 thrums, purrs
 thunner, thunder
 tid, mood
 til, to
 tine, lose
 tint, lost
 tirl, knock
 tither, the other
 tod, fox
toun, town
tousie, *towsie*/untidy
 traivelt, travelled
 trig, tidy

tuik, took
 tuim, empty
 twa, two
 twine, twist
 tyke, dog

U

unco, unusual

V

verra, very
 vyce, voice

W

waa, wall
 waash, wash
 wabbit, tired
 wad, would
 wae, woe
 wale, pick
 waly, exceptional
 wammlin, wriggling
 wark, work
 wat, wet
 watter, water
 wauken, waken
 waukrife, wakeful
 waunert, wandered
 waur, worse
 a wee, a little
 wee, small
 weel, well
 weet, wet
 weir, wear
 wey, way
 wha, who
 whan, when
 whaur, where
 a wheen, several
 whiles, sometimes
 whit, what
 whitiver, whatever
 whustle, whistle
 wid, would
 widna(e), would not
 win awa, escape
 windae, window
 winna, will not
 winnock, window
 wins, reaches
 wisna(e), was not
 wiss, wish
 worriet, worried
 wrang, wrong
 wuid, wood
 wunner, wonder

wyce, wise
 wytin, waiting

Y

yae, one
 yalla, yellow

yestreen, yesterday
 evening
 yin, one
 yoke, to start
 yon, that over there
 yowl, howl

FOR YOUR AIN WORDS

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OF THE**

GLEG

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9	Greenichty grasshopper	(KC)
11	Dancing Song	(KC)

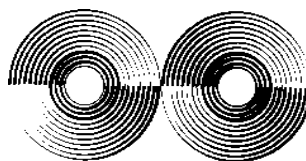
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7	The Six Travellers	(CMacD)

Readers
George Philp (GP)
Kate Copstick (KC)
Mattha Kidd (MK)
Carl MacDougall (CMacD)

The Six Travellers appears by kind permission of the author Carl MacDougall and is published in *The Scent of Water* by the Molendinar Press
Irene McLennan composed the setting for the poem *Ballad* by William Soutar



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