

Songs for Zac

A Gordon for Me

Ally Bally Bee (Coulter's Candy)

Bee Baw Babbity

Bonnie Dundee

Katie Bairdie

Red Yo Yo

Braes o' Killecrankie o'

The Jeely Piece Song

Three Crows

Edelweiss

Ye canny shove yer Grannies

Wee Cooper o' Fife

Skye Boat Song

Will ye no' come back again?

Songs for Zac

A Gordon for Me!

I'm Geordie McKay of the HLI,
I'm fond o' the lassies and a drappie forbye.
One day when out walking I chanced to see,
A bonnie wee lass wi' a glint in her ee'.
Says I tae the lass will you walk for a while,
I'll buy ye a bonnet and we'll do it in style.
My kilt is McKenzie o' the HLI,
She looked at me shyly and said wi' a sigh:

*A Gordon for me, a Gordon for me,
If you're no' a Gordon, you're nae yiss tae me,
The Black Watch are braw, the Seaforths an' a',
But the cocky wee Gordon's the pride o' them a'.*

I courted that girl on the banks of the Dee,
I made up my mind she was fashioned for me.
Soon I was a-thinking how nice it would be,
If she would consent tae get married tae me.
The day we were wed, the grass was so green,
The sun was as bright as the light in her 'een.
Noo we've two bonnie lassies, who sit on her knee,
While she sings the song, that she once sang tae me:

Chorus,

Chorus.

Songs for Zac

In the 1870s, Robert Coultart, a mill worker in Galashiels, made aniseed-flavoured toffee in his house and sold it around all the fairs and markets in the Borders. He played his whistle and made up his song to call the children to buy his sweets.

Chorus:

*Ally, bally, ally bally bee
Sittin' on yer mammy's knee
Greetin' for a wee bawbee
Tae buy some Coulter's candy.*

There was a wee lassie awfy thin
A bundle o' bones wrapped up in skin
Noo she's gettin' a wee double chin
Wi' eatin' Coulter's candy

Chorus

Puir wee Johnie's greetin' tae
Whit can his puir mammy dae?
But gie them a penny a'tween them twa
Tae buy some Coutler's candy

Chorus

Here's a penny, ma bonnie wee man
Rin doon the road as fast as ye can
Dinnae stop till Coulter's van
An' buy some Coulter's candy

Chorus

Bee Baw Babbity, Babbity, Babbity,

Songs for Zac

*Bee Baw Babbity,
A lassie or a wee laddie?*

*Bee Baw Babbity, Babbity, Babbity,
Bee Baw Babbity,
A lassie or a wee laddie?*

*Bee Baw Babbity,
Choose your catch,
Choose your catch,
Bee Baw Babbity,
A lassie or a wee laddie?*

*Kneel down, Kiss the ground,
Kiss the ground, Kiss the ground
Kneel down, Kiss the ground,
I'll choose a bonnie wee lassie.*

*Bee Baw Babbity, Babbity, Babbity,
Bee Baw Babbity,
A lassie or a wee laddie?*

*Kneel down, Kiss the ground,
Kiss the ground, Kiss the ground,
Kneel down, kiss the ground,
I'll choose a bonnie wee laddie!*

*Bee Baw Babbity, Babbity, Babbity,
Bee Baw Babbity,
A lassie or a wee laddie?*

*Bee Baw Babbity, Babbity, Babbity,
Bee Baw Babbity,
A lassie or a wee laddie?*

Songs for Zac

For it's up wi' the Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee

To the **Lords** of convention 'twas **Claverhouse** spoke
E'er the **King's Crown** go down, there are **crowns** to be
broke

So each **Cavalier** who loves **honour** and **Me**
Let him **follow** the **Bon-nets o' Bonnie Dundee!**

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can
Come saddle my horses and call out my men
Unhook the West Port, and let us gang free
For it's up with the Bon-nets o' Bonnie Dundee!*

Dundee, He is mounted, He **rides** up the street
The **bells**, they ring **backwards**, the **drums**, they are **beat**
But the **provost** douce man he says, "**Just** let it be"
For the **toon** is well rid o' that **devil Dundee!**

Chorus

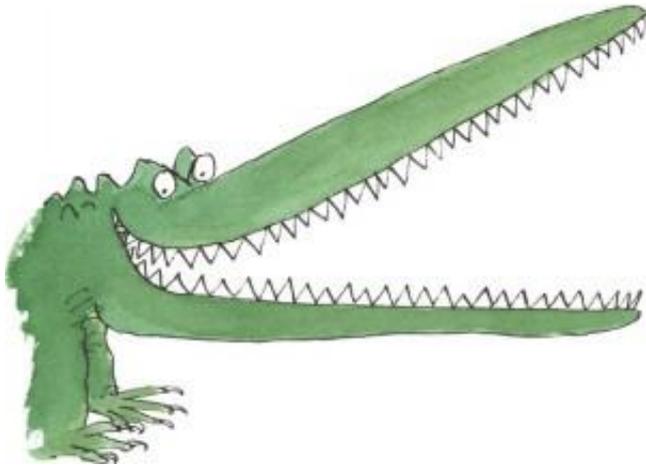
There are **hills** beyond Pentland and **lands** beyond Forth
There are **Lords** to the South, there are **Chiefs** to the
North
There are **brave** downie wassles three **thousand times three**
Cry "**Hi**" for the **Bon-nets o' Bonnie Dundee!**

Then **awa** tae the hill to the **lee** and the **rocks**
Ere I **own** a usurper I'll **crouch** with the **fox**
So **tremble**, false wigs, in the **midst** of your **glee**
For you've **no** seen the **last** of my **Bon-nets** and **Me!**

Chorus

Songs for Zac

Katie Bairdie



It is very easy for people to make up their own fun verses for this song. The lyrics in this version of the song were made up by singer Christine Kydd with classes P3 and P4/5 from Inchtute Primary, in the Carse of Gowrie between Perth and Dundee, for the "On The Hoof" project in 2009.

Katie Bairdie had a yowe
That could curtsey and could bow
Wasnae that a dainty yowe?
Dance, Katie Bairdie

Katie Bairdie had a horse
That could dance around the carse
Wasnae that a dainty horse?
Dance, Katie Bairdie

Katie Bairdie had a dog
It went jogging in the fog
Wasnae that a dainty dog?
Dance, Katie Bairdie

Katie Bairdie had a fox
Wore its socks in a cardboard box
Wasnae that a dainty fox?
Dance, Katie Bairdie

Katie Bairdie had a chook
That could cook a tasty deuk
Wasnae that a dainty chook?
Dance, Katie Bairdie

Songs for Zac

Oor Zac took his yo-yo, tae school **he** did go-go, though
He shouldnae hae taen it at a'.
It fell frae **his** haun and it rolled on the grun,
And it went through a hole in the wa.

Did ye find a red yo-yo, red yo-yo, red yo-yo?
Did ye find a red yo-yo, wi a wee yellow string?

Oor daring wee mannie, **he** went tae the Janny,
A decent wee man as a rule.
It's pleasing to tell that he rang on his bell
And he asked every wean in the school

Did ye find a red yo-yo, red yo-yo, red yo-yo?
Did ye find a red yo-yo, wi a wee yellow string?

The weans left their pencils and papers and stencils
Tae knock on the doors all aroon
And as they were rapping, and ringing, and chapping
They asked a' the folk o the toon

Did ye find a red yo-yo, red yo-yo, red yo-yo?
Did ye find a red yo-yo, wi a wee yellow string?

In Peking and Paris and a' roon the Barras
The people they searched high and low
Until oor wee mannie announced that **his** Granny
Had bought **him** another yo-yo

And it was a green yo-yo, green yo-yo, green yo-yo
And it was a green yo-yo, wi a wee yellow string.

Songs for Zac

Whare **hae** ye been ma braw, braw lad?
Whare **hae** ye been sae brankie-o?
Whare **hae** ye been ma braw, braw lad?
Came **you** by Killiecrankie-o?

*If you hae been whaur I hae been,
Ye widna be sae cantie-o!
If you hae seen what I hae seen,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o.*

I **faught** on land, I **faught** at sea,
At hame I faught my **auntie**-o;
An' I **met** the Devil **and** Dundee
On the **braes** o' Killiecrankie-o.

Chorus

There's **nae** shame, no there's **nae** shame,
There's **nae** shame tae swankie-o;
But there's **sower** slaes on Athol **braes**,
An' the **Deil's** at Killiecrankie-o.

Chorus

On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o.

Am'm a skyscraper wean, **Ah** live on the nineteenth floor,

Songs for Zac

Am'm a skyscraper wean, Ah live on the nineteenth floor,
But Ah'm no go-in' oot to play anymore,
For since we moved to oor new hoose, Ah'm wasting away,
Cos Ah'm gettin' wan less meal every day.

*O ye cannae fling pieces oot a twenty-storey flat,
Seven-hundred hungry weans will testify tae that,
If it's butter, cheese or jeely, if the breid is plain or pan,
The odds against it reaching earth are ninety-nine tae wan.*

On the first day my maw flung me oot a dod o' malted broon.
It came skyting oot the windae and went up instead o' doon,
Noo every twenty-seven hours it comes back into sight,
Cos ma piece went into orbit and became a satellite.

*Chorus: O ye cannae fling pieces oot a twenty-storey flat,
etc*

On the next day my maw flung me oot a piece once again.
It went up and hit a pilot in a fast-low-flying plane.

He scraped it aff his goggles, shouting through the intercom:
"They weans doon there have got me wi' a breid-and-jeely
bomb!"

*Chorus: O ye cannae fling pieces oot a twenty-storey flat,
etc*

*And a final repeat Chorus: O-o-o-o, ye cannae fling pieces
oot a twenty-storey flat, etc*

Songs for Zac

Three Crows Sat Ah-pown a Waw
Sat Ah-pown a Waw
Sat Ah-pown a Waw'-aw-aw
Three crows
Sat Ah-pown a Wah
On a cold and frosty morning.

The First Crow
Coodnae flee Ah-Taw
Coodnae flee Ah-Taw
Coodnae flee Ah-Taw -aw-aw-aw
The First Crow
Coodnae flee Ah-Taw
On a cold and frosty morning.

The Second Crow
Fell and broke his Jaw
Fell and broke his Jaw
Fell and broke his Jaw -aw-aw-aw
The Second Crow
Fell and broke his Jaw
On a cold and frosty morning.

The Third Crow
Wiz greetin' fur his Maw
Wiz greetin' fur his Maw
Wiz greetin' fur his Maw aw-aw
The Third Crow
Wiz greetin' fur his Maw
On a cold and frosty morning.

The Fourth Crow
Coodnae heid a Baw
Coodnae heid a Baw
Coodnae heid a Baw-aw-aw
The Fourth Crow
Coodnae heid a Baw
On a cold and frosty morning.

Songs for Zac



Edelweiss, Edelweiss
Every morning you greet me
Small and white, clean and bright
You look happy to meet me
Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow
Bloom and grow forever
Edelweiss, Edelweiss
Bless my homeland forever.

Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow
Bloom and grow forever
Edelweiss, Edelweiss
Bless my homeland forever.

Songs for Zac

O, Ye canny shove yer grannies aff a bus,
BUS, BUS!

O, ye canny shove yer grannies aff a bus,
BUS, BUS!

O, ye canny shove yer grannies
Naw, Ye canny shove yer grannies
O, ye canny shove yer grannies aff a bus,
BUS, BUS!

O, Ye canny shove grannies aff a bus,
PUSH, PUSH!

O, Ye can shove yer grannies aff a bus,
PUSH, PUSH!
O, ye canny shove yer grannies
Naw, ye canny shove yer grannies
O, ye canny shove yer grannies aff a bus,
PUSH, PUSH!

O, We'll all go round to see them after school.,
HULLO GRANNIES!

O, We'll all go round to see them after school,
HULLO GRANNIES!

O, We'll all go round to see them
Aye, We'll all go round to see them
O, we'll all go round to see them after school,
HULLO GRANNIES!

O, They'll feed us mince and tatties when we go,
YUM, YUM!

Aye, They'll feed us mince and tatties when we go,
YUM YUM!

O, They'll feed us mince and tatties,
Aye, They'll feed us mince and tatties
O, They'll feed us mince and tatties when we go,
YUM, YUM!

O, Ye canny shove yer grannies aff a bus,
BUS, BUS!

Naw, ye canny shove yer grannies aff a bus,
BUS, BUS!

O, ye canny shove yer grannies
Naw, Ye canny shove yer grannies (and slowing)
O, ye canny shove yer grannies aff a bus, PUSH! PUSH!

Songs for Zac

Skye boat song



This is a Jacobite lament describing how Bonnie Prince Charlie, disguised as an Irish woman, was rowed to the island of Skye to hide from the British soldiers. This is perhaps the best-known Jacobite song but it wasn't written at the time. The words were written by Sir Harold Boulton, around 120 years ago.

Chorus

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing
Onward, the sailors cry!
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Songs for Zac

Loud the winds cry, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclaps rend the air.
Baffled our foes stand by the shore.
Follow they will not dare.

Chorus

Many's the lad fought on that day
Well the claymore could wield,
When the night came silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.

Chorus

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men.
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
Scotland will rise again!

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing
Onward, the sailors cry!
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Songs for Zac



Bonnie Prince Charlie escaped from Scotland and went to France. The Highland Scots who fought for him and sheltered him in secret after the terrible battle of Culloden, even though big rewards were offered for him, wish he would return again.

This song was written at least 30 years after this happened.

*Bonnie Charlie's now awa'
Safely ow're the freen'ly main;
Mony a hert will brack in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.*

*Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?*

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted you, dear Charlie.
They kent you'r hidin' in the glen,
Death or exile bravin'.

Chorus

We watche'd thee in the gloamin' hour,
We watche'd thee in the mornin' grey
Tho' therty thousand pounds they'd gie
There's nane that wad betray ye!

Chorus

Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings this sang,
Will he no come back again?

Chorus

laverock = skylark