

TARTAN TERRORS

1. The Wild Haggis

Words by Derek Roberts

Music by Tom Cunningham

Leisurely ♩=50

Voice *mf*

A young hag - gis asked his mum on a summer's night, "So

Piano *mf*

5

why aren't my left legs as long as my right?" "Well," said his mother, "it real - ly is great,

9

We can run round the hills standing up straight!" On-ward and up-ward, there's on - ly one way,

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13 *f* *mf*

Lis-ten to what the wild hag-gis-es say. The hag-gis set off at a

18

lei-sure-ly pace, But when he turned round, he fell flat on his face. "Son," sighed his moth-er, "there's

22

one thing I've found. Al-ways keep go-ing the same way a-round." On-ward and up-ward, there's

26 *f* *mf*

on-ly one way, Lis-ten to what the wild hag-gis-es say. There's

31

much we can learn from the hag-gis's plight, When we have to choose which di-rec-tion is right.

mf

35

Fol-low your na-ture and stick to the track, Ke-mov-ing for-wards and nev-er turn back!

39

On-ward and up-ward, there's on-ly one way, Lis-ten to what the wild hag-gis-es say.

f

43

On-ward and up-ward, there's on-ly one way, Lis-ten to what the wild hag-gis-es say.

2. The Loch Ness Monster

Words by Derek Roberts

Music by Tom Cunningham

Mysteriously ♩=108

mp

Down at the bot-tom of the loch so deep, The was the mon-ster,

mf *mp*

6

wak-ing from his sleep, Hur-ried, a round neck, big round head, "The head-ing for the sur-face and

10

go-ing to have fun, The day of the mon-ster has just be-gun!" The Loch Ness Mon-ster,

mf *mf*

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14 *mp* *p*

what can it be? The Loch Ness Mon-ster is a mys-ter-y. An el-der-ly fish-er-man,

20 *mf*

doz-ing on the bank, Woke with a start when his line gave yank, "Hump neck, arched head,

24

big round back. Now that I have seen it, I'm certain that it's real, The Loch Ness Mon-ster is a

28 *f* *mf*

gi - ant eel!" The Loch Ness Mon-ster, what can it be? The Loch Ness Mon-ster is a

32 *p*
 mys - ter - y. A lad in a row-ing boat dropped his oars in fear,
p

37 *mf*
 Hear - ing a loud hiss right be-hind his ear, "Hmp head arched back, big round neck,
mf

41 *f*
 Now that I have seen there can be no mis-take, The Loch Ness Mon-ster's an e - nor-mous snake!" The
f

45 *mf*
 Loch Ness Mon - ster, what can it be? The Loch Ness Mon-ster is a mys - ter -
f *mf*

49

-y. *mp* A lit - tle old la - dy sit-ting in a chair, *mf* Leapt to her feet and

54

jumped up in the air, "Hump back, arched neck, big round head, Now that I have seen it, and

58

e - ven heard it roar, "The Loch Ness Mon - ster is a di - no - saur!" *f* Eel, snake, di - no - saur,

62

what can it be? *ff* The Loch Ness Mon - ster is a mys - ter - y.

3. Bogle Boogie

A bogle is a Scottish sprite that loves to play tricks on humans, especially children.

Words by Derek Roberts

Music by Tom Cunningham

Boogie Tempo ♩ = 120

mp

If the rub-bish bin's end - ed with its

f *mp*

4

con-tents on the floor, And you've got a sneaky feel - ing it was not like that be-fore, When you

7

get up in the mor-ning and your socks are not a pair, Though you took them out the night be - fore and

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10

left them on the chair, It's the bo-gle, blame the bo-gle, he's been hard at work all night, That

13

fright-ful, fris-ky, fro-lic-some, in-fu-ri-a-ting space. It's the bo-gle, blame the

16

bo-gle, he's been hard at work all night, That

19

fright-ful, fris-ky, fro-lic-some, in-fu-ri-a-ting

22 *mf*

sprite. When you can-not find your home work, though you

25

put it in your bag, And your nice clean shirt is dirty and screwed up like a rag, If you

28

go to ride your bike and that both the tyres are flat, And the dog will not stop bark-ing and you

31

can-not find the cat, let the bo-gle, blame the bo-gle, he's been hard at work all night, That

34 *f*

fright - ful, fris - ky, fro - lic - some, in - fu - ri - a - ting sprite. It's the bo - gle, blame the

37

bo - gle, he's been hard at work all night, That

40

fright - ful, fris - ky, fro - lic - some, in - fu - ri - a - ting

43 *p*

sprite. No - bo - dy's ev - er seen one, though some

46

say they've caught a glimpse, He's round, he's small, he's ten foot tall, he cries, he flies, he limps, But if

49

cur-ious things are hap-pen ing when no - one is a-bout. Then it's ab - so-lute - ly cer-tain, with no

52

sha-dow of a light. It's the bo - gle, blame the bo - gle. he's been hard at work all night, That

55

fright - ful, fris - ky, fro -lic - some, in - fu - ri - a - ting sprite. It's the bo - gle, blame the

58

bo-gle, he's been hard at work all night, That

61

fright-ful, fris-ky, fro-lic-ing, in-fu-ri-a-ting

64

sprite. It's the bo-gle, blame the bo-gle, he's been

optional second part

sprite. It's the bo-gle, blame the bo-gle,

67

hard at work all night, That fright - ful, fris - ky,
 he's been hard at work all night, That fright - ful,

70

fro - lic - some, in fi - - - r - - -
 fris - ky, fro lic some, in - fu - - -

72

- a - - - ting sprite. *ff*
 - a - - - ting sprite. *ff*

4. The Wee Gigelorum

The Gigelorum is an insect of Scottish folklore.
It was believed to be the smallest creature.

Words by Derek Roberts

Music by Tom Cunningham

Brightly ♩=84

mf

The wee gi-ge-lo-rum, slen-der and slight, Three could live in the

f *mf*

6 ear of a mite, The wee gi-ge-lo-rum, tri-ple and thin, Five could dance on the head of a pin.

11

Ho-rum, sco-rum, did-dle-eye-dee. The wee gi-ge-lo-rum, small-er than a flea.

f

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Brightly' with a metronome marking of ♩=84. The score is divided into three systems. The first system (measures 1-5) features a vocal line starting with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'The wee gi-ge-lo-rum, slen-der and slight, Three could live in the'. The piano accompaniment begins with a forte (f) dynamic and includes a mezzo-forte (mf) section. The second system (measures 6-10) continues the vocal line with 'ear of a mite, The wee gi-ge-lo-rum, tri-ple and thin, Five could dance on the head of a pin.' The piano accompaniment continues with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The third system (measures 11-15) features a vocal line with the lyrics 'Ho-rum, sco-rum, did-dle-eye-dee. The wee gi-ge-lo-rum, small-er than a flea.' The piano accompaniment concludes with a forte (f) dynamic. A large pink watermark 'SAMPLE COPY' is overlaid diagonally across the page, and smaller text reads 'It is illegal to copy this music or to use it for rehearsal or performance'.

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16 *mp*

The wee gi-ge-lo-rum, skin-ny and spare, Eight could stroll arm-in - arm on a hair, The

21

wee gi-ge-lo-rum, so min-ute Ten could live in a spi-der's boot. He-rum, sco-rum,

26 *mf*

did-dle-eye-dee, The wee gi-g-lo-rum, small-er than a flea. The

31

wee gi-ge-lo-rum lives in a house, Built from dust on the knee of a louse, We can-not see them,

mf

36

but they are there, Wee gi-ge-lo-rums eve-ry-where! He-rum, sco-rum, did-dle-eye-dee, The

f

41

wee gi-ge-lo-rum, wee gi-ge-lo-rum, The low-est, slen-der-est, ten-der-est,

p

45

ti-ni-est, fin-est Crea-ture there ev-er could be!

f

5. The Kelpie

A Kelpie is the name given to a shape-shifting water spirit. It has usually been described as appearing as a horse, but is able to adopt human form.

Words by Derek Roberts

Music by Tom Cunningham

Spookily ♩=100

mp

Sev-en lit-tle girls set off one day, Go-ing for a walk Glen

mf *mp*

6 *mp*

Kelt-ney way, There they met a horse that smiled and cried, "Jump up on my back, let's

mf

10 *rall.* *Meno mosso* *mp* *rall.*

go for a ride!" They climbed on its back, and clung to its mane, Those sev-en lit-tle girls were nev-er

mp

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Jauntily $\text{♩} = 112$

14

seen a - gain. So ... Nev - er go out rid - ing on a kel - pie, - He's

mf

17

like a horse but is - n't what he seems. If real - ly is a kel - pie And you

20

try to shout - kel - pie He'll drag you to his lair be neath the streams. A

23

kel - pie can trans - form in to a hu - man, And look just like a hand - some dark young

26

man, If he real-ly is a kel-pie, Then let out a big loud yel-pie, And

29

run a-way as quick-ly as you ca Nev-er take a sel-fie with a

32

kel-pie, This riv-er horse just is-n't man's best friend, When a

35

kel - pie starts to smile It is time to run a mile, Or you'll come to a ver - y stick - y

38

end! When a kel - pie starts to smile It is time to run a

41

f mile, Or you'll come to a ver - y stick - y end!

L.H.

Ped.