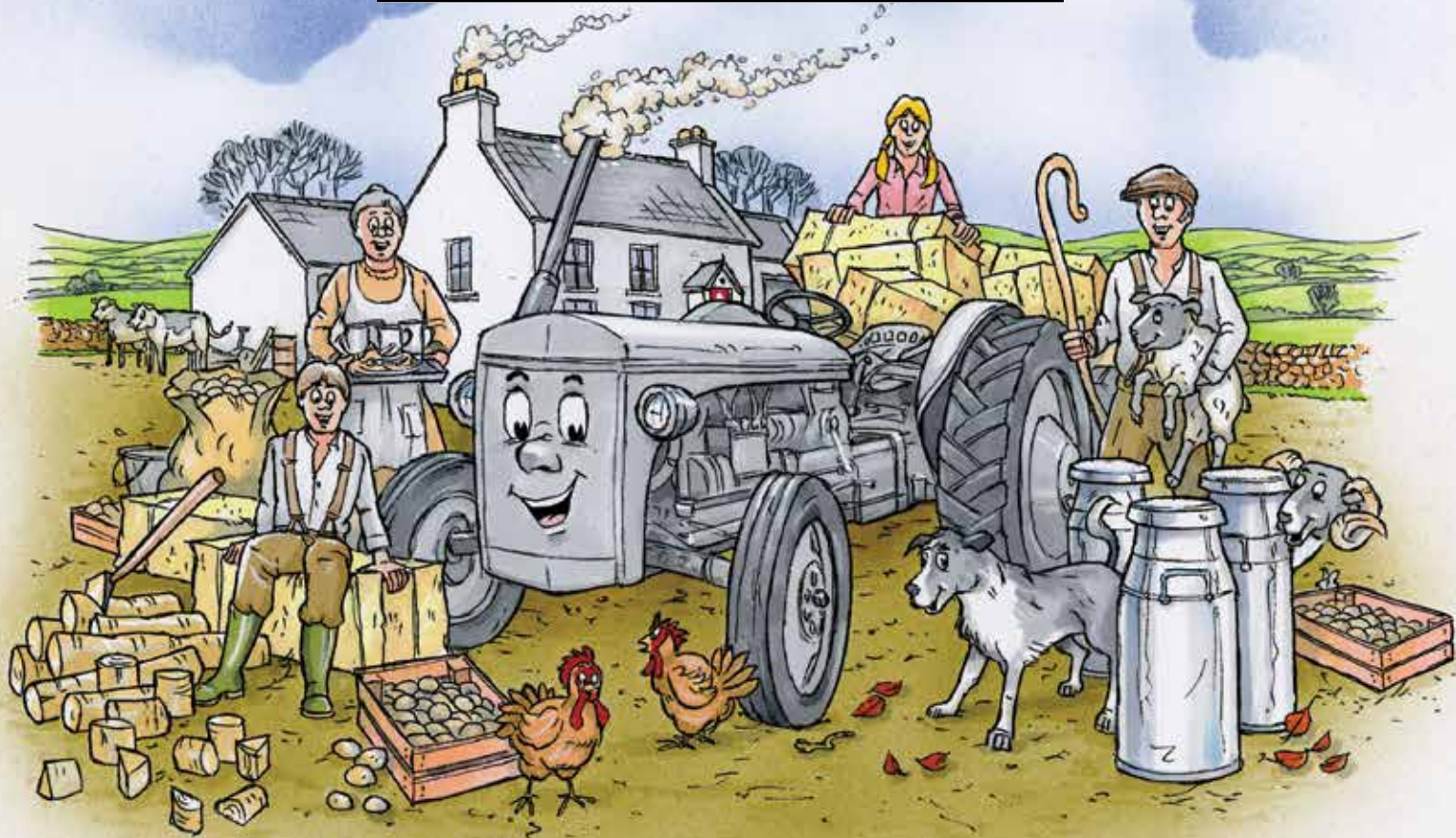


FERGIE

an Freens

oan tha fairm



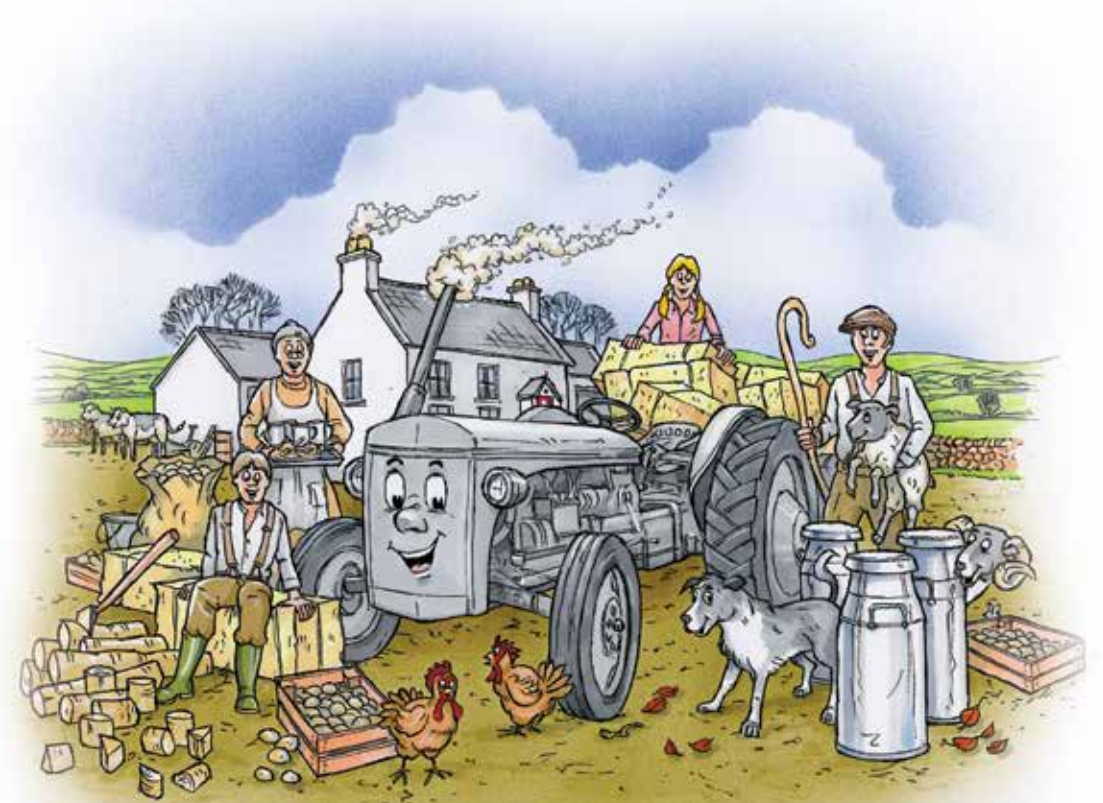
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FERGIE

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oan tha fairm

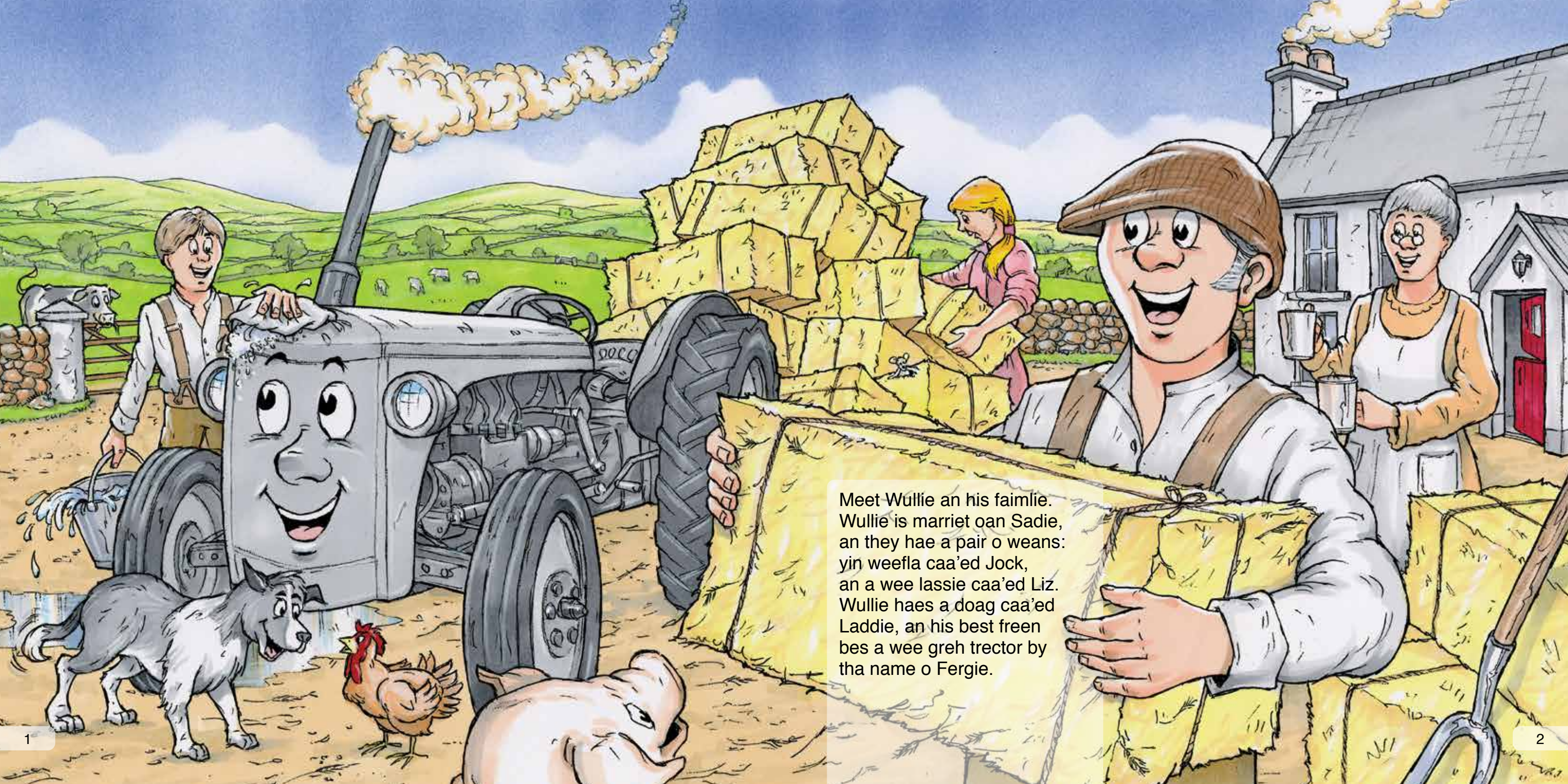


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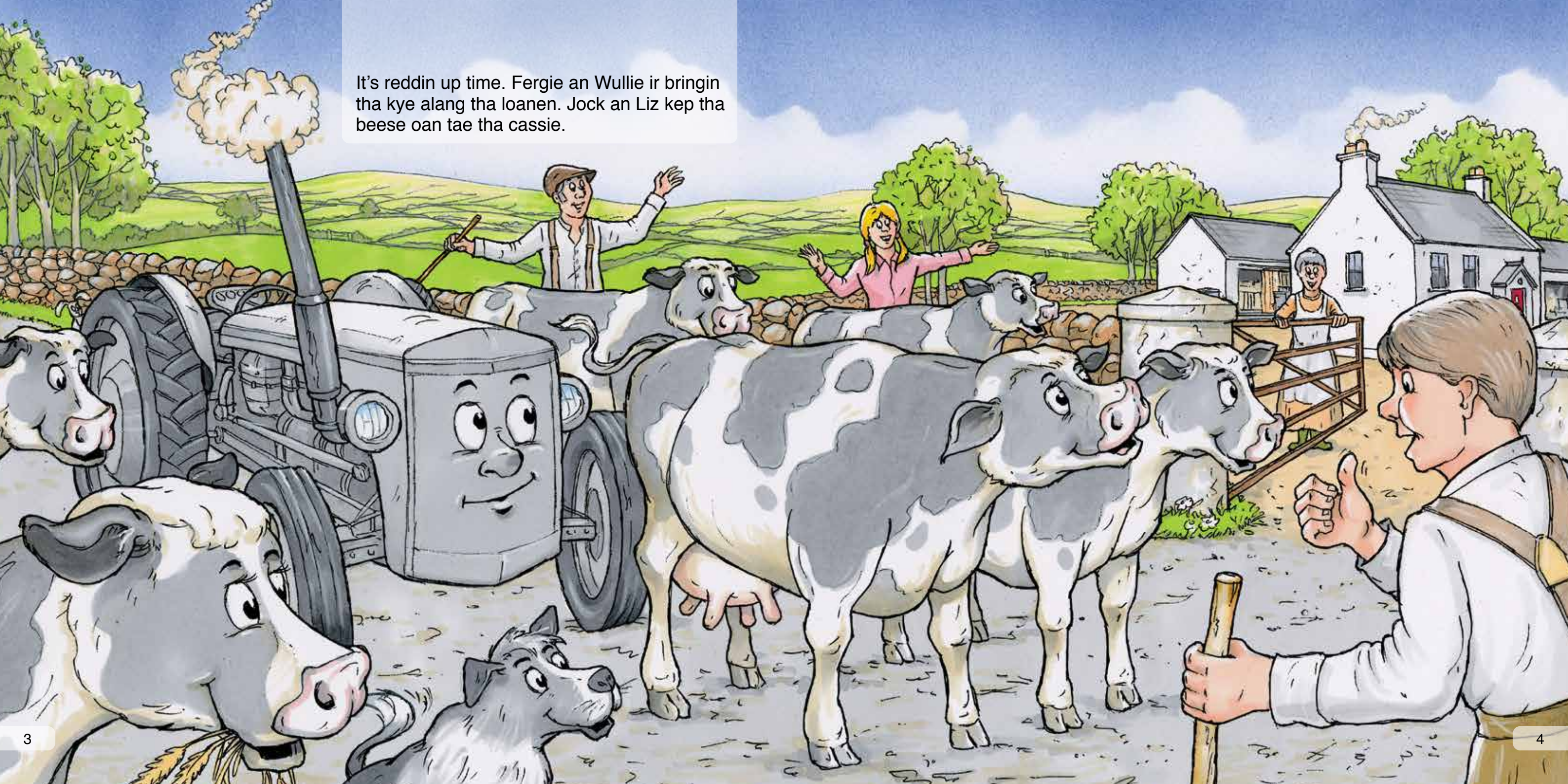
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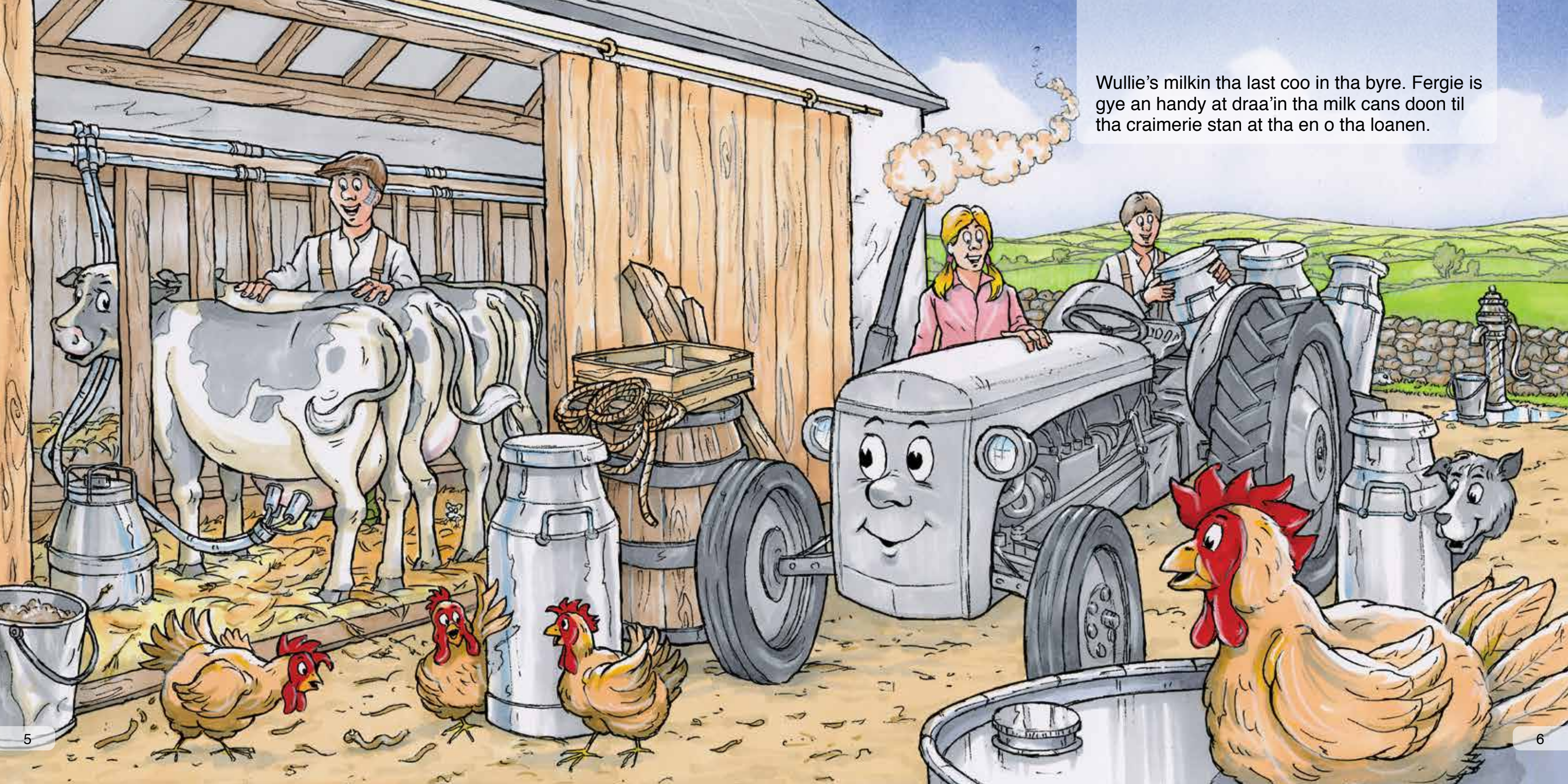




Meet Wullie an his faimlie.
Wullie is marriet oan Sadie,
an they hae a pair o weans:
yin weefla caa'ed Jock,
an a wee lassie caa'ed Liz.
Wullie haes a doag caa'ed
Laddie, an his best freen
bes a wee greh trector by
tha name o Fergie.

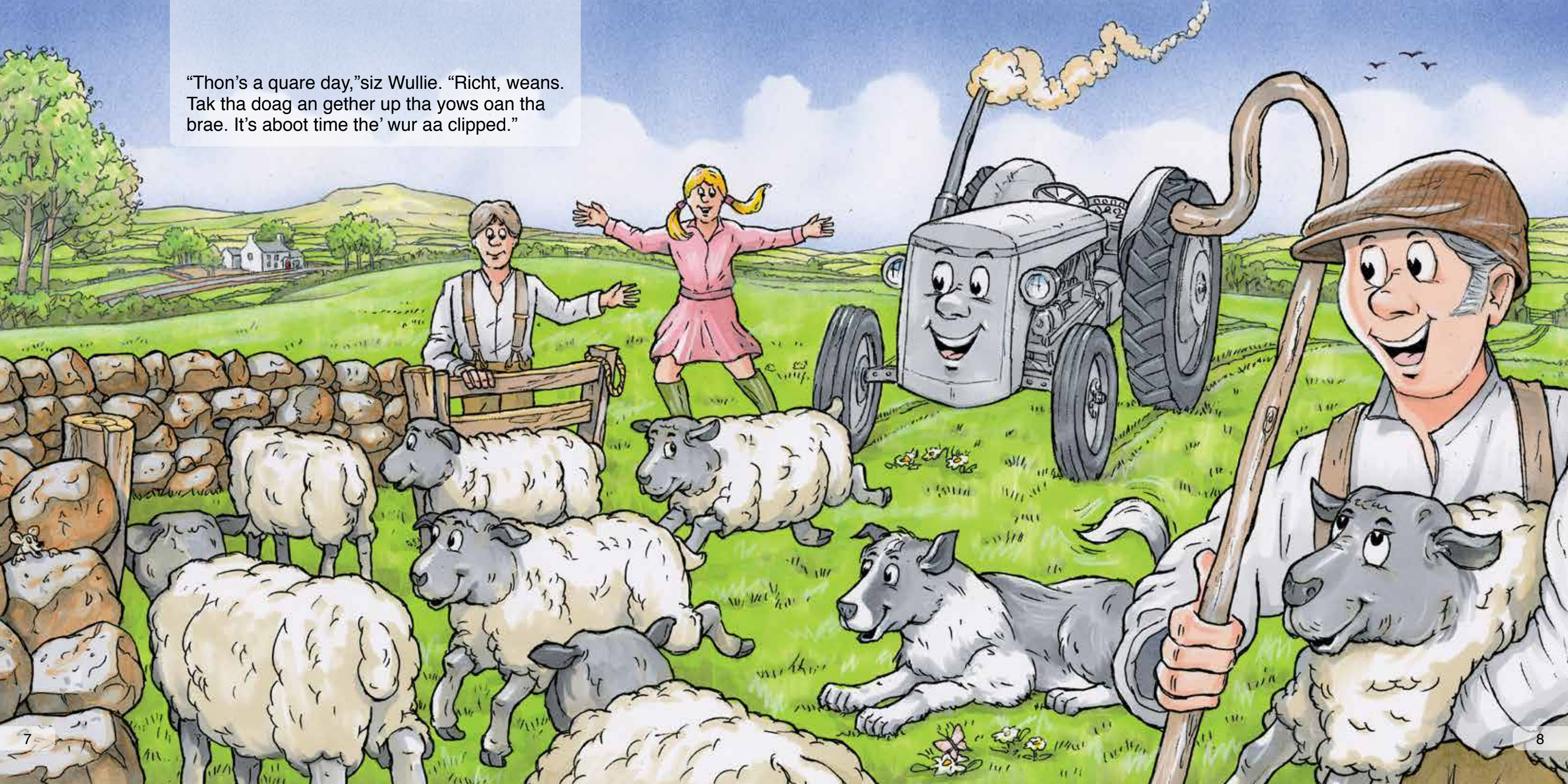
It's redden up time. Fergie an Wullie ir bringin
tha kye along tha loanen. Jock an Liz kep tha
beese oan tae tha cassie.





Wullie's milkin tha last coo in tha byre. Fergie is gye an handy at draa'in tha milk cans doon til tha craimerie stan at tha en o tha loanen.

"Thon's a quare day," siz Wullie. "Richt, weans. Tak tha doag an gether up tha yows oan tha brae. It's aboot time the' wur aa clipped."





"Mine yersel, Jock!" guldurs Wullie.
 "Thon oul tup aye bes crabbit: ye darnae
 luck at him!" Tha carnaptious ram gies
 Jock a dunch, an cowps him intil tha
 sheugh! Ach naw! Jock's up tae his
 oxters in tha glar!





It maun be proota getherin saison. "Thon's a brave guid crop the year, Da," siz Liz. "Aye, it's powerfa aathegither. Whut dae ye think, Sadie? Ir the' lake oanythin ava?" "The'll dae richtlie fur tha pot, an mebbe twarthie farls o' fadge forbye!" lauchs Sadie.



Wullie and Liz is warkin at biggin up a stane dyke. Jock an Fergie is redden up brenches oan til tha hie-cairt. "Hi, wiz thon naw a wile wunny nicht?" axes Wullie. "Aye, she wiz a gye rough yin!" pechs Liz. "Boys a dear, ye'r thran lake yer Ma!" siz Wullie. "Thon stane's ower wechtie. Stairt heftin tha wee yins ir ye'll scunner yersel afore lang!"

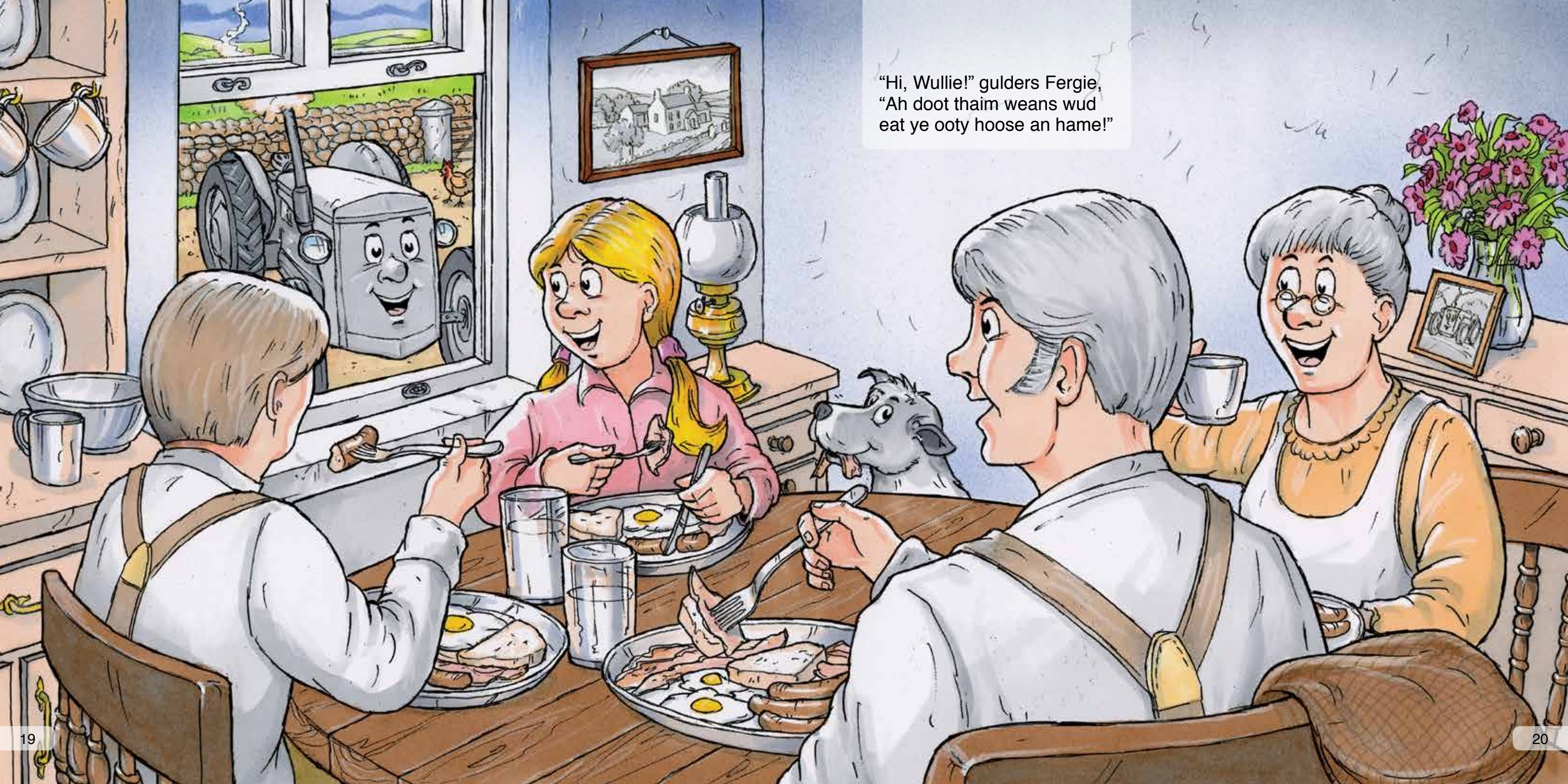


"Da! Luk ower thonner! Whut's thon reek risin frae tha fairmhoose?"
"Jakers oh! Thon disnae luk guid. Ah hope yer Ma's aa richt! Fergie, tak iz hame, quick, an dinnae spare tha horses! Keep 'er lit, ye boy ye! Sadie, dinnae be feart: we'r comin!"



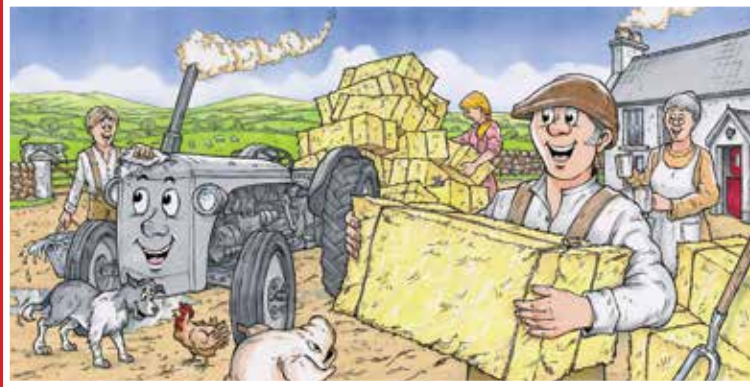


“Ach, catch a houl o yersels an quat ectin tha gype!” girms Sadie. Wullie an tha weans ir hairt gled tae fyn oot tha reek is jist risin frae tha scullery. Sadie’s bakin soda breid oan tha griddle, an haes tha pan oan forbye! Wullie gies his heid a dicht an stairts lauchin wi tha childer.

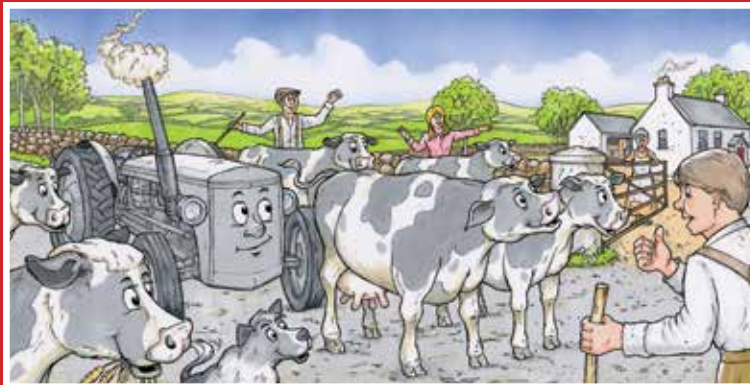


"Hi, Wullie!" guldurs Fergie,
"Ah doot thaim weans wud
eat ye ooty hoose an hame!"

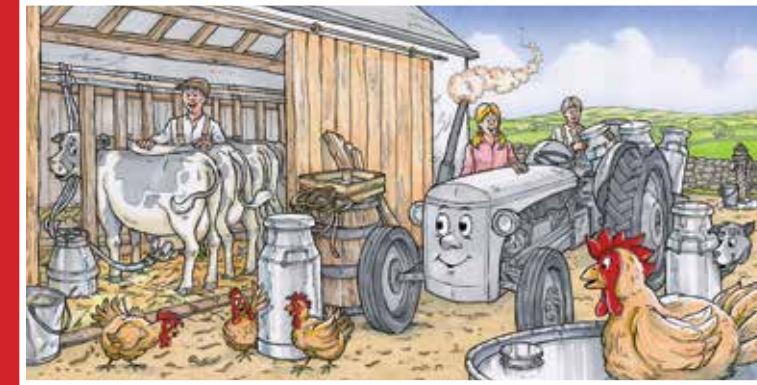
The text of this book has been written in the Ulster-Scots language of rural mid-Antrim. Many of the words and phrases used may not be familiar to persons from other areas or those unfamiliar with the district's rich agricultural vocabulary. An English translation has been provided to assist understanding of the Ulster-Scots text.



Meet William and his family. William is married to Sarah and they have two children: one boy called John, and a little girl called Elizabeth. William has a dog called Laddie, and his best friend is a small grey tractor by the name of Fergie.



It's milking time. Fergie and William are driving the cattle along the lane. John and Elizabeth guide the animals into the farmyard.



William is milking the last cow in the cattle shed. Fergie is very useful at transporting the milk cans to the creamery stand at the end of the lane.



"That's a fine day," says William. "Okay, children. Take the dog and round up the sheep on the hillside. It's about time that they were all shorn."



"Watch out, John!" shouts William. "That old ram is always cross: best to avoid him!" The angry ram butts John, and knocks him into the ditch. Oh no! John is up to his armpits in the mud!



It must be potato harvesting time. "It is a really good crop this year, Dad," comments Elizabeth. "Yes, it's wonderful. What do you think, Sarah? Do they please you?" "They'll do well in the saucepan, and maybe make two or three pieces of potato bread as well!"



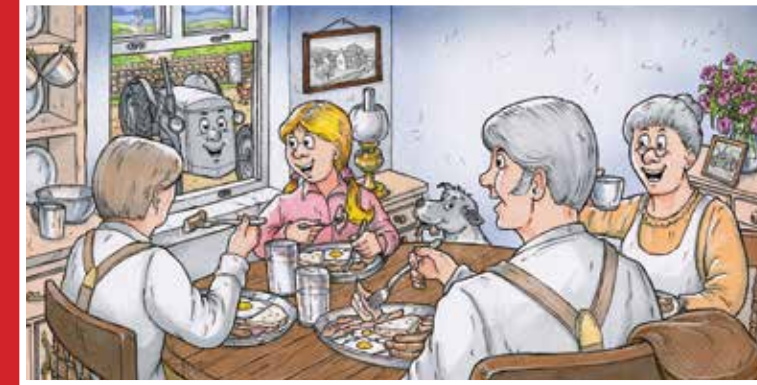
William and Elizabeth are working building a stone wall. John and Fergie are clearing up branches, putting them on the trailer. "That was a very windy night, wasn't it?" asks William. "Yes, it was a very stormy one!" gasps Liz. "Dear me, you're stubborn like your mother!" says William. "That stone is far too heavy. Start lifting the smaller ones or you'll tire yourself out before much longer!"



"Dad! Look over there! What's that smoke coming from the farm house?" "Oh dear! That doesn't look good. I hope your mother is okay! Fergie, take us home as quick as possible! Faster, faster! Sarah: don't worry, we're coming!"



"Pull yourselves together and stop being silly!" grumbles Sarah. William and the children are relieved to discover that the smoke is only coming from the kitchen. Sarah is baking soda bread on the griddle and is also cooking a fry. William wipes his brow and laughs along with the children.



"Hey William!" shouts Fergie, "I suspect that those children would eat you out of house and home!"

Story and text by Matthew Warwick
Illustrations by Louis Humphrey



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