

KATIE MORAG STORIES - SINGING CLUB AUTUMN TERM 2011

Narrator 1: Welcome to our Singing Club show for the Autumn Term. We're delighted that you are able to join us.

Narrator 2: This show tells two of the adventures of a rather special young girl who lives on the Isle of Struay - a beautiful island, just off the coast of Scotland. We're going to tell you a little about her, just in case you haven't come across her stories before.

Narrator 1: This is Katie Morag. (*Katie Morag steps forward*) She lives on the Isle of Struay, in a house just by the jetty. Her mum and dad - Mr and Mrs McColl (*they step forward*) - run the shop and the Post Office.

Narrator 2: There are other people in Katie Morag's family too. There is baby Liam - Katie Morag's little brother. There is Grannie Island - who lives all the way at the other end of the island. (*she steps forward*) and there is Granma Mainland, who lives across the sea but who will come to visit in our next story. (*she steps forwards*)

Narrator 1: Before we begin - as this is a Singing Club - I think it's time for a song.

Song 1 - There is a wee lassie (tune - The Wee Cooper o'Fife)

There is a wee lassie who lives by the sea
See Katie Morag say hi to you
She loves to play just like you and me
Sing Katie Morag and dance for everyone
Struay Island is home to you

She gets up to mischief at every turn
See Katie Morag say hi to you
Her mammy will scold but she just doesnae learn
Sing Katie Morag and dance for everyone
Struay Island is home to you

Our wee bonnie lassie is really quite fun
See Katie Morag say hi to you
She coaxes a smile out of everyone
Sing Katie Morag and dance for everyone
Struay Island is home to you

Narrator 2: Wednesday is a very hectic day. Every Wednesday, the boat comes across from the mainland with mail and provisions for the islanders. Now usually, Mr or Mrs McColl - Katie Morag's parents - would deliver the mail but on this particular Wednesday, Mr and Mrs McColl were in a bad mood. Baby Liam was cutting his first tooth and it was very noisy.

(children make sound effects of baby crying and all put their fingers in their ears)

Narrator 1: Mr McColl told Katie Morag that she would have to deliver the parcels while she settled baby Liam.

Mr McColl: Katie Morag! You take the mail to the houses across the Bay. There are five parcels - one for each house. The one with the red label is for Grannie.

Katie Morag: Yes Mammy. I'll deliver the parcels - don't you worry. And I'll make sure Grannie gets the one with the red label.

Narrator 1: So Katie Morag set off with the parcels in the mailbag. She loved any excuse to visit her Grannie, who lived the other side of the bay. But it was a hot day and when Katie Morag crossed the Redburn Bridge, she saw the cool water in the pool below.

Katie Morag: I'm so hot and this mailbag is quite heavy! I think I might just paddle for a few minutes. Just for a little while - and then I'll deliver the parcels.

Everyone: So Katie Morag went down to the pool
And dabbled her toes in the water so cool
But as she stepped forward she started to slide
And she just couldn't stop however she tried
She went ... SPLASH !!!

Song 2 - Katie Morag has fallen in the pool (tune- The Eely-Ally-O)

Katie Morag has fallen in the pool, fallen in the pool, fallen in the pool
Oh Katie Morag has fallen in the pool on a Wednesday in November

Splishy splashy oh! Splishy splashy oh!

She's wet from head to toe! Oh!

Katie Morag has fallen in the pool on a Wednesday in November.

The water made the parcels wet, the parcels wet, the parcels wet
The water made the parcels wet on a Wednesday in November

Splishy splashy oh! Splishy splashy oh! etc ...

The water made the labels run, the labels run, the labels run
The water made the labels run on a Wednesday in November

Splishy splashy oh! Splishy splashy oh! etc ...

The parcels now all looked the same, all looked the same, all looked the same
The parcels now all looked the same on a Wednesday in November.

Splishy splashy oh! Splishy splashy oh! etc ...

Narrator 2: Katie Morag gathered up all the parcels and began to cry. The labels had all run and she didn't know which parcel belonged to which house. The only one she knew for certain was Grannie's with the red label.

Katie Morag: Oh dear! Oh dear! What am I going to do? I don't know which parcel belongs to which house!

Narrator 1: And then Katie Morag did a silly thing. She was so frightened and ashamed that she ran all the way to the other side of the Bay and threw a parcel - any parcel, except the red labelled one - on to the doorstep of each of the first four houses. Still sobbing, she ran on to Grannie's.

(As she runs around and throws the parcels - four children pick them up and become the characters referred below. They hold up the item as the narrator refers to it.)

Narrator 2: The first house belonged to the lady artist. She had been expecting tiny, thin brushes for her miniature paintings, but the parcel Katie Morag had left her contained two enormous brushes.

Everyone: They're much too big!

Narrator 1: The second house was rented by the holiday people. They had ordered fishing hooks from sports catalogues, but their parcel was full of garden seeds.

Everyone: We can't catch fish with daisies and lettuces.

Narrator 2: At the third house Mr McMaster was standing by a big barrel of paint holding the lady artist's little paint brushes.

Everyone: I can't paint my wall with these!

Narrator 1: In the fourth house lived Mrs Bayview. She waved a pack of fishing hooks in the air. "Where are my seeds?" she said.

Narrator 2: At Grannie's house, Katie Morag explained what had happened.

Grannie: Well this is a fine boorach you've got yourself into, Katie Morag! Still, at least you've given me the right parcel. It's got the spare part for the tractor that I've been waiting for. I'll go and fix the tractor while you dry yourself and we'll go and sort this whole mess out!

Narrator 1: So Grannie fixed her tractor and Katie Morag got herself dry once again. Then they jumped onto the tractor and went off to sort out the mess that Katie Morag had made by delivering parcels to the wrong houses.

Song 3 - The sorting it out song! (Tune - the Uist Tramping Song)

Come along, come along, let us sort it out together
 Come along, come along, be it fair or stormy weather
 With the tractor chugging gently through the purple of the heather
 Let us change round people's parcels, come along, come along.

Now that Grannie's at the wheel
 There is work to be done
 If we change them round quite fast
 Then they might not tell your mum
 And when all is done and dusted
 And the parcels reach their end
 You'll have mended what was broken
 And you'll feel good again.

Come along ...

Narrator 2: After much trundling back and forth, Katie Morag finally managed to collect and deliver all the right things to all the right people. Everyone smiled and waved.

Everyone: Thank you very much!

Narrator 2: By now it was getting very dark. Katie Morag thought of the long journey home. She would be very late and her parents were so bad tempered these days on account of Liam's noisy teething.

Katie Morag: Grannie, would you like to come back for tea?

Narrator 1: As they walked in the kitchen, to Katie Morag's surprise, everyone was smiling. Baby Liam had cut his tooth at last and all was calm.

Mrs McColl: Thank you for helping out today, Katie Morag. Isn't she good, Grannie?

Grannie: Och aye! She's very good at sorting things out is our Katie Morag.

Narrator 1: After tea, Grannie said that Katie Morag could have a special treat of some sweets, which had been delivered from the mainland that day - but only if they all sang her favourite song, which she remembered that *her* Grannie Island used to sing.

Song 4 - Sugar Candy

There was a wee lassie awfy thin
A bundle o' bones wrapped up in a skin
Now she's getting' a wee double chin
Wi' eatin' sugar candy

*Ally bally, ally bally bee
Sittin' on your mammy's knee
Greetin' for another bawbee
To buy some sugar candy*

Poor wee Annie's greetin' too
What can her poor mammy do
But gi'e them a penny between them two
To buy some sugar candy *Chorus*

Mammy, gie's my banky doon
Here's auld Coo'ter comin' roon'
Wi' his basket on his croon
An' sellin' sugar candy. *Chorus*

'Dinna you greet, my wee babby
You know your daddy's gone to sea
Earnin' pennies for you and me
To buy some sugar candy. *Chorus*

Narrator 1: Did you enjoy that story of Katie Morag? She's a wee mischief maker, isn't she?! There are so many wonderful stories we could tell you about Katie Morag but let's tell you just one more today. This one is about the time when Grannie Mainland came to stay.

Narrator 2: Now this story also features Katie Morag, Mrs McColl, Grannie Island, Granma Mainland and a rather mischievous prize sheep! (*all the characters step forward again – possibility of swapping Katie Morag and other actors?*) It all began one sunny Wednesday morning.

(Katie Morag is asleep in 'bed' at the front of the stage. Mrs McColl wakes her up.)

Mrs McColl: Katie Morag! Katie Morag! Wake up now Katie Morag! Are you not remembering what day it is? It's the day that Granma Mainland is coming to stay. Look! I can see the boat away in the distance. She'll be here soon.

(Granma Mainland sings the next song – off the front of the staging in a makeshift 'boat' – facing the back of the hall as if looking at the Isle of Struay. The choruses could be sung by everyone)

Song 5 – The Isle of Struay (Tune – The Dark Island)

Away to the West's where I'm longing to be
Where the beauty of heaven unfolds by the sea
Where the deep purple heather blooms fragrant and free
And I'll walk along the shore with Katie Morag.

*Oh, Island of Struay, I'm dreaming of thee
As I sail in my boat all across the blue sea
Soon I'll capture the magic that lingers for me
And I'll walk along the shore with Katie Morag*

Oh gentle the sea breeze that ripples the bay
Where the stream joins the ocean and young children play
On the strand of pure silver I'll welcome each day
And I'll walk along the shore with Katie Morag.

Narrator 2: Katie Morag went with Grannie Island to meet Granma Mainland's boat and brought her back to her house.

Narrator 1: Katie Morag was fascinated as Granma Mainland unpacked her bag. Hairbrushes, hairclips, curlers, perfume, foam bath and all sorts of creams and potions for her hair and her face. The room began to smell wonderful! And last but not least – a new hat.

Granma M: Do you like this new hat I've bought for Show Day, Katie Morag?

Katie Morag: It's beautiful Granma.

Grannie I: Och, her and her fancy ways!

Narrator 2: Show Day was always a big event on the Island of Struay. Mr and Mrs McColl were rushed off their feet and so they told Katie Morag to go and help Grannie Island get Alecina, her prize sheep, ready for the show.

Narrator 1: Alecina had won the Best Ewe and Fleece Trophy for the past seven years but she was getting old and everyone said that Neilly Beag's sheep, who was called April Love would win it this year.

Narrator 2: When Katie Morag arrived at Grannie Island's, instead of being ready for a final brush and comb, Alecina, Grannie Island's prize sheep was up to her neck in the Boggy Loch!

(The child playing the sheep mimes splashing in water.)

Katie Morag: Oh no! What are we going to do? You naughty sheep!

Grannie I: Look at your fleece! And today of *all* days! We'll never get these peaty stains out in time for the show.

Song 6 – The Boggy Loch (to the tune of The Tinkers' Wedding)

There was water, mud and bits of grass
In the boggy lochy-o
Turned her fleece from white to brown
Muddy grubby sheepy-o

*Squishy and squelchy, welchy mud
Squishy and squelchy muddy-o
Squishy and squelchy, welchy mud
Muddy grubby sheepy-o*

There was thunder in old grannie's eyes
Down beside the lochy-o
Reaching in to pull her out
Muddy grubby sheepy-o

*Squishy and squelchy, welchy mud
Squishy and squelchy muddy-o
Squishy and squelchy, welchy mud
Muddy grubby sheepy-o*

Narrator 1: After Grannie Island and Katie Morag had pulled Alecina out of the water, they tried to wipe the mud off her fleece with a scrubbing brush and a cloth but it was still looking grubby.

Grannie I: Oh Alecina! You're never going to win the prize this time. How could you be so silly.

Narrator 1: Suddenly, Katie Morag had an idea.

Katie Morag: Grannie Island, I can think of something we could try to make Alecina all beautiful and clean again.

Grannie I: And what is your idea, Katie Morag?

Katie Morage: Well, Granma Mainland has some stuff to make her hair silvery white. Maybe we could make Alecina's fleece all white again?

Grannie I: Och Granma Mainland with her lotions and potions! But you're such a clever wee thing, Katie Morag! What are we waiting for?

Narrator 2: Everyone looked in amazement as Grannie Island's old tractor hurtled past the Show Field, heading for Katie Morag's home in the post office. Mr & Mrs McColl and Granma Mainland were all at the Show Field so they weren't at home to see what happened next (which is probably just as well!)

Song 7 – The Sheep Washing Song (to the tune of Westering Home)

*What is the best way of washing a sheep?
Into the bath where the water is deep.
She can't climb out for the sides are too steep.
Making her clean and fragrant.*

Put on some soap and then scrub with a brush
Rinse it all off with a showery gush
Can't take too long as we're in quite a rush
Making her clean and fragrant.

*What is the best way of washing a sheep?
Into the bath where the water is deep.
She can't climb out for the sides are too steep.
Making her clean and fragrant.*

Put her in curlers and blow her fleece dry
Come Alecina, you mustn't be shy
A nice squirt of perfume and off we must fly
Making her clean and fragrant.

*What is the best way of washing a sheep?
Into the bath where the water is deep.
She can't climb out for the sides are too steep.
Making her clean and fragrant.*

Narrator 1: So after they had got Alecina all washed and brushed, they hurried back to the show field, just in time for the judging. At the sight of her shiny coat and curls, the judges were in no doubt that the first prize should go to Alecina!

Everyone: Hooray!

Narrator 2: Later that evening, there was a party at Grannie Island's to celebrate Alecina's victory. There was singing and dancing and Grannie Island had her own little toast to Granma Mainland and her 'fancy ways'. They had saved the day!

Song 8 – Hooray for Alecina (tune – Lewis Bridal Song)

*Step we gaily, on we go
Heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm in arm and row on row
Hooray for Alecina*

Dance and sing to celebrate
Alecina is so great
Judges said that she's first rate
Hooray for Alecina!