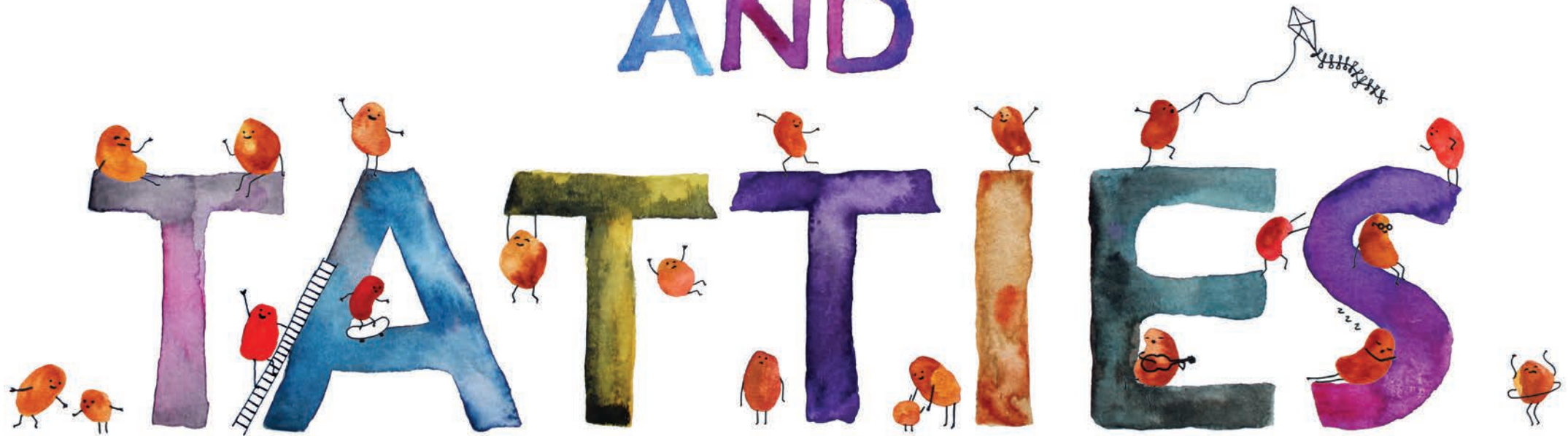




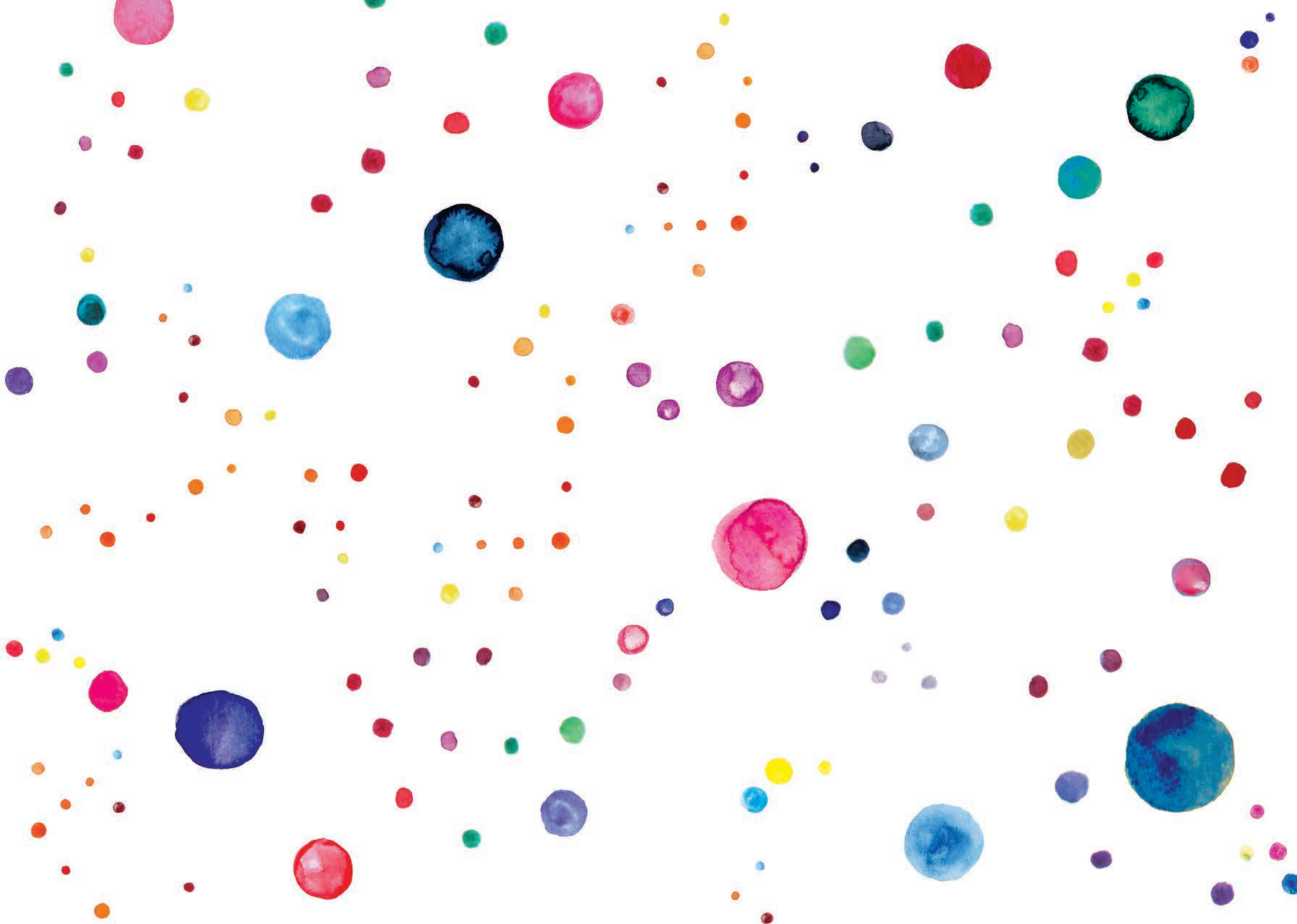
AND



Carey Morning

Anna York





Neeps and Tatties became a book thanks to the vision and good will of Dave Scott and Nil by Mouth,
a charity established to challenge sectarian attitudes and encourage tolerance and change,
and with the support of the WM Mann Foundation and the WA Cargill Trust.

I offer my heartfelt thanks to them, and also to these lovely folk who had a hand in bringing Neeps and Tatties to life:
James Robertson, Robyn Marsack, Lucy Juckes, Tam Clark, Charlie Menzies and of course Ania York.

And to the glorious Scots language and those who keep it alive, thank you!

to listen to an audio version search YouTube for
“Carey Morning Neeps and Tatties”

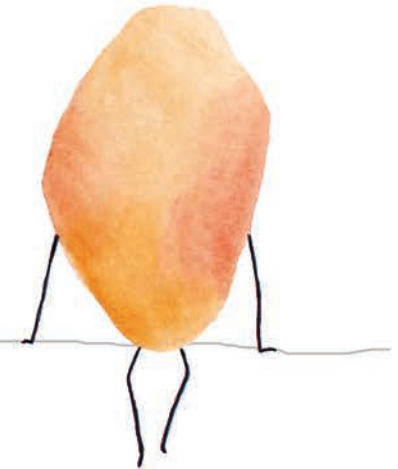
NEEPS AND TATTIES
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Neeps and Tatties

a morality tale for vegetables
and other living things

(servit in Scots wi a wee tait o English)



written by Carey Morning

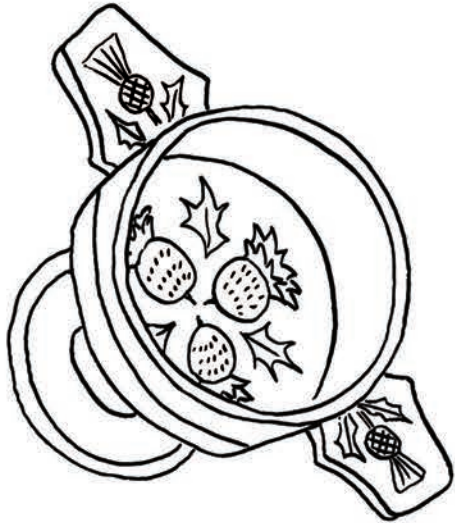
illustrated by Anna York



for Jack and Amos and Gwen
ma bonnie bairns
CM

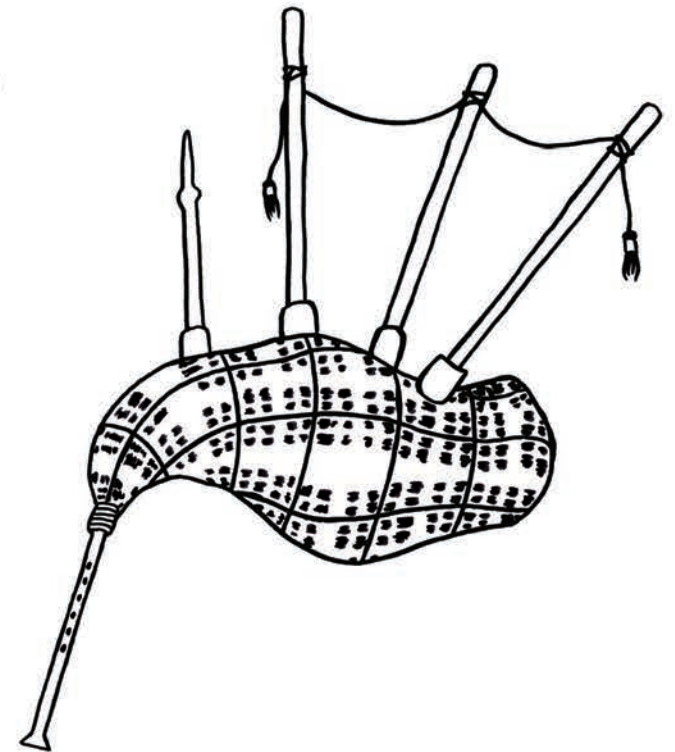
for Oliver
with tender love
AY



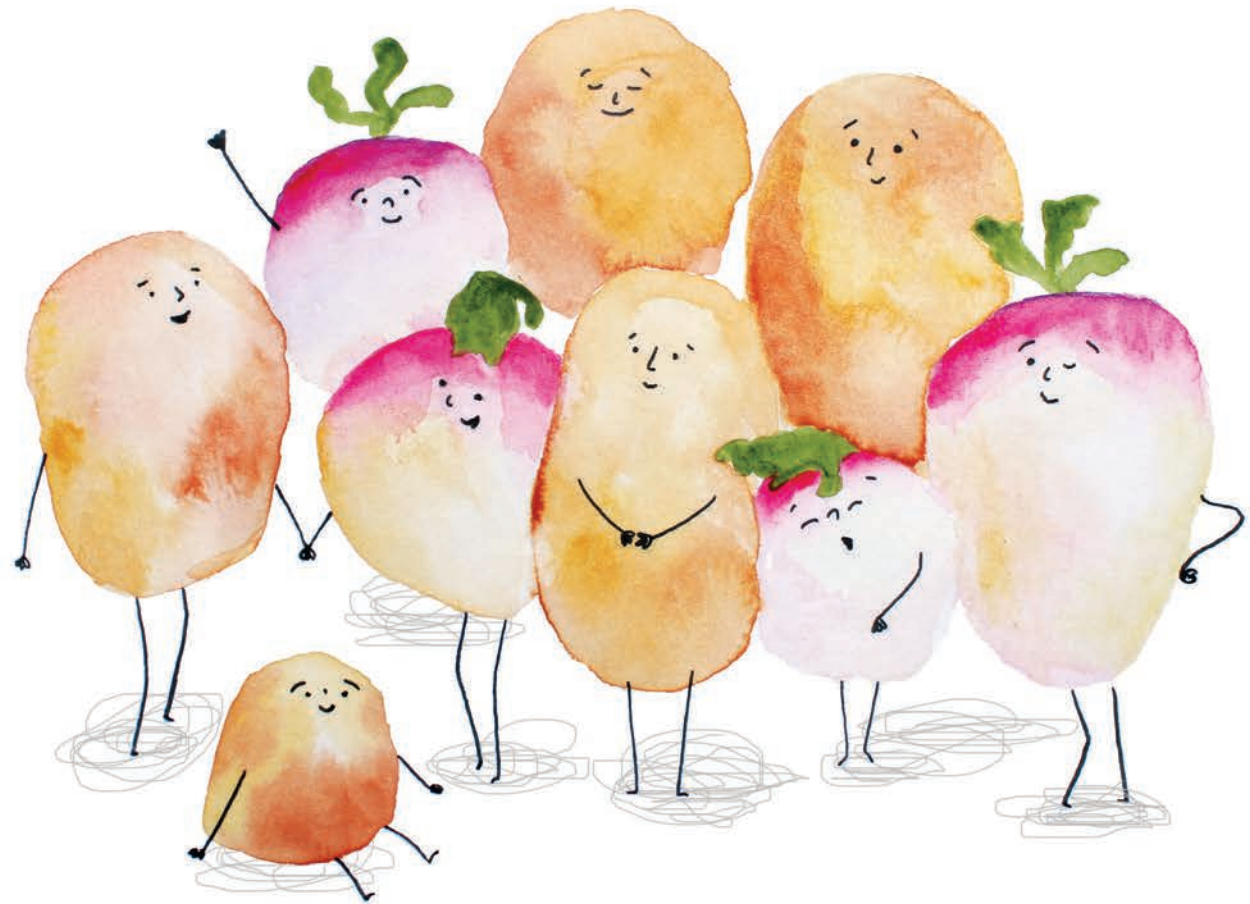


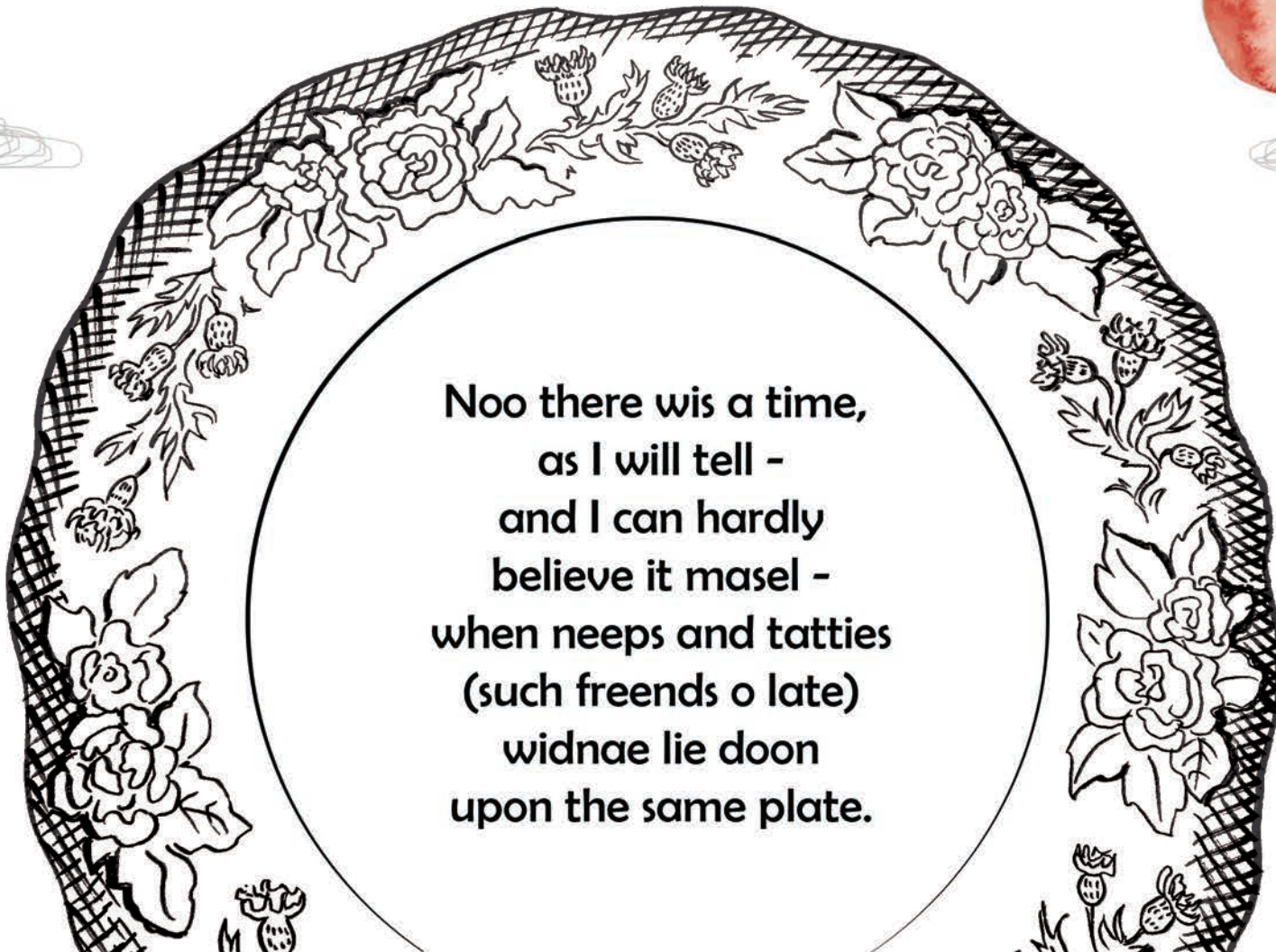
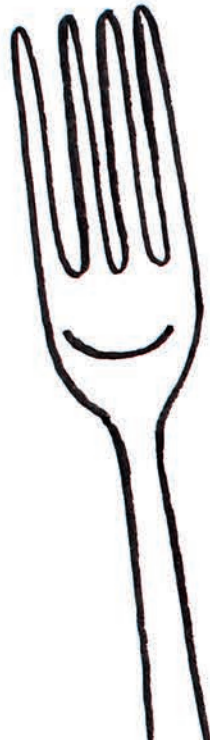
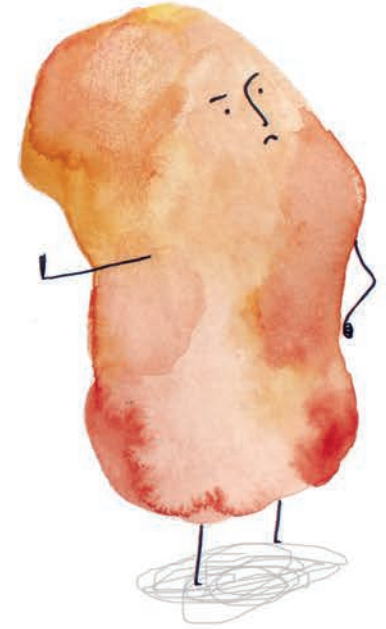
Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o the puddin' race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place...

Rabbie Burns, Address to the Haggis

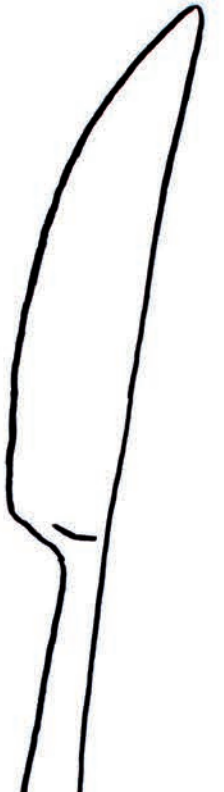


Listen, wee yins,
and ye shall hear
a tale o wae,
a tale o cheer.
Jist open yer lugs
as weel's yer hert
and when ye dae
ma tale can stert.



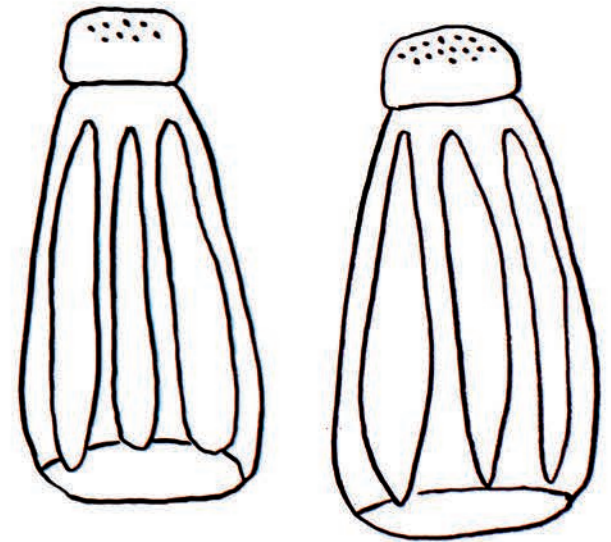


Noo there wis a time,
as I will tell -
and I can hardly
believe it masel -
when neeps and tatties
(such freends o late)
widnae lie doon
upon the same plate.

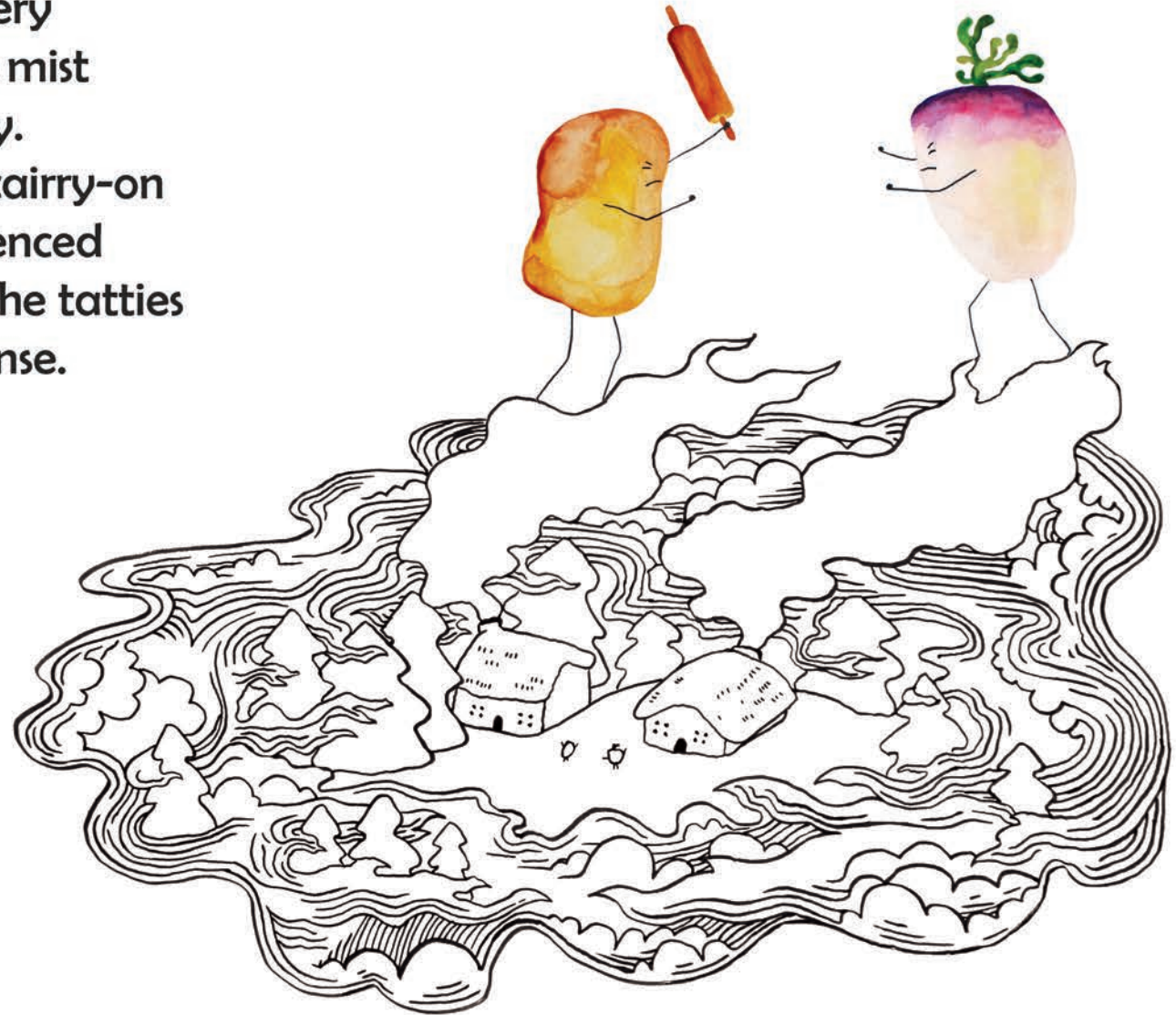


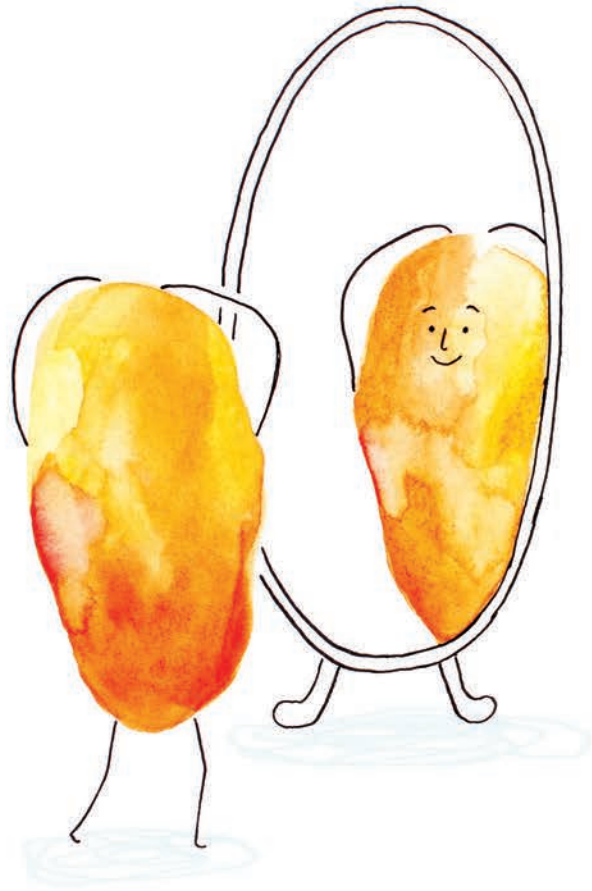


We often see them
side by side
cooryin in
like groom and bride.
But in days lang syne
they were aw maleecious,
argle-barglous,
rump an stump veecious!



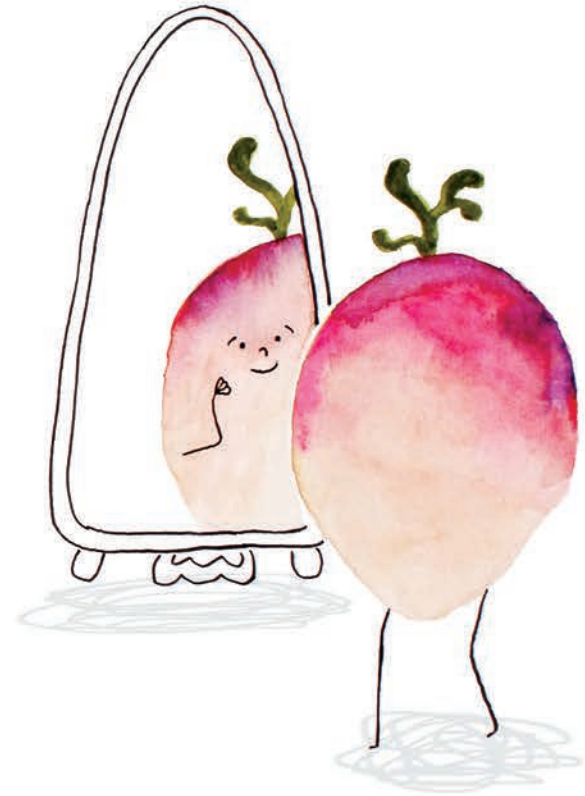
Hoo it began
is a mystery
awa in the mist
o history.
But yince the cairry-on
had commenced
the neeps and the tatties
lost aw sense.

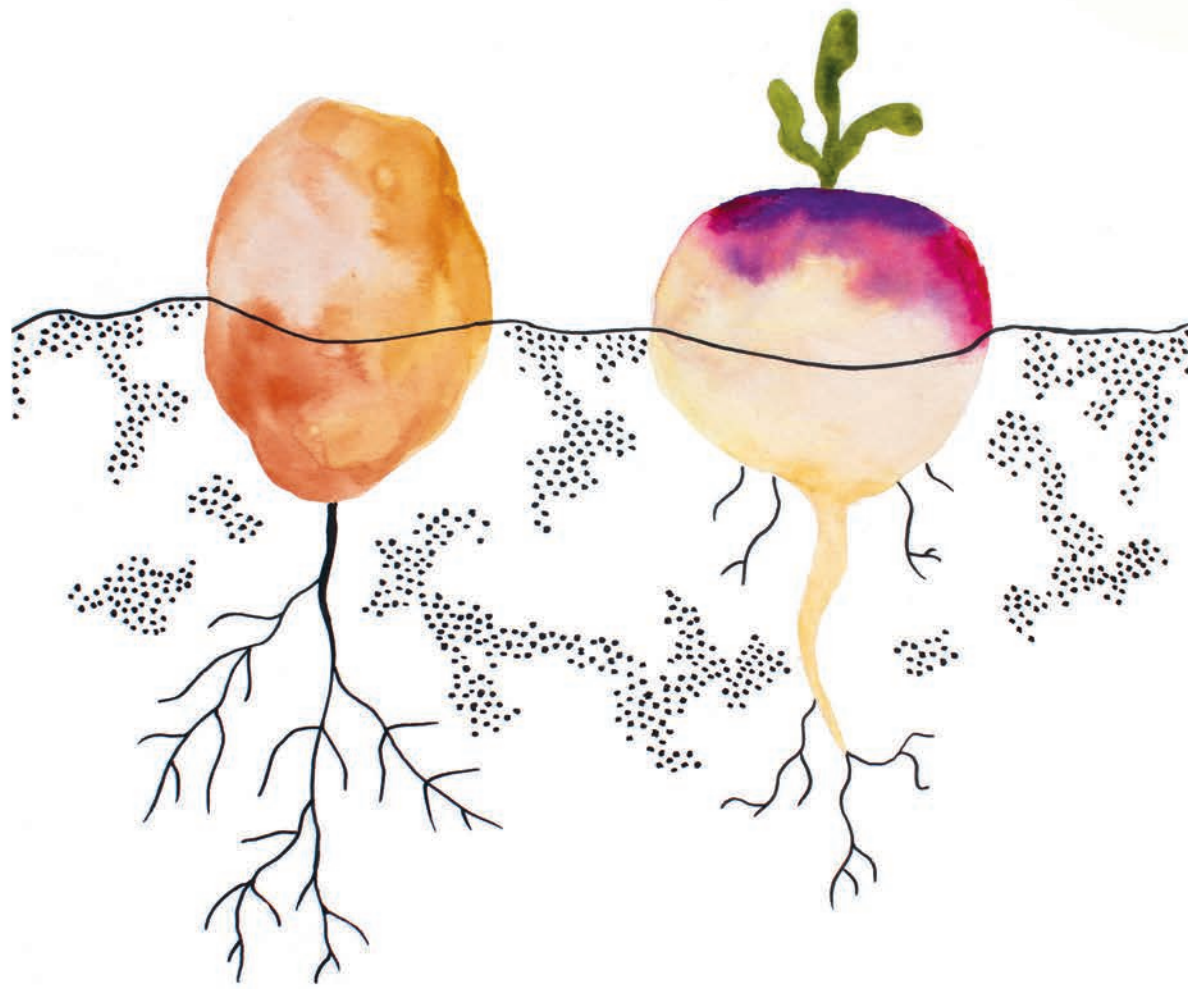




Noo it's true a tattie
tends tae the broon,
and a neep has bits
o pink aroond.

And tatties are baldie
fae whit I hae seen,
while neeps dae sprout
a spring o green.

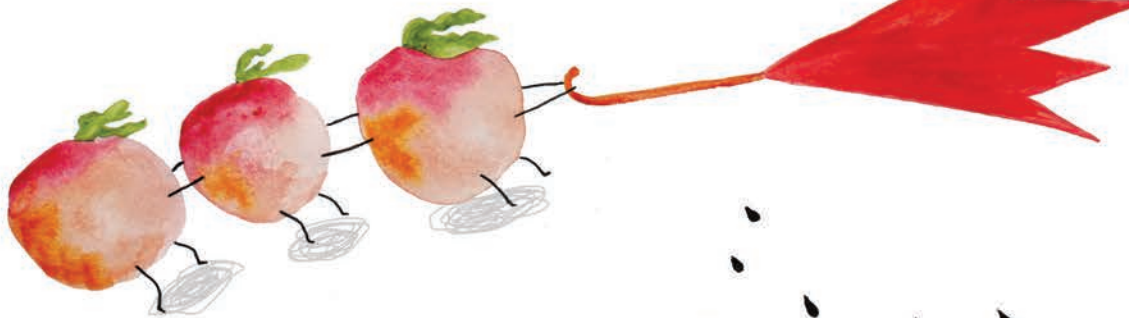
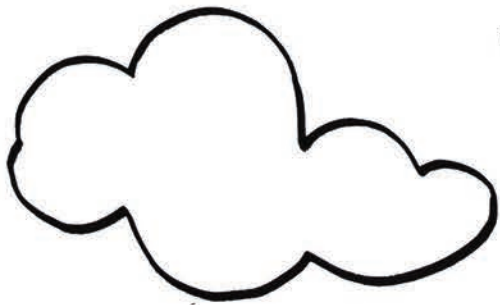


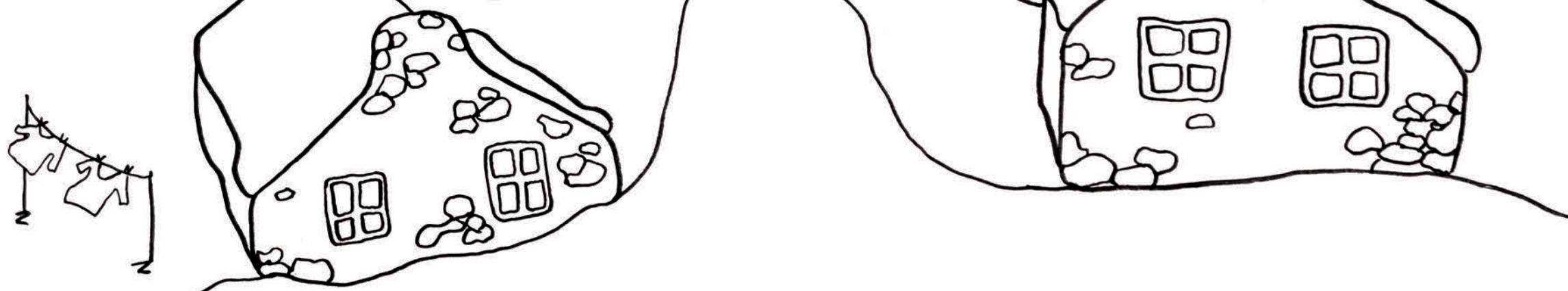


But their roots aw drink
fae the same guid groond.
On aw their heids
wan sun shines doon.

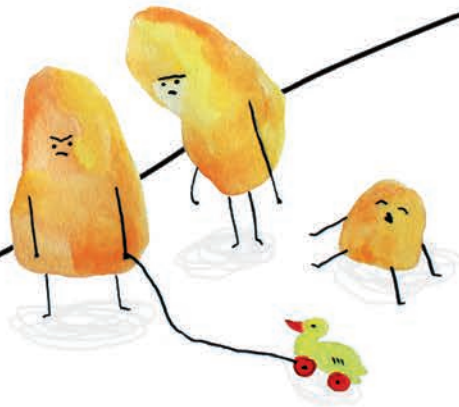
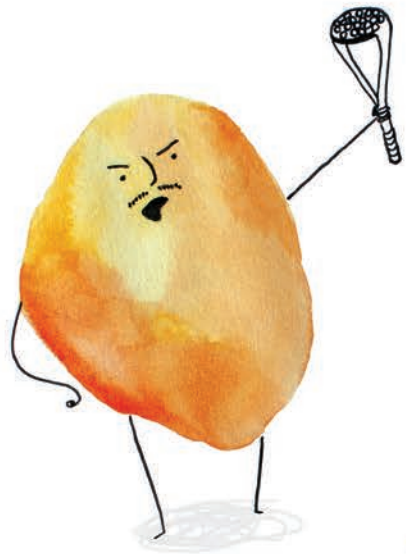
But fear and hate
got in the heids
o thae cantie spuds
and couthie swedes.

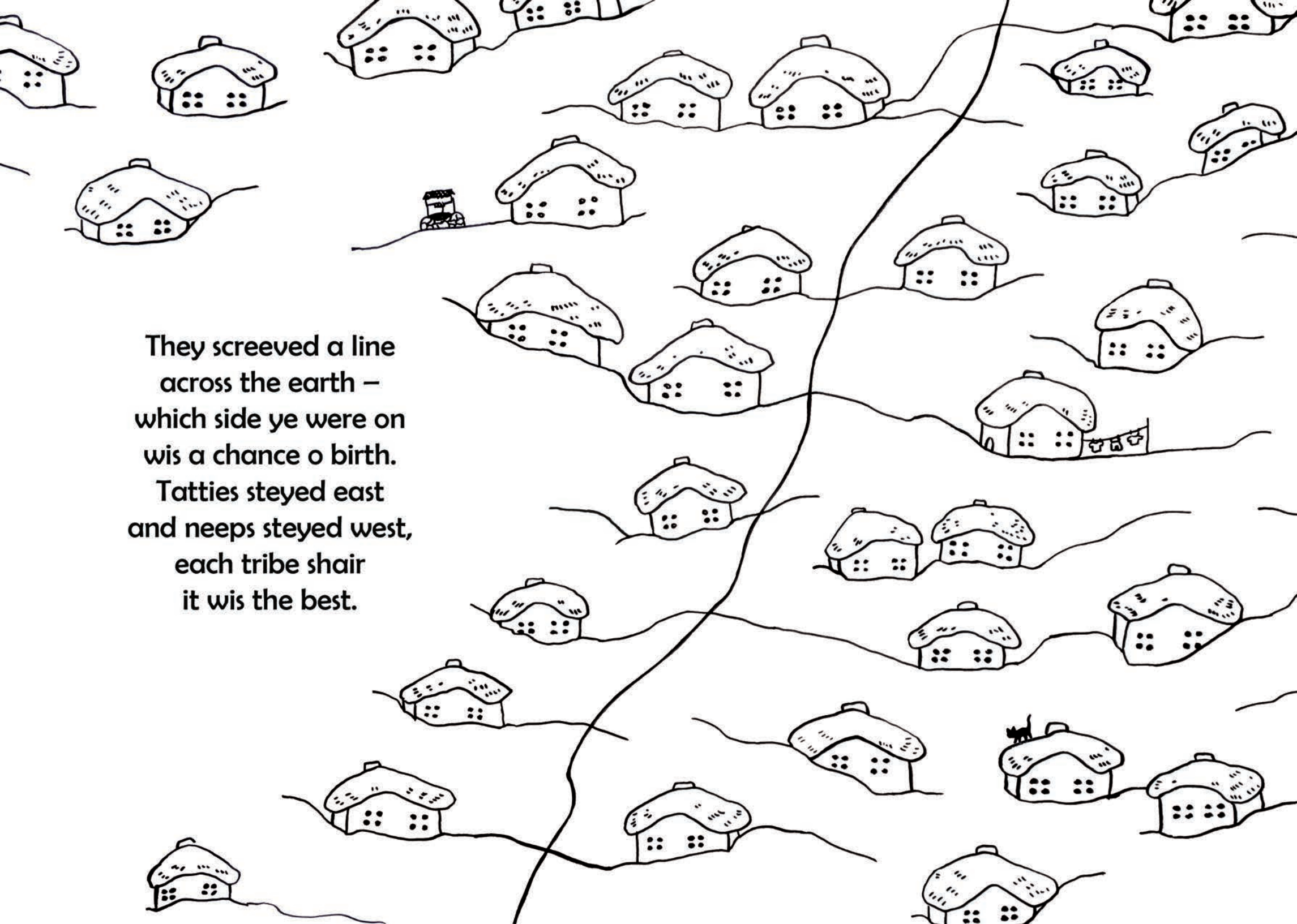
They were that fou o fear,
and likewise o hate,
that despite aw they shared
at the haund o fate
(like life and breath,
the dour, dreich weather)
the twa tribes widnae
come thegither.



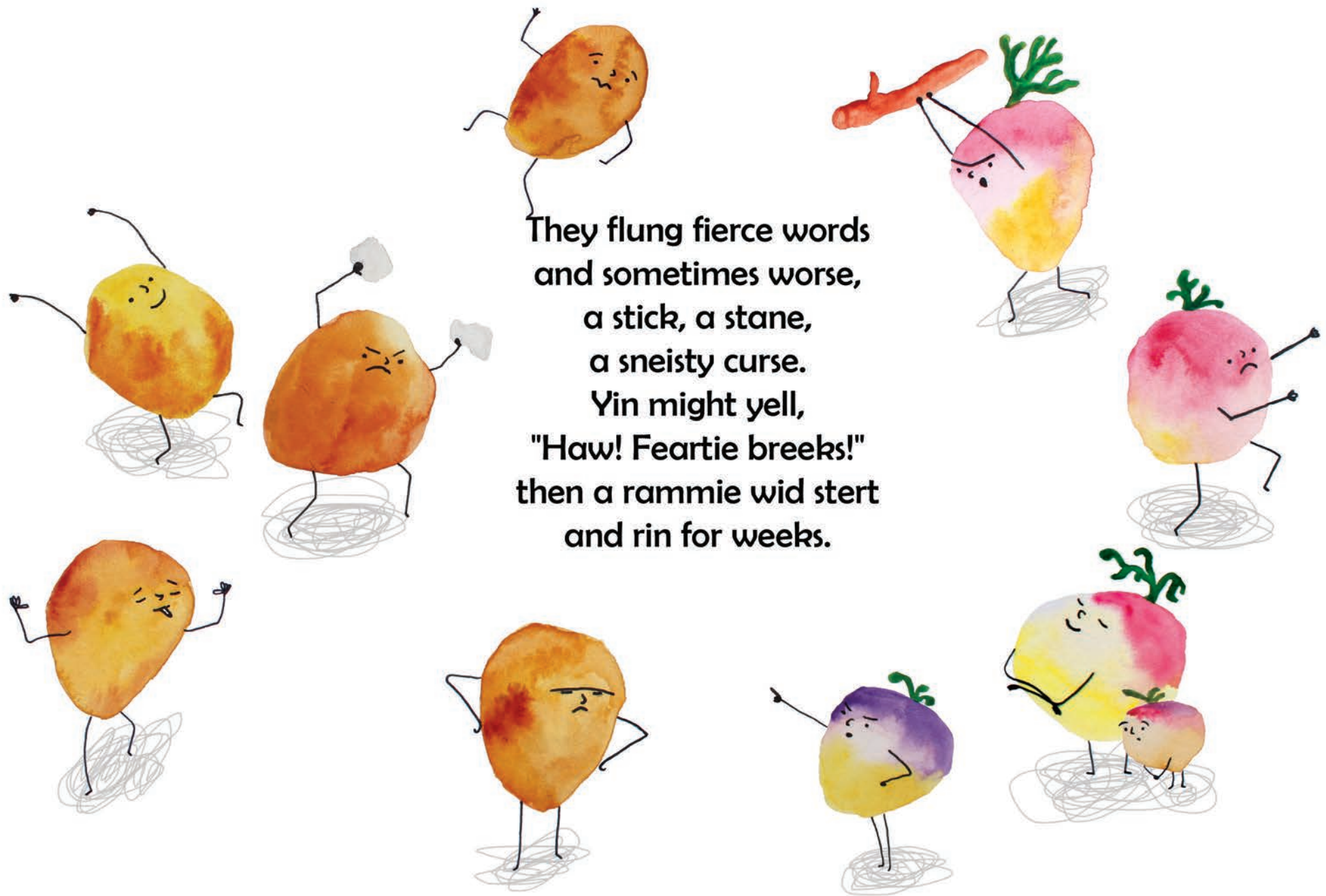


Neep mums scalded
their bonnie wee neeps,
"Dinnae hing wi nae tatties!
They're keelies and cheats!"
And tattie dads hissed
in their tottie weans' lugs,
"Steer clear o thae neeps!
They're snauchles and dugs!"

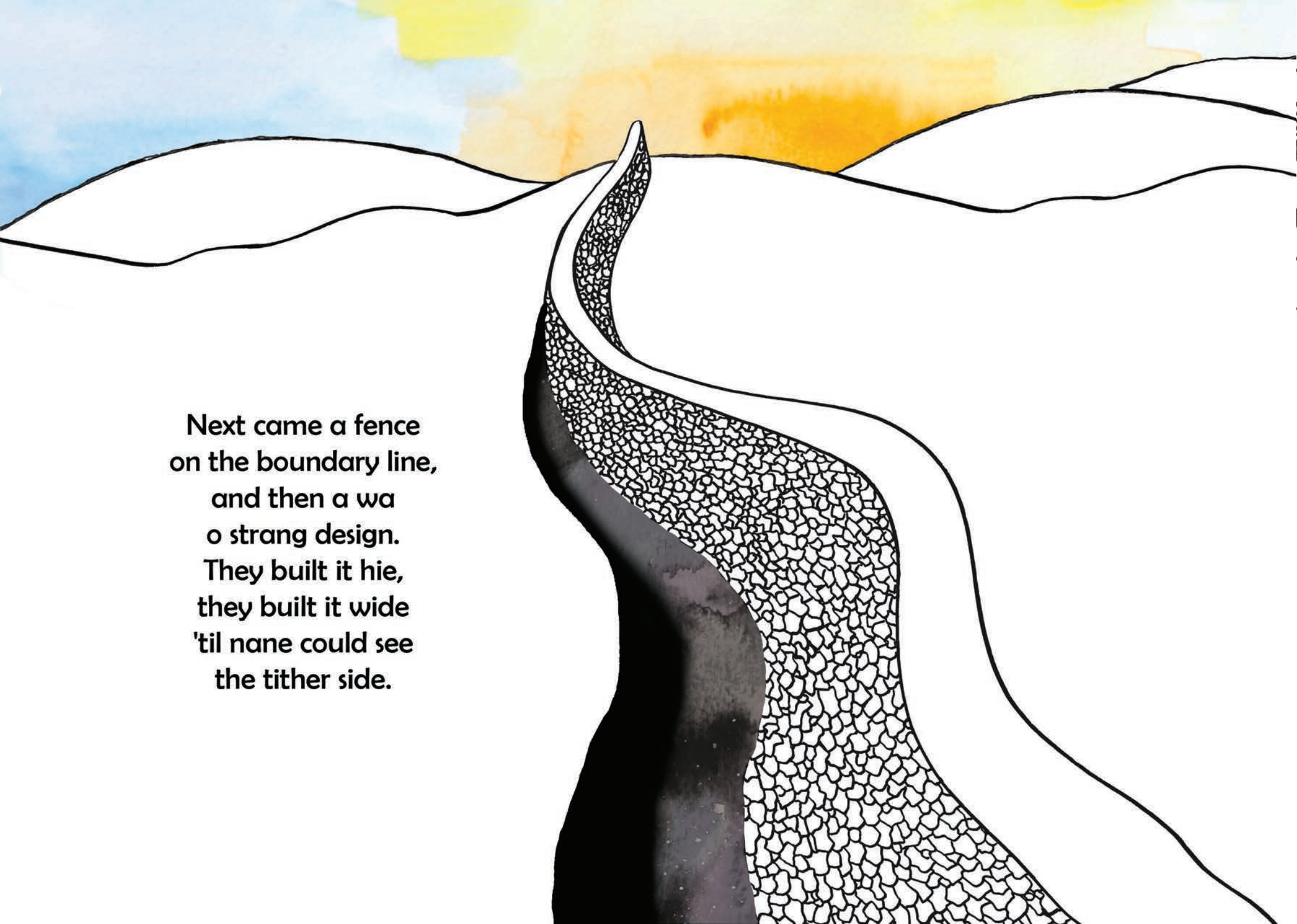




They screewed a line
across the earth –
which side ye were on
wis a chance o birth.
Tatties steyed east
and neeps steyed west,
each tribe shair
it wis the best.



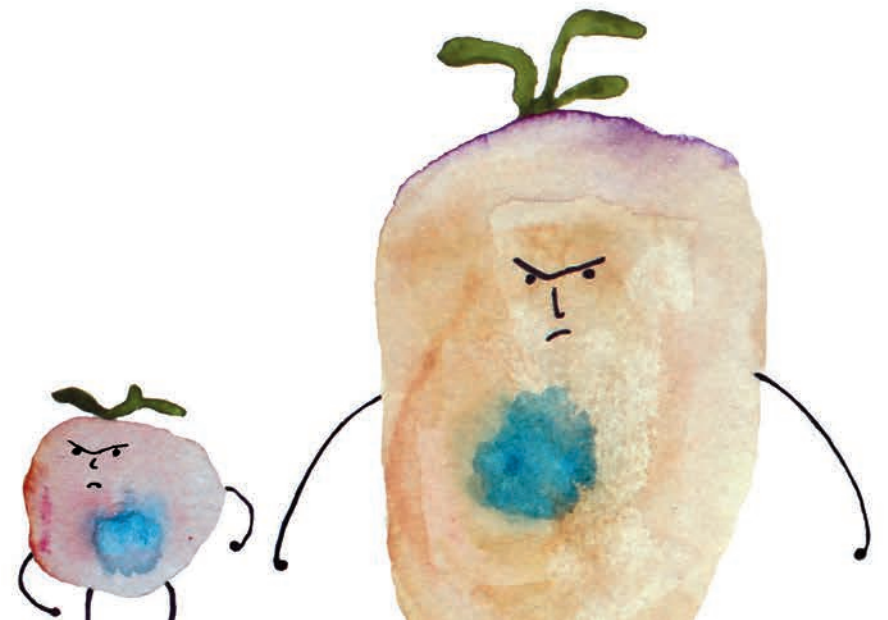
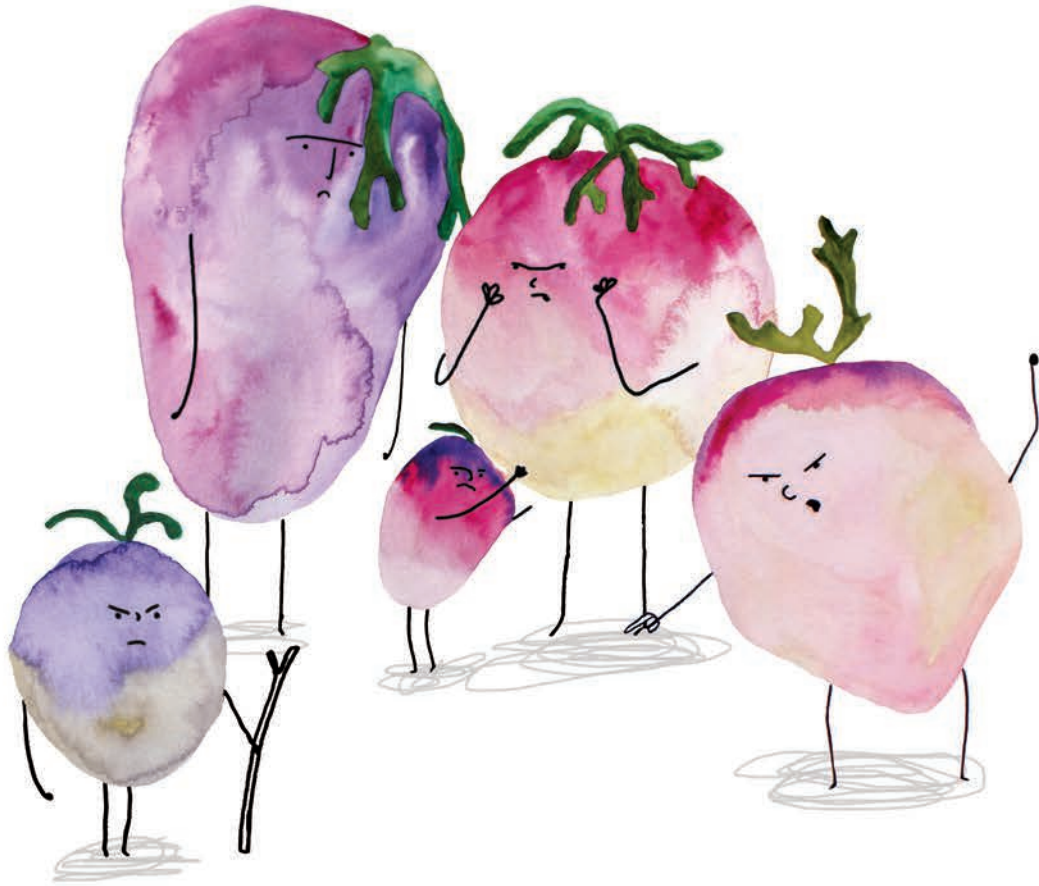
**They flung fierce words
and sometimes worse,
a stick, a stane,
a sneisty curse.
Yin might yell,
"Haw! Feartie breeks!"
then a rammie wid stert
and rin for weeks.**



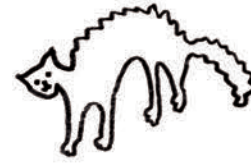
Next came a fence
on the boundary line,
and then a wa
o strang design.
They built it hie,
they built it wide
'til nane could see
the tither side.

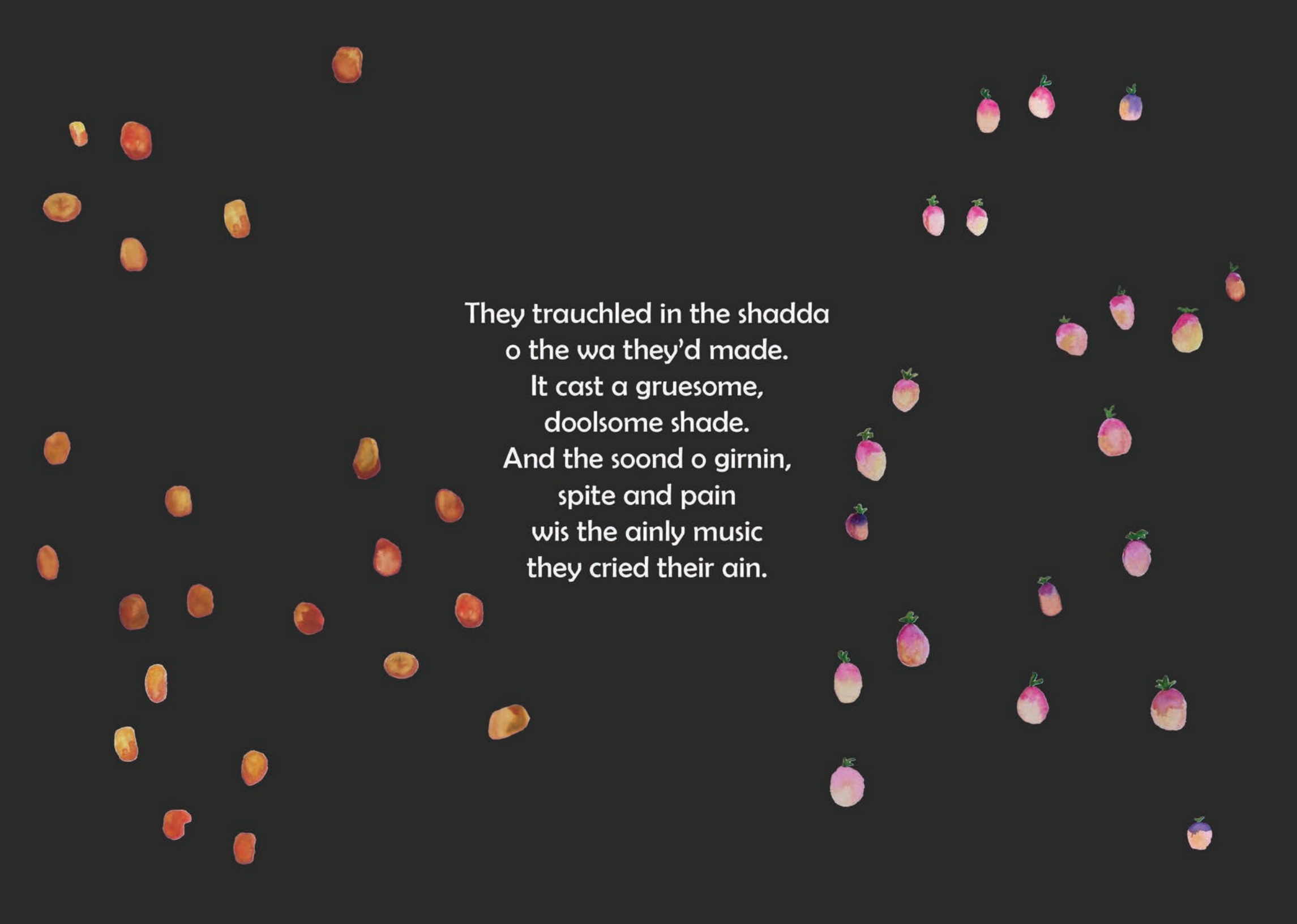


They splairged! They sclavered!
They tellt such lies!
Mithers sang
ill-willie lullabies.
And in the herts
o young and auld
something grew hard
and very cauld.



Bairns grew crabbit
and spylt. They spat,
and made a cowp
o their habitat.
Coorsely they threw things
up ower the wa,
kennin naethin about
wha bade there at aw.

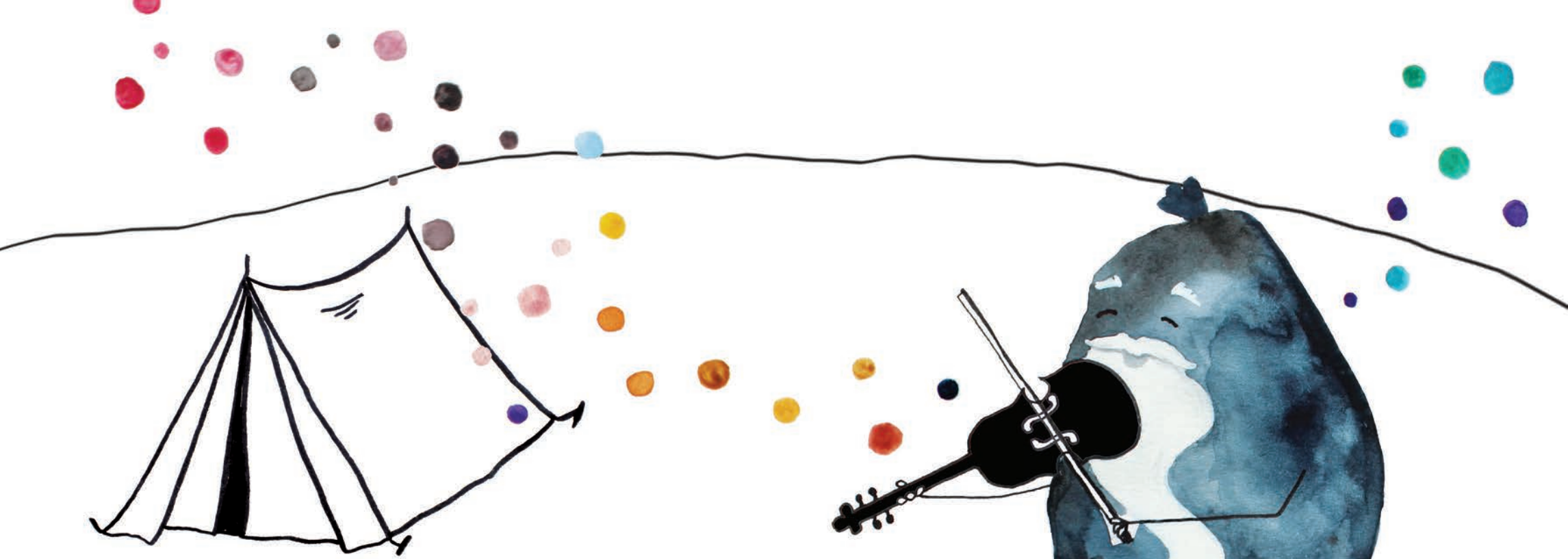




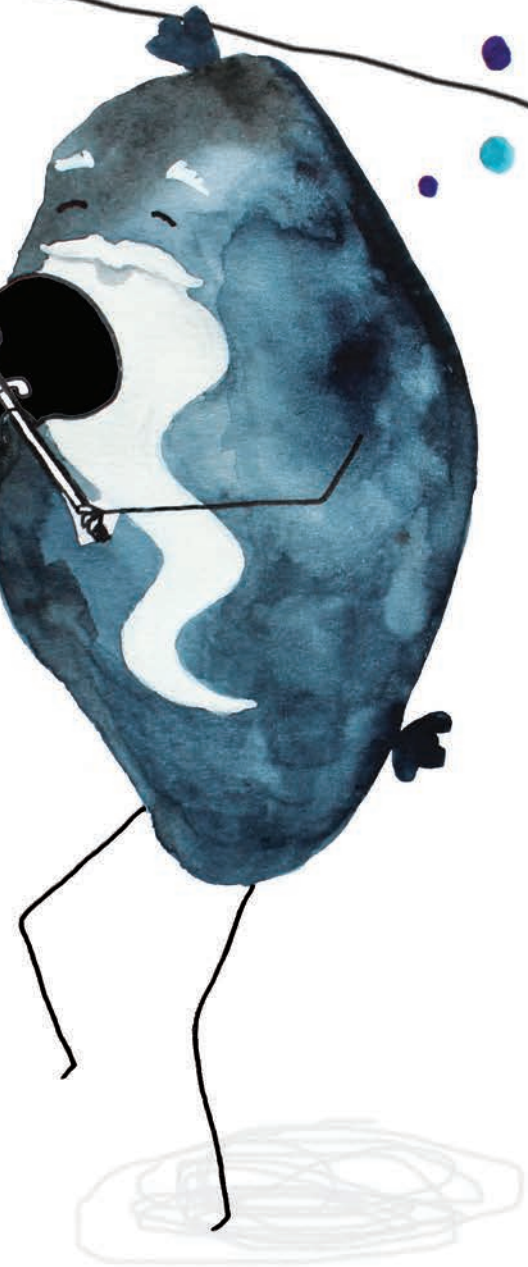
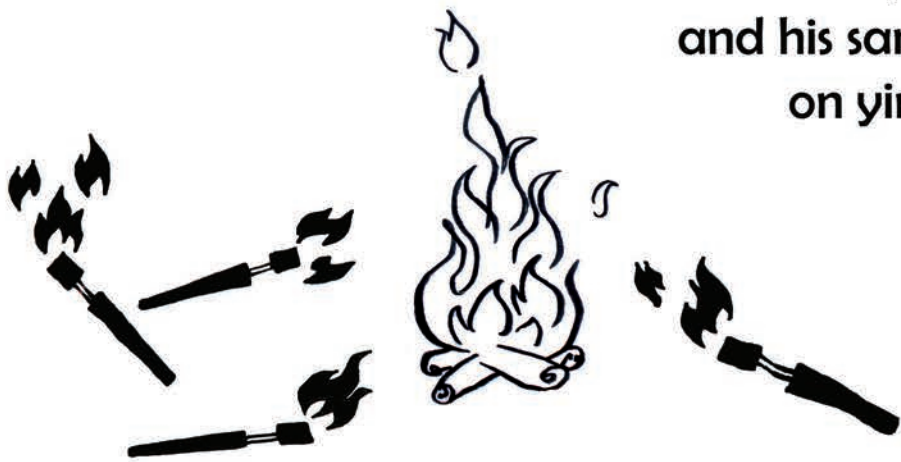
They trauchled in the shadda
o the wa they'd made.
It cast a gruesome,
doolsome shade.
And the soond o girnin,
spite and pain
wis the ainly music
they cried their ain.

Then the Haggis came ridin
across the land,
stridin the hills,
a wan-man band,
wi pipes and drum,
a fiddle tae,
and jooglin fire -
a braw display!
(Did onybody ken him?
Naebody, nay!)





He pitched his tent
on tap o the wa,
and his sangs sailed doon
on yin and aw.



They shut the windaes!
They slammed the doors!
Aw ye could hear
were the faithers' roars:
"Dinnae gang oot!
A scunner's in toon!
Some maukit, mingin,
ootland loon!"



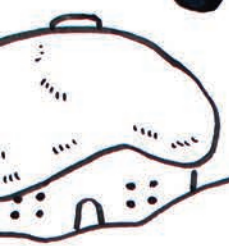
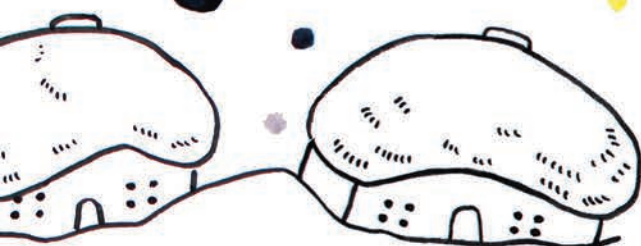
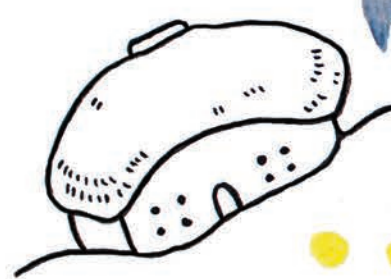
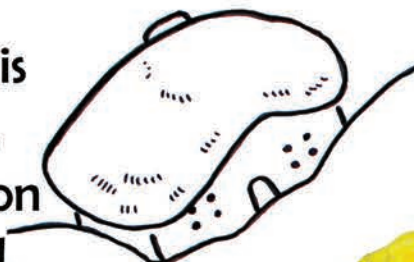


**"It's a trick o the neeps!"
the tatties cried,
"Get the bairns
and stey inside!"
The neeps cawed oot,
"It's a tattie plot!
Tak up your claymore!
Grab your slingshot!"**



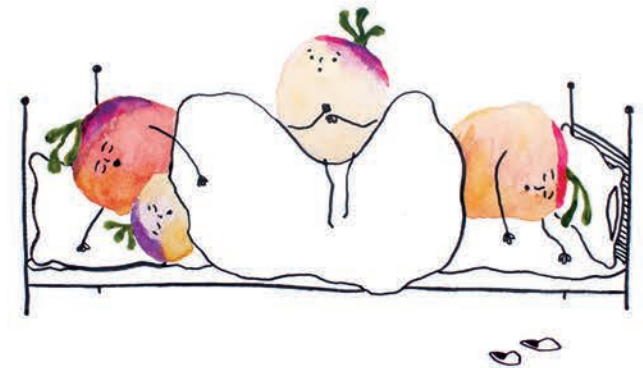
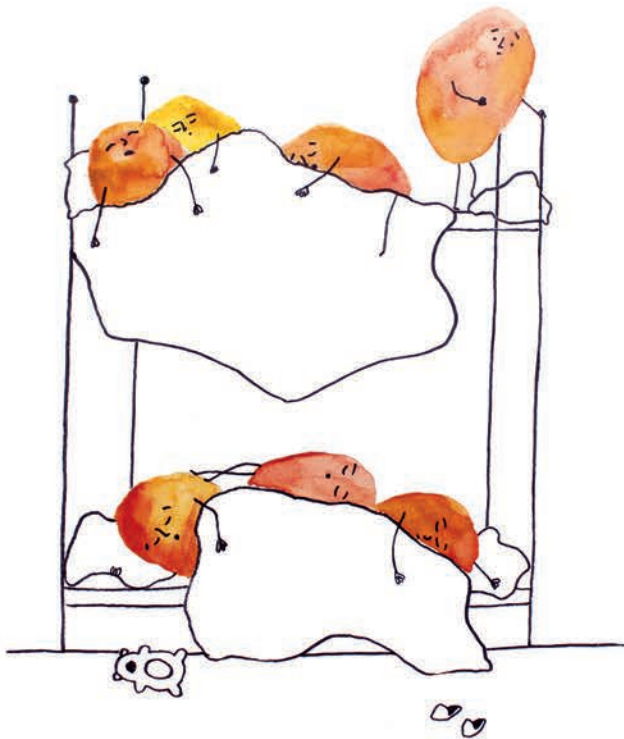


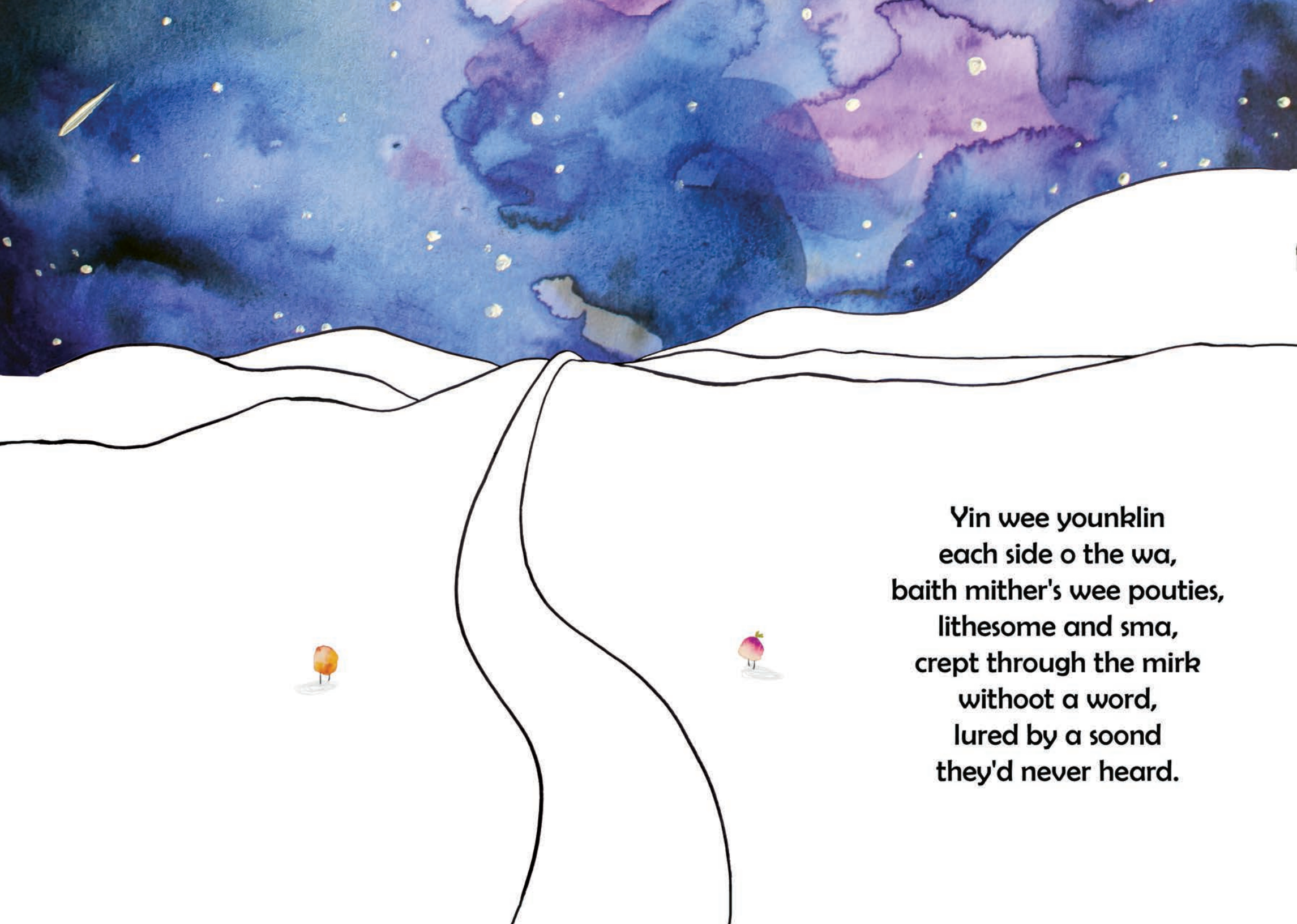
But the sonsie Haggis
jist sat and played,
and the sun gaed doon
and he never strayed.
The neeps and the tatties
they sneevilled and shook
and didna daur
tae tak a look.





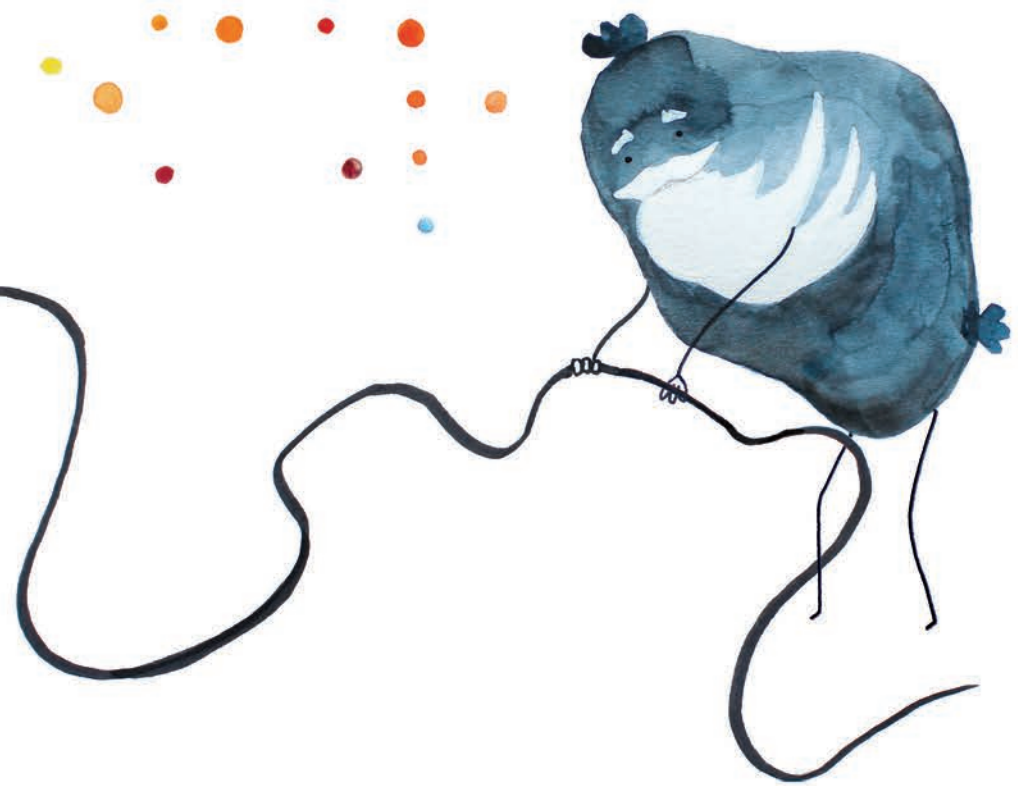
But yin wee tattie
that couldna sleep
got up in the nicht –
and sae did yin neep.
The sang o the Haggis,
sae tender and sweet,
drew them oot o their beds
and ontae the street.



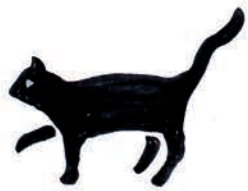


Yin wee younklin
each side o the wa,
baith mither's wee pouties,
lithesome and sma,
crept through the mirk
withoot a word,
lured by a soond
they'd never heard.

Each stood ablow
and stared above.
The Haggis sent doon
his sangs o love.
Then he took a lang raip
and cast it wide
sae yin end landit
on ilka side.

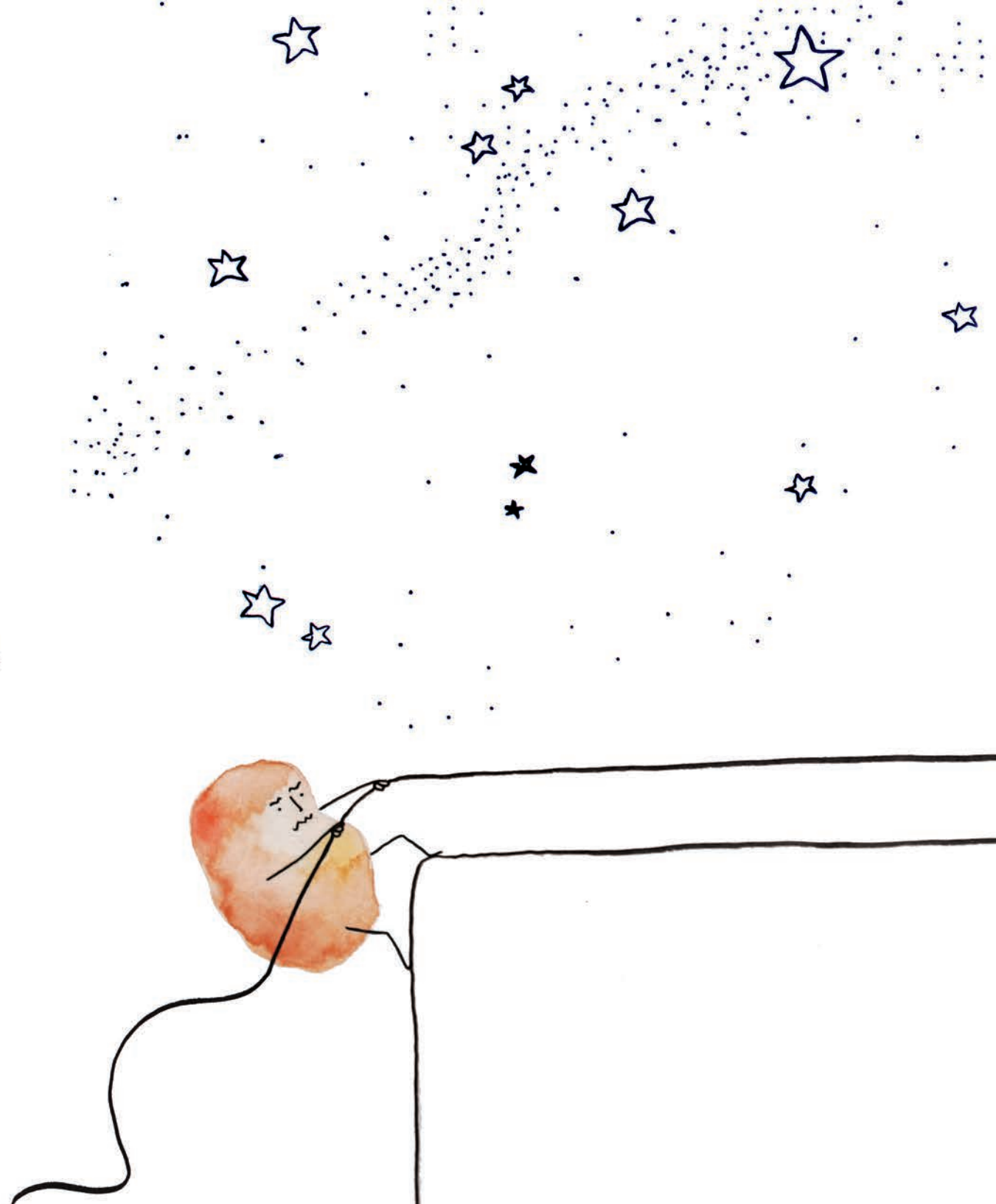


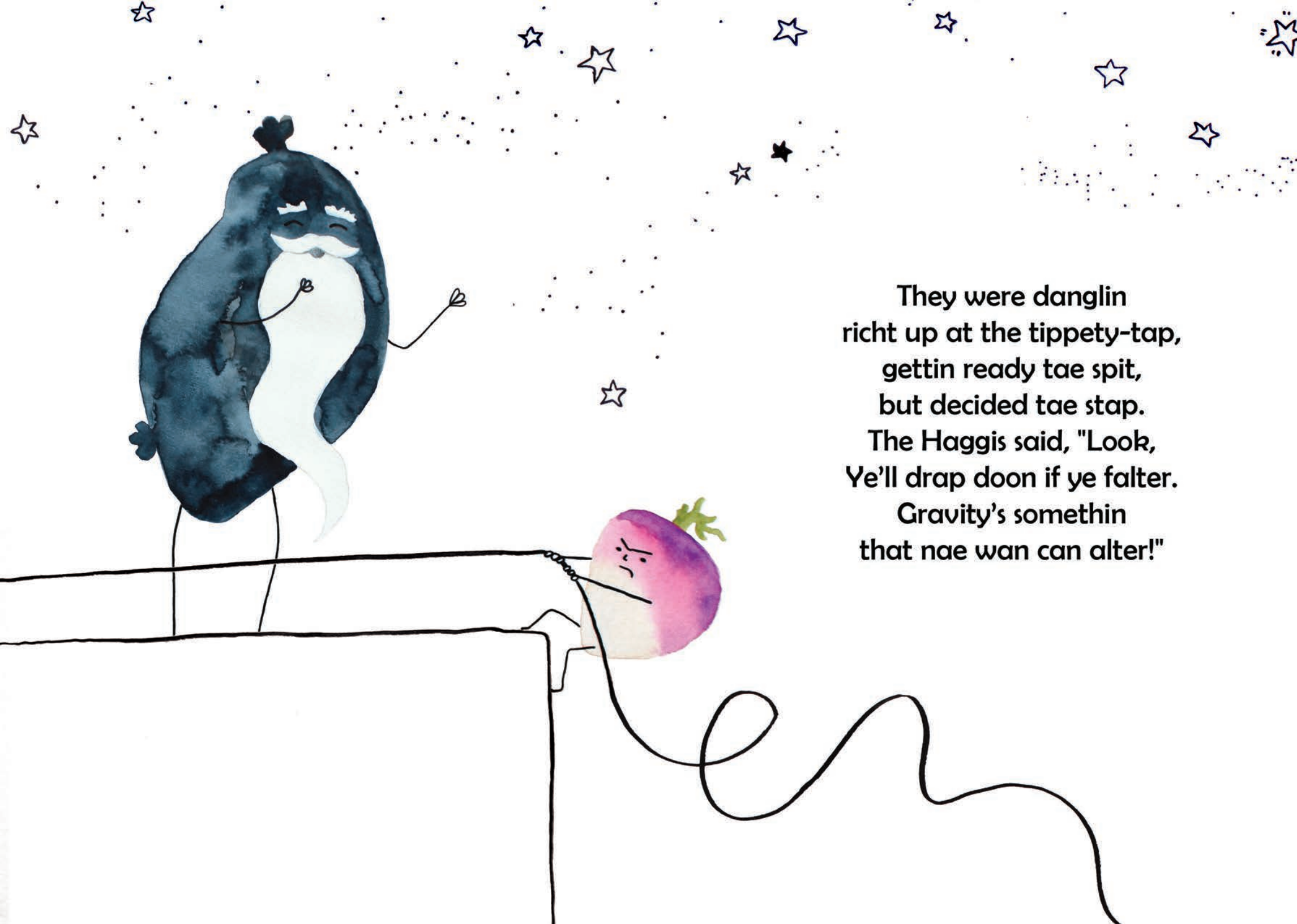
The neep and the tattie
took haud o the line.
No wice tae each ither
they stertit tae climb.
The upstaunin Haggis
jist joogled and sang.
He finished three verses!
The wey up wis lang!



Noo imagine whit happened:
the weans reached the summit,
caught sicht o each ither
and stertit tae plummet.
"Dinnae lowse!" cried the Haggis.
"Haud ticht or ye'll faw!
Ye depend on each ither
tae conquer this wa!"

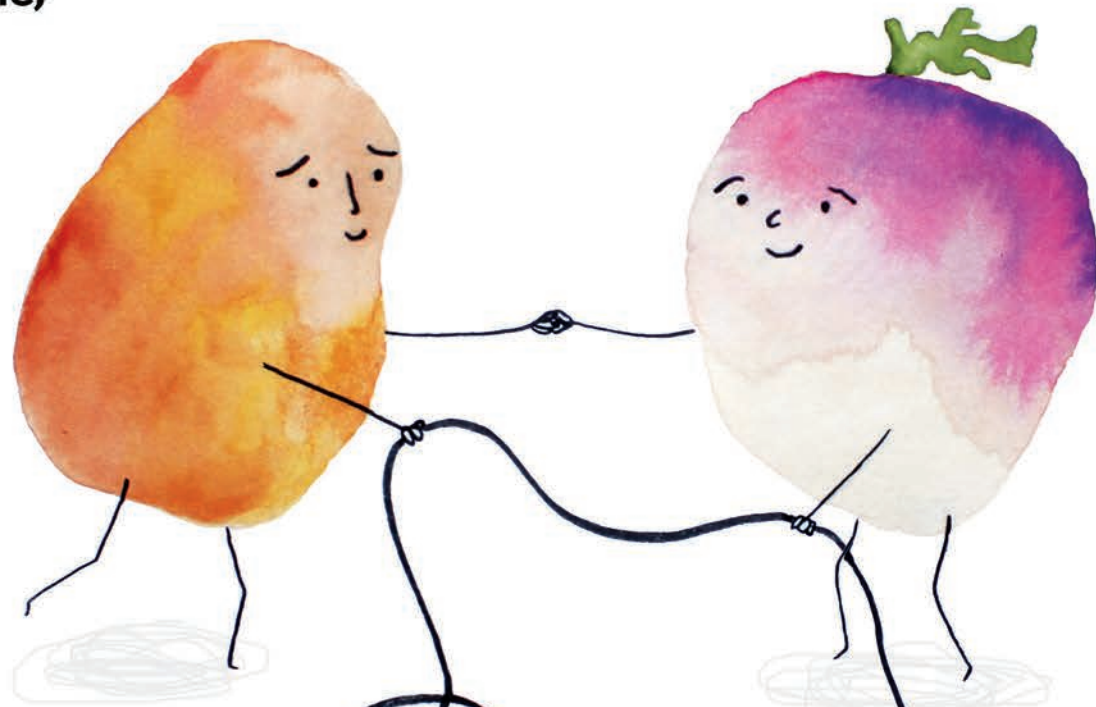
Sae they held, but they grummled,
they girmed and they craiked
while the auld Haggis laughed
'til his squishy sides ached.
"Up here we can play,
we can sing, we can dance,
but ainly if ye
gie each ither a chance."



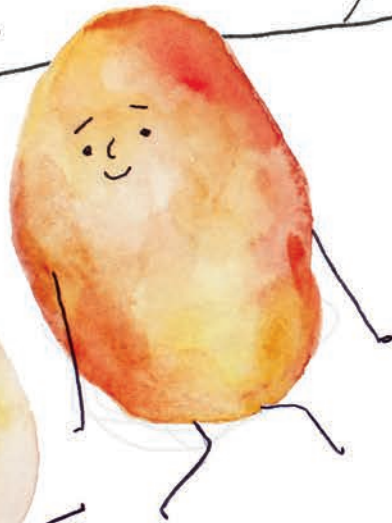


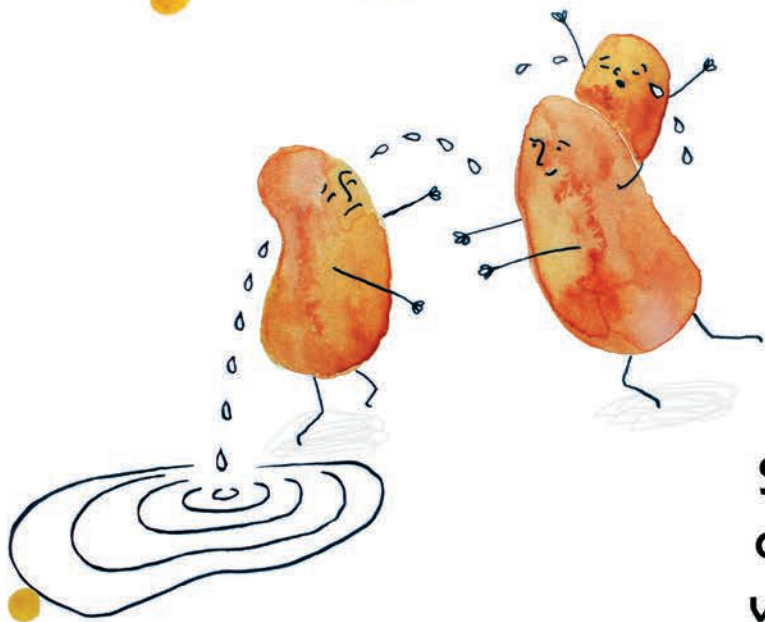
They were danglin
richt up at the tippety-tap,
gettin ready tae spit,
but decided tae stap.
The Haggis said, "Look,
Ye'll drap doon if ye falter.
Gravity's somethin
that nae wan can alter!"

"Thegither ye'll manage,
jist sing as ye treid.
Noo smile at each ither -
Dinnae lose yer wee heid!"
Then the neep and the tattie,
they ettled tae staund
by giein each ither
a shy helpin haund.

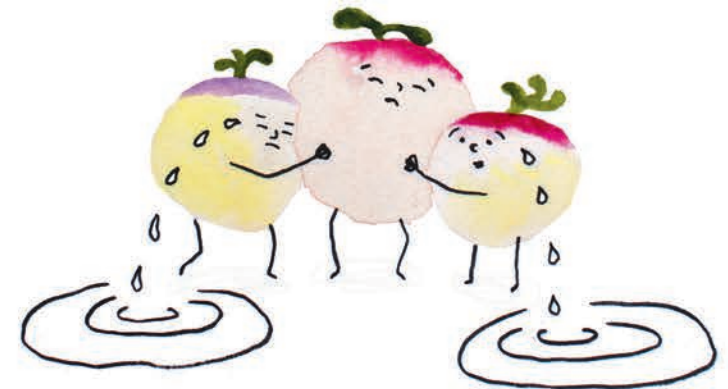
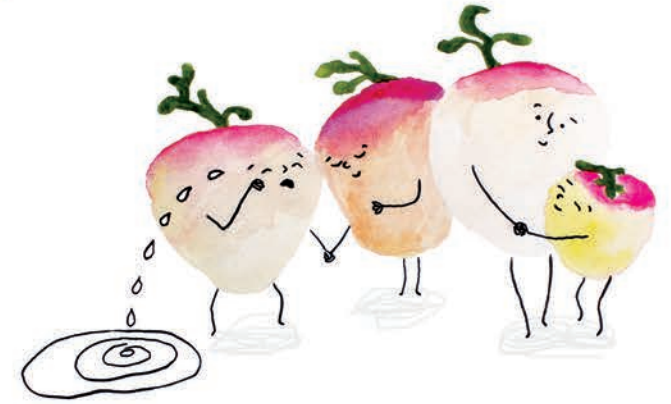


Then they felt that geegly
and gratefu and free,
they clapped and they laughed
and the Haggis made three.
They sat doon thegither
in dumfooneder delicht
and sang and tellt stories
aw through the bricht nicht.

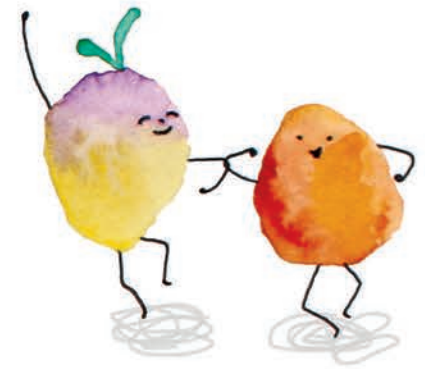


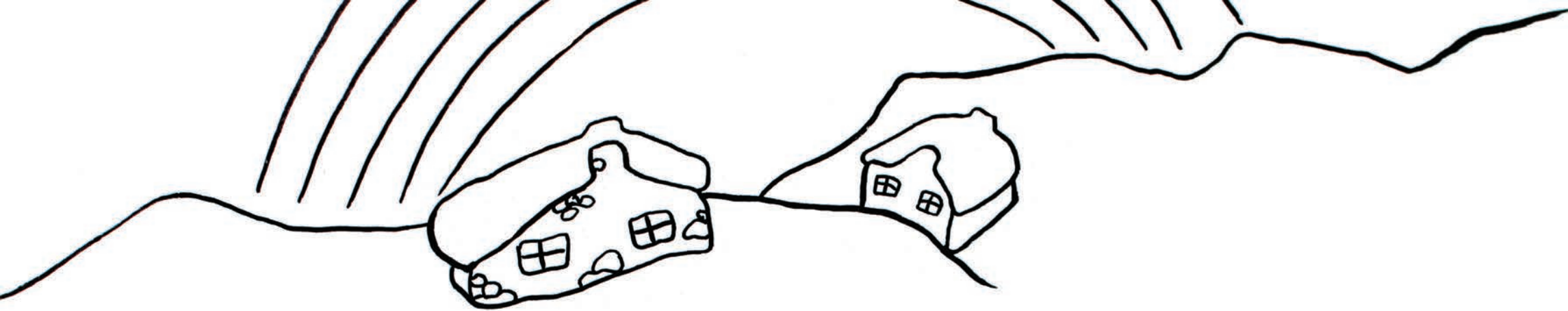


Sae by mornin the soonds
comin doon tae the street
were that blithe and joyfu
they made tatties greet.
The neeps tae were bubblin,
aw herts were burst open –
jist whit the Haggis
had ayewis been hopin!



Ye ken then whit happened?
They aw speeled up!
And drank fae the Haggis's
braw lovin cup.
They danced and sang,
and jined every game:
no a neep nor a tattie
steyed girnin at hame.

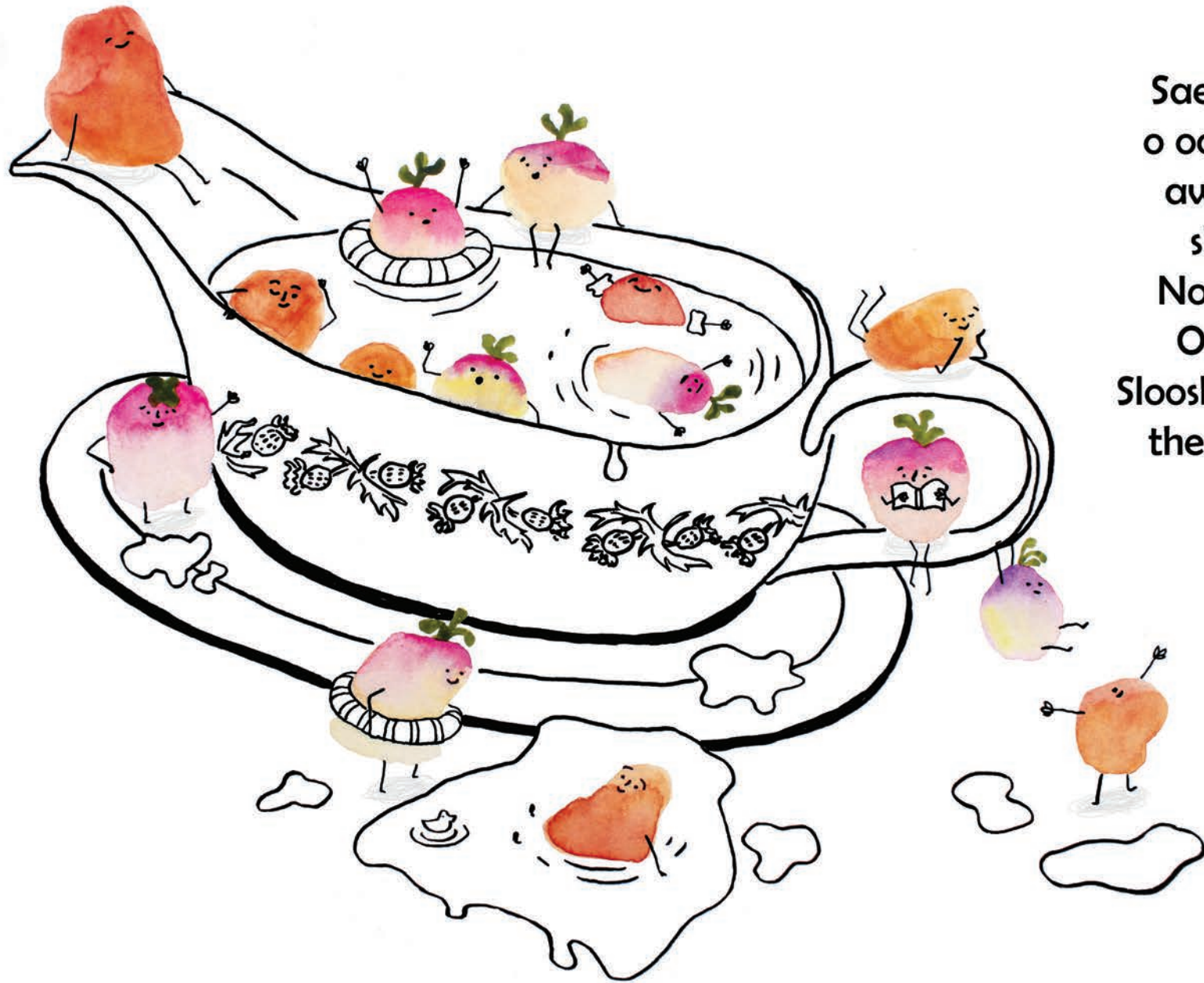




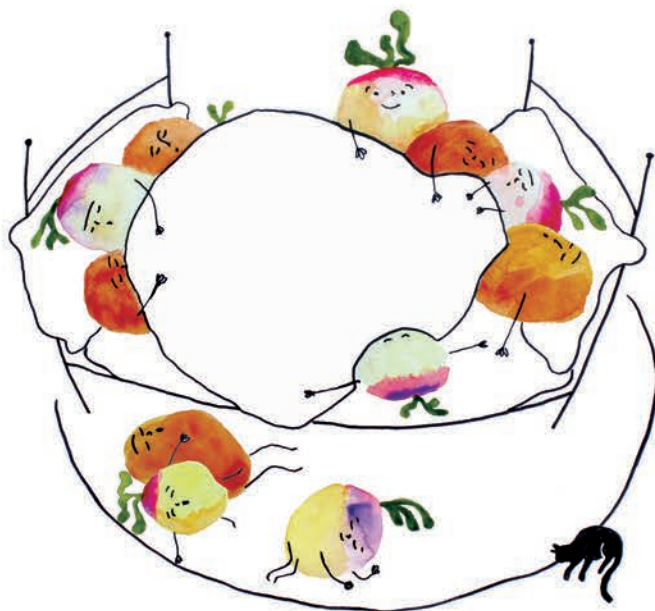
A new toon grew up
on the tap o the wa
and famed wis its welcome
tae yin and tae aw.
Joy hackum-plackum
tae share and tae keep,
be ye muckle great Haggis
or tattie or neep.

Happy thegither
(and tasty) thae three.
And is that no the wey
that we're aw meant tae be?
Oor roots aw drink
fae the same guid ground!
On aw *oor* heids
wan sun shines doon!





Sae here's the hail gist
o oor glib-gabbit sang:
aw guid vegetables
should get alang!
Noo be a guid tattie!
Or be a guid neep!
Sloosh aboot in the gravy,
then hae a guid sleep!



the end!

GLOSSARY



A

ablow - below
aboon - above
ain - own
ainly - only
argle-barglous - quarrelsome
ayewis - always

B

bade - lived
bairns - children
baldie - bald
blithe - glad
bonnie - beautiful
braw - splendid
bricht - bright
broon - brown
bubblin - weeping

C

cantie - cheerful
coorsely - wickedly, naughtily
cooryin in - cuddling in
couldna - couldn't
couthie - friendly
cowp - rubbish dump
crabbit - angry, bad-tempered
craiked - groused

D

daur - dare
delicht - delight
dinnae gang oot - don't go out
dinnae hing - don't hang around
dinnae louse! - don't let go!
doolsome - melancholy, sad
dreich - dreary
dumfooned - bewildered

F

fa' - befalls, is
fae - from
fau - fall
feartie breek! - scaredy cat!
fou - full
freends - friends

E

ettled - managed

G

geegly - giggly
giein - giving
girned - complained
girnin - complaining, grumbling
glib-gabbit - silly, nonsensical
gratefu - grateful
greet - cry
grummled - grumbled
guid - good

H

hackum-plackum - equal in every way, totally fair
hail - whole
hert - heart
hie - high
hoo - how

I

ilka - either, each
ill-willie - mean



J

jined - joined
jooglin - juggling
joyfu - joyful

K

keelies - rascals, rogues
ken - know
kennin naethin - knowing nothing

L

lang syne - long ago, long since
lithesome - slight
lugs - ears

M

maleecious - cruel
maukit - dirty, filthy
mingin - stinking
mirk - murk
muckle - great

N

neep - turnip
nicht - night

O

ootland - outsider
ower - over

P

pouties - darlings

R

raip - rope
rammie - free for all, violent fight
richt - right
rin - run
rump an stump - totally

S

sang - song
scaulded - scolded
sclavered - slandered, spread malicious gossip
screeved - scratched
scunner - objectionable person
shadda - shadow
shair - sure
sicht - sight
sma - small
snauchles - weaklings, wimps
sneeviled - snivelled
sneisty - harsh
sonsie - lucky, bringing good fortune
speeled - climbed
splairged - besmirched
sproot - sprout
spylt - spoiled
strang - strong

Y

yin and aw - one and all
yince - since
yins - ones
younklin - youngster

T

tait - taste
tattie - potato
thegither - together
ticht - tight
tither - other
tellt - told
toon - town
tottie weans - little kids
trauchled - exhausted themselves
treid - step

U

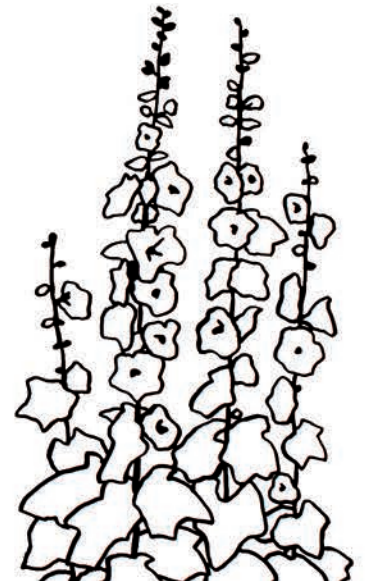
upstaunin - honest, worthy

V

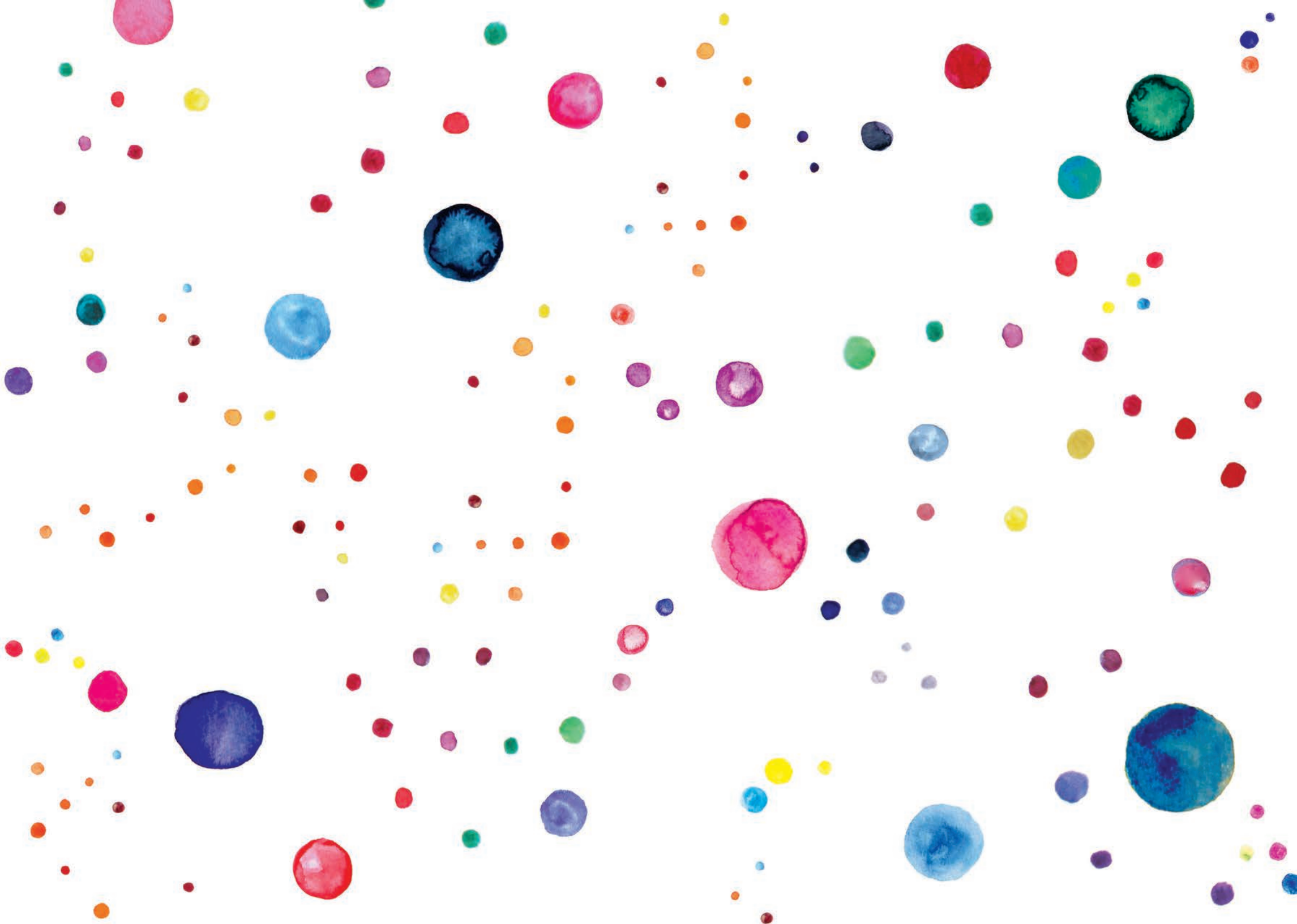
veecious - vicious

W

wa - wall
wae - woe
wan - one
wee - little
wha - who
wice - wise









Nobody even remembers why or when the trouble started,
but the poor Neeps and Tatties are stuck in a miserable, age-old animosity.
Things only get worse and worse - until the wise old Haggis comes to town, singing his songs of healing.

Neeps and Tatties is a fun and heart-warming tale of how our courage and innocence
can lead us beyond enmity and into the delights of togetherness.

(written in rhyming Scots - but fear not! - a glossary is included)