**Room on the Broom**

**Ulster Scots**

The witch had a cat

An a wile lang hat,

An ginery hair

Wha she pit in a plait.

Hoo the cat purred

An hoo the witch grinned,

As they sat on their bizzum

An fleed through the wind.

But hoo the witch wheenged

An the cat fluffed an aa

When the wind wis sae wild

That the hat blew awa.

“Doon!” cried the witch,

An they fleed tae the grun

They plunnert an they reenged

But nae hat could be fun.

Then oot fae the bushes

(an this is the truth)

There boundit a doag

Wi the hat in haes mooth.

He drapped it politely

(a guid doag indeed),

As the witch pu’d the hat

Firmly doon on her heid.

“I’m a doag,” said the doag,

I’m smert an I’m snell. (Snell: Sharp, clever. To change it would affect the rhyme)

Is there room on the broom

For a doag like masel?”

“Aye!” cried the witch,

An the doad climbed on board

The witch chapped the bizzum and

Wheech! Aff they soared.

They fleed ower the parks

An they fleed ower the trees.

The doag wagged haes tail

An hoult on wi haes knees.

The witch laughed oot lood

An hoult on tae her hat,

But the wind whupped the bow

Fae her gingery plait!

“Doon!” gowled the witch,

An they fleed tae the grun.

They ryped an they reenged

But nae bow could be fun.

Then oot fae a tree

Wi a lug-ringin shriek,

There fluttered a burd

Wi the bow in its beak.

She drapped it politely

Wi grace an wi care,

Then said (as the witch

Tied the bow in her hair),

“A am a burd,

As nae doot ye can tell.

Is there room on the broom

For a burd like maesel?”

“Aye” screeghed the witch,

Sae the burd fluffed on board.

The witch chapped the bizzum an

Wheech! They aa soared.

Ower reeds an ower rivers

They birled alang

The burd shrieked wi glee

As the storm grew mair strang.

They forged through the sky

Clean awa aff the map

The witch grupped her bow

But she let the wand drap.

“Doon!” gowled the witch

an they fleed tae the grun.

They ryped an they reenged

But nae wand could be fun.

Then oot fae a glar hole,

Aa drookit an sleek,

Lowped a frog. He craiked,

“Is this wand whit ye seek?”

He drapped it politely

(a frog weel-bred),

An as the witch gied it

A dicht, proodly said:

“A am a frog,

As bricht as a bell.

Is there room on the broom

For a baist like maesel?”

“Aye!” gowled the witch,

Sae he hoppid on board.

The witch chapped the bizzum an

Wheech! Aff they soared.

They fleed ower the mosses

An the mountains sae braw.

Frog boonced, an the bizzum …

…. WIS SNAPPIT IN TWA!

Doon fell the frog,

The doag an the cat,

Heid ower heels doon intae

A bog – wi a splat!

The witch’s hauf-bizzum

Fleed intae a clood,

An the witch hear’d a roar

Wha wis fearsome an lood ….

“A am a dragon – nae messin wi me!

An A’m planning tae hae

WITCH AN CHIPS for ma tea!”

“Naw!” cried the witch,

Fleein higher an higher.

The dragon feed efter her.

Pechin oot fire.

!Help!” screeghed the witch,

Fleein doon tae the grun,

She ryped an she reenged

But nae help could be fun.

The dragon drew nearer,

Wi sleverin lips,

He said, “Jist this wance

A’ll hae witch an nae chips.”

But as he red up

Tae stairt on his feasty,

Oot fae a sheugh

Come a scunnersome baist.

It wis lang, dairk an claggy,

Aa feathered an furred.

It had fower frichtsome heids,

It had wings like a burd.

An the soond fae it’s mooth,

Whin it stairted tae speak,

Wis a youwl an a growl

An a craik an a shriek.

It mairched fae the sheugh

Aa dreepin an broon,

An it thunnered, “HEY YOU!

THAT’S MA WITCH!

PIT HER DOON!”

The dragon drew bak –

He wis shooglin wi terror.

He spluttered, “A doot

There’s been some kine o error.

A’ll no hing aboot,

Though it’s braw that we met.”

An he spread oot his wings

An taen aff like a jet.

Then doon come the frog

The burd an the cat.

An “Jings!” said the doag,

“Whit dae ye think aboot that?”

“Oh, thank ye!” the witch cried

(jist aboot greetin)

“Withoot ye A’m sure

A wis gan tae be eaten!”

The she fullt up her cauldron

An said wi a grin,

“Awa an fin something

An jist fling it in.”

The burd fun a twig,

The cat fun a cone,

The frog a flooer

An the doag an oul bone.

They pit them aa in,

The witch gied them a sweel,

An she mummled some magical

Haivers as weel.

“Iggety, figgety, foggety, FIZZUM!”

Then oot come ……..

THE MAIST FANTOOSH, FABULOUIS BIZZUM!

Wi seats for the witch,

Goag an cat (hoo she purred).

A shooer for the frog

An a nest for the burd.

The witch screeghed, “Ya beauty!”

The aa clumb on board.

The witch chapped the bizzum an

Wheech! Aff they soared.