

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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I Love a Sausage

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1.

I love a sausage, a big boloney sausage,
If ye saw it ye wad fancy it yersel,
If ye fry it with an ingin,
Ye can hear the sausage singin',
"Mary, my Scots Bluebell".

2.

I had a sausage, a bonny, bonny sausage,
I put it in the oven for my tea.
I went down to the cellar
To get the salt and pepper,
And the sausage ran after me.

3.

I love a cookie
A Co'perative cookie
A hail big cookie to masel:
Ye squeeze oot the cream
And hear the cookie scream--
Mary, my Scots Bluebell!

I love a cabbage,
A Co'perative cabbage
A hail big cabbage to masel:
Ye cut oot the hairt
And gie it to your tairt
Mary, my Scots bluebell!

I love an aipple
A Co'perative aipple
A hail big aipple to masel:
Ye cut it up in qua'ers
And gie it to the squa'ers--
Mary, my Scots bluebell!

I love an ingan
A Co'perative ingan
A hail big ingan to masel:
Ye fry it wi' a sausage
And hear the ingan singan'--
Mary, my Scots bluebell!

4.

I love a cookie, a Co-operative cookie,
Tho' ye cannae get near it for the smell;
If ye spread it wi' some syrup,
Ye'll hear the syrup chirrup,
"Mary, ma Scots Bluebell."

I love a sausage, a Co-operative sausage,
Tho' ye cannae get near it for the smell;
If ye fry it wi' an ingin,
Ye'll hear the ingin singin',
"Mary, ma Scots Bluebell."

I love some breid, some Co-operative breid,
Tho' ye cannae get near it for the smell;
If ye spread it wi' some butter,
Ye'll hear the butter mutter,
"Mary, ma Scots Bluebell."

(1) Collected by the ed. from Bill McGinnes, Salt Spring, B.C., July 8, 1989 (aged 89; from his mother, Ayr).

(2) Opies Lore (1959), 92, from a correspondent, current forty years before, "not long after the original song was written". Nowadays used for "dipping".

(3) Ritchie Singing Street (1964), from Edinburgh, mid-forties. Co'perative is the normal way of pronouncing "Co-operative", shortened sometimes to (bisyllabic) "Co-op (shop)", or even "the Co"; qua'ers = "quarters", squa'ers = "squatters" (pronounced with characteristic glottal stop). The latter were poor folk who set up house in whatever accommodation presented itself--waste ground, abandoned tenements, etc.--victims of the acute housing shortage after the war. Stanza 3 in Opies Lore (1959) 92, from Dean Orphanage, Edinburgh, 1955.

(4) Collected in Glasgow, 1961. I spell the full word here to avoid confusion.

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