

Primary 3- choose one to learn

The Dentist by J.K. Annand

I'm gaun to see the dentist
And sit upon his chair;
He'll twiddle wi his fancy knobs
And raise me in the air.

He's lots o orra nick nacks
And water coloured pink
That I can hae to synd my mou
Syne skoosh intil his sink.

And gif I'm unco lucky
He'll dae me up in style
Sae I'll can show a gowden tuith
That sparkles when I smile.

Bus Queue by J.K. Annand

Waitin for the bus
A wifie made a fuss.
Said it wisnae fair
To keep us standing there.

Seemed to think she spoke
For aa the ither folk.
Ach , we didna care
Hou lang we waited there.

We played the game "I spy"
And time fair stotted by.
We wadna get the blame
If the schule bus never came.

The Sair Finger by Walter Wingate

You've hurt your finger? Puir wee man!
Your pinkie? Deary me!
Noo, juist you haud it that wey till
I get my specs and see!

My, so it is - and there's the skelf!
Noo, dinna greet nae mair.
See there - my needle's gotten't out!
I'm sure that wasna sair?

And noo, to make it hale the morn,
Put on a wee bit saw,
And tie a Bonnie hankie roun't
Noo, there na - rin awa'!

Your finger sair ana'? Ye rogue,
You're only lettin' on.
Weel, weel, then - see noo, there ye are,
Row'd up the same as John!