

Primary 7- choose one to learn

Lament for a Lost Dinner Ticket

By Margaret Hamilton

See ma mammy
See ma dinner ticket
A pitituma
Pokit an she pititiny
Washnmaschine.

See thou burnty
Up wherra firewiz.

Ma mammy says Am no tellnyagain
No'y playnit
A jist wen'y eatma
Pokacrisps furma dinner
Nabigwoffldoon.

The wummin sed Aver near
Clapsd
Jistur heednur
Wee wellies sticknoot.

They sed Wot heppind?
Nme'nma belly
Na bedna hospital
A sed A pititnma
Pokit an she pititny
Washnmaschine.

They sed Ees thees chaild eb slotly
Non verbal?
A sed MA BUMSAIR
Nwen'y sleep.

Tam O' Shanter by Robert Burns

Extract 3

Ah, *Tam!* Ah, *Tam!* thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, *Meg*,
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For *Nannie*, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble *Maggie* prest,
And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she *Maggie's* mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claut her by the rump,
And left poor *Maggie* scarce a stump.

THE COMING OF THE WEE MALKIES

by Stephen Mulrine

Haw missis, whit'll ye dae when the wee
Malkies come,
If they dleep doon affy the wash-hoose
dyke,
An pit the hems oan the sterrheid light,
An play wee heidies oan the clean close wa,
Missis, whit'll ye dae?

Whit'll ye dae when the wee Malkies come,
If they chap yir door an choke yir drains,
An caw the feet fae yir sapsy weans,
An tumble thur wulkies through yir sheets,
An tim thur ahes oot in the street,
Missis, whit'll ye dae?

Whit'll ye dae when the wee Malkies come,
If they chuck thur screwtaps doon the pan,
An stick the heid oan the sanitory man,
When ye hear thum shauchlin doon yir
loaby,
Chanting, "Wee Malkies! The gemme's a
bogey!"
Haw, missis, whit'll ye dae?