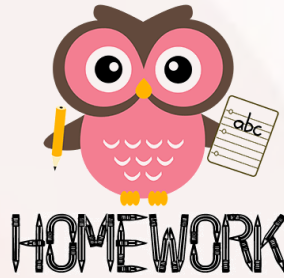


Burns Poem

You must learn the Burns Poem, Tam O'Shanter, before the 25th of January. You will perform this to me as part of your talking assessment. Think about:

- **Eye contact:** the speaker should look at their audience (everyone) from time to time. Check to see they are listening to you.
- **Body language:** try to stand still and look confident. No fidgeting about or staring at the floor. Use your hands to 'talk' but don't overuse them.
- **Tone and pace of voice:** try to use a clear voice which should naturally rise and fall when you are talking. No mumbling, whispering or speaking too fast.
- **Fluency:** Try to talk for the full time without pausing or using fillers such as saying eh, ummmm.

22nd January 2024



PDF linked on homework page of blog under last week's HW

Tam o' Shanter (Original)

When chapmen billies leave the street,
And drouthy neighbors, neighbors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
And getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our home,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonie lasses.)

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As to'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blemum:
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That lika melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as long as thou had siller;
That every naig was co'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Tam o' Shanter (Translation)

When the peddler people leave the streets,
And thirsty neighbours, neighbours meet;
As market days are wearing late,
And folk begin to take the road home,
While we sit boozing strong ale,
And getting drunk and very happy,
We don't think of the long Scots miles,
The marshes, waters, steps and stiles,
That lie between us and our home,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame (wife),
Gathering her brows like a gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath, to keep it warm.

This truth finds honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he from Ayr one night did canter;
Old Ayr, which never a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.

Oh Tam, had you but been so wise,
As to have taken your own wife Kate's advice!
She told you well you were a waster,
A rambling, blustering, drunken boaster,
That from November until October,
Each market day you were not sober;
During each milling period with the miller,
You sat as long as you had money,
For every horse he put a shoe on,
The blacksmith and you got roaring drunk on;
That at the Lords House, even on Sunday,
You drank with Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that, late or soon,
You would be found deep drowned in Doon,
Or caught by warlocks in the murk,
By Alloway's old haunted church.

Maths

We have been practicing to find equivalent fractions! Choose a game to play each day to practice!

<https://www.abcya.com/games/equivalent-fractions-bingo>

<https://wordwall.net/resource/9751496/maths/equivalent-fractions-sorting-game>

<https://wordwall.net/resource/59710/maths/equivalent-fractions-and-decimals>

Complete the sumdog fractions challenge. Remember to practice every day to get better!

