

Scottish Poetry - Please choose one poem for your child's stage to practise and recite

Primary 1



Roguey Poguey

Roguey Poguey
Pickety Peel
My Sister is
A richt wee deil!

She nips my lugs
And rugs my hair
Scatters my toys
Aa ower the flair!

She lauchs and thinks
It is great fun
But then her age
Is only one!

The Wee Rid Motor

In my wee rid motor
I can gang for miles
Up and doon the garden,
Through the lobby whites

Mony a bigger motor
Gangs tae touns afar,
Nane can gang whaur I gang
In my wee rid caur

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Primary 2

Bus Queue

Waitin for the bus
 A wifie made a fuss.

Said it wasna fair
 To keep us standin there.

Seemed to think she spoke
 For aa the ither folk.

Ach we dinna care,
 Hou long we waited there.

We played the game 'I spy'
 And time fair stottit by.

We wadna get the blame
 If the schule bus never came.

J K Annand

Sair Teeth by Ellie McDonald

I'll hae tae buy a dentist's drill
 Tae gie my Teddy's teeth a fill
 I've telt him every single nicht,
 Clean yer teeth and dae it richt.
 But Teddy disnae – that's for shair –
 And nou his twa front teeth are sair!
 My Teddy's thrawn as thrawn can be
 An winna pey nae heed tae me.
 My mither says, "Weill that's a laugh!
 What dae ye think he taks it aff?"

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Primary 3

The Gowk

I met a gowk frae Penicuik,
 Wha thocht he was a bird,
 The way he fluffed and cried 'Cuckoo!'
 He lookit faird absurd

Whit wey he thinks he is a bird,
 I haena got a clue!
 But tho he's no a feathered gowk
 There's nae dout he's cuckoo!

The Snawman

Wee soopit and we shovelled
 And made a man o snaw
 Wi chuckie stanes for buttons
 For een and neb ana

We gied him Geordie's gravat
 And Grandpa's auld lum hat
 We even borrowed Father's pipe
 Did he no grin at that!

And ilka ane that saw him
 Declared that he looked braw!
 But och! The thowe cam far owre quick
 And melted him awa!

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Primary 4

The Sair Finger

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!

Street Talk

There was a rammie in the street,
 A stishie and stramash.
 The crabbit wifie up the stair
 Pit up her winda sash.

“Nou what's adae?” the wifie cried,
 “Juist tell me what's adae.”
*A day is twinty-fower hours, missis,
 Nou gie us peace to play.*

“Juist tell me what's ado,” she cried,
 “And nane o yer gab,” cried she.
*D'ye no ken a doo's a pigeon, missis?
 Nou haud your wheesht a wee.*

“I want to ken what's up,” she cried,
 “And nae mair o yer cheek, ye loun.”
*It's only yer winda that's up, missis.
 For guidsake pit it down.*

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Primary 5

Piper by J. K Annand

The hielant piper in his brows
 Heedrom hodrom hi
 Pluffs his rosie cheeks and blaws
 Heedrom hodrom hielantman.

He gie's his oxtered bag a squeeze
 Heedrom hodrom hi
 And oot the bonnie music flees
 Heedrom hodrom hielantman.

Fingers on the chanter prancin
 Heedrom hodrom hi
 Gar a bodie's feet gae dancin
 Heedrom hodrom hielantman.

Some can pipe and some can sing
 Heedrom hodrom hi
 But I can dance the Hielant Fling
 Heedrom hodrom hielantman.

The Magic Pizza

Eh'm a pizza, a magic pizza,
 Bein stuck in the freezer's a scanner –
 So eh grew twa legs an oor ago
 An fae Tesco Eh did a runner.

Eh'ma pizza, a gaen-mental pizza,
 Eh'm skitin doon the street,
 An giein a muckle cheesy grin
 Tae the dumfoonert fowk Eh meet.

Eh'm a pizza, a please-mehsel pizza,
 Eh can dae whitiver Eh like –
 Fleh wi cheese and tomatae weengs
 Or gae dancin doon a dyke.

Eh'm a pizza, an oan-the-rin pizza,
 The polis are efter me –
 But they needna think that ony o them
 Are haein me fur thir tea.

Eh'm a pizza, a thumb-yir-neb pizza,
 Eh'll tell them tae git loast.
 Oh jings – Eh'm a puggilt pizza noo –
 Eh've stertit tae defroast!

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Primary 6

The Boy on the Train by Mary Campbell Smith

Whit wey does the engine say 'Toot-toot'?
 Is it feart to gang in the tunnel?
 Whit wey is the furnace no pit oot
 When the rain gangs doon the funnel?
 What'll I hae for my tea the nicht?
 A herrin', or maybe a haddie?
 Has Gran'ma gotten electric licht?
 Is the next stop Kirkcaddy?

There's a hoodie-craw on yon turnip-raw!
 An' seagulls! – sax or seeven.
 I'll no fa' oot o' the windae, Maw,
 Its sneekit, as sure as I'm leevin'.
 We're into the tunnel! we're a' in the dark!
 But dinna be frichtit, Daddy,
 We'll sune be comin' to Beveridge Park,
 And the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

Is yon the mune I see in the sky?
 It's awfu' wee an' curly,
 See! there's a coo and a cauf ootbye,
 An' a lassie pu'in' a hurly!
 He's chackit the tickets and gien them back,
 Sae gie me my ain yin, Daddy.
 Lift doon the bag frae the luggage rack,
 For the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

There's a gey when boats at the harbour mou',
 And eh! dae ya see the cruisers?
 The cinnamon drop I was sookin' the noo
 Has tummelt an' stuck tae ma troosers. . .
 I'll sune be ringin' ma Gran'ma's bell,
 She'll cry, 'Come ben, my laddie',
 For I ken mysel' by the queer-like smell
 That the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

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Primary 6

The Gloomy Night Is Gath'ring Fast (Extract by Robert Burns)

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

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Primary 6

The Keepie-Uppie King by Brian Whittingham

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Keepie-Uppie

Keepie-Uppie King.

His robe's a Scotland football top
his name emblazoned on the back
his treasure is the football
he carries inside his pack.

The Keepie-Uppie King

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The Keepie-Uppie

Keepie-Uppie

Keepie-Uppie King.

His kingdom is Glasgow's George Square
his crown, headphones on his head,
his ball could be a jester's
with its silver stripes and red.

The Keepie-Uppie King

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The Keepie-Uppie

Keepie-Uppie

Keepie-Uppie King.

He holds his subjects in his spell
flicking the ball from foot to thigh
to chest to shoulder to neck to head,
holding court is easy-peasy,
he doesn't even have to try,
he doesn't even have to try.

The Keepie-Uppie King

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Keepie-Uppie King.

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Primary 7

To a Mouse (An Extract by Robert Burns)

Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickerin brattle!
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle,
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary Winter comin fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld!

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Primary 7

Tam O'Shanter (An Extract by Robert Burns)

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himsel among the nappy:
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snow falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts forever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.
 Nae man can tether time or tide:
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride,—
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
 And sic a night he taks the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
 That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.