

Primary 3 Scottish Poems



Mince and Tatties

by J K Annand

I dinna like hail tatties,
Pit on my plate o mince.
For when I tak my denner,
I eat them baith at yince.

Sae mash and mix the tatties,
Wi mince into the mashin,
And sic a tasty denner
Will aye be voted 'Smashin!'



DOCTOR

by **J K Annand**

Up drives the doctor
In his big car.
Comes ben the room
And speirs hoo ye are.

"Stick oot yer tongue.
Cough. Say ninety-nine.
Let me feel your pulse.
Hen, ye're daein fine.

"Orange juice for denner.
At tea-time, same again.
An aspirin for supper
And ye'll be richt as rain."



CIRCUS

by J K Annand

The circus cam to our toun
And settled on the Green;
They heistit up the biggest tent
That I hae ever seen.

And there for twa-and-saxpence
He let me in to see
Some acrobats up in the ruif
Dae henners on a swee.

Pownies danced the cha-cha,
Monkeys rade on bikes,
They even had a fitba match
For teams o mongrel tykes.

The best turn in the circus was
The clown in baggy brees
That gart me lauch until the tears
Cam rinnin doun my cheeks.