

Primary 4 Scottish Poems



Come Sailin'

By J K Annand

Come intil my boat
I'll tak ye for a sail,
We'll mebbe catch a cod
A mackerel or a whale,
We'll mebbe catch a mermaid
And we will be enthralled
But I think it far mair likely
We'll only catch the cauld.



The Hen's Lament

By Sheena Blackhall

It's nae delight tae be a hen
Wi clooks an claws an caimb
Reestin wi the rottans
In a hen-house for a hame.

Ne sunner div I settle doon
My clutch o bairns tae hatch
The fairm-wife comes – a scraunin pest –
She cowps me aff ma cosy nest
A tarry-fingert vratch.

Jist lately, though, she's changed her tune –
Ma plaitie's piled wi corn.
"Sup up, ma bonnie quine," says she,
"We're haein broth the morn!"



Address to the Toothache

By Robert Burns

My curse upon your venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums along,
An' thro' my lug gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance,
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or argues freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colics squeezes,
Our neibor's sympathy can ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee-thou hell o' a' diseases-
Aye mocks our groan.

Adown my beard the slavers trickle
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
While round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup,
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup!

In a' the numerous human dools,
Ill hairsts, daft bargains, cutty stools,
Or worthy frien's rak'd i' the mools, -
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o'fools,
Thou bear'st the gree!

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Where a' the tones o' misery yell,
An' ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell,
Amang them a'!

O thou grim, mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes o' discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore, a shoe-thick,
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A townmond's toothache!