

## Primary 5 Scottish Poems



### Elephant

**By J K Annand**

The elephant's a funny beast,  
A tail at either end,  
Twa teeth as lang as barbers' poles,  
Nae waist - he canna bend!

When nae wind blaws to cool the beasts  
Upon the birselt plain,  
The elephant juist flaffs his lugs  
And starts a hurricane.

The elephant's a cannie beast,  
He wadna hurt a flie.  
I think I'll write a letter and  
Invite him til his tea.



## Brekin Rainbows

**By Janet Paisley**

He wis just a wee lad  
dibblin in a puddle,  
glaur fae head tae fit,  
enjoyin haen a guddle.  
He nicht hae been a poacher  
pu'in salmon fae the beck.  
He coulda bin a paratrooper,  
swamp up tae his neck.  
Mibbe he wis brekin rainbows  
reflectit in the watter,  
his ill-shod feet wid split the prism  
an mak the colours scatter.  
Oneywey, he wis faur awa,  
deep wandert in his dreams.  
It richt sobert me tae mind  
a dub's no whit it seems.  
An while ah watched an grieved  
the loss that maks a man a mug,  
alang the road fair breenged his maw  
an skelpt him roon the lug.



## Scots Wha Hae

**By Robert Burns 1759-1796**

### [Scots Wha Hae](#)

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,

Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;

Welcome to your gory bed,

Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;

See the front o' battle lour;

See approach proud Edward's power—

Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?

Wha can fill a coward's grave!

Wha sae base as be a slave?

Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!—  
Let us do or die!



**My Hoggie**  
**by Robert Burns**

What will I do gin my Hoggie die?  
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie!  
My only beast, I had nae mae,  
And vow but I was vogie!  
The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,  
Me and my faithfu' doggie;  
We heard nocht but the roaring linn,  
Among the braes sae scroggie.

But the houlet cry'd frae the castle wa',  
The blitter frae the boggie;  
The tod reply'd upon the hill,  
I trembled for my Hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did craw,  
The morning it was foggie;  
An unco tyke, lap o'er the dyke,  
And maist has kill'd my Hoggie!

