

Primary 6 Scottish Poems



Crocodile

By J K Annand

When *doukin* in the River Nile
I met a *muckle* crocodile.
He flicked his tail, he blinked his ee,
Syne bared his *ugsome* teeth at me.
Says I, 'I never saw the like,
Cleaning your teeth *maun be a fyke!*
What sort a *besom* do ye hae
To brush a set o teeth like thae?"
The crocodile said, '*Nane ava.*
I never brush my teeth at aa!
A wee bird *redds* them up, ye see,
And saves me monie a dentist's fee.



Street Talk

By J K Annand

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 yer 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 doun.



ON HOLY WILLIE

By Robert Burns

Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Taks up its last abode;
His saul has ta'en some other way,
I fear, the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is, as sure's a gun,
Poor, silly body, see him;
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
Observe wha's standing wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye;
But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye have nane;
Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er,
And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, Sir, deil as ye are,
Look something to your credit;

A coof like him wad stain your name,
If it were kent ye did it.



To a Mouse – An Extract

By Robert Burns

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering 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!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou mayst thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave

'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

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 mony 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!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice an 'men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e.

On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!
