

Primary 7 Scottish Poems



The Sair Finger

By Walter Wingate

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!



A Dug, A Dug

By Bill Keys

Hey, daddy, wid yi get us a dug?
A big broon alsatian? Ur a wee white pug,
Ur a skinny wee terrier ur a big fat bull.
Aw, daddy. Get us a dug. Wull ye?

N whose dug'll it be when it durties the *flerr*?
and pees'n the carpet, and messes the *sterr*?
It's me ur yur mammy'll be taen fur a mug.
Away oot an play. Yur no needin a dug.

Bit, daddy! Thur gien thum away
doon therr at the RSPCA.
Yu'll get wan fur nothing so ye wull.
Aw, daddy. Get us a dug. Wull ye?

Doon therr at the RSPCA!
Dae ye hink ah've goat nothing else tae dae
bit get you a dug that ah'll huftae mind?
Yur no needin a dug. Ye urny blind!

Bit, daddy, thur rerr fur guardin the hoose
an thur better'n cats fur catchin a moose,
an wee Danny's dug gies is *barra* a pull.
Aw, hey daddy. Get us a dug. Wull ye?

Dae ye hear im? Oan aboot dugsn again?
Ah hink that yin's goat dugsn the brain.
Ah know whit ye'll get; a *skiten* the *lug*
if ah hear any merr aboot this bliddy dug.

Bit, daddy, it widnae be dear tae keep
N ah'd make it a basket fur it tae sleep
N ah'd take it fur runs away orr the hull.
Aw, daddy. Get us a dug. Wull ye?

Ah don't hink thur's ever been *emdy* like you.
Ye could wheedle the twist oot a flaming coarkscrew.
Noo get doon aff mah neck. Ah don't want a hug.
Awright. That's anuff. Ah'll get ye a dug.
Aw, daddy! A dug! A dug!



ADDRESS TO A HAGGIS

By Robert Burns

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the pudding-race!
Aboon them a' yet tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy o'a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin was help to mend a mill
In time o'need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready sleight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like ony ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin', rich!

Then, horn for horn, they stretch an' strive:
Deil tak the hindmost! on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit! hums.

Is there that owre his French ragout
Or olio that wad staw a sow,

Or fricassee wad make her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckles as wither'd rash,
His spindle shank, a guid whip-lash;
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread.
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whistle;
An' legs an' arms, an' hands will sned,
Like taps o' trissle.

Ye Pow'rs, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer
Gie her a haggis!



A MAN'S A MAN OF A' THAT

By Robert Burns

Is there for honest Poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that;
The coward slave-we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that.
Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;
A Man's a Man for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that:
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's abon his might,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that;
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that,)

That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.