

## 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!'



## The Gowk

I met a gowk frae Penicuik,  
Wha thocht he was a bird,  
The way he fluffed and cried 'Cuckoo!'  
He lookit faird absurd

Whit wey he thinks he is a bird,  
I haena got a clue!  
But tho he's no a feathered gowk  
There's nae dout he's cuckoo!



## The Snawman

Wee soopit and we shovelled  
And made a man o snaw  
Wi chuckie stanes for buttons  
For een and neb ana

We gied him Geordie's gravat  
And Grandpa's auld lum hat  
We even borrowed Father's pipe  
Did he no grin at that!

And ilka ane that saw him  
Declared that he looked braw!  
But och! The thowe cam far owre quick  
And melted him awa!

