

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 Sair Finger

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!



Street Talk

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 your 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 down.*