

## 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.



### The Boy on the Train by Mary Campbell Smith

Whit wey does the engine say 'Toot-toot'?  
Is it feart to gang in the tunnel?  
Whit wey is the furnace no pit oot  
When the rain gangs doon the funnel?  
What'll I hae for my tea the nicht?  
A herrin', or maybe a haddie?  
Has Gran'ma gotten electric licht?  
Is the next stop Kirkcaddy?

There's a hoodie-craw on yon turnip-raw!  
An' seagulls! – sax or seeven.  
I'll no fa' oot o' the windae, Maw,  
Its sneckit, as sure as I'm leevin'.  
We're into the tunnel! we're a' in the dark!  
But dinna be frichtit, Daddy,  
We'll sune be comin' to Beveridge Park,  
And the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

Is yon the mune I see in the sky?  
It's awfu' wee an' curly,  
See! there's a coo and a cauf ootbye,  
An' a lassie pu'in' a hurly!  
He's chackit the tickets and gien them back,  
Sae gie me my ain yin, Daddy. L  
ift doon the bag frae the luggage rack,  
For the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

There's a gey when boats at the harbour mou',  
And eh! dae ya see the cruisers?  
The cinnamon drop I was sookin' the noo  
Has tummelt an' stuck tae ma troosers. . .  
I'll sune be ringin' ma Gran'ma's bell,  
She'll cry, 'Come ben, my laddie',  
For I ken mysel' by the queer-like smell  
That the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

**The Gloomy Night Is Gath'ring Fast (Extract by  
Robert Burns) (BURNS OPTION)**

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;  
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain;  
The hunter now has left the moor,  
The scatter'd coveys meet secure;  
While here I wander, prest with care,  
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,  
By early Winter's ravage torn;  
Across her placid, azure sky,  
She sees the scowling tempest fly:  
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.



**To a Mouse (An Extract by Robert Burns) (BURNS OPTION)**

Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,  
Wi' bickerin 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!

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 monie 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!

