**The Bogle by WD Cocker**

There’s a bogle by the bour-tree at the lang loan heid,

I canna thole the thocht o him, he fills ma hert wi dreid;

He skirls like a hoolet, an he rattles aa his banes,

An gies himsel an unco fash to fricht wee weans.

He’s never there by daylicht, but ance the gloamin faas

He creeps along the heid-rig, an through the tattie shaws,

Syne splairges through the burn, an comes sprachlin ower the stanes

Then coories doun ahint the dyke to fricht wee weans.

I canna see I’ve seen him, an it’s no that I am blin,

But, wheneer I pass the bour-tree, I steek ma een an rin;

An though I get a tummle whiles I’d rather thole sic pains,

Than look upon the likes o yon that frichts wee weans.

I daurna gang that gait ma lane by munelicht or by mirk,

Oor Tam’s no feart, but then he’s big; an strang as ony stirk;

He says the bogle’s juist the win that through the bour-tree maens.

The muckle gowk! It’s no the win that frichts wee weans.

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**Breaking Rainbows by Janet Paisley**

He wis jist a wee lad  
**dibblin** in a puddle,  
**glaur** fae heid tae fit,  
enjoyin haen a **guddle.**  
He micht hae been a poacher  
pu’in salmon fae the beck.  
He coulda been a paratrooper  
swamp up tae his neck.  
Oneywey, he wis faur awa,  
deep wandered in his dreams.  
It richt sobered me tae mind  
a **dub’s** no whit it seems.  
An while ah watched an grieved  
the loss that maks a man a mug,  
alang the road fair **breenged** his Maw  
an **skelpt** him roon the **lug.**

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**Address to a Haggis by Robert Burns**

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

The groaning trencher there ye fill,  
Your hurdies like a distant hill,  
Your pin wad 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 slight,  
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,  
Like onie 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-swall'd kytes belyve  
Are bent like drums;  
The 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 mak her spew  
Wi perfect scunner,  
Looks down wi sneering, scornfu view  
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,  
As feckless as a 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 make it whissle;  
An legs an arms, an heads will sned,  
Like taps o thrissle.

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

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**To a Mouse by Robert Burns**

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, 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' murdering 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, whyles, but thou may thieve;

What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!

A daimen-icker in a thrave

'S a sma' requet;

I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,

An' never miss't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!

Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!

An' naething, now, to big a new ane,

O' foggage green!

An' bleak December's win's ensuing,

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 and stibble,

Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!

Now thou's turned 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 are blest, compared wi' me!

The present only toucheth thee:

But Och! I backward cast my e'e,

On prospects drear!

An' forward, tho' I cannot see,

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And then, O what a glorious sight,  
Warm-reekin, rich!

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Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,  
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The 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 mak her spew  
Wi perfect scunner,  
Looks down wi sneering, scornfu view  
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,  
As feckless as a 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,  
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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 make it whissle;  
An legs an arms, an heads will sned,  
Like taps o thrissle.

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

**To a Mouse by Robert Burns**

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, 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' murdering 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, whyles, but thou may thieve;

What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!

A daimen-icker in a thrave

'S a sma' requet;

I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,

An' never miss't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!

Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!

An' naething, now, to big a new ane,

O' foggage green!

An' bleak December's win's ensuing,

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 and stibble,

Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!

Now thou's turned 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 are blest, compared wi' me!

The present only toucheth thee:

But Och! I backward cast my e'e,

On prospects drear!

An' forward, tho' I cannot see,

I guess an' fear!

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