



Primary 6-7 Scottish Poems

Choose one of the poems below to learn and recite. All of the poems can be found here <https://primary.scotshoose.com/poems.html> to help you learn how to perform your chosen one,

A DUG A DUG

by Bill Keys

Hey, Daddy, wid ye get us a dug?
A big broon alsation or a wee white pug?
Or a skinny wee terrier, or a big fat collie?
Aw, daddy, get us a dug. Will ye?

Whit! And whose dug'll it be when it durties the flerr,
And pees on the carpet and messes the sterr?
It's me or yer mammy'll be tane furra mug.
Away oot and play. Yer no gettin a dug.

But daddy they're gien them away
Down therr at the RSPCA.
Ye'll get wan fur nothin, so ye will.
Aw. Daddy, get us a dug, Will ye?

Dae ye hear um? Oan about dugs again?
Ah think that yin's goat dugs oan the brain.
Ah know whit ye'll get: a skite oan the lug
If ah hear ony merr about this bloomin dug.

Aw, Daddy, it widnae be dear tae keep
And ah'd make it a basket fur it tae sleep.
And ah'd take it fur runs away ower the hull.
Aw, Daddy, get us a dug. Will ye?

Ah doan't think there's embdy like you:
Ye could wheedle the twist oot a flamin' corkscrew.
Noo! Get doon aff my neck. Gie's nane a yur hugs.
Aw right. THAT'S ANUFF. Ah'll get ye a dug.

Aw Daddy. A dug. A dug.

THE PUDDOCK

by JM Caie

A puddock sat by the lochan's brim,
And he thocht there was never a puddock like him.
He sat on his hurdies, he waggled his legs,
And cockit his heid as he glowered throu the seggs.
The bigsy wee cratur was feelin that prood,
He gapit his mou and he croakit oot lood:
"Gin ye'd aa like tae see a richt puddock," quo he,
"Ye'll never, I'll sweer, get a better nor me.
I've femlies and wives and a weel-plenished hame,
Wi drink for my thrapple and meat for my wame.
The lasses aye thocht me a fine strappin chiel,
And I ken I'm a rale bonny singer as weel.
I'm nae gaun tae blaw, but the truth I maun tell –
I believe I'm the verra MacPuddock himsel'."

A heron was hungry and needin tae sup,
Sae he nabbit the puddock and gollup't him up;
Synne runkled his feathers: "A peer thing," quo he,
"But – puddocks is nae fat they eesed tae be."

THE PIZZENOUS PET SHOP

by Gregor Steele

The Clarty Cat fae the Western Isles,
Luves tae dive aroon in cundies,
Twice a day fae Mon tae Sat,
But no at aw on Sundays.

The Boakin Budgie flees again!
This time it's had nae seed,
It's stuffed itsel wi fruit an cream,
Tae blaw chunks on yir heid.

The Slevverin Slug is sleekit,
It plans oot its attack,
It slides up yir shirt tae the collar,
An dribbles doon yir back.

The Floater Frog's a minger,
Fowk gie it dug's abuse,
It sneaks up an sooks yir ginger,
An leaves bits in the juice.

The Honkin Hurcheon's hummin,
Its reek ye cannae thole,
It bides beside the cludgie,
An helps clean oot the bowl.



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 wordy of 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 dewes distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see Rustic-labour dicht,
An' cut ye up wi' ready slicht,
Trenching your gushing entrails bricht,
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sicht,
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 mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
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' bluidy 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 whistle;
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 skinkin ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a Haggis!

To a Mouse by Robert Burns

Wee, sleekit, couerin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breistie!
Thou needna start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickerin brattle!
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee
Wi' murd'rin pattle!

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
And fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou mayst thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
And never miss 't!

Thy wee-bit hoosie, too, in ruin!
Its silly waws the win's are strewin!
And naethin, noo, to big a new ane,
O foggage green!
And bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
And weary Winter comin fast,
And cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thocht 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 turn'd oot, for aw thy trouble,
But hoose or hald,
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
And cranreuch cauld!

But Moosie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresicht may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' Mice and Men
Gang aft agley,
And lea us nocht but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy!

