

Ferryhill Burns' Celebration 2021

<u>Suggested poem choices for Primary 1 and 2</u>	
Mince and Tatties by J.K. Annand	Doctor by J.K. Annand
<p>I dinna like hail tatties Pit on my plate o mince For when I tak my denner I eat them baith at yince.</p> <p>Sae mash and mix the tatties Wi mince into the mashin, And sic a tasty denner Will aye be voted 'Smashin!'</p>	<p>Up drives the doctor In his big car. Comes ben the room And speirs hoo ye are.</p> <p>"Stick oot yer tongue. Cough. Say ninety-nine. Let me feel your pulse. Hen, ye're daein fine.</p> <p>"Orange juice for denner. At tea-time, same again. An aspirin for supper And ye'll be richt as rain."</p>

<u>Suggested poem choices for Primary 3 and 4</u>	
Crocodile by J.K. Annand	The Sair Finger' by Walter Wingate
<p>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.</p> <p>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?"</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>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!</p> <p>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?</p> <p>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'!</p> <p>Your finger sair ana'? Ye rogue. Ye're only letting on! Weel, weel, then – see noo, there ye are. Row'd up the same as John!</p>

Suggested poem choices for Primary 5, 6 and 7

The Puddock by J.M Caie

A puddock sat by the lochan's brim,
An' he thocht there was never a puddock like him.
He sat on his hurdies, he waggled his legs,
An' cockit his heid as he glowered throu' the seggs.

The bigsy wee cratur' was feelin' that prood,
He gapit his mou' an' he croakit oot lood:
'Gin ye'd a' like tae see a richt puddock,' quo' he,
'Ye'll never, I'll sweer get a better nor me.

I've fem'lies an' wives an' a weel-plenished hame,
Wi' drink for my thrapple an' meat for my wame.
The lasses aye thocht me a fine strappin' chiel.
An' 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 an' needin' rae sup,
Sae he nabbit th' 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 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.
Lift doon the bag frae the luggae 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!