**P5 poems for recital.** Pupils all choose 1 poem to recite in class with the option to be considered to perform in assembly. Pupils should learn off by heart and think about adding to their “performance” through expression and props. Due 22nd January. Use these 3 weeks to practise.

**Tae a Moose**

**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' murd'ring pattle!   
  
I'm truly sorry man's dominion,   
Has broken nature's social union,   
An' justifies that ill opinion,   
What makes thee startle   
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,   
An' fellow-mortal!   
  
I doubt na, whiles, but thou may 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,   
An' never miss't!   
  
Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!   
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!   
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,   
O' foggage green!   
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,   
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 an' stibble,   
Has cost thee mony 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!   
  
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 art blest, compar'd wi' me;   
The present only toucheth thee:   
But och! I backward cast my e'e,   
On prospects dreaer!   
An' forward, tho' I canna see,   
I guess an' fear!

**Up in the Morning Early**

**By Robert Burns**

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,  
The drift is driving sairly;  
Sae loud and shrill’s I hear the blast,  
I’m sure it’s winter fairly.

Up in the morning’s no for me,  
Up in the morning early;  
When a’ the hills are cover’d wi’ snaw,  
I’m sure its winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,  
A’ day they fare but sparely;  
And lang’s the night frae e’en to morn,  
I’m sure it’s winter fairly.

Up in the morning’s no for me,  
Up in the morning early;  
When a’ the hills are cover’d wi’ snaw,  
I’m sure its winter fairly.

**The Sair Finger**

**By Walter Wingate**

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!