

Scots Poems

My Wee Doggie by JK Annand

My wee doggie
does lots of tricks,
Fetches the paper,
Brings back sticks.

Chases aw the craws,
That steal the hen's feed,
Lowps through a gird,
kids he's deid.

Sits on his hunkers,
Gies a paw,
Then he gets a bane to gnaw.

The Wee Rid Motor by Sandy Thomas Ross

In my wee rid motor
I can gang for miles
Up an doon the gairden
Through the lobby whiles.

Mony a bigger motor
Gangs tae toons afaur
Nane can gang whaur I gang
In my wee rid caur.