

Irvine Burns Club for Primary Schools

Try to complete these lines of poetry:

(1)

Up in the morning's no for --,

Up in the morning ----- !

When a' --- ----- are cover'd wi' -----

I'm sure it's ----- fairly.

(2)

O wad some power the giftie gie us

To see oursels as others --- --!

(3)

O, my luv'e's like a ---, --- -----,

That's newly sprung in -----.

(4)

Nae man can tether time nor -----.

(5)

The best laid schemes of ---- and ---

Gang aft agley

(6)

Or like the snow falls in the river,

A moment ----- then ----- forever;

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Match the Scottish word with its English equivalent

The first one is almost done for you – draw a line from the bold word on the left to the bold word on the right. Then do the others for yourself.

Lass	Nothing
Blaws	Cold
Wi	Evening
Cauld	Shivering
Hameward	Beautiful
Morn	From
Wee	With
Sleekit	Blows
Canna	Glossy coated
Snell	Run
Thole	Sometimes
E'en	Small
Housie	Endure
Frae	Bitter
Bonnie	Girl
Rin	Cannot
Whyles	Homeward
Nought	Morning
Chittering	House

Irvine Burns Club for Primary Schools – Word Search

A Y A W O L L A D L
Y I A A M L E A C O
L A Y D O E Y H O A
H G R U B N I D E B
H N B O N N I E S N
N O L L E N S O E I
M O U S I E H E W D
W A N S A L T I R E
S N W A I I N A W E
C H I T T E R I N G

Find the following:

Edinburgh	Chittering
Nell	Snell
Ayr	Wi
Housie	Saltire
Wee	Mousie
Snaw	Bonnie
Alloway	

Words can run left to right, right to left, top to bottom, bottom to top or diagonally.

Irvine Burns Club for Primary Schools – Up in the Morning Early

Name

School

Robert Burns found the chorus of this song during his travels in Scotland and he added two verses. We believe that there should be three verses! Can you write a suitable third verse? – either pessimistic as below or optimistic, looking forward to Spring.

“Up in the Morning Early”

Chorus Up in the morning’s no for me,
Up in the morning early!
When a’ the hills are covered wi’ snaw,
I’m sure it’s Winter fairly!

Verse 1 Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drifts are driving sairly,
Sae loud and shrill’s I hear the blast –
I’m sure it’s Winter fairly!

Verse 2 The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A’ day they fare but sairly;
And lang’s the night frae e’en till morn –
I’m sure it’s Winter fairly.

Verse 3 (your one!)