



Poetry Recitation & Copywork

Poetry Selections

This session's featured poet is Robert Burns. We've included four poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

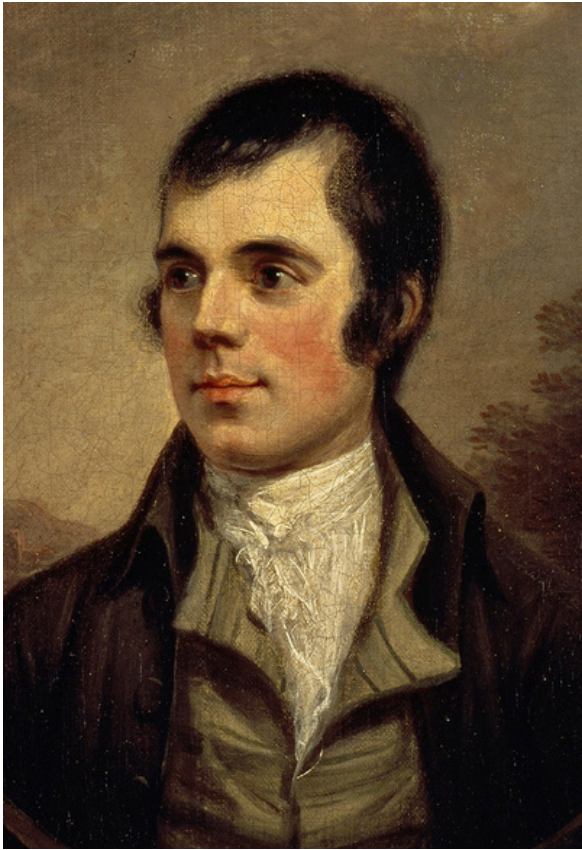
- A Red, Red Rose
- To a Mouse
- To a Louse
- Aud Lang Syne

For copywork, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college ruled for older students. The poems we have chosen are:

- A Red, Red Rose
- To a Mouse

There is scarcely anything to which I am so feelingly alive as the honour and welfare of my country, and, as a poet, I have no higher enjoyment than singing her sons and daughters.

~ Robert Burns



Robert Burns

25 January 1759 – 21 July 1796

Robert Burns, also known as Rabbie Burns, was a man who captured the hearts and minds of people through his lyrical poetry. Born in 1759 in Alloway, Ayrshire, Scotland, Burns grew up with humble beginnings on a farm, where he learned traditional Scottish folk songs from his mother. His early exposure to the oral tradition of storytelling and song would greatly influence his writing style, and he would later go on to become Scotland's national poet.

Despite facing financial struggles throughout his life, Burns was determined to pursue his passion for poetry and became known by critics as the "Heaven-taught ploughman," meaning that though he came from humble beginnings, he had great talent.

He wrote extensively about love, nature, politics, and social issues, often using Scottish dialects and incorporating traditional Scottish music into his work. His poems were relatable and spoke to the common people, making him a beloved figure among the working class.

In 1786, Burns published his first collection of poems called *Poems: Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, which received critical acclaim and made him a literary sensation. He gained popularity not only in Scotland but also in England and beyond, with his works being translated into multiple languages. One of Burns' most famous works is "Auld Lang Syne," a song that is still sung around the world on New Year's Eve. Other notable works include "To a Mouse," "A Red, Red Rose," and "Tam o' Shanter." His poems were not only beautiful but also reflected his beliefs and values. Burns was an advocate for equality, social justice, and democracy, which can be seen in many of his works.

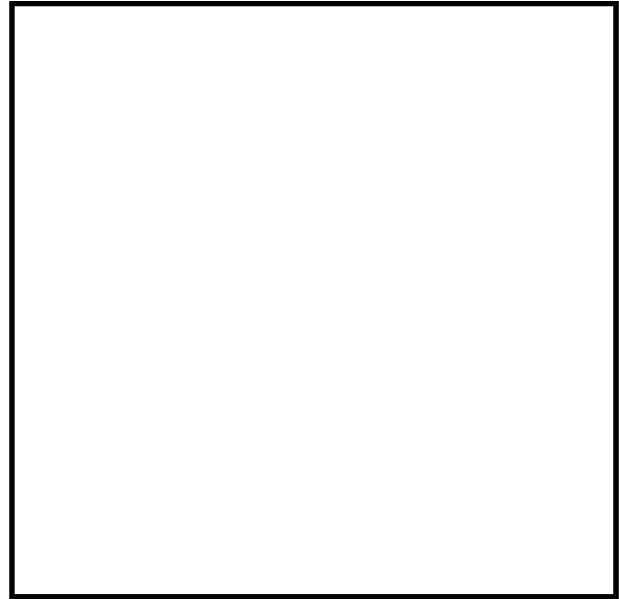
Sadly, Burns passed away at the young age of 37 due to heart disease, leaving behind a wife and several children. However, his impact on Scottish literature and culture is immeasurable. He has been commemorated through statues, memorials, and an annual celebration of his life and work called Burns Night. His works have had a global impact and influenced notable figures including William Wordsworth, Percy Bysshe Shelley, John Steinbeck, and Bob Dylan. There is even a crater on Mercury named after him! Through his words, Burns spoke to the struggles and joys of everyday life, making him not only a poet but also a voice for the people, and he is celebrated worldwide as one of Scotland's finest writers.

Poet Study

Poet: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____



3 Facts About the Poet:

Best Known Poems by the Poet:

Robert Burns Selections

A Red, Red Rose

O my Luve is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luve is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne.
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

Robert Burns Selections

To a Mouse

On Turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough,
November 1785.

Wee, sleeke, cowran, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickerin 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,
 Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' 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 blessing 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 monie 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 drear!
An' forward tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

Robert Burns Selections

To a Louse

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie!
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gawze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely,
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner,
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle,
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight,
Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right,
Till ye've got on it,
The vera topmost, towrin height
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump an' gray as onie grozet:
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpriz'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On 's wylecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi, fye!
How daur ye do 't?

O Jenny dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abroad!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin!
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin!

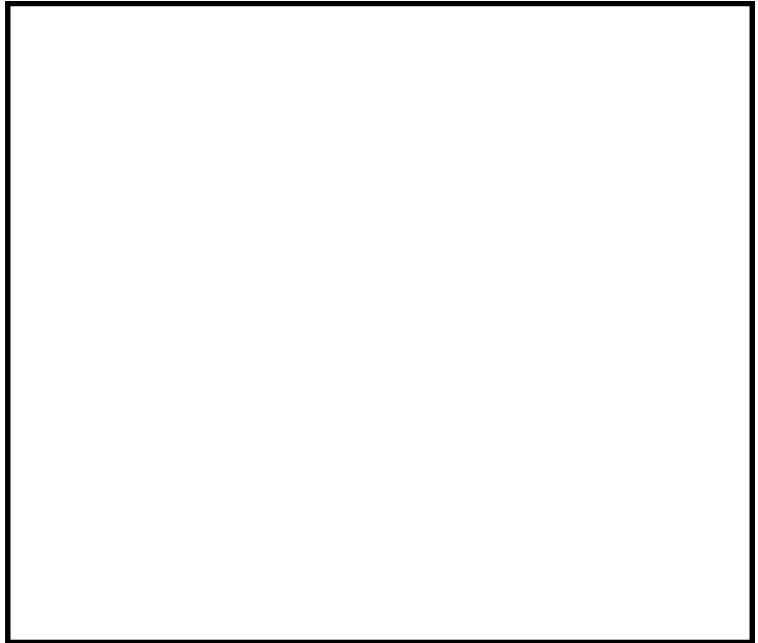
O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion!

Poetry Study

Title:

Type of Poem:

Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.



Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:

Write three adjectives about the poem.

Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work
