



CONTENTS:

Page 2	..	Rabbie's Story
Page 5	..	Burns Supper
Page 6	..	Draw Rabbie
Page 7	..	Colour Me In
Page 9	..	Rabbie Finger Art
Page 12	..	Finger Puppet Theatre
Page 14	..	Burns Word Search
Page 15	..	Create Your Own Tartan
Page 16	..	Gingerbread Men in Kilts
Page 19	..	Burns Word Scramble
Page 21	..	Burns Poem: Auld Lang Syne
Page 22	..	Burns Poem: Address To A Haggis
Page 24	..	Burns Poem: A Red, Red Rose
Page 25	..	Burns Poem: To A Mouse





Rabbie's STORY



On a wild, stormy night...

...on 25 January 1759 a baby boy is born in Alloway, Scotland. He looks like any other baby. But this little baby was different. This little baby grew up to be one of the greatest poets who ever lived. His name was Robert Burns. We know him better as **Rabbie**.



Life was very hard...

...for Rabbie's family. They were poor farming people and had to work very long hours, tending the land and the cattle, from first thing in the morning until last thing at night. There was no such thing as a day off.



Children in those days had to go out to work...

...when they were about eight or nine years old to help support their family. Rabbie was the eldest of seven children so there were lots of mouths to feed in the Burns house.



Rabbie's dad wanted a better life for his children. He wanted them to be educated, but only rich families could afford this luxury.

Yes, learning was a luxury!

So Rabbie's dad got together with six other parents to employ a teacher.



Rabbie's STORY



Rabbie enjoyed school...

...especially reading and writing. He read everything he could get his hands on, but books weren't very easy to come by. There were no bookshops or libraries for Rabbie. The Bible was one of the only books the family had.



When he was 14, Rabbie and his brother Gilbert were sent away to school in Dalrymple. There, they learned English, Arithmetic, Latin and French. Rabbie would read or write every spare moment he had.



Rabbie soon found that he didn't need a pen or ink. Most of Rabbie's ideas came to him when he was supposed to be doing other things. When he returned from school to work on the farm, he couldn't help but be **inspired by nature.**



One day while Rabbie was out working on the farm, his plough destroyed a wee mouse's home. Rabbie was saddened by this. This inspired Rabbie to write the poem *To a Mouse*. It's written in Old Scots, which was the language people of that time and place spoke. Many of the words are different from the words we use today.

To a Mouse

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sæ hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!



Rabbie's STORY



Although Rabbie had a talent for writing, it didn't pay the bills – especially in the beginning. Like many writers and artists he had to find 'proper' work. Throughout his life he worked as a farmer, flax dresser, an excise man and at one point was ready to go all the way to Jamaica to work on a sugar plantation.



Meanwhile he kept writing and writing and writing. He wrote poems. He wrote songs. Some of his most famous include:

Auld Lang Syne

Address to a Haggis

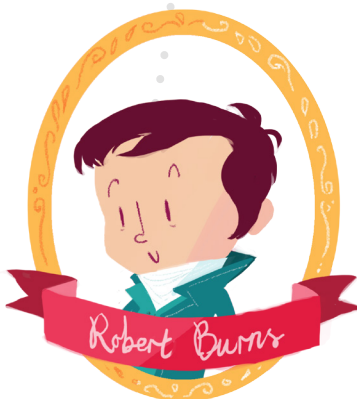
A Red, Red Rose

To a Mouse

Tam o' Shanter



The years spent working the land had taken its toll on Rabbie's health and he became very poorly indeed. Robert Burns died in 1786 when he was only 37 years old. On the day of his funeral his wife Jean gave birth to their ninth child, a boy named Max.



Robert Burns may be gone but he has never been forgotten. On the day of his birth, 25 January, people all over the world pay tribute to his life and works by holding a Burns Supper. At a Burns Supper people eat haggis, neeps and tatties and recite Burns poetry. It's a tradition that has been going for over 200 years. And hopefully will be for hundreds of years to come.

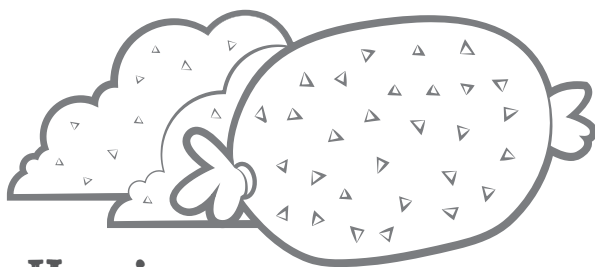
The
End.



Burns SUPPER

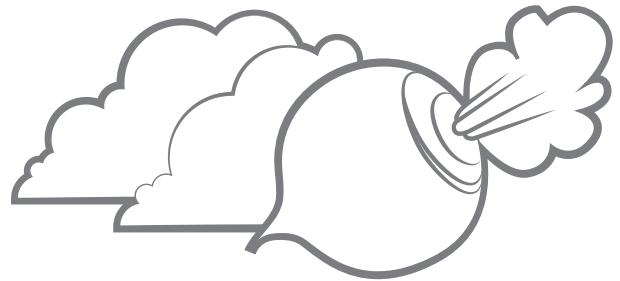
Here are some of the amazing sights, smells and
sounds of a Burns Supper!

Why not colour in the drawings as you go!



Haggis

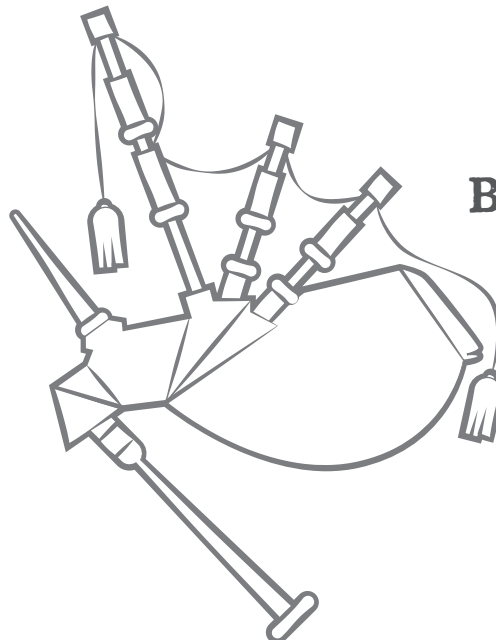
**Neeps
(Turnips)**



Dancers



**Tatties
(Potatoes)**



Bagpipes

What you'll need: Pencils & Paper



Draw RABBIE



1. Draw a circle for Rabbie's head with eyes, a nose and a mouth. Don't forget his eyebrows! Just below his head draw a rectangle for Rabbie's body.



2. Now Rabbie needs some legs! Draw two more rectangles at the bottom of the first rectangle you drew for his body. You can give him a collar for his smart jacket too by drawing two triangles just below his head.



3. Now we can draw Rabbie's socks and feet! Draw two rectangles at the bottom of his legs and two triangles pointing outwards for his feet. You can draw some more of his jacket too.



4. Rabbie had a good head of hair to keep him warm in the cold Scottish winter so you can draw that now too. Give him some arms by drawing two more rectangles out of the top of his body. And draw two half circles for hands. Two triangles below his chin and a line down his front makes up Rabbie's shirt.



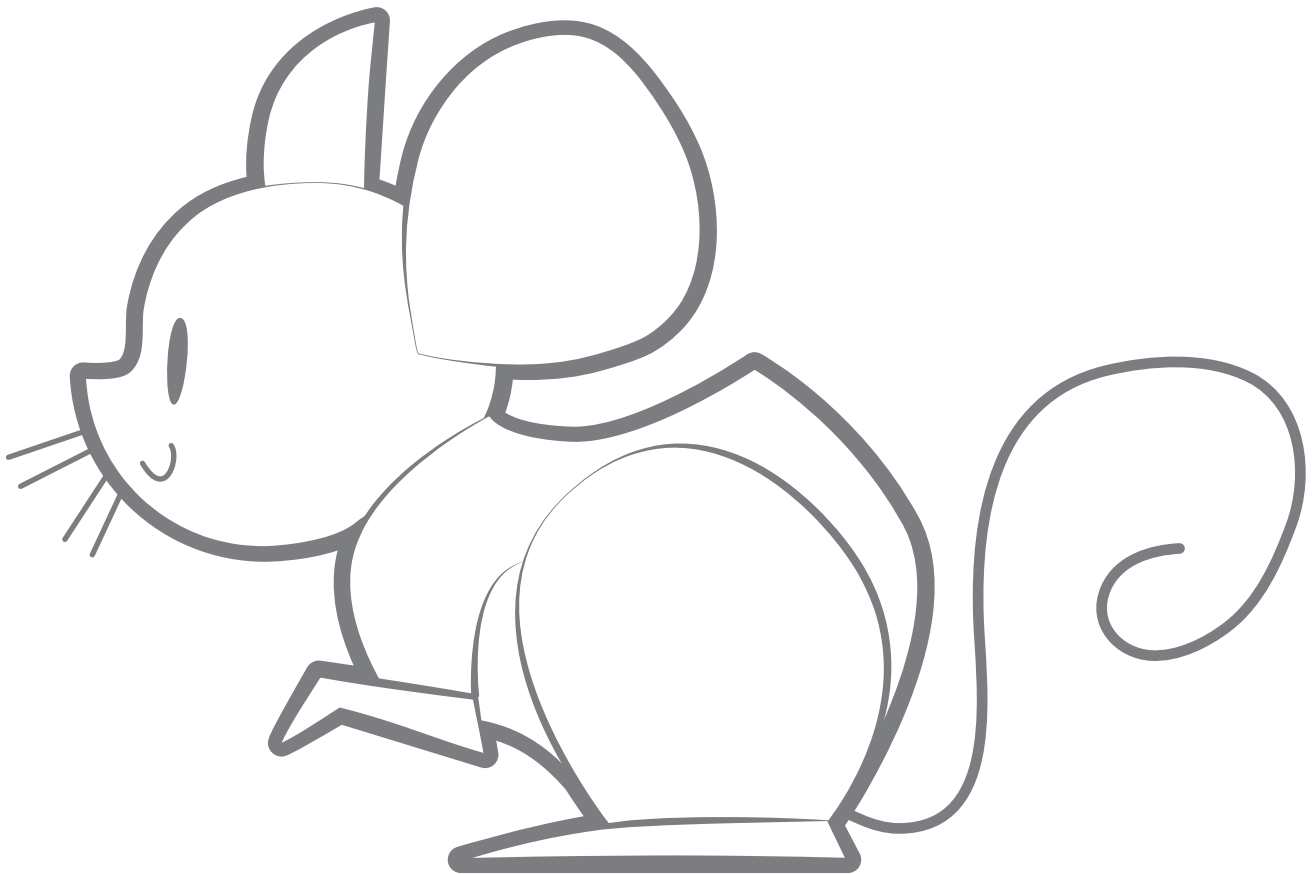
5. Now it's time to add some colour to Rabbie's clothes! And why not add some items of your own like a quill (an old fashioned pen made from a feather) and a poem - or anything you like!



**Colour
me in!**

To A Mouse

“Wee, sleekit, cow’rin, tim’rous beastie”





**Colour
me in!**

Tam o' Shanter



A Red, Red Rose





What you'll need:



An apron



Some paper



**Pencils or
pens**



Your hands



Some paint

How to finger paint:



1. Pick out your paint and pour some onto a plate - you can ask an adult to help you



2. Use your hands as the brush, dipping your finger or whole hand in the paint



3. Use your fingers and hands to create the main shapes of your painting



4. You can use a brush, pen or pencil to add other shapes to your painting



What to paint

How about a finger painting of
Rabbie Burns' Timorous Mouse,
a Red Red Rose or even
Burns himself?





Finger Puppet Theatre

MAKE YOUR OWN TIMOROUS MOUSE & RABBIE BURNS FINGER PUPPETS



HOW TO MAKE YOUR FINGER PUPPETS

1. Print this page out.
2. Cut around Rabbie or the mouse's head and rectangular dotted line - a grown-up can help you.
3. Roll the white rectangle around your finger sticking the two ends together using glue or sticky tape tight enough so that the puppet stays on your finger. Not too tight!
4. Spin the puppet around so the head is facing the palm of your hand.

Now why not make the stage on the next page
so they have somewhere to play!

HOW TO MAKE YOUR FINGER PUPPET THEATRE....

1. Print this page out.

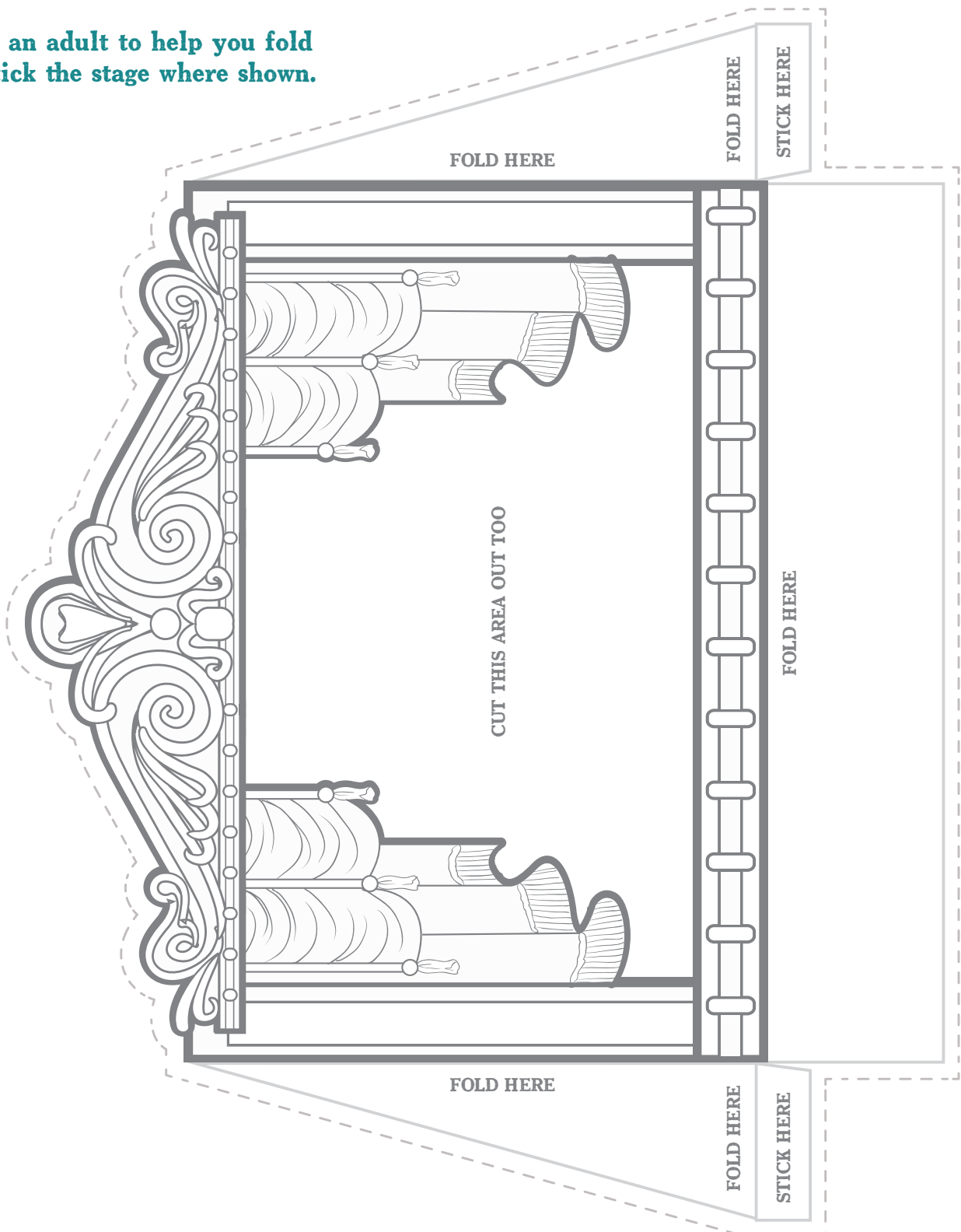
2. Cut around the dotted line and cut out the inside of the stage - an adult can help you with this part.

3. Colour your theatre in any colours you like!

4. Ask an adult to help you fold and stick the stage where shown.



Finger Puppet Theatre

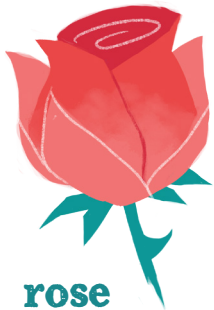




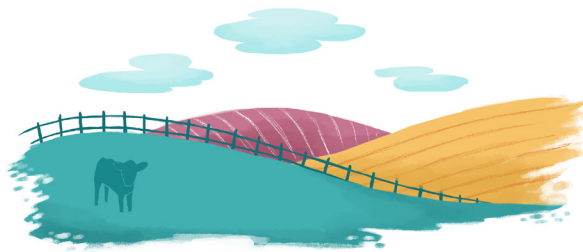
Burns WORD SEARCH



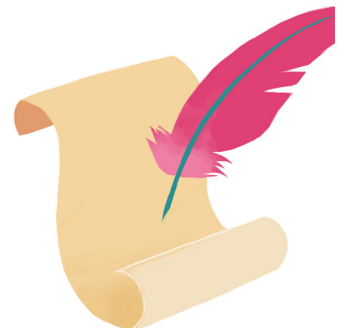
S	I	X	B	N	E
D	I	P	H	S	S
Y	C	G	O	C	U
K	R	R	G	E	O
F	A	R	M	A	M
V	D	Z	C	I	H



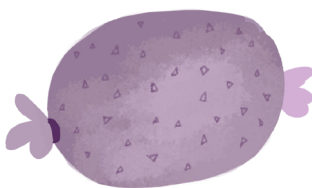
rose



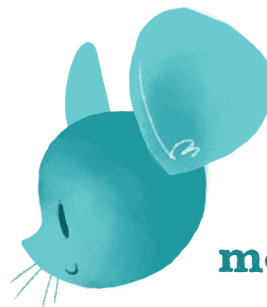
farm



poem



haggis



mouse



Create your own **TARTAN**

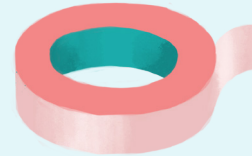
What you'll need...



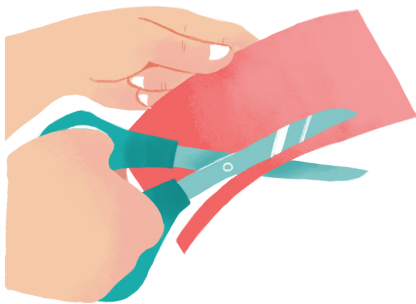
Glue



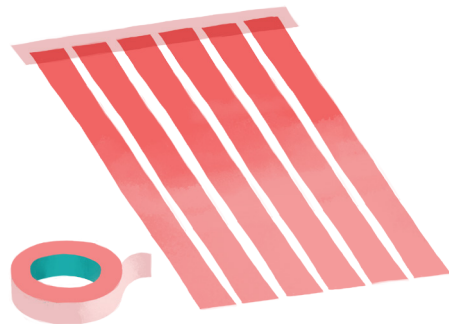
Scissors



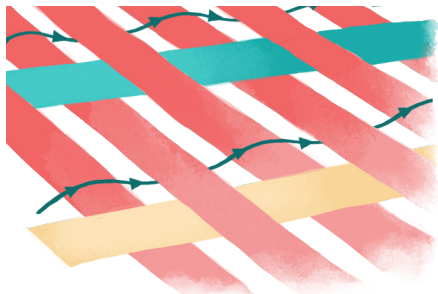
Sticky tape



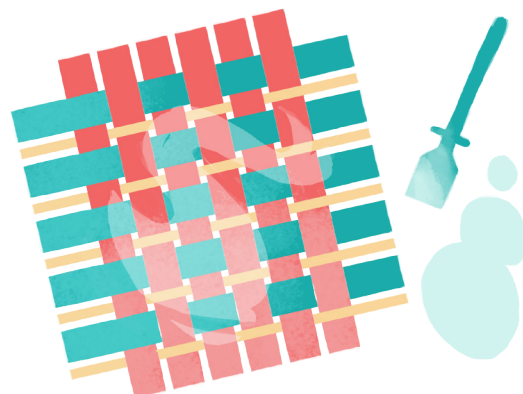
1. Cut 4 or 5 strips of paper or card all at the same length



2. Lay the strips down leaving a small gap inbetween. Keep them in place using a strip of sticky tape



3. Cut out 4 or 5 more strips in a different colour and weave them up and over the first strips



4. Once you're happy with your very own tartan use some glue to stick it to a piece of paper or card



Gingerbread men IN KILTS

GINGERBREAD MAN RECIPE

Serves 20 cookies . Suitable for vegetarians

**Use cinnamon, red hot candies, smarties, raisins or currants
for eyes and buttons.**

INGREDIENTS

350g plain white flour

125g butter, at room temperature

100g light brown sugar

1 tsp bicarbonate of soda

4 tbsp golden syrup, can swap for treacle if preferred

1½ tsp ground ginger; can swap for nutmeg if preferred

½ tsp cinnamon

½ tsp salt

1 egg

Extra flour for rolling out

Dollop of melted butter, to grease

HOW TO MAKE YOUR GINGERBREAD MEN

- 1. Sift together the flour, soda, salt, ginger and cinnamon into a bowl. Rub in the butter and blend until the stir looks like breadcrumbs. Stir in the sugar. Set aside.**
- 2. Lightly beat the egg and golden syrup together in a large bowl with an electric mixer on a medium speed until light and fluffy. Gradually add into the flour mixture and pulse on low speed until all ingredients clump together to create a firm dough.**



Gingerbread men IN KILTS

HOW TO MAKE YOUR GINGERBREAD MEN continued.

3. Tip the dough out onto a lightly floured surface and knead briefly until smooth. Press dough into a thick flat disk, then wrap in clingfilm and place in refrigerator to rest for around 30 minutes (this will ensure your biscuits later retain their shape during baking and don't spread out too much).
4. Preheat the oven to 180°C, then brush two baking trays with softened butter to lightly grease and line with greaseproof parchment.
5. Dust the work surface with a little flour and roll out the dough to about 5mm thick. Using cutters, cut out your gingerbread man shapes and place them on baking trays, leaving about 3-4cm gap between them (as they will spread a little bit). Repeat with any excess dough.
6. Bake for 10-15 minutes, or until golden brown (the edges start turning slightly darker). Leave on the tray for a few minutes to firm up before transferring to a wire rack to finish cooling.
7. When cooled, decorate with the writing icing and cake decorations as desired. Store in airtight containers for up to five days.



Gingerbread men IN KILTS

GINGERBREAD MEN IN KILTS

What you'll need:

- Gingerbread Men biscuits (see p16 for recipe)
- Coloured Writing Icing Tubes (can be bought in most supermarkets)

What to do:



1. Lay out your gingerbread man flat.



2. Draw an outline of the kilt.



3. Fill the kilt in with cross hatched lines using different colours.



Burns WORD SCRAMBLE

MATCH THE WORDS WITH THEIR MEANINGS

Rabbie's words have become all tangled up! Help him unravel them by drawing a line to join the words with their meaning.

TIMOROUS

SONSIE

FIERE

BAIRN

CRABBIT

LADDIE

LASSIE

WEE

WHEESHT

WANCHANSIE

FRIEND

BOY

SHY

SMALL

BE QUIET

JOLLY

UNLUCKY

CHILD

GIRL

BAD TEMPERED



Burns WORD SCRAMBLE

WORD SCRAMBLE ANSWERS

TIMOROUS

=

SHY

SONSIE

=

JOLLY

FIERE

=

FRIEND

BAIRN

=

CHILD

CRABBIT

=

BAD TEMPERED

LADDIE

=

BOY

LASSIE

=

GIRL

WEE

=

SMALL

WHEESHT

=

BE QUIET

WANCHANSIE

=

UNLUCKY



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 jo,
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 take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the bræes,
And pou'd the gowan fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt,
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 fiere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

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



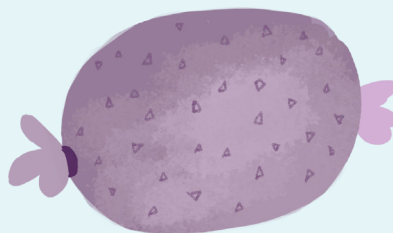
ADDRESS TO A HAGGIS

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the pudding-race!
Aboon them a' yet tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy o'a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin was help to mend a mill
In time o'need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready sleight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like ony ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin', rich!

Then, horn for horn, they stretch an' strive:
Deil tak the hindmost! on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swail'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit! hums.





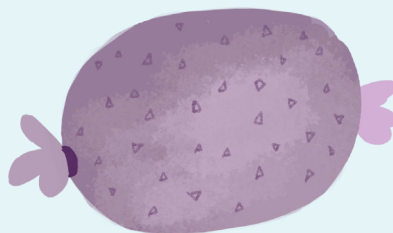
ADDRESS TO A HAGGIS continued

Is there that owre his French ragout
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassee wad make her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckles as wither'd rash,
His spindle shank, a guid whip-lash;
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread.
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whistle;
An' legs an' arms, an' hands will sned,
Like taps o' trissle.

Ye Pow'rs, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants næ skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer
Gie her a haggis!





A RED, RED ROSE

O my Luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve's like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie 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;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only Luve!
And fare-thee-weel, a while!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile!





TO A MOUSE

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, 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,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou mayst thief;
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!



TO A MOUSE continued.

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 drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!