

Address To A Haggis

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

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

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An cut you up wi ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like onie 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-swallow'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums
The auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
'Bethankit' hums

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

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a 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 make it whistle
An legs an arms, an heads will sned
Like taps o thrissle

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

- Robert Burns -