

Address To A Haggis

Burns Night



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 dews distil
Like amber bead

His knife see rustic Labour dight
An' cut you up wi' ready sleight
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 de'il! 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 wallee nieve a blade
He'll mak it whistle
An' legs an' arms an' heads 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 nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies
But if ye wish, her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her... a haggis!

- Robert Burns (1786) -