

ADDRESS TO A HAGGIS

by Robert Burns

Fair faw your honest, sonsie face,
Great Chieftain o the Puddin-race!
Aboon them aw ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy o a *grace*
As lang 's my airm.

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 dicht,
And cut ye up wi ready slicht,
Trenching your gushing entrails bricht,
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sicht,
Warm-reekin, rich!

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

Is there that owre his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a soo,
Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
Wi perfect scunner,
Looks doon wi sneerin, 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' bluidy 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 whissle;
And legs, and airms, and heids will sned,
Like taps o thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them oot 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!*