

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-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 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 wallee 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 nae skinking ware
 That jaups in luggies;
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer
 Gie her a haggis!