

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face  
 To A Haggis  
 Address to a Haggis  
 Robert Burns

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 wordy of a grace  
 As lang's my arm.

2. 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.

3. 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!

4. 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.

5. Is there that owre his French ragout  
 Or olio that wad stow a sow,  
 Or fricasee was mak her spew  
 Wi' perfect sconner  
 Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view  
 On sic a dinner?

6. 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!

7. 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' heads will sned,  
 Like taps o' thrissle.

8. 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!