

## Address to a Haggis

By Robert Burns

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,  
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.

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 ye 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;  
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 mak her spew  
    Wi' perfect sconner,  
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' 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 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!