

## Address to a Haggis

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 dewes distil  
Like amber bead.

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!

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 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 bloody 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

### Address to a Haggis Translation

Fair and full is your honest, jolly face,  
Great chieftain of the sausage race!  
Above them all you take your place,  
Stomach, tripe, or intestines:  
Well are you worthy of a grace  
As long as my arm.

The groaning trencher there you fill,  
Your buttocks like a distant hill,  
Your pin would help to mend a mill  
In time of need,  
While through your pores the dewes distill  
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour wipe,  
And cut you up with ready slight,  
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,  
Like any ditch;  
And then, O what a glorious sight,  
Warm steaming, rich!

Then spoon for spoon, the stretch and strive:  
Devil take the hindmost, on they drive,  
Till all their well swollen bellies by-and-by  
Are bent like drums;  
Then old head of the table, most like to burst,  
'The grace!' hums.

Is there that over his French ragout,  
Or olio that would sicken a sow,  
Or fricassee would make her vomit  
With perfect disgust,  
Looks down with sneering, scornful view  
On such a dinner?

Poor devil! see him over his trash,  
As feeble as a withered rush,  
His thin legs a good whip-lash,  
His fist a nut;  
Through bloody flood or field to dash,  
O how unfit.

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,  
The trembling earth resounds his tread,  
Clap in his ample fist a blade,  
He'll make it whistle;  
And legs, and arms, and heads will cut off  
Like the heads of thistles.

You powers, who make mankind your care,  
And dish them out their bill of fare,

Old Scotland wants no watery stuff,  
That splashes in small wooden dishes;  
But if you wish her grateful prayer,  
Give her [Scotland] a Haggis!