



Happy Robbie Burns Day!



Ode to a Haggis



*Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face, Great Chieftan 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*

*he groaning trencher there ye fill, Your hurdies like a distant hill, You 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 you up wi' ready slight, Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch; And then, O what a glorious sight, Warm-reeking, rich!*

*Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive, Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive, Till a' their weel-swail'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
mak it whissle; An' legs, an' arms an' heads will sned, Like taps o' thrissle*

*Ye pow'rs wha mak mankind your care, An' dish them out their bill o' fare, Auld Scotland wants nae skinking
ware That jaups in luggies; But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r, Gie her a Haggis!*