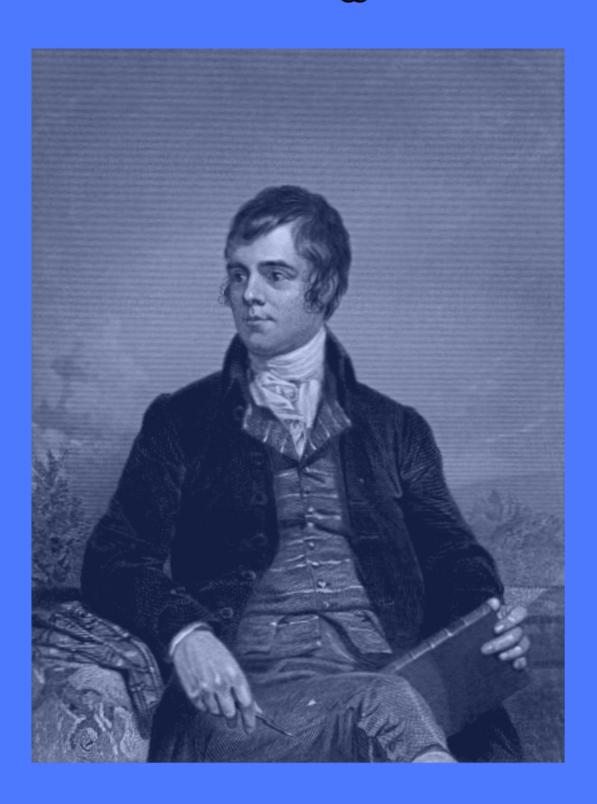


Happy Robbie Burns Day!



Ode to a Haggis



Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face, Great Chieftan o' the Puddin-race! Aboon them a' ye tak your place, Paínch, trípe, or thairm: Weel are ye wordy of a grace As langs 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

Hís knífe see Rustíc-labour díght, An' cut you up wi' ready slíght, Trenching your gushing entrails bright Líke onie dítch; 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-swall'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 ít whíssle; An' legs, an' arms an' heads will sned, Líke taps o' thríssle

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!