

**Address to the haggis**

(Translation into standard English)

**By Robert Burns**

Fair is your honest happy face  
Great chieftain of the pudding race  
Above them all you take your place  
Stomach, tripe or guts  
Well are you worthy of a grace  
As long as my arm

The groaning platter there you fill  
Your buttocks like a distant hill  
Your skewer would help to repair a mill  
In time of need  
While through your pores the juices emerge  
Like amber beads

His knife having seen hard labour wipes  
And cuts you up with great skill  
Digging into your gushing insides bright  
Like any ditch  
And then oh what a glorious sight  
Warm steaming, rich

Then spoon for spoon  
They stretch and strive  
Devil take the last man, on they drive  
Until all their well swollen bellies  
Are bent like drums  
Then, the old gent most likely to rift (burp)  
Be thanked, mumbles

Is there that over his French Ragout  
Or olio that would sicken a pig  
Or fricassee would make her vomit  
With perfect disgust  
Looks down with a sneering scornful opinion  
On such a dinner

Poor devil, see him over his trash  
As weak as a withered rush (reed)  
His spindle-shank a good whiplash  
His clenched fist...the size of a nut.  
Through a bloody flood and battle field to dash  
Oh how unfit

But take note of the strong haggis fed Scot  
The trembling earth resounds his tread  
Clasped in his large fist a blade  
He'll make it whistle  
And legs and arms and heads he will cut off  
Like the tops of thistles

You powers who make mankind your care  
And dish them out their meals  
Old Scotland wants no watery food

That splashes in dishes  
But if you wish her grateful prayer  
Give her a haggis!