

Address To A Haggis (Robert Burns)

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 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 dews
distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready sleight,
Trenching your gushing entrails
bright,
Like ony 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 lyke 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

The Translation

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

From the [World Burns Club](#)