

Canadian Bagpipe

"Address to a Haggis"

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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 of a grace
As langs my arm.

The groaning trancher 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 ye 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-swalld 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 fricasse 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 witherd 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 trampling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his wallee a blade,
He'll make it whistle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned
Like taps o' thistles.

Ye Powers, 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!

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