

**A friend of mine has attended many Burns Suppers but remains befuddled and bemused at the recital of the Address To A Haggis. He is afraid of the inevitable ridicule that will come his way from his fellow Scots should he admit his ignorance relating to the broad Scots dialect - sufficiently afraid to say nothing other than joining in on the general inevitable consensus that the Address 'was jolly well done'. In case you (unlike me) have a similar problem then this page is offered for your information.**

<i>Broad Scots Dialect</i>	<i>English Translation</i>
<p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>His knife see rustic Labour dight, An' cut ye up wi' ready sleight, Trenching your gushing entrails bright,     Like onie ditch; And then, Ach! what a glorious sight,     Warm - reekin', rich!</p> <p>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 like drums; Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,     "Bethankit!" hums.</p> <p>Is there that owre his French <i>ragout</i>, Or <i>olio</i> that wad staw a sow, Or <i>fricassee</i> wad made her spew     Wi' perfect sconner, Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view     On sic a dinner?</p> <p>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,     Ach! how unfit!</p> <p>But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed, The trembling earth resounds his tread, Clap in his walie nieve a blade,     He'll mak it whistle; An' legs, an' arms, an' heads'll sned     Like taps o' thrissle.</p> <p>Ye Pow'rs, 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!</p>	<p>Good luck to you and your honest, plump face, Great chieftain of the pudding race! Above them all you take your place,     gut, stomach-lining, or intestine, You're well worth a grace     as long as my arm.</p> <p>The overloaded serving tray there you fill, Your buttocks shaped like a distant hilltop, Your wooden skewer could be used to fix a mill     if need be, While through your pores your juices drip     like liquid gold.</p> <p>His knife see the serving-man clean, And then cut you up with great skill, Making a trench in your bright, gushing guts     To form a ditch, And then, Oh! What a glorious sight!     Warm, steaming, and rich!</p> <p>Then, spoonful after spoonful, they eagerly eat, The Devil take the slowest, on they go, Until all their well-stretched stomachs, by-and-by,     are bent like drums, Then the head of the family, about to burst,     murmurs "Thank the Lord".</p> <p>Is there a pretentious soul who, over his French ragout, Or Italian cuisine that would make a pig sick, Or French stew that would make that same pig ill     with complete and utter disgust, Looks down with a sneering, scornful attitude,     on such a meal? (as Haggis)</p> <p>Poor devil! See him over his trash! As feeble as a withered bullrush, His skinny leg no thicker than a thin rope,     His fist the size of a nut, Through a river or field to travel,     Completely unfit!</p> <p>But look at the healthy, Haggis-fed person! The trembling earth respects him as a man! Put a knife in his fist,     He'll make it work! And legs, and arms, and heads will come off,     Like the tops of thistle.</p> <p>You Powers who look after mankind, And dish out his bill of fare, Old Scotland wants no watery, wimpy stuff     That splashes about in little wooden bowls! But, if You will grant her a grateful prayer,     Give her a Haggis!</p>