

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 worthy 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 dewes distil  
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,  
An cut you 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-swallow'd kytes belyve  
Are bent like drums;  
The 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 bloody 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 it whissle;  
An legs an arms, an heads will sned,  
Like taps o thistle.

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!

Good health to your honest, chubby face,  
Great leader of the pudding race!  
Above them all you take your place,  
Stomach, tripe, or intestines:  
You are well deserving of a grace  
As long as my arm.

The groaning tray there you fill,  
Your buttocks like a distant hill,  
Your pin would help to mend a mill  
In time of need,  
While through your pores the dewes distill  
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour sharpen,  
And cut you up with ready skill,  
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,  
Like any ditch;  
And then, O what a glorious sight,  
Warm steaming, rich!

Then, spoon for spoon, they stretch and strive:  
Devil take the hindmost, on they drive,  
Until all their well-swollen bellies by-and-by  
Are tight as drums;  
The old Man over there, most likely to burst,  
'Humbly thanks' hums.

Is there anyone who over his French ragout,  
Or olio that would sicken a pig,  
Or fricassee would make her vomit  
With perfect disdain,  
Looks down with sneering, scornful view  
On such a dinner?

Poor devil! see him over his trash,  
As weak as a withered rush,  
His thin leg a good whip-lash,  
His fist a nut;  
Through bloody flood or field to rush,  
Oh, how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,  
The trembling earth resounds his tread,  
Clap in his ample fist a blade,  
He'll make it whistle;  
And legs and arms, and heads will cut off,  
Like the tops of thistles.

You Powers, who make mankind your care,  
And dish them out their meal,  
Old Scotland wants no watery fare  
That splashes in small dishes;  
But, if you wish her grateful prayer,  
Give her a haggis!