

Address to a Haggis

By Robert Burns

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the pudding-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 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 fricassee wad make 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 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 waleie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whistle;
An' legs an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

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!

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Read the poem below. Can you explain what the underlined Scots words or phrases mean? Don't worry if you don't know, use the words around to guess.

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the pudding-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 dewes 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-swail'd 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 fricassee wad make 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 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' thrissle.

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!

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Read the poem below. Can you explain what the underlined Scots words or phrases mean? Don't worry if you don't know, use the words around to guess.

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the pudding-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-swail'd 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 fricassee wad make 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 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 whistle;
 An' legs an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

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!

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Read the poem below. Write a translated version of what you think is being said.

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the pudding-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-swail'd 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 fricassee wad make 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 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 whistle;
An' legs an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

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!

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Good luck to you and your honest,
plump face,
Great chieftain of the sausage race!
Above them all you take your place,
Stomach, tripe, or intestines:
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 pin would help to mend a mill
In time of need,
While through your pores the dews distill
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour sharpen,
And cut you up with practised 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,
Till all their well swollen bellies soon
Are tight like drums;
Then old head of the table, most
likely to burst,
'Thanks be!' hums.

Is there one, that over his French ragout,
Or olio that would give pause to a sow,
Or fricassee would make her sick

With perfect disgust,
Looks down with sneering, scornful view
On such a dinner?

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

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

You powers, who make mankind
your care,
And dish them out their bill of fare,
Old Scotland wants no watery stuff
That slops in a wooden dish:
But, if you wish her grateful prayer,
Give her a haggis!

Colloquial Language

You should try to use chatty/informal language.

Follow a "Diary Style"

Start each entry with a date and "Dear Diary".



Chronological order

Your diary should be in time order, using adverbials.

HOW TO WRITE A:

DIARY

Self-reflection

Try to include your thoughts, feelings, opinions and hopes (inside speech marks).

Past Tense

A diary is about what has already happened.

First person

Remember to use personal pronouns (in particular: I/We)

Detailed descriptions

Remember to use more than one sense, to make your description more imaginable. Similes and metaphors can also be effective.



Inventing New Similes

Have a look at these well-known similes and think up some new up-to-date versions...

1. As happy as a pig in mud.

New version: As happy as...

2. As fresh as a daisy.

New version: As fresh as...

3. As busy as a bee.

New version: As busy as...

4. As cool as a cucumber.

New version: As cool as...

5. As clean as a whistle.

New version: As clean as...

6. As flat as a pancake.

New version: As flat as...

7. As quick as a wink.

New version: As quick as...

8. As snug as a bug in a rug.

New version: As snug as...

11.1.21**Spelling**

L.I. I am learning to use my knowledge of letter patterns and spelling rules to help me spell

Bananas**Scottish words**

Scunner
Tattyboggie
Clyping
Merri
Gaunnae
Bahooky
Bowfing
dauner
Slitter
bricht

Pineapples**Scottish words**

baffies
wallies
wheesht
feart
drookit
crabbit
blether
bairn
bonnie
sleekit

Strawberries**Scottish words**

reek
neep
nane
moose
hoose
hame
coo
auld
aboot
ain