THE
Auld Farmer's
Salutation
to his
Auld Mare Miggy,
on giving her a
RIPP of CORN,
To Hanse' in the New Year.
to which is added,
An Address to a Scotch Haggis on New-Year's Day.

BY
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THE AYRSHIRE POET.

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THE

Farmer's Salutation

TO HIS

Auld Mare Maggie.

A

Guid New-year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gaen like onie flaggie,
Out owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie stiff an' crazy,
An' thy auld hie as white's a crazy,
I've seen thee dappit sleek, an' grazie,
A bonnie gray:
He shou'd been right that caurn't to raze thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A byly buirdly sheve an' twan';
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yiru;
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
Like onie bird.
It's now some nine an' twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid-father's meere;
He gied thee me, o' tocher clear,
  n' fifty mark;
Tho' it was sma' 'twas weel won gear,
  An' thou was stark.

When first I gae to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie:
Tho' ye wasrickie flee, an' funnie,
  Ye ne'er was donnie;
But hamey tawie quite, an' cannie,
  An' unco donnie.

That day ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bu'e my bonnie bride:
An' tweet an' gracetu' the uid ride,
  Wi' maiden air,
Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide,
  For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte an' hoble,
An' win'te like a taumon'-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
  For heels an' win';
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
  Far, far, behin'.

When thou an' I were young and skiegh,
An' stable meals at fairs were driegh,
How thou wad prance an' snore, an' skreigh
An' tak the road,
Town's bodies ran an' stood abiegh,
An' ca' thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow;
At brooches thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry fail thou pay't them hollow,
Where'er thou gae'd.

The sma' droop-rump't hunter cattle,
Micht ablins waun't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whizle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle,
O' laugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble Fittie-lan',
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn,
Aft thee an' I in aught hours gaun,
On guid March weather,
Hae turn'd sax rood before our han',
For days theither.

Thou never brainge'g't, an' fetch't, an' likit,
But they auld tell thou wad hae whisht.
An' spread abreed they weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith an' power,
Till sprittie knowes wad rair' an' risket,
An' flypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' saaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee bit heap,
A boon the simmer;
I ken'd my Maggie wadna sleep;
For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never rairstie!'
The stayest brae thou wad hae fact it;
Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy hlep a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoo'd awa.

My plough is now thy bairn-time a';
Four gallant brutes as ever did draw;
Forbye fax mae I've felt awa,
That thou had nurs't:
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warlt.

Monie a fair daurg we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl fought!
An' monie an anxious day I thought,
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' nothin' yet.

An' think na my auld trusty servan',
That now, perhaps, thou's less deservin',
An' thy auld days may end in havin',
For my last tow,
A heapit stimpact, I'll reserve ane,
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane-anither;
Wi' ter 'y care I'll flit thy tether,
To some hand' rig,
Where ye may nobly rax your leath'r,
Wi' ima' fatigue.
ADDRESS
TO A
Scotch Haggis
ON
NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

Fair fra your honest, bonnie 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 rustle la'our light,
An' cut ye up wi' ready flight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious light,
Warm reekin', rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
That nane be hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' heir weel-swail'd kyts b'lyve,
Are bent like drums;
Then auld guideman, maift like to rive,
Bethankit huns.

Is there that owre his French ragout,
Or oth that would stawe a low,
Or fricassie wad mak her spaw,
Wi' perfect soonner,
Looks down wi' meerin tcornaf view,
Oh sic a dinner!

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckles as a wther'd rash.
His spinele-shank a guid whip lash,
His niece a nit;
Thro' bluddy flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the rustic haggis fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his wallie niece a bled,
'El'll mak' it whissle,
An' legs, an' arms' an' hea'is 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 stinkin' ware,
That jups in haggis;,
But if ye wish her gratefu' pray'rr.
Gie her a haggis!