

"An Excerpt from To A Louse"
(On seeing one on a lady's bonnet at church)
by Robert Burns



Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie?
Your impudence protects you sairly;
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho faith! I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit dubbie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fye!
How daur ye do't?

O Jeany, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abroad!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin!
Thae winks an finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion:
What airs in dress an gait wad lea'e us,
An ev'n devotion!

Notes:

crowlin ferlie = crawling
marvel

strunt = strut

flainen toy = flannel
woman's cap with ear-flaps

aiblins=perhaps

duddie = small

wyliecoat = ragged vest

Lunardi = balloon bonnet

abroad = abroad

blastie = pest

Thae = Those