

Address to the Toothache (vs 1-3) By Robert Burns

My curse upon your venom'd stang
That shoots my tortured gums along,
An' thro' my lug gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance,
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like wracking engines!

Aw down my beard the slavers trickle,
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
While roon the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup,
While raving mad,
I wish a heckle were i' their doup!

When fevers burn, or agues freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes,
Oor neighbours sympathise to ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee - thou hell o' all diseases -
They mock our groan.