**To a Louse by Robert Burns**

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie!

Your impudence protects you sairly:

I canna say but ye strunt rarely,

 Owre gawze and lace;

Tho’ faith, I fear ye dine but sparely,

 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner,

Detested, shunn’d, by saunt an’ sinner,

How daur ye set your fit upon her,

 Sae fine a Lady!

Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,

 On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar’s haffet squattle;

There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,

Wi’ ither kindred, jumping cattle,

 In shoals and nations;

Whare horn nor bane ne’er daur unsettle,

 Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye’re out o’ sight,

Below the fatt’rels, snug and tight,

Na faith ye yet! ye’ll no be right,

 Till ye’ve got on it,

The vera topmost, towrin height

 O’ Miss’s bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,

As plump an’ gray as onie grozet:

O for some rank, mercurial rozet,

 Or fell, red smeddum,

I’d gie you sic a hearty dose o’t,

 Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpriz’d to spy

You on an auld wife’s flainen toy;

Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,

 On ’s wylecoat;

But Miss’s fine Lunardi, fye!

 How daur ye do ’t?

O Jenny dinna toss your head,

An’ set your beauties a’ abread!

Ye little ken what cursed speed

 The blastie’s makin!

Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,

 Are notice takin!

O wad some Pow’r the giftie gie us

To see oursels as others see us!

It wad frae monie a blunder free us

 An’ foolish notion:

What airs in dress an’ gait wad lea’e us,

 And ev’n Devotion!

**Naebody by Betty Allan**

A’m Naebody. Fa are ee?

Are ee Naebody tee?

Being Somebody widna dae

For a self-taught Naebody like me.

Somebody’s aye in the public eye.

Somebody’s got something tae say.

Them that’s Naebody’s never socht

 Tae gie a speech or tell a joke.

Naebody never taks the chair.

(Naebody’s probably nae even there.)

Naebody passes messages on,

Types an files an answers phones,

Washes claes an polishes sheen,

Naebody’s work is never deen!

They never seek Naebody’s opeenion.

They think that Naebody disna hae ane!

But should Naebody lift his cairds – or dee – See then fit happens tae Somebody!

A’m Naebody. Fa are ee?

 Are ee Naebody tee?

**Address to the Deil by Robert Burns**

O thou! whatever title suit thee,—

Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie!

Wha in yon cavern, grim an' sootie,

Clos'd under hatches,

Spairges about the brunstane cootie

To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, Auld Hangie, for a wee,

An' let poor damned bodies be;

I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,

E'en to a deil,

To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,

An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;

Far ken'd an' noted is thy name;

An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,

Thou travels far;

An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,

Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,

For prey a' holes an' corners tryin;

Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,

Tirlin' the kirks;

Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,

Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend graunie say,

In lanely glens ye like to stray;

Or whare auld ruin'd castles gray

Nod to the moon,

Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way

Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my graunie summon

To say her pray'rs, douce honest woman!

Aft yont the dike she's heard you bummin,

Wi' eerie drone;

Or, rustlin thro' the boortrees comin,

Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,

The stars shot down wi' sklentin light,

Wi' you mysel I gat a fright,

Ayont the lough;

Ye like a rash-buss stood in sight,

Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,

Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,

When wi' an eldritch, stoor "Quaick, quaick,"

Amang the springs,

Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,

On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim an' wither'd hags

Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags

They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags

Wi' wicked speed;

And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,

Owre howket dead.

Thence, countra wives wi' toil an' pain

May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;

For oh! the yellow treasure's taen

By witchin skill;

An' dawtet, twal-pint hawkie's gaen

As yell's the bill.

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,

On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' croose;

When the best wark-lume i' the house,

By cantraip wit,

Is instant made no worth a louse,

Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,

An' float the jinglin icy-boord,

Then water-kelpies haunt the foord

By your direction,

An' nighted trav'lers are allur'd

To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversing spunkies

Decoy the wight that late an drunk is:

The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkeys

Delude his eyes,

Till in some miry slough he sunk is,

Ne'er mair to rise.

When Masons' mystic word an grip

In storms an' tempests raise you up,

Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,

Or, strange to tell!

The youngest brither ye wad whip

Aff straught to hell!

Lang syne, in Eden'd bonie yard,

When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,

An all the soul of love they shar'd,

The raptur'd hour,

Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird,

In shady bow'r;

Then you, ye auld snick-drawin dog!

Ye cam to Paradise incog,

And play'd on man a cursed brogue,

(Black be your fa'!)

An gied the infant warld a shog,

Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,

Wi' reeket duds an reestet gizz,

Ye did present your smoutie phiz

Mang better folk,

An' sklented on the man of Uz

Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,

An' brak him out o' house and hal',

While scabs and blotches did him gall,

Wi' bitter claw,

An' lows'd his ill-tongued, wicked scaul,

Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,

Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,

Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,

Down to this time,

Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,

In prose or rhyme.

An' now, Auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin,

A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,

Some luckless hour will send him linkin,

To your black pit;

But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,

An' cheat you yet.

But fare you weel, Auld Nickie-ben!

O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!

Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—

Still hae a stake:

I'm wae to think upo' yon den,

Ev'n for your sake!