Reply From a Haggis
by J. G. Farrell

O' (name) man, ye addressed me weel,
Which so befits a hielan' chiel,
And tho' like you I'm far frae hame,
I sure achieved my share of fame.

I never thocht I'd see the day,
I'd grace a trencher doon this way,
In the brawest club in (name) toon,
Tho' mony a mile frae bonny Doon.

Once fit for only rustic table,
I now enjoy a five star label,
No longer classed as peasant grub
For now I grace the (name) table.

I'm sometimes scorned by snobbish folks,
And the butt of corny jokes,
Such folks and jokes are unco phony,
Now I'm acclaimed by Egon Ronay.

The Power who made mankind her care,
Set me above all other fare,
For Scotland's sake I'll keep this place,
An' aye be Chieftain of the pudden' race.

So to all you Braw Scots lads & lassies
That here tonight I see,
Uphold auld Scotias good fair name,
And from me - "Bon Appetite"