

Address to the Tooth-ache by Robert Burns

My curse upon your venom'd stang,
 That shoots my tortur'd gums alang,
 And thro my lug gies monie a twang
 Wi gnawin vengeance,
 Tearin my nerves wi bitter pang,
 Like rackin engines!

Aw doon my beard the slavers trickle,
 I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle.
 While roond the fire the giglets keckle,
 To see me lowp.
 And ravin mad, I wish a heckle
 Were i' their dowp!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
 Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes,
 Oor neebors sympathise to ease us,
 Wi pityin moan;
 But thee! - thou hell o a' diseases -
 They mock oor groan!

Of aw the numerous human dools -
 Ill-hairsts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
 Or worthy freens laid i' the mools,
 Sad sicht to see!
 The tricks o knaves, or fash o fools -
 Thou bear'st the gree!

Whare'er that place be priests caw Hell,
 Whare aw the tones o misery yell,
 And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
 In dreidfu raw,
 Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell,
 Amang them aw!

O thou grim, mischief-makin chiel,
 That gars the notes o discord squeel,
 Till human kind aft dance a reel
 In gore, a shoe-thick,
 Gie aw the faes o Scotland's weal
 A towmond's toothache!