

## 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 and 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, jumpin cattle,  
 In shoals and nations;  
 Whare *horn* nor *bane* ne'er daur unsettle,  
 Your thick plantations.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o sicht,  
 Below the fatt'rels, snug and ticht,  
 Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be richt,  
 Till ye've got on it,  
 The vera tapmost, towrin hicht  
 O *Miss's bonnet*.

My sooth! richt bauld ye set your nose oot,  
 As plump and 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 heid,  
And set your beauties aw abreid!  
Ye little ken what cursed speed  
The blastie's makkin!  
Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dreid,  
Are notice takkin!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us  
*Tae see oorsels as ithers see us!*  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us  
An' foolish notion:  
What airs in dress and gait wad lea us,  
And ev'n Devotion!