

**Listen to the poem and put the following paragraphs in the right order**

(You can read the original poem on [www.robertburns.org](http://www.robertburns.org) and also have a translation of the words)

- Ye Pow'rs, wha mak mankind your care, And dish them out their bill o' fare, Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware That jaups in luggies; But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer Gie her a haggis!
- Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face, Great chieftain o' the pudding-race! Aboon them a' yet tak your place, Painch, tripe, or thairm: Weel are ye wordy o'a grace As lang's my arm.
- Address To A Haggis
- The groaning trencher there ye fill, Your hurdies like a distant hill, Your pin was help to mend a mill In time o'need, While thro' your pores the dew's distil Like amber bead.
- His knife see rustic Labour dight, An' cut you up wi' ready sleight, Trenching your gushing entrails bright, Like ony ditch; And then, O what a glorious sight, Warm-reekin', rich!