**The Haggis**  
*N. McCallion*  
  
  
My Mary made a haggis, one fine December’s day  
Forgot she had it on the fire, the water boiled away  
And that remaining in the pot was a stiff and blistered gray  
We promptly set about the task to give the thing away  
  
We called to my old greyhound, a fine well tempered beast  
Delighted at the notion of the scrapings of a feast  
But when Mary brought the haggis and laid it on the floor  
The greyhound took to cowering and backed out of the door  
  
We then thought Brody’s cat would save us from our plight  
She buried that old haggis where she does her jobs at night  
But early the next morning came a knocking at the door  
The pudding sat a panting, the cat was seen no more  
  
So Mary took to digging to put it in the ground  
She dug the hole six feet deep and cast the bastard down  
But that evening from the garden came a rank and ghastly glow  
The haggis lay a beating like a cruel heart in the snow  
  
With Christmas day approaching though it may seem unkind  
You must recall we weren’t at all of sound and sober mind  
We wrapped up that old haggis in ribbons bright and gay  
And sent it to my cousin living in America  
  
Late in January writes my cousin through the post  
Of all the gifts this Christmas sure the haggis was the toast  
It brought to mind the misty lochs the heather on the hill  
We piped it in on New Year’s , it lingers with me still  
  
  
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