**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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