

By **Robert Burns**, our *Prophetic Poetic Correspondent*

This is the second in our series highlighting the prescience of the Bard and his relevance to modern Scottish politics.



*Tae a Louse  
On seeing one on Lady Scotia  
in parliament*

Ha! whaur ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie?  
Your impudence protects you sairly;  
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,  
Owre gauze and lace;

Tho', faith! I fear ye dine but sparely  
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,  
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' 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, jumping cattle,  
In shoals and nations;  
Whaur horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle  
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,  
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight;  
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right,  
Till ye've got on it-  
The verra tapmost, tow'rin height  
O' Miss' bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,  
As plump an' grey as ony groset:  
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 surpris'd to spy  
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;  
Or aiblins some bit dubbie boy,  
On's wyliecoat;  
But Miss' fine Lunardi! fye!

How daur ye do't?

O Jeany, dinna toss your head,  
An' set your beauties a' abroad!  
Ye little ken what cursed speed  
The blastie's makin:  
Thae winks an' finger-ends, I dread,  
Are notice takin.

O wad some Power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us!  
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,  
An' foolish notion:  
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,  
An' ev'n devotion!

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## Comments

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