



THE VISION

Newsletter of the Robert Burns World Federation



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Address to the Deil ~ Robert Burns 1786

O thou! whatever title suit thee,—
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie!
Wha in yon cavern, grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, Auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

It's always stuck me as particularly brave to name
the devil in a variety of rude nicknames,
especially when Burns admits that he can be
affected by the dark fears of superstition, when
the environment suggests that very figure may be
roving.

RBWF Schools Competition Triumph

