

## TO A HAGGIS

### ОДА ШОТЛАНДСКОМУ ПУДИНГУ ХАГГИС

### Burns Original

### Standard English Translation

В тебе я славлю командира  
Всех пудингов горячих мира, -  
Могучий Хаггис, полный жира  
И требухи.  
Строчу, пока мне служит лира,  
Тебе стихи.

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,  
Great chieftain o' the puddin-race!  
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,  
Painch, tripe, or thairm:  
Weel are ye wordy of a grace  
As lang's my arm.

Fair full your honest, jolly face,  
Great chieftain of the sausage race!  
Above them all you take your place,  
Stomach, tripe, or intestines:  
Well are you worthy of a grace  
As long as my arm.

Дородный, плотный, крутобокий,  
Ты высишься, как холм далекий,  
А под тобой поднос широкий  
Чуть не трещит.  
Но как твои ласкают соки  
Наш аппетит!

The groaning trencher there ye fill,  
Your hudies like a distant hill,  
Your pin wad help to mend a mill  
In time o' need,  
While thro' your pores the dews distil  
Like amber bead.

The groaning trencher there you fill,  
Your buttocks like a distant hill,  
Your pin would help to mend a mill  
In time of need,  
While through your pores the dews distill  
Like amber bead.

С полей вернувшись, землеробы,  
Сойдась вокруг твоей особы,  
Тебя проворно режут, чтобы  
Весь жар и пыл  
Твоей дымящейся утробы  
На миг не стыл.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,  
An' cut ye up wi' ready slight,  
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,  
Like onie ditch;  
And then, O what a glorious sight,  
Warm-reeking, rich!

His knife see rustic Labour wipe,  
And cut you up with ready slight,  
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,  
Like any ditch;  
And then, O what a glorious sight,  
Warm steaming, rich!

Теперь доносится до слуха  
Стук ложек, звякающих глухо.  
Когда ж плотнее станет брюхо,  
Чем барабан,  
Старик, молясь, гудит, как муха,  
От пищи пьян.

Then horn for horn, they stretch an'  
strive:  
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,  
Till a' their weel-swail'd kytes belyve  
Are bent like drums;  
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,  
'Bethankit!' hums.

Then spoon for spoon, the stretch and strive:  
Devil take the hindmost, on they drive,  
Till all their well swollen bellies by-and-by  
Are bent like drums;  
Then old Master of the house, most like to  
burst,  
'The grace!' hums.

Пусть тот, кто любит стол  
французский  
Рагу и всякие закуски  
(Хотя от этакой нагрузки  
И свиньям вред),  
С презрением шурит глаз свой узкий  
На наш обед.

Is there that owre his French ragout,  
Or olio that wad staw a sow,  
Or fricassee wad mak her spew  
Wi' perfect scunner,  
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view  
On sic a dinner?

Is there that over his French ragout,  
Or olio that would sicken a sow,  
Or fricassee would make her throw-up  
With perfect disgust,  
Looks down with sneering, scornful view  
On such a dinner?

Но - бедный шут! - от пищи жалкой  
Его нога не толще палки,  
А вместо мускулов - мочалки,  
Кулак - орех.  
В бою, в горячей перепалке  
Он сзади всех.

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,  
As feeble as a wither'd rash,  
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,  
His nieve a nit;  
Tho' bluidy flood or field to dash,  
O how unfit.

Poor devil! see him over his trash,  
As feeble as a withered rush,  
His thin legs a good whip-lash,  
His fist a nut;  
Through bloody flood or field to dash,  
O how unfit.

А тот, кому ты служишь пищей,  
Согнет подкову в кулачище.  
Когда ж в такой руке засвищет  
Стальной клинок, -  
Врага уносят на кладбище  
Без рук, без ног.

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,  
The trembling earth resounds his tread,  
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,  
He'll make it whistle;  
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned  
Like taps o' thrissle.

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,  
The trembling earth resounds his tread,  
Clap in his ample fist a blade,  
He will make it whistle;  
And legs, and arms, and heads will crop  
Like tops of thistle.

Молю я Промысел небесный:  
И в будний день и в день воскресный  
Нам не давай похлебки пресной,  
Яви нам благость  
И ниспосли родной, чудесный,  
Горячий Хаггис!

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!

You powers, who make mankind your care,  
And dish them out their bill of fare,  
Old Scotland want no watery ware,  
That splashes in small wooden dishes;  
But is you wish her grateful prayer,  
Give her a Haggis!