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[Bigotry - 'To See Ourselves as Others See Us'](#)

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Author	Topic: Bigotry - 'To See Ourselves as Others See Us'
<p><b>Snorrithor</b> Moderator</p> <p>Posts: 196 From: SE Michigan USA Registered: MAY 2000</p>	<p> <b>posted 03 July 2000 04:25 PM</b> </p> <hr/> <p>Here is a poem by the Poet 'Laureate' of Scotland, Robert Burns (1759-1796). Read out loud, trying a Scots accent.</p> <p>TO A LOUSE</p> <p>ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH</p> <p>Ha! whaur ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie? Your impudence protects you sairlye; I canna say but ye strunt rarely, Owre gauze and lace; Tho' faith! I fear, ye dine but sparely On sic a place.</p> <p>Ye ugly, creepin', blasted 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.</p> <p>Swith! in some beggar's haffet squattle, Wi'ither kindred, jumping cattle; There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle, In shoals and nations; Whaur horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle Your thick plantations.</p> <p>Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight, Till ye've got on it-- The verra tapmost, tow'rin height O' Miss's bonnet.</p> <p>My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out, As plump an' gray as ony grosset: O for some rank, mercurial rozet, Or fell, red smeddum, I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't, Wad dress your droddum.</p> <p>I wad na been surpris'd to spy</p>

You on an auld wife's flannen toy;  
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,  
On's wyliecoat;  
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fye!  
How daur ye do't?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,  
An' set your beauties a' ahead!  
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 lae'e us,  
An' ev'n devotion!

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Translation of last verse:

O would some Power, the gift to give us,  
To see ourselves as others see us!  
It would from many a blunder free us,  
And, foolish notion:  
What airs of dress and bearing would leave us,  
And even pridefullness!

[This message has been edited by Snorrithor (edited 03 July 2000).]

All times are PT(US)

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