

Address to the Tooth-ache

My curse upon your venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums along,
And thro my lug gies monie a twang
Wi gnawin vengeance,
Tearin my nerves wi bitter pang,
Like rackin engines!

Aw doon my beard the slavers trickle,
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle.
While roond the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me lowp.
And ravin mad, I wish a heckle
Were i' their dowp!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes,
Oor neebors sympathise to ease us,
Wi pityin moan;
But thee! - thou hell o' a' diseases -
They mock oor groan!

Of aw the numerous human dools -
Ill-hairsts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
Or worthy freens laid i' the mools,
Sad sicht to see!
The tricks o knaves, or fash o fools -
Thou bear'st the gree!

Whare'er that place be priests caw Hell,
Whare aw the tones o misery yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreidfu raw,
Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell,
Amang them aw!

O thou grim, mischief-makin chiel,
That gars the notes o discord squeel,
Till human kind aft dance a reel
In gore, a shoe-thick,
Gie aw the faes o Scotland's weal
A towmond's toothache!

by Robert Burns