



BURNS NIGHT

Tuesday 25th January 2022

BURNS NIGHT SUPPER MENU

Dram of single malt Talisker 10 year whiskey

*Cock-a-Leekie soup with bread & butter**

*Haggis, Neeps 'n' Tatties with proper gravy***

Cranachan trifle

£25 PER PERSON

** Veggie cream of leek soup alternative, ** Veggie haggis alternative available*

PRE-BOOKED TABLES REQUIRED

NOW TAKING BOOKINGS



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ADDRESS TO A HAGGIS

*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 o' a grace
As lang's my arm.*

*The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies 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.*

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

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

*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?*

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

*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.*

*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*

THIS POEM WAS WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS TO
CELEBRATE HIS APPRECIATION OF THE HAGGIS