

**Burns Dinner Menu**  
**Thursday 25th January 2018**

**£18.95**

*including a glass of Glenkinchie 10Yo malt whisky*

*Traditionally held on the 25th January*

*The anniversary of the birth  
of Robbie Burns Scotland's National Poet*

**Smoked ham scotch broth  
with homemade thyme and walnut bread**



**Haggis Neeps and Tatties with a whisky and mustard sauce**



**Cranachan mousse, oat shortbread and marmalade sorbet**



**Coffee or Tea and Tablet**

## Address To a Haggis

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face, ( sonsie = jolly/cheerful)  
Great chieftain o' the puddin-race!  
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,(aboon = above)  
Painch, tripe, or thairm: (painch = paunch/stomach, thairm = intestine)  
Weel are ye wordy o' a grace  
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,  
Your hurdies like a distant hill,(hurdies = buttocks)  
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 dicht,(dicht = wipe, here with the idea of sharpening)  
An' cut you up wi' ready slicht, (slicht = skill)  
Trenching your gushing entrails bricht,  
Like ony ditch;  
And then, O what a glorious sicht,  
Warm-reekin, rich!( reeking = steaming)

Then, horn for horn, they stretch an' strive:  
Deil tak the hindmaist! on they drive, (deil = devil)  
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve, ( swallow'd = swollen, kytes = bellies, belyve = soon)  
Are bent like drums; (bent like = tight as)  
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,(auld Guidman = the man of the house, rive = tear, i.e. burst)  
"Bethankit" hums.

Is there that o're his French ragout  
Or olio that wad staw a sow, (olio = stew, from Spanish *olla*'/stew pot, *staw* = make sick)

Or fricassee wad mak her spew  
Wi' perfect scunner,(scunner = disgust)  
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view  
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him ower his trash,  
As feckless as a wither'd rash,  
His spindle shank, a guid whip-lash,  
His nieve a nit;(nieve = fist, nit = louse's egg, i.e. tiny)  
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 wallie nieve a blade, (wallie = mighty, nieve = fist)  
He'll mak it whistle;  
An' legs an' arms, an' heads will sned, (sned = cut off)  
Like taps o' thistle. (thistle = thistle)