

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)