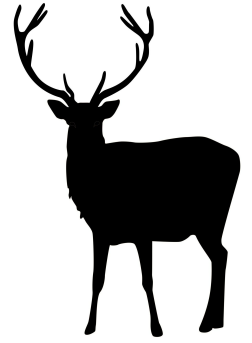


Burn's night menu 24th-26th January

(order 3 courses and receive complimentary Glenfiddich old fashioned)



Venison, apple and leek scotch egg 7.5

Cocka-leekie & pearl barley soup, sourdough 8

Glenfiddich Haggis neeps, tatties, gravy 16

Veggis, neeps, tatties, gravy (vg) 15

Venison cottage pie, seasonal vegetables 18

Cranachan 8.5

Deep fried Mars bar 6

Rabbie Burn's Single malts 25ml:

Glenfiddich 15yo 6.3

Laphroaig 6.1

Dalwhinnie 5.95

Highland park 5.7

Talisker 5.9

Auchentoshan 5.8

Address to haggis

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great Chieftan 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 mead.
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-swail'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.
Is there that owere 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' bluidy 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 whissle;
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 gratfu' prayer,
Gie her a Haggis!