We celebrate
the Birthday of
Rabbie Burns
The Bard of Ayrshire

Club 360 invites Members and their guests to join 1st Event at the Captain’s Table

Haggis & Malts Buffet

A Taste of Burns

Haggis & Malts Buffet

Wednesday 25 January
from 7.30 to 8.30 pm

1st Event at
The Captain’s Table

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 worthy o’ a grace
As lang’s my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hungry like a distant hill
Your sin is help to mend a mill
To tune o a need,
While thro’ your pores the dems distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustit labour light,
Oo cut you up wi ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like ane ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warmin rookin, rich!

Then, here for hame, they stretch on store:
De’il 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 ower 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 ower 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 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 gratefu prayer,
Gie her a Haggis