



*The* WOLSELEY

➤ BURNS NIGHT ➤

– Saturday, 25th January –

*In honour of Scotland's most celebrated poet, Robert Burns,  
this evening we'll be paying homage with a special  
menu steeped in heritage and much-loved classics.*



Cullen Skink 12.50  
*haddock, potatoes, onion*



Haggis, Neeps and Tatties 23.00  
*with a whisky infused cream sauce*



Cranachan 9.00  
*raspberries, cream, toasted oats*

*Please inform your server if you have any food allergies or special dietary needs.  
Prices include VAT. A discretionary 15% Service Charge will be added to your bill.  
All gratuities are managed independently.*



# The WOLSELEY

## ADDRESS TO A HAGGIS

by Robert Burns

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

*The groaning trencher there ye fill,  
Your hurdies like a distant bill,  
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 ye 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-swallow'd kytes belyve  
Are bent like drums;  
Then 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 sconner,  
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 whistle;  
An' legs, an' arms, an' beads 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!*

