



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

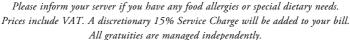
haddock, potatoes, onion

Haggis, Neeps and Tatties 23.00

with a whisky infused cream sauce

Cranachan 9.00

raspberries, cream, toasted oats









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 hill, 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-swall'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 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!

