



Burn's Night  
at  
Lara's



## **Menu**

*Nibbles*

*Broth*

*Haggis, Neeps & Tatties*

*Cranachan*

*Cheese & Biscuits*

*Scottish Confectionary*

### **Selkirk Grace**

Some hae meat and canna eat,  
And some wad eat that want it;  
But we hae meat, and we can eat,  
And sae the Lord be thankit

### **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 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.



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;  
The 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 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;

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!  
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 whistle;  
An legs an arms, an heads will  
snead,  
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

## Ae Fond Kiss

Ae fond kiss, and then we  
sever;  
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll  
pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll  
wage thee.  
Who shall say that Fortune  
grieves him,  
While the star of hope she  
leaves him?  
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights  
me;  
Dark despair around benights  
me.



I'll ne'er blame my partial  
fancy,  
Naething could resist my  
Nancy:  
But to see her was to love her;  
Love but her, and love for ever.  
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
Never met-or never parted,

We had ne'er been broken-  
hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and  
fairest!  
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and  
dearest!  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and  
Pleasure!  
Ae fond kiss, and then we  
sever!  
Ae fareweel alas, for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll  
pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll  
wage thee.

## Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be  
forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be  
forgot,  
And auld lang syne!  
For auld lang syne, my jo,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint  
stowp!  
And surely I'll be mine!

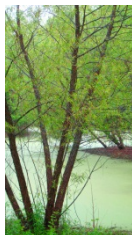
And we'll take a cup o' kindness  
yet,  
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the  
braes,  
And pou'd the gowan fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a  
weary fitt,  
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,  
Frae morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid hae  
roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty  
fiere!  
And gie's a hand o' thine!  
And we'll tak a right gude-  
willie-waught,  
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my jo,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.



## **Green Grow The Rashes**

Green grow the rashes , O;  
Green grow the rashes , O;  
The sweetest hours that e'er I  
spend,  
Are spent among the lasses, O.

There's nought but care on  
ev'ry han' ,  
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:  
What signifies the life o' man,  
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.  
The war'ly race may riches  
chase, -  
An' riches still may fly them, O;  
An' tho' at last they catch them  
fast,  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy  
them, O.

But gie me a cannie hour at  
e'en ,  
My arms about my dearie, O;  
An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly  
men,  
May a' gae tapsalteerie , O!

For you sae douce , ye sneer at  
this;  
Ye're nought but senseless  
asses, O:  
The wisest man the warl' e'er  
saw ,  
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely  
dears  
Her noblest work she classes,  
O:  
Her prentice han' she try'd on  
man,  
An' then she made the lasses,  
O.

Green grow the rashes , O;  
Green grow the rashes , O;  
The sweetest hours that e'er I  
spend,  
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

### **My Luve is like a Red Red Rose**

O my Luve's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June:  
O my Luve's like the melodie,  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,  
So deep in luve am I;  
And I will luve thee still, my  
dear,



Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry , my  
dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;

And I will luve thee still, my  
dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only  
Luve !  
And fare-thee-weel, a while!  
And I will come again, my Luve,  
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile!

### **Rantin' Rovin' Robin**

There was a lad was born in  
Kyle,  
But whatna day o' whatna  
style,  
I doubt it's hardly worth the  
while  
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Chor. - Robin was a rovin' boy,  
Rantin', rovin', rantin', rovin',  
Robin was a rovin' boy,  
Rantin', rovin', Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year  
but ane  
Was five-and-twenty days  
begun,  
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar'  
win'  
Blew hansel in on Robin.  
Robin was, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof,  
Quo' scho, "Wha lives will see  
the proof,  
This waly boy will be nae coof:  
I think we'll ca' him Robin."  
Robin was, &c.

"He'll hae misfortunes great an'  
sma',  
But aye a heart aboon them a',  
He'll be a credit till us a'-  
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."  
Robin was, &c.

"But sure as three times three  
mak nine,  
I see by ilka score and line,  
This chap will dearly like our  
kin',  
So leeze me on thee! Robin."  
Robin was, &c.

"Guid faith," quo', scho, "I  
doubt you gar  
The bonie lasses lie aspar;  
But twenty fauts ye may hae  
waur  
So blessins on thee! Robin."  
Robin was, &c.

## **The Banks O' Doon**

Ye banks and braes o' bonie  
Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh  
and fair ?  
How can ye chant, ye little  
birds,  
And I sae weary fu' o' care!  
Thou'll break my heart, thou  
warbling bird,  
That wantons thro' the  
flowering thorn:  
Thou minds me o' departed  
joys,  
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine  
twine:  
And ilka bird sang o' its Luvie ,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine;  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a  
rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!  
And may fause Luvie staw my  
rose,  
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me





## Ye Jacobites By Name

Ye Jacobites by name, give an  
ear, give an ear,  
Ye Jacobites by name, give an  
ear,  
Ye Jacobites by name,  
Your fautes I will proclaim,  
Your doctrines I maun blame,  
you shall hear.

What is Right and what is  
Wrang, by the law, by the law?  
What is Right and what is  
Wrang by the law?  
What is Right, and what is  
Wrang?  
A short sword, and a lang,  
A weak arm and a strang, for to  
draw.



What makes heroic strife,  
famed afar, famed afar?  
What makes heroic strife  
famed afar?  
What makes heroic strife?  
To whet th' assassin's knife,  
Or hunt a Parent's life, wi'  
bluidy war?

Then let your schemes alone, in  
the state, in the state,  
Then let your schemes alone in  
the state.  
Then let your schemes alone,  
Adore the rising sun,  
And leave a man undone, to his  
fate.

## Now Westlin Winds

Now westlin winds and  
slaughtering guns  
Bring autumn's pleasant  
weather  
The moorcock springs on  
whirring wings  
Among the blooming heather  
Now waving grain, wild o'er the  
plain  
Delights the weary farmer  
And the moon shines bright as I  
rove at night  
To muse upon my charmer



The partridge loves the fruitful  
fells  
The plover loves the mountain  
The woodcock haunts the  
lonely dells  
The soaring hern the fountain  
Through lofty groves the cushat  
roves  
The path of man to shun it  
The hazel bush o'erhangs the  
thrush  
The spreading thorn the linnet



Thus every kind their pleasure  
find  
The savage and the tender  
Some social join and leagues  
combine  
Some solitary wander  
Avaunt! Away! the cruel sway,

murdering cry  
The fluttering, gory pinion  
  
But Peggy dear the evening's  
clear  
Thick flies the skimming  
swallow  
The sky is blue, the fields in  
view  
All fading green and yellow  
Come let us stray our gladsome  
way  
And view the charms of nature  
The rustling corn, the fruited  
thorn  
And every happy creature

We'll gently walk and sweetly  
talk  
Till the silent moon shines  
clearly  
I'll grasp thy waist and, fondly  
pressed,  
Swear how I love thee dearly  
Not vernal showers to budding  
flowers  
Not autumn to the farmer  
So dear can be as thou to me  
My fair, my lovely charmer

## Songs of Burns

## Stories behind the songs and poems

**A Man's a Man for A' That** is a song that promotes both Burns' political and moral sensibilities. It was published anonymously in The Glasgow Magazine for fear of recriminations or even arrest, it is thought the song is proof of Burns' support for the Revolution in France, and is often used as evidence of Burns holding 'socialist' ideals.

What seems beyond doubt is that Burns was influenced by Thomas Paine's *The Rights of Man*, both of them dealing with ideas of liberty, equality and universal human rights.

This was the song chosen to be sung at the opening of the devolved Scottish Parliament in 1999.

**Ae Fond Kiss** is the most famous and widely acclaimed song to arise from Robert Burns's association with Agnes McLehose, an educated woman whom he met whilst in Edinburgh in 1787 and who was separated from her husband James McLehose, a Glasgow lawyer.

The lovers exchanged a wealth of letters in which they refer to each other as 'Sylvander' and 'Clarinda'.

She was deeply concerned with propriety and confidentiality, and so it was partly to protect both her own and Burns's privacy and reputation that she suggested the noms d'amours 'Sylvander' and 'Clarinda'.

There is nothing concrete to suggest that the relationship was ever consummated, yet one can derive from the letters that the couple were certainly taken with each other for a time between 1787 and 88.

Following Robert Burns's departure from Edinburgh in 1788, it is apparent that the correspondents' friendship suffered owing to Burns's reunion with Jean Armour and their eventual marriage, not to mention

the birth of his illegitimate child to Jenny Clow, Agnes McLehose's maid.

In 1792 Agnes McLehose travelled to the West Indies on the *Roselle* at the request of her estranged husband who, it appears, wished to affect reconciliation. Robert Burns, upon learning of this plan, wrote the song 'Ae Fond Kiss' and sent it to Agnes McLehose on the 27th of December 1791.

**Auld Lang Syne** is a universally famous song sung the world over on Hogmanay. Associated with Robert Burns, the poet first sent 'Auld Lang Syne' to his friend and Patron Mrs Frances Dunlop in 1788. In his letter the poet praised 'Auld Lang Syne' as an old song.

Burns frequently amended and improved old songs that he collected prior to their publication. Therefore, it remains likely that Burns played a significant part in shaping this particular version of the song.

The crossed hands holding each other only takes place during the third verse though often the uninitiated will try to do so earlier.

**Green Grow the Rashes** has more than one version. The one reproduced here is more easily sung to a young audience as it has no reference to binding a part of the male anatomy. It is often sung at Burn's Nights or quoted in the 'Toast to the Lassies'.

**Rantin' Rovin' Robin** may be about the poet himself. It is certain that the house in which he was born was damaged in a January storm as mentioned in the song.

**The Banks O' Doon** has two other versions. The one reproduced here is regarded as the best and was one of Byron's favourite songs. The Doon is an Ayrshire river which flows near to Burn's cottage in Alloway. Also located near the cottage is the Brig O' Doon which was crossed by Tam O'Shanter as he fled from the witch Cutty Sark. The witch could

not cross the flowing water and so Tam escaped her clutches minus his horses tail.

## Really Bad Jokes

David Cameron is visiting the new Queen Elizabeth Hospital in Glasgow. He is taken to one of the wards. He introduces himself to the first patient who replies (perhaps appropriately), "Great Chieftain o' the Puddin' Race". He quickly progresses down the ward to be met with phrases such as "Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear", "How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?" On leaving he indignantly asks why he could not have been taken to a more appropriate ward. "And what could be more appropriate than the Burn's Unit?" came the curt reply.

On the shores of Loch Ness an American has found a wild haggis. He is amazed that the creature can speak English. Despite the language barrier he asks if it has ever seen Nessie swimming in the waters of the loch. "Don't be stupid", replies the Haggis, "Nessie is a mythical creature!"

A Highlander walking the hills comes across a stranger using his hand to drink from a small pool. "Dinna be sae daft, thon puddles fu' o' coos pee." "I'm dreadfully sorry old man. I come from England and I couldn't understand a single word you said.", came the reply in an Etonian accent. The Scotsman, now realizing he is dealing with one of the upper crust puts on his best Edinburgh accent, speaks slowly and says. "I was advising you that you would be able to drink more if you cupped both hands together."

"How's the flat you're living in in London, Jock?" asks his mother when he calls home to Aberdeen.

"It's okay," he replies, "but the woman next door keeps screaming and crying all night and the guy on the other side keeps banging his head on the wall."

"Never you mind," says his mother, "don't you let them get to you, just ignore them."

"Aye, that I do," he says, "I just keep playing my bagpipes."