



# BURNS NIGHT

## main

**Classic Scottish Haggis**

**£10**

served with neeps &  
tatties

---

**Blend - Bell's 40%**

**25ml - £4.10**

Soft grains and spices on the floral and fruity nose, with a sweet, nutty, malty and spicy palate.

**De Luxe - Johnnie Walker Black Label 40%**

**25ml - £4.20**

Loaded with layers of smooth and delicious flavours all proudly on show - creamy toffee, rich, sweet fruit and spicy vanilla.

**Malt - Laphroaig 43%**

**25ml - £6.60**

This peated whisky is renowned for its bold, smoky taste, followed by a hint of seaweed and a surprising sweetness.

## whisky



---

Please speak to a member of our team if you have a food allergen or intolerance at the time of ordering. Please note this is a sample menu and is subject to change based on the availability of ingredients.



# ADDRESS TO A HAGGIS

ROBERT BURNS

---

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie  
face,  
Great chieftain o' the  
pudding-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 bead.

His knife see rustic Labour  
dight,  
An' cut you up wi' ready  
sleight,  
Trenching your gushing  
entrails bright,  
Like ony 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 owre his French  
ragout

Or olio that wad staw a sow,  
Or fricassee wad make 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 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 mak it whistle;  
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!

