

Burns Supper Guide

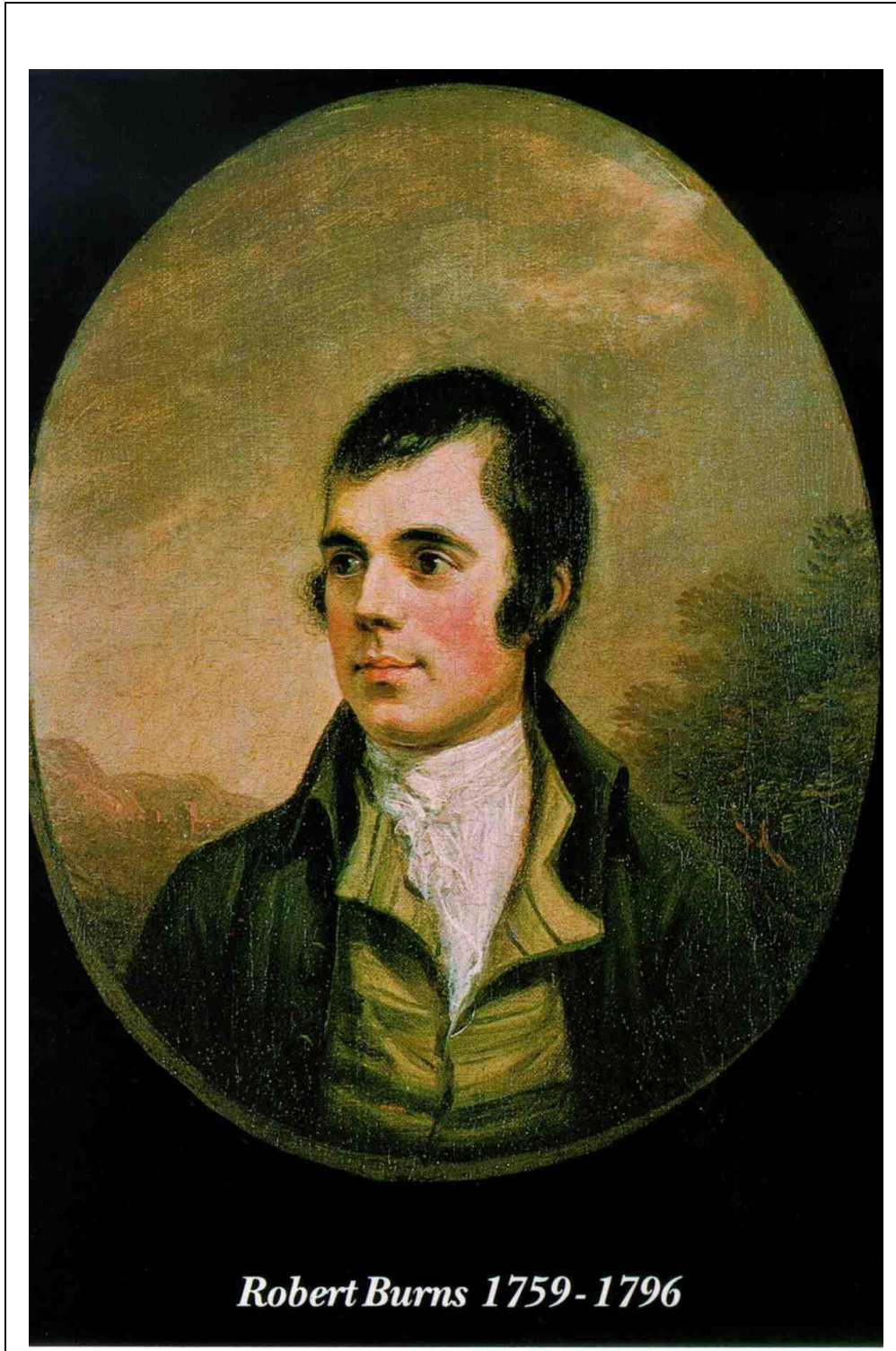


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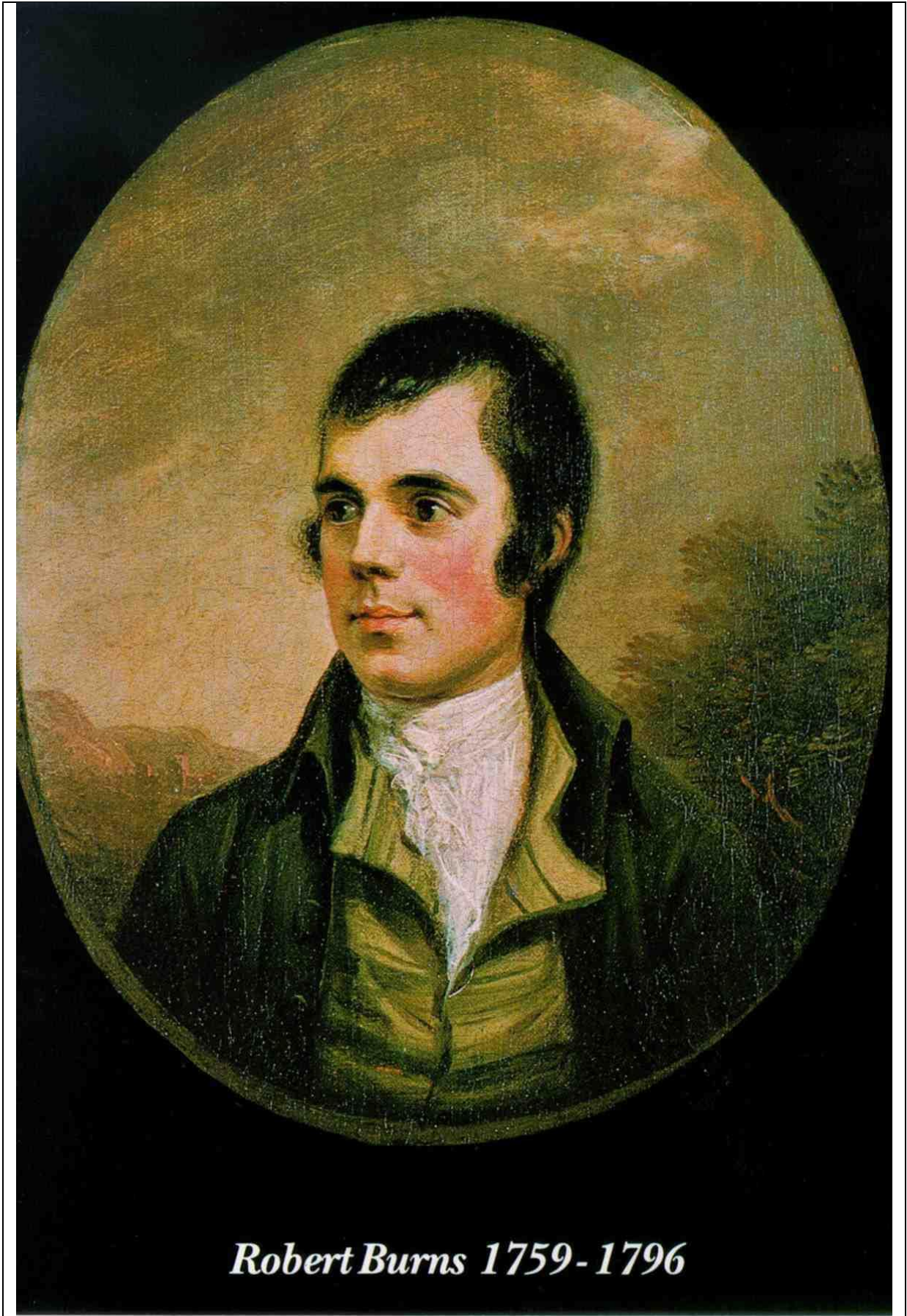
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Robert Burns 1759-1796

A Sample invitation:

To Bob and Norma

**“The nicht drove on wi sangs an clatter
An aye the ale was growin better”**

Moyra and Dave hope you will come to their

250th Anniversary Burns Supper

On 25th January

At home at 7.30 for 8pm

Rsvp to: (your email address)

Dress: come as you are, but wear something tartan

(You can alter this invitation to suit your own requirements...or better still, innovate and design your own.)

Recipes:

Cock -a- Leekie Soup

1 x 1-1.5 Kg (2-3lb) chicken
1 onion, cut into quarters
400-800g (1-2lbs) leeks cut into inch long (2-3cm) pieces,
White and green parts to be kept separate
Chicken stock from boiling the chicken
1 bay leaf
bunch of parsley
6-12 prunes, soaked overnight
Salt and pepper to taste

Method

Put the chicken in a large pot and cover with water. Add the herbs and salt and slowly bring to the boil. Skim, cover and simmer until the chicken is tender, approx. 2 hours. Remove the bird and allow to cool slightly. Meanwhile, add the green part of the leeks to the stock and add the prunes (cut into quarters) and continue to simmer. Cut the meat from the chicken into smallish pieces and return to the pan with the white parts of the leeks. Simmer for a further 10 minutes. Check the seasoning.

Now the good news!

Cock-a-leekie soup is always better the day after it is made. So....make it the day before your supper and heat it up before serving.

Haggis

This is a very simple recipe which I got from a book by Clark McGinn.

Buy a sheep

Sell the wool

Cook the rest

I would give you the recipe but you would probably be arrested for trying to make your own haggis. Many traditional haggis makers will send a haggis to any UK address and to many countries abroad where the importing of food is allowed. Simply type haggis into Google or similar search engine and order your haggis online. If getting a haggis is out of the question..improvise, use any skinned sausage that is available. Shepherd's pie (minced beef and champit tatties on top) and bashit neeps would be a great substitute dinner.

Champit Tatties (Mashed Potatoes)

400-800g (1-2lbs) potatoes, peeled and cubed
Salt and pepper
Butter
Dash of milk

Method

Boil the potatoes in lightly salted water until they are soft but not mushy and drain them well. Mash with a knob of butter and a dash of milk. Salt and pepper to taste.

Bashit Neeps (Mashed Turnip)

400-800g (1-2lbs) Turnip
Salt and pepper
Butter
Dash of milk

Method

Boil the turnip in lightly salted water until they are soft but not mushy and drain them well. Mash with a knob of butter and a dash of milk. Salt and pepper to taste.

Tipsy Laird (Sherry Trifle)

1 Victoria sponge cake, sliced
300g (3/4lb) raspberry jam
2 tablespoons brandy or Drambuie
1 wine glass of sherry
Egg custard (see below)
300g (3/4lb) raspberries
1 tablespoon caster sugar
250ml (1/2 pint) double cream
Toasted almonds to decorate

To make the custard:

250ml (1/2 pint) full-cream milk
150ml (1/3 pint) double cream
2 egg yolks
50g caster sugar
A few drops of vanilla essence

Method

Place the sponge in the base of a large glass bowl and spread with the raspberry jam. Mix the sherry and the brandy and sprinkle over the sponge, allowing time to soak in. Next add a layer of raspberries. To make the custard, whisk together the egg yolks, sugar and vanilla essence until it is pale and creamy. Heat the milk and cream together in a saucepan until it just reaches boiling point, then stir carefully into the egg mixture. Once it is well blended, return to the pan and stir continuously over a low heat until the custard thickens. Pour into a dish and allow it to cool. When it is quite cool, pour the custard over the layer of raspberries and spread evenly. Next whip the double cream, add sugar to sweeten and spoon on top of the (set) custard. Decorate with toasted almonds.

Oatcakes and Cheese

Place several plates laden with good Scottish oatcakes and cubed cheddar cheese

Coffee and Liqueurs

Serve some good malt whisky and liqueurs with the coffee

The Setting:

Your dining room should have a picture of Robert Burns in a fairly prominent position. There are two pictures in your kit which with a little fine tuning on your printer should suffice. If you have a Scottish flag you could also have that on prominent display.

You could order tartan napkins or special Burns Night napkins which are available on the internet. Simply google for Robert Burns napkins and you should find something to suit. Your CD player should be handy and an infra red control would of great benefit to your Music Man.

A heather or thistle centrepiece for the table would look well or flowers matching the tartan colours i.e. Strong reds, greens and purples

I am sure that you will be better at organising your room for your supper and hope these few hints help.

Bill of Fare

Grace

**“Some hae meat an canna eat
And some wad eat that want it
But we hae meat an we can eat
An sae tha lord be thankit”**

Cock-a-leekie soup

The Haggis

Wi Champit Tatties an Bashit Neeps

Tipsy Laird

Oatcakes and Cheese

Whisky and Liqueurs

Speeches an' Ploys

The Immortal memory
(Your Speakers name is typed in
here)

Tam o Shanter
(Your Speakers name typed
here)

The Lassies
(Your speakers name typed here)
"Here am I, a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and
ample".

Reply to The lassies
(your speakers name here)
"True it is she had ae failin,
Had ae woman ever less?"

Burns Songs
The assembled company

Traditional dances
The assembled company

Auld Lang Syne
The assembled
company

Toasts, here's a selection in Scots:

May the best ye hae ivver seen be the warst ye'll ivver see.
May the moose ne'er lea' yer giral wi a tear-drap in its ee.
May ye aye keep hail an hertie till ye'r auld eneuch tae dee.
May ye aye juist be sae happie as A wuss ye aye tae be.

The above, in translation, reads:

May the best you have ever seen be the worst you will ever see.
May the mouse never leave your grain store with a tear drop in its eye.
May you always stay hale and hearty until you are old enough to die.
May you still be as happy as I always wish you to be.

.....
Here's to all those that I love
Here's to all those that love me.
And here's to all those that love those that I love,
And all those that love those that love me.
(You have to think about that one!)

.....
I drink to the health of another,
And the other I drink to is he -
In the hope that he drinks to another,
And the other he drinks to is me!
Here's to them that like us -
Them that think us swell -
And here's tae them that hate us -
Let's pray for them as well!

.....
Here's to the heath, the hill and the heather,
The bonnet, the plaid, the kilt and the feather!

.....
Here's to the heroes that Scotland can boast,
May their names never dee -
That's the Heilan' Man's Toast!

.....
Here's tae us -
Wha's like us -
Damn few -
And they're a' deid -
Mairs the pity!

.....
May the hill rise behind you,
And may the mountain be always over the crest;
And may the God that you believe in
Hold you in the palm of his hand.
.....

Or alternatively:

May the road rise to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
The sun shine warm upon your face,
The rain fall soft upon your fields.

Lang may yer lum reek! (Long may your chimney smoke!)
Wi' ither folks coal! (With other people's coal!)
(The second line is said to have originated in Edinburgh!)

May we be happy - and our enemies know it!

May ye ne'er want a frien' or a dram to gie him.

When we're gaun up the hill of fortune, may we ne'er meet a frien' comin' doun!

Your Burns Supper Guide

The Burns supper is an institution in Scotland. An evening to wine and dine whilst celebrating the life and genius of Robert Burns. Your kit has been designed for you to host a Supper at home with friends and relatives and the theme is very much an evening of fun. This suggested running order covers all the elements needed to plan and structure your Burns Supper.

The Welcome: As your guests arrive you can do the necessary introductions and hand round drinks and nibbles whilst they mingle and chat until your full company has arrived.

First Toast: Just before seating your guests at the table your toastmaster should call a toast to the Queen (or a Monarch of their choosing)

Welcome: Your chairman warmly welcomes your assembled guests.

The Selkirk Grace: A short but informal prayer prior to start off your meal. (The haggis should be delivered on a silver platter).

Piping in the Haggis: Your guests should stand and your Music Man should start track 1 on your Audio CD (Scotland the Brave) as the dinners star attraction is brought to the table. The procession should start in the kitchen and the haggis should be paraded around the room as the guests clap their hands in time to the music. In the procession should be the Chef, carrying the Haggis, the Piper, playing his pipes and the guest chosen to address the Haggis. Your chairman should be at hand with a malt whisky for each member of the procession as a thank you for delivering the haggis. The chairman remarks with...
“Hae a dram piper” ...as he hands over the glasses of malt.

Address to the Haggis: The honoured guest now seizes their moment of glory and offers a fluent and arising rendition of To a Haggis. They should have their knife poised at the ready. At the given time (his knife see rustic labour dicht), they cut the Haggis along its length making sure to spill some of the contents on to the salver. The recital ends with the Haggis being raised in triumph during the final line (gie her a haggis)

Second toast: After the applause dies your toastmaster calls for a toast to THE HAGGIS

The Meal: Dinner is now served. You could ask your toastmaster to intervene at any time and call for a toast of his choosing. Remember the more toasts, the more relaxed? your guests will be.

Liberal lashings of wine or ale should be served with dinner.

First comfort break: After dinner the chairman should call a comfort break and the dishes could be cleared from the table at this time.

The First entertainer: After all are seated the chairman calls for the first turn from the guests. (the chairman is required to introduce all guest contributors) I would recommend a solo or duet of My Love is like a Red Red Rose. However it is your night so you decide. Music to accompany is from your CD

The Immortal Memory: The keynote speech. Your speaker delivers his spell-binding oratory on the life of Robert Burns.

The speaker concludes with a heart-felt toast: The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns.

The Second Entertainer: Get your assembled company to sing one of the songs from your CD. Your Music Man will start the track from your CD

The Toast to the Lassies: Your speaker should give a humourous, tongue in cheek, speech on the role of women in society today. He should finish with a toast .. To the Lassies

The Third Entertainer: A reading of Tam O Shanter or Holy Willie's Prayer by one of your guests.

The reply to the Toast to the Lassies: One of your lady guests has the right of reply to the Toast to the Lassies. This is the girls chance to upstage the men.

Second comfort break

Community Singing: choose any of the tracks on your CD and ask all to sing. Get the men to sing A mans a Man for a that. Get the Girls to sing Ae fond Kiss. Its your evening choose your own favourites.

Vote Of Thanks: a chosen guest should give a short vote of thanks highlighting the memorable performers of the evening, thanking the chef and the hosts for a lovely evening.

Dancing: Your music man should call your guests to dance a Gay Gordons to the music on your CD followed by a waltz to the haunting Skye Boat song

Auld Lang Syne: The chairman closes your night by inviting guests to stand and belt out a rousing rendition of Auld lang syne. Auld Lang Syne is the traditional way to end your evening. It is customary that you and your guests form a circle, hold hands and swing them in time to the music. After the first verse and chorus, your guests should cross their arms and hold hands with the guest on either side. They should now shake hands continuously. After the second verse and chorus, Steve ups the tempo to quicktime whereupon your guests, still holding and shaking hands should all move forward together till they meet, they retreat, move forward again etc until the music stops.

PS. Remember the Toastmaster. Should he see a lull at any time in your Supper...cue him to propose another toast. (samples in your CD)

Your Guest Contributors

I have assumed as you are the host you will be the chairman and your spouse/partner the chef or vice versa. From your guests you will need:

The Piper: To pipe in the Haggis. If you do not have a set of bagpipes handy (and who does) then improvise. Get a bit of tartan and stick 4 pieces of timber in it. Tie them at the top with white rope and hey presto..Bagpipes. Should all else fail, any upturned stool or chair can be played as bagpipes. Have some fun with it.

The Music Man: He who is in control of the CD player. Cue him to start the necessary tracks from your audio CD

The Toastmaster: Choose someone with a sense of humour and ask him/her to intervene at any opportune moment to propose a toast to something or other. The funnier toast the better. The more toasts.. the merrier your supper will be.

Your Speakers: To say grace, to address the haggis, to give an Immortal Memory, to propose the Toast to the Lassies, to reply to the toast to the Lassies and finally someone to give a vote of thanks.

Singers: Solos, Duets etc from your guests.

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 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-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' 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!

Robert Burns : Notes for a sample Immortal Memory

This was an Immortal memory that I gave recently. The instructions were to give 20% content to Burns and 80% to entertaining an adult audience.

Abbreviated Notes:

The Burns Supper has - over 2 centuries - grown to be the greatest party in Scotland BAR NON - and I do mean Bar - it is estimated that there will be more people joining in this year than there were people alive in Scotland in Burns day.

And it s now International - the chain of universal friendship and fellowship - encircles the Globe.

When the Burns supper is finishing in Sydney it is still underway in Perth Western Australia. And meantime they are sitting down in Singapore. An hour later they are seated in Calcutta. And so it continues through Asia, the Middle East, Africa, Europe across the Atlantic and across the great continent that is America. Right around the clock Everyone is welcome - an that s the message throughout Burns poems and songs.

A friend was invited across the pond do to “the address” and was travelling through immigration when he was quizzed by the official as to the reason for his visit. His immediate thought was to tell the official he was there “to put on a skirt, stand in front of 600 people, speak to a large sausage and then cut it intae a thoosan bits wi a sharp knife”. “I m here on business” He said to the official
Now in full Highland dress he was on his way to the event and was accosted on the underground by some local working girls out for a bit o fun. One rather forward girl pushes up and asks what he has under his kilt. There is a huge laugh from her pals. My dear he replied I m a man of few words- so here - gie me yer han.

Here s a bottle and an honest frien!
What wid ye wish for mair man?

We ve a fair array o bottles here an many good frien s so lets get the party goin.

Good company an good cheer were watchwords for our Robbie an I want to take you now through some o the times o Robbie Burns

Burns was born on the 25
January 1759 in the tiny village of Alloway
..... 1759

I wonder if you have ever thought about what was going on in the world during Burns life.

14 years before Burns birth the Jacobites tried to return a Stewart King to the British throne.

Four years before he formed the bachelors Club in Tarbolton, The American War of Independence started.

In 1789 - the year Burns became an excise man - the French revolution kicked off with the storming of the Bastille. On the French revolution Burns was almost incarcerated for supplying cannon balls to the cause of the revolting peasants. Does that sound right. Burns certainly lived in interesting times.

My chosen times for the Immortal Memory - cover his poverty and hard work on the farm, the influence of the Kirk on his life, his devotion to the Masonic Order, an alleged thirst for drink and an insatiable passion for women. I personally like the last one best.

Quoting from - To a mouse - a poem which is an apology to a mouse that burns had flushed from its home when doing the spring ploughing

Still thou are blessed , compared wi me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But och! I backward cast my e e,
On prospects drear!
An forward, tho I canna see
I guess an fear!

A gloomy past in farming and a very uncertain future.
Farming never changes. Bloody awful then Bloody awful now.

Born the son of a Mearns farmer who travelled South to find the Good life. Burns himself became tied to the land - and tied it was.
Burns thought it worse than prison - In fact
It has been recently rumoured - that Aberdeenshire Council - instead of sendin criminals tae prison theyre goin tae gie them a modest overdraft an some coos in a north facin croft at Rhynie. That - say the authorities - would be harder than prison - I think they could be right.

Farming was extremely tough for Burns -both physically and financially - and a - little known fact was that Burns had 6 bankers during his life. In his last will and testament -he appointed them as his pall bearers - explainin that they d carried him this far in life - so noo they micht as well finish the job.

One year - After poor Burns barn destroyed by a fire - put in claim for the insurance - The agent - suspecting foul play - inspected the damage - after a very severe grilling - was reluctant but eventually settled the claim - like all insurance salesmen - tried to sell Burns mair insurance - Tell me Mr Burns - Are ye covered for cattle theft - no replied Burns - and fit about floods? - Are ye covered for floods - Floods queried

Robbie, perking up - Floods - How div ye go about startin a flood?

On the influence of the Kirk:

Yet here I am,..... a chosen sample
To show thy grace is great and ample
I m here..... a pillar o thy temple
Strong as a rock
A guide, a buckler and example
.....to a thy flock.

Burns - a staunch church goer - always in trouble with kirk. Having 13 children to five different mothers might have had something tae dae wi that.

Big families were the norm in Burns era.

He was attendin a funeral in Ayr on the death of an old conquest. The minister went on to describe the life o Annie who had 17 kids to her first husband who had died fairly young. Being still youthful she had remarried and had 11 kids to her second husband and soon after his death Annie too had passed away. At her funeral service - The minister - in closing - looked down on the coffin then up to the sky and said..... Theyre finally together.
This confused Burns and he queried the minister at the wake. Minister - asked Burns back at the service you said - theyre finally together - did you mean Annie an her first husband or Annie and her second husband ? The minister took a long look at Robbie an said ...I wisna talkin about her husbands RobbieI was talkin about her legs!!!

Drink and the Church didnae mix either.

Burns - found himself - in court one Monday - apprehended by the law - previous evening - allegedly - caught urinating on a grave - old church yard - Judge considering custodial sentence - Burns explained - judge - I had given a deathbed commitment - old boozing buddie Tam - to return every year on the anniversary of his death - pour a bottle o best malt o er his grave - I never - added Burns - at any time yer honour - in that commitment tae Tam - confirmed it wid be poured directly fae the bottle

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a that
That sense and worth o er a the earth,
Shall bear an gree for a that,
For a that, an a that,
It s comin yet for a that,
That man to man the world o er
Shall brothers be for a that

This poem was obviously penned by Burns and devoted to his beloved

Masonic Order. The lodge at Tarbolton was the Kirk to Burns. The camaraderie, the spirit of brotherhood in the Lodge and the charity towards the widow and orphan was above and beyond the Kirk

This should have been - longest section in my toast - but of course - it s all a secret - so its now the shortest..

The closed nature of the Order - Best summed up by ...Old masons never die...But ye ll have to join to find out why!!!

Burns was initiated an Entered Apprentice in Lodge St David, Tarbolton on the 4th July 1781. At the age of 23. His initiation fee was 12s 6d and paid on the same date.

Burns lodge was very close knit - brother helped brother with cheery disposition -but there is - as normal - few shirkers - every organisation.

The Doctor woke - Sunday morning - toilet blocked. Phoned his lodge brother - the plumber for assistance - Doc its Sunday - ken fine but if you - poorly on Sunday -I d be round sharpish - sort ye oot - Aye fine - plumber – gets jacket - off he sets - arrives at Dr s - goes up - looks at toilet - fiddles in his pocket - takes oot 2 aspirins - throws them intae the bowl - turns to doc - that should sort it oot - if its nae ony better the morn - phone an I ll look in again.

It was maybe the poem- tam o shanter - gained burns reputation - alleged thirst for drink.

When chapman billies leave the street
An droothy nee bors, nee boors meet
As market days are wearin late
An folk begin tae tak the gate
While we sit boozing at the nappy
An getting fou and unco happy

Ye ll note ...alleged thirst for drink

Burns farmed 170 of the poorest acres in Southern Scotland...he rode 200 miles a week on excise surveys...he wrote 4 sets of books...wrote so much matchless verse...and had time for o so many ladies... Burns was in fact...a workaholic ...not an alcoholic.

But ...he did enjoy a dram.... Aye a real dram
On an excise visit - offered a dram - local distillery - distillery manager - known for prudence - poured dram - a dram of rather modest quantity - distillery manager saw Burns Scornfu view - it s a 10 year old you know - says manager - aye said Burns - and so small for its age.

When courting Mary - he once said - oh Mary - drinkin makes ye look so bonny - Robbie she replied - I dinna drink - no says Robbie - but I do.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han,, she tried on man,
An then she made the lasses, O.

At the tender age of 15 Burns found his first love - Nelly Blair -
Daughter o the local blacksmith - affairs of the heart continued unabated
- Peggy Thomson - Alison Begbie - Mary Cambell - to name but a few -
but Burns capitulated - was eventually settled - married Jean Armour

On their first nite of marriage - Burns was layin down some ground
rules

Wife says Burns - I ll be home - when I want - if I want - and at
whatever time I want.
I ll go boozing - when I want - and visit the Club with my cronies -
whenever I want - and I don t want any trouble from you. I also want a
decent meal on the table every night
Those are my rules - what sayest thou?

Jean replied - fine with me - but understand this Robert Burns - there
will be WILD SEX here - in this house - every night - 7 o clock
sharp.....whether YOU RE here or not.

But Burns eye for the ladies - always seeking out an opportunity - often
landed him in trouble

On an Edinburgh visit he came across, standing alone, on the dimly lit corner of the street a
vivacious young wench. Burns approached. It's rather late for a girl of your years to
be out alone said Burns. The young lady replied that this was normal as
she was a working girl. What kind of work do you do queried Burns. I
work for myself replied the wench. that s very interesting replied Burns
And is Business good for you?
Bloody great she replied.....in fact if I had anither pair o legs I d open in
Dundee

Robert Burns died on the 21stJuly 1796 at the age of only 37.

Four days later, on the day of his burial, his wife Jean gave birth to their son
William Maxwell and as the funeral procession finally fell silent - a
voice was heard to say. "an wha will be oor poet noo?
Now over 200 years later ..the question still remains unanswered
Ladies and gentlemen, could I ask you to fill your glasses, aye right tae
the top.....would you please be upstanding..... as I give you the
greatest Scottish toast of them all.....

The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns

Tam O Shanter

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neibors, neibors, meet;
As market days are wearing late,
And folk begin to tak the gate,
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonie lasses).

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,

A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder wi' the Miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on
The Smith and thee gat roarin' fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday,
She prophesied that late or soon,
Thou wad be found, deep drown'd in Doon,
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,
His ancient, trusty, droughthy crony:

Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The Landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious:
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white - then melts for ever;
Or like the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the Rainbow's lovely form

Evanishing amid the storm. -

Nae man can tether Time nor Tide,
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel-mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glow'rin round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods,
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods,
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll,
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze,
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle,
But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,

Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance:
Nae cotillon, brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. -
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the Dead in their last dresses;
And (by some devilish cantraip sleight)
Each in its cauld hand held a light.
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted:

Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled:
A knife, a father's throat had mangled.
Whom his ain son of life bereft,
The grey-hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair of horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.
Three lawyers tongues, turned inside oot,
Wi' lies, seamed like a beggars clout,
Three priests hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinkin, vile in every neuk.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The Piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew,
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linkit at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens!
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flainen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!-

Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gien them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Louping an' flinging on a crummock.
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kent what was what fu' brawlie:
There was ae winsome wench and waulie
That night enlisted in the core,
Lang after ken'd on Carrick shore;
(For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear);
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little ken'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewithc'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd:
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied.
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreich and hollow.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!

In hell, they'll roast thee like a herrin!

In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!

Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!

Now, do thy speedy-utmost, Meg,

And win the key-stone o' the brig;

There, at them thou thy tail may toss,

A running stream they dare na cross.

But ere the keystone she could make,

The fient a tail she had to shake!

For Nannie, far before the rest,

Hard upon noble Maggie prest,

And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;

But little wist she Maggie's mettle!

Ae spring brought off her master hale,

But left behind her ain grey tail:

The carlin claught her by the rump,

And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,

Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:

Whene'er to Drink you are inclin'd,

Or Cutty-sarks rin in your mind,

Think ye may buy the joys o'er dear;

Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

Holy Willie's Prayer

O Thou, that in the heavens does dwell,
As it pleases best Thyself,
Sends aen to Heaven an' ten to Hell,
For Thy glory,
And no for onie or ill
They've done afore Thee!

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
When thousands Thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore Thy sight,
For gifts an' grace
A burning and a shining light
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation?
I wha deserv'd most just damnation
For broken laws,
Six thousand years 'ere my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause.

When from my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plung'd me deep in hell,
To gnash my gums, and weep and wail,
In burnin lakes,
Where damned devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to their stakes.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and ample;
I'm here a pillar o' Thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, and example,
To a' Thy flock.

O Lord, Thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, an' swearers swear,
An' singing here, an' dancin there,
Wi' great and sma';
For I am keepit by Thy fear
Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust:
An' sometimes, too, in worldly trust,
Vile self gets in;
But Thou remembers we are dust,
Defil'd wi' sin.

O Lord! yestreen, Thou kens, wi' Meg
Thy pardon I sincerely beg;
O may't ne'er be a livin' plague
To my dishonour,
An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
Again upon her.

Besides, I farther maun avow,
Wi' Leezie's lass, three times I trow -
But Lord, that Friday I was fou,
When I cam near her;
Or else, Thou kens, Thy servant true
Wad never steer her.

Maybe Thou lets this fleshly thorn
Buffet Thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre proud and high shou'd turn,
That he's sae gifted:
If sae, Thy han' maun e'en be borne,
Until Thou lift it.

Lord, bless Thy chosen in this place,
For here Thou has a chosen race!
But God confound there stubborn face,
An' blast their name,
Wha brings Thy elders to disgrace
An' open shame.

Lord, mind Gaw'n Hamilton's deserts;
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Yet has sae mony takin arts,
Wi' great an' sma',
Frae God's ain priest the people's hearts
He steals awa'.

And when we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
And set the world in a roar
O' laughing at us;
Curse Thou his basket and his store,
Kail an' potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry and pray'r,
Against that Presbyt'ry o' Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, Lord mak it bare
Upo' their heads;
Lord visit them, an' dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O Lord my God! that glib-tongu'd Aitken,
My vera heart an' flesh are quakin,
To think how we stood sweatin, shakin,
An' pish'd wi' dread,
While he, wi' hingin lip an' snakin,
Held up his head.

Lord, in Thy day o' vengeance try him,
Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in Thy mercy by them,
Nor hear their pray'r,
But for Thy people's sake destroy them,
An' dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me an' mine
Wi' mercies temporal and divine,
That I for grace an' gear may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
And a' the glory shall be Thine,
Amen, Amen!

Your Audio CD is played for you by Steve Ransome on his Keyboard and produced by Steve at his Studios near The Howe O Auchterless, Turriff. Aberdeenshire. Many thanks to Steve.

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|---------|------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Track 1 | Scotland the Brave | for Piping in the Haggis |
| Track 2 | Red Red Rose | A possible duet by two of your guests |
| Track 3 | For A That | Possibly sung by the gentlemen |
| Track 4 | Banks O Doon | Community song |
| Track 5 | Green Grow the rashes: | Community song |
| Track 6 | Ca the Yowes | Obviously for the Shepherdess |
| Track 7 | Ae Fond Kiss | Another duet |
| Track 8 | Waltz | A wee dance for your guests |
| Track 9 | Gay Gordons | A big dance for your guests |
| Lastly | Auld Lang Syne | At the end of your Supper |

A Red, Red Rose

[Hear Red, Red Rose]

1794

Type: Poem

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!

A Man's A Man For A' That

Tune: For a' that.

Is there for honest Poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that;
The coward slave-we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that.
Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;
A Man's a Man for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that:
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's abon his might,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that;
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that,)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

The Banks O' Doon

Third Version

1791

Type: Poem

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 Luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine;
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
And may fause Luvver staw my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Green Grow The Rashes

A Fragment

1783

Type: Song

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

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.
Green grow, &c.

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!
Green grow, &c.

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.
Green grow, &c.

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, &c.

Ca' The Yowes To The Knowes

1789

Type: Poem

Chorus.-Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie

As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd lad:
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
And he ca'd me his dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
The moon it shines fu' clearly.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
An' ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' thee, my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ae Fond Kiss

1791

Type: Song

Tune: Rory Dall's Port.

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.
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 fareweeli alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Auld Lang Syne. (Abridged)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

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

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!