



# *Burns Night Supper*



*Thursday 25th January 2018*

Join us for a 4 course meal with Hot Toddies  
on arrival to celebrate Burns night

## **Starters**

Cullen Skink

*Served with warm artisan Bread*

## **Palate Cleanser**

Iron Bru Sorbet

## **Main Course**

Traditional Haggis, Neeps and tatties served with a whisky cream  
Sauce

## **Dessert**

Chef's own Cranachan

*Raspberry Parfait, Flapjack and whisky Cream*

***£25 per person***

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,  
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie! Thou need na start awa sae  
 hasty, wi' bickering brattle! I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,  
 Wi' murd'ring prattle! I'm truly sorry Man's dominion,  
 Has broken nature's social union. An' justifies that ill opinion,  
 Which makes thee startle At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,  
 An' fellow-mortal! I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;  
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live! A daimen icker in a thrave  
 's a sma' request; I'll get a blessin wi' the lave, An' never miss't!  
 Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin! It's silly wa's the win's are  
 strewin! An' naething, now, to big a new ane, O' foggage green!

An' bleak December's winds ensuin, Baith snell an' keen!  
 Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste, An' weary winter comin fast,  
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast, Thou thought to dwell—  
 Till Crash! the cruel coulter past Out thro' thy cell.  
 That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, Has cost thee mony  
 a weary nibble! Now tho's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,

But house or hald, To thole the winter's  
 sleety dribble, An' cranreuch cauld!  
 But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
 In proving foresight may be  
 vain; the best laid  
 schemes o' mice an' men  
 Gang aft agley,  
 An' lea'e us nought  
 but grief an' pain  
 For promised joy!

Still thou art blest, compar'd 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!

TO A MOUSE, ON TRACING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE FLOUR, ROBERT BURNS.

