

# Edinburgh Sports Club Burns Supper Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> January 2018

## The Bill o' Fare

Master of Ceremonies - **Graham Lind**

A Taste o' Burns - **Alastair Allanach**

Grace

### Cullen Skink

**Euan Bell** pipes in the haggis

Address tae the Haggis - **Johnnie Webster**

### Haggis, Neeps and Tatties

### Cranachan

Music and Song - **Cara Targett-Ness and Isabella Webster**

A Toast tae the Players - **Rachel Richmond**

### Coffee And Fudge

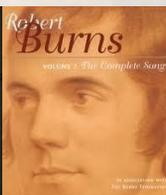
A reply on behalf o' the Players - **David Coutts**

## AULD LANG SYNE

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm

Ae fond Kiss, and then we sever

My Love is like a red red rose



Man's inhumanity to Man

A man's a man for a' that

## Poems

### **To a Mouse**

Wee, sleekit, cowran, 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 pattle!

### **Ae fond kiss**

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.

### **To a Louse**

O wad some Power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us!  
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,  
An' foolish notion:  
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,  
An' ev'n devotion!

### **Holy Willie's Prayer**

O Lord thou kens what zeal I bear,  
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,  
And singin' there, and dancin' here, Wi' great an'  
sma';  
For I am keepet by the fear, Free frae them a'.  
But yet—O Lord—confess I must—  
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust;  
And sometimes too, in wardly 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 living plague, To my dishonor!  
And 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.

### **John Anderson, my Jo**

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquent;  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonie brow was brent;  
But now your brow is beld, John,  
Your locks are like the snaw;  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my Jo

### **Red, red rose**

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

### **To a Mouse**

Wee, sleekit, cowran, 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 pattle!  
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!

### **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...