



Robert Burns (25 January 1759 – 21 July 1796)

Sand Dollar Cafe - Burn's Supper

Menu £40.00/person

Canapes on Arrival

Haggis Bon Bons
Goats Cheese Bruschetta

****Starter****

Mussel, Bacon and Brie Tartlet

Locally sourced Scottish mussels,
brie & smoky bacon in a parmesan
pastry case, served on a bed of
mixed leaves

****Soup****

Cullen Skink

Smoked haddock, roast leek & potatoes in a rich creamy stock

****Address****

Address to the Haggis

Accompanied by a complimentary Dram

****Rabies Favorite****

Haggis, Neeps and Tatties

Served with a creamy whiskey sauce

****Main Course****

Highland Beef & Pickled Walnut Stew (n)

Locally sourced Scotch beef stew, slow cooked with seasonal root
vegetables in a rich gravy, topped with puff pastry rounds and served with
a roasted celeriac and carrot puree

****Puuding****

Chef's take on a classic Cranachan

Coffee or Tea, served with Scottish Tablet

NOTE: Vegetarian options for all courses can be pre-ordered,
the dish will be the same, only the meat/fish will be
substituted with vegetables or Quorn.

Address to a Haggis by Robert Burns - Scots and English

Burns Original

1.
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.

2.
The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hudies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dewes distil
Like amber bead.

3.
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-reeking, rich!

4.
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.

5.
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?

6.
Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feeble as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Tho' bluidy flood or field to dash,
O how unfit.

7.
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.

8.
Ye pow'rs, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinning ware,
That jaups in luggies;
But if ye wish her gratfu' prayer,
Gie her a Haggis!

Standard English Translation

Fair full your honest, jolly face,
Great chieftain of the sausage race!
Above them all you take your place,
Stomach, tripe, or intestines:
Well are you worthy of a grace
As long as my arm.

The groaning trencher there you fill,
Your buttocks like a distant hill,
Your pin would help to mend a mill
In time of need,
While through your pores the dewes distill
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour wipe,
And cut you up with ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like any ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm steaming, rich!

Then spoon for spoon, the stretch and strive:
Devil take the hindmost, on they drive,
Till all their well swollen bellies by-and-by
Are bent like drums;
Then old Master of the house, most like to burst,
'The grace!' hums.

Is there that over his French ragout,
Or olio that would sicken a sow,
Or fricassee would make her throw-up
With perfect disgust,
Looks down with sneering, scornful view
On such a dinner?

Poor devil! see him over his trash,
As feeble as a withered rush,
His thin legs a good whip-lash,
His fist a nut;
Through bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit.

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his ample fist a blade,
He will make it whistle;
And legs, and arms, and heads will crop
Like tops of thistle.

You powers, who make mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill of fare,
Old Scotland want no watery ware,
That splashes in small wooden dishes;
But is you wish her grateful prayer,
Give her a Haggis!