



The WOLSELEY *City*

BURNS NIGHT

– Saturday, 25th January –

In honour of Scotland's most celebrated poet, Robert Burns, this evening we'll be paying homage with a special menu steeped in heritage and much-loved classics.

Cullen Skink 12.50

haddock, potatoes, onion



Haggis, Neeps and Tatties 23.00

with the singleton 12yr whisky infused cream sauce



Cranachan 9.00

raspberries, cream, toasted oats



Alloway Sour 14.50

the singleton 12yr whisky, lapsang souchong tea cordial, ginger liqueur, lemon juice



Bobby Burns 14.50

the singleton 12yr whisky, cacao nibs, sweet vermouth, benedictine, lemon essence

*Please inform your server if you have any food allergies or special dietary needs.
Prices include VAT. A discretionary 15% Service Charge will be added to your bill.
All gratuities are managed independently.*



The WOLSELEY City

ADDRESS TO A HAGGIS

by Robert Burns

*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 bill,
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' beads 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!*

