

Address 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 worthy o' 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 you 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; The 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 scunner, 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 bloody 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 whissle; 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.

24th January 2020 - Royal Hanover Lodge 1777

Robert Burns 1759 - 1796

Over two centuries have passed since Scottish poet Robert Burns died, but his legacy has lived on with Burns Night.

Marked every year on the iconic writer's birthday of 25 January, the annual tribute pays homage to his literary talents.

Having written hundreds of poems and songs during his lifetime, Burns has gone on to inspire the likes of Michael Jackson, Mariah Carey and Bob Dylan with his lyrical flair.

A key source of inspiration to the founders of Liberalism and Socialism, the 18th century writer is known for his astute social commentary and political undertones.

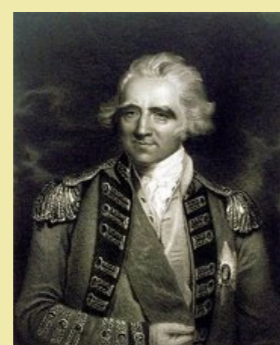


The Selkirk Grace

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat
Sae let the Lord be thankit.

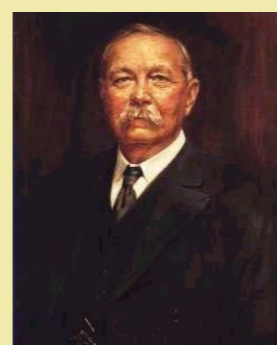
Burns Night Festive Board

1. Piping in the Brethren
2. Piping in the Master
3. The Selkirk Grace
4. Address to the Haggis
5. Masonic Poems
6. Special Toasts
7. Auld Lang Syne
8. Tysers Toast
9. Sip more Whisky . . .



Sir Ralph Abercromby 1734 - 1801

He distinguished himself in Flanders and served as Commander-in-Chief in the West Indies. By 1795, he was regarded as the greatest general of the time in Britain. Sir Ralph Abercromby was a member of Lodge Canongate Kilwinning No.2 Edinburgh.



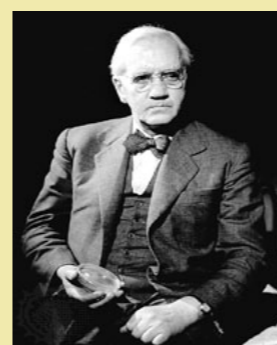
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle 1859 - 1930

Conan Doyle was born in Edinburgh to Irish parents, from 1876 to 1881 he studied medicine at Edinburgh and in 1887 Sherlock Holmes made his first appearance in 'A Study in Scarlet'. He was raised in Phoenix Lodge No. 257, Portsmouth in 1893, and in 1900 Conan Doyle was made an honorary member of The Lodge of Edinburgh (Mary's Chapel) No. 1



Robert Gordon McBeath VC

Lance Corporal Robert McBeath 1899 - 1922, from Kinlochbervie, Sutherland, 1/5th Seaforth Highlanders was awarded the Victoria Cross for gallantry at Cambrai, France, on 20 November 1917. Robert McBeath was initiated into freemasonry in Lodge St. Mary's Caledonian Operative No.339 Inverness on July 12th 1919.



Sir Alexander Fleming 1881 - 1955

In 1928 he unearthed something that would change the World, he discovered Penicillin! Penicillin therapy is probably the greatest single advance in medical history. Alexander Fleming joined freemasonry in 1909, being initiated into Santa Maria Lodge No.2682 London, becoming the Master in 1924.



Earl Douglas Haig 1861 - 1928

In World War I he won fame as the commander of the British 1st Army (1914-15). In December 1915 he became commander of the British forces in France. His family were the Haig whisky distillers and he joined Elgin's Lodge at Leven No.91 which was near to their Cameron Bridge distillery.



John Paul Jones 1747 - 1792

John Paul was born at Arbigland, Kirkbean, Kirkcudbright, Scotland, 6 July 1747. Apprenticed to a merchant at age 13, he went to sea in the brig Friendship to learn the art of seamanship. John Paul was made a mason in St. Bernard Kilwinning Lodge No. 122, now St. Cuthbert Kilwinning Lodge No. 41 Kirkcudbright on the 27th November 1770.

Auld Lang Syne

Should old acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind? Should old acquaintance be forgot, and old lang syne?

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
for auld lang syne, we'll take a
cup of kindness yet, for auld lang
syne.*

And surely you'll buy your pint cup! and surely I'll buy mine! And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
for auld lang syne, we'll take a
cup of kindness yet, for auld lang
syne.*

And there's a hand my trusty friend! And give me a hand o' thine! And we'll take a right good-will draught, for auld lang syne.

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
for auld lang syne, we'll take a
cup of kindness yet, for auld lang
syne.*

Scots rarely drink

MacDonald was in poor health. He asked his friend MacDougal if he would pour a bottle of scotch over his grave if he should die one of these days. MacDougal said, 'Sure'n I'll be glad, laddie, but would you mind if I passed it through my kidneys first?'

Scottish Kirk (Church)

The following was seen on a poster outside a Kirk in Arbroath: DRINK IS YOUR ENEMY. Adjacent to this was another poster which said: Love your enemy.

A special thank you to Bro Iain Raymond - Regimental Piper - Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders & Scots Guards Regiments