



EDINBURGH 2008
Ladies International Grand Prix

BANQUET

20TH SEPTEMBER 2008



Robert Burns 1759-1796

www.ladiesgrandprix.com

Pipers

Nicholas Hurn & Matthew Horsman

Welcome

Selkirk Grace

*Some hae meat and canna eat,
and some wad eat that want it,
but we hae meat and we can eat,
and sae the Lord be thankit.*

Piping in the Haggis

*Stand to welcome the dinner's star attraction.
Clap in time to the music until the Haggis reaches its
destination at the table. When the music stops be seated in
anticipation of the address "To a Haggis".*

Address to the Haggis

Bob Mitchell

Toast to the Haggis

Raise a glass and shout: "The Haggis!"

Songs

Judith Howarth & Gordon Wilson

MENU

COCK A LEEKIE SOUP

Rich Chicken and Veal Broth with prunes

after the Selkirk Grace

CAMPSIE GLEN HAGGIS

Served with a Tatties and Champit Neeps

COLLOP OF SCOTTISH FILLET

Topped with pate, napped with a rich drambuie sauce

CRANACHAN MEIKLEOUR

Soft Fruits soaked in Highland Mist

PURE GROUND COFFEE WITH MINTS

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 wordy of 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 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 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 whistle;
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!