

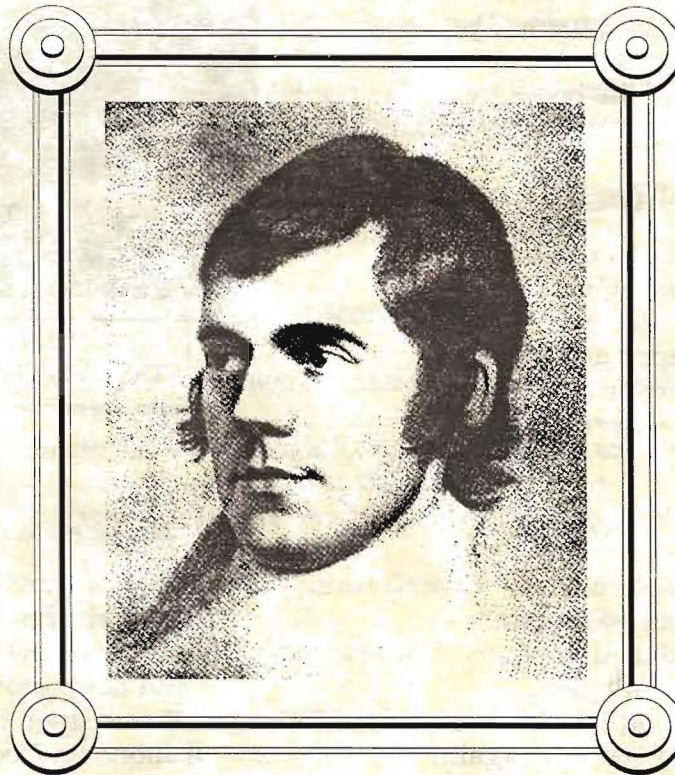


Robert Burns Dinner



January 24th, 1998

Scottish St. Andrew Society of Greater St. Louis 26th Anniversary Program



The Archibald Skirving Portrait of Burns, 1759 - 1796

Robert Burns was the eldest son of a professional gardener and struggling tenant farmer in Ayrshire. Growing up to a life of demanding physical work, poverty, and acute awareness of social disadvantage, he began to write poetry and songs in an attempt to find some kind of counterpoise to those adverse circumstances. Burns has an international reputation, founded on his passion for life and nature, falling in love, freedom, democracy, and human rights. His is an exceptionally personal kind of literary fame, and it is in his ability to express widely shared feelings simply, and memorably, that we find the roots of his extraordinary popularity. Burns was a very down-to-earth creative genius, a friend to the common man, and a great champion of Scottish culture. Each year on or near his birthday, January 25th, people meet at Burns suppers all over the world to celebrate his life and works, just as we are doing here tonight at the Adams Mark Hotel. We hope you enjoy this evening dedicated to the memory of Robert Burns, and full of the traditions that Scots carry with them, the world over.

The Star Spangled Banner

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
what so proudly we hailed
at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
through the perilous fight,
o'er the ramparts we watched,
were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air
gave proof through the night
that our flag was still there.
O say, does that star spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free
and the home of the brave.

God Save The Queen

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen;
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious, happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the Queen!

The Flower of Scotland

O Flower of Scotland,
when will we see your like again?
That fought and died for
your wee bit hill and glen,
And stood against him, proud Edward's army,
and sent him homeward tae think again.

Those days are past now
and in the past they must remain,
But we can still rise now
and be the nation again,
That stood against him, proud Edward's army,
and sent him homeward tae think again.

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.

Toast to the Immortal Memory

A last request present we here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him the Bard that's far awa'.



"Burns' Cottage"
The Birthplace of Robert Burns

The Star of Rabbie Burns

There is a star whose beaming ray
is shed on every clime;
It shines by night it shines by day
and ne'er grows dim wi' time.
It rose upon the banks of Ayr
it shone on Doon's clear stream.
A hundred years are gane and mair
yet brighter grows its beam.

REFRAIN

*Let kings and courtiers rise and fa'
this world has many turns,
But brightly beams abune them a'
the Star of Rabbie Burns.*

Though he was but a ploughman lad
and wore the hoddie gray,
Auld Scotland's sweetest bard was bred
a-neath a roof o' strae.
To sweep the strings of Scotia's lyre
it needs nae classic lore;
It's mither wit and native fire
that warms the bosom core.

Scottish St Andrew Society of Greater St. Louis Robert Burns Dinner

Welcome : Dr. James McLaren

Master of Ceremonies : William Nicoll

Toast to the President : Madeleine McLaughlin
"The Star Spangled Banner"

Toast to the Queen : Donald McLaren
"God Save the Queen"

"The Flower of Scotland"
Piano accompaniments by Winnie Shirreff

Invocation and Selkirk Grace : Rev. Dr. Thom Hunter

Address to the Haggis : Dr. Tom Forrester
The Haggis piped in by Pipe Major William Henry III

DINNER

(wine may be purchased at the bar)

Traditional Scottish Haggis.

Market Street Salad with Creamy Peppercorn Dressing.

Pinwheel of Chicken stuffed with Spinach, Sundried Tomatoes, and Boursin Cheese,
served with White Wine Butter Sauce
St. Louis Blended Rice and Fresh Market Vegetables.

Black Forest Gateau.

Coffee, Tea

**** INTERMISSION ****

The Immortal Memory

Address to the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns by Anna Duffy

"The Star of Robbie Burns" — Assembled Company Led by Bill Nicoll

Toast to the Lassies : Chevalier Shawn Steadman, KTJ
Reply for the Lassies : Dame Gigi Steadman, DTJ

Dance Caledonia ~ under the direction of Sandra Brown

The Pipes and Drums of the St. Louis Inver'ar Pipe Band
Pipe Major - Wm. Henry III, Drum Sergeant - Charles Cablish

Alex Sutherland in Concert

Auld Lang Syne & Scottish Country Dancing

Scottish St Andrew Society of Greater St. Louis Robert Burns Dinner

Address to a Haggis

Fair fa' (good luck) your honest, sonsie (cheerful) face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin' race!
Aboon (above) them a' ye tak yer place,
Painch, (intestine) tripe or thairm (guts):
Weel are ye wordy (worthy) o' a grace
As lang's my arm

The groaning trencher (plate) there ye fill,
Your hurdies (buttocks) like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews (juice) distil
Like amber bead (scotch).

His knife see rustic Labor dight (wipe),
An' cut you up wi' ready sleight (skill),
Trenching (digging) your gushing entrails bright,
Like onie (any) ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm reekin (steaming), rich!

Then horn (spoon) for horn, they stretch and strive:
Deil (devil) tak the hindmost! on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swail'd (swelled) kytes (bellies) belyve (soon)
Are bent like drums;
The auld Guidman, maist like to rive (burst),
"Bethankit!" hums.

Is there that owre his French ragout,
Or olio that wou'd staw (sicken) a sow
Or fricassee wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner (disgust),
Looks down wi' sneering scornfu' view
On sic (such) a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless (weak) as a wither'd rash (feeble rush),
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve (fist) a nit (nut);
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 wallee (strong fist) a blade,
He'll mak it whistle;
An' legs an' arms an' heads will sned (trim),
Like taps o' thrissle (thistle).

Ye Pow'rs, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking (watery) ware
That jaups (splashes) in luggies (bowls);
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a Haggis!

Alex Sutherland

A native of Scotland's capital, Edinburgh, Alex has focused his exceptional singing talent on folk and gospel songs. His performances reflect his passion for traditional Scottish music, and Alex's delivery "moves" his audience into the heart of every song.



Since 1989, Alex and his family have lived in St. Louis where he is an active member of the St. Andrew Society. Performing at local festivals, area schools, and throughout the community, Alex sings and tells tales of his native "hameland" in a captivating manner. Audiences of all ages appreciate his gentle sense of humor and his repertoire of historic, nostalgic and fun songs. Alex has recorded an excellent tape: *Songs and Stories of Scotland - Alive in St. Louis*.

Accompanying Alex this evening are Alan Richardson on keyboard, acoustic guitar and vocals, and Vince Arter on bass guitar, acoustic guitar and vocals. Vocal backing by Carrie, Jodi, and Elaine.

We are delighted to welcome Alex Sutherland and his band as our guest performers.

Membership Information

Information about joining the Scottish St. Andrew Society of Greater St. Louis may be obtained from Peter Geery, KTJ, at the table in the foyer, or call (314) 916 5344.

Upcoming Society events:

February 16th: Scottish History with a Twist
March 16th: Architecture in Scotland.

April 4th: Anniversary Ceilidh