

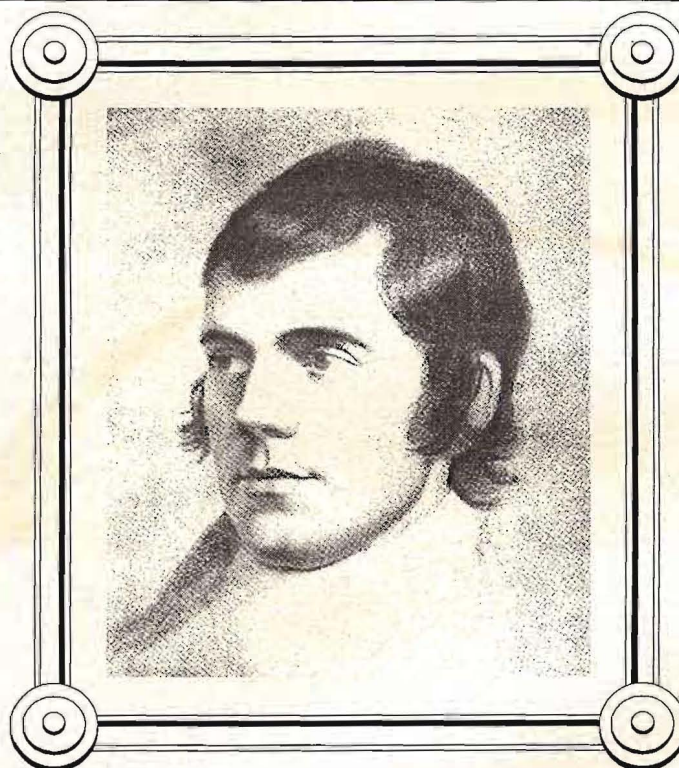


Robert Burns Dinner



January 20th, 2001

Scottish St. Andrew Society of Greater St. Louis 29th 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 Frontenac Hilton 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.



"Burns' Cottage"
The Birthplace
of Robert Burns

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'.

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.*

On fame's emblazon'd page enshrined,
his name is foremost now.
And many a costly wreath's been twined,
to grace his honest brow.
And Scotland's heart expands wi' joy,
whene'er the day returns.
That gave the world it's peasant boy,
IMMORTAL RABBIE BURNS.

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.

Highland Mist Country Dancers

President's Welcome : Bill Nicol
Master of Ceremonies : Alex Sutherland

Toast to the President : Rev. Millie Slack
"The Star Spangled Banner"

Toast to the Queen : Wayne Elrod
"God Save the Queen"

Toast to Scotland : Alex Sutherland
"The Flower of Scotland"
Accompaniments by Winnie Shirreff

Invocation and Selkirk Grace : Rev. Dr. Thom Hunter

Address to the Haggis : Sir W. Shawn Steadman KCTJ, KHS
The Haggis piped in by Pipe Major Chevalier H. William Henry III
Chef : Henry Miller

DINNER

(wine may be purchased at the bar)

Traditional Scottish Haggis.

Field Greens with Sun dried Cranberries and Walnut Vinaigrette Dressing

Beef Tenderloin Medallion with Wild Mushroom Sauce &
Sautéed Chicken Breast with Roasted Shallot Cream Sauce
Fresh Vegetables & Oven Roasted New Potatoes

White Chocolate Ice Cream Torte

** * * INTERMISSION * * **

Wayne Elrod—Harper

Dance Caledonia - under the direction of Sandra Brown

Toast to the Lassies : Keith Parle
Reply for the Lassies : Kathleen Parle

The Immortal Memory

Address to the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns by Keith Mackie

Ed Miller in Concert

The Pipes and Drums of the St. Louis Invera'an Pipe Band
Pipe Major Chevalier H. William Henry III, Drum Major - Charles Cablish

Scottish Country Dancing & Auld Lang Syne

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 dew's (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-swallow'd (swelled) kyles (bellies) belyve
Are bent like drums;
The auld Guidman, maist like to rive (burst),
"Bethankit!" hums.

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

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walew nigve (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!

Ed Miller

Singer, Folklorist, Entertainer

We are pleased to welcome Ed Miller, one of the best singers to emerge from the Scottish folk revival, as our featured performer tonight.



Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, Ed now lives in Austin TX. He is a product of the 1960's having progressed from sessions in Edinburgh University Folksong Society to appearances at folk clubs throughout Scotland. He moved to the US in 1968 to complete his graduate work in geography, and later Folklore, at The University of Texas at Austin. In addition to his singing career, Ed is the host of a folk music program on Austin's national public radio station, KUT-FM. Ed is a performer who has learned his craft in musical venues on both sides of the Atlantic, as well as a folklorist who brings his love of Scotland to every performance.

Ed's repertoire shows the breadth of the Scottish folk revival, combining ageless ballads with contemporary folk songs. From children's street songs to songs of nationalism, emigration and urban life, Ed tells of the constants and changes of Scottish life. His wry humor and uncanny ability to connect with his listeners lights up audiences wherever he takes the stage.

Membership Information

Information about joining the Scottish St. Andrew Society of Greater St. Louis may be obtained from Geoff Chaboude, KTJ, at the table in the foyer, or call (636) 519 7979 or email: jefficktj@aol.com.