

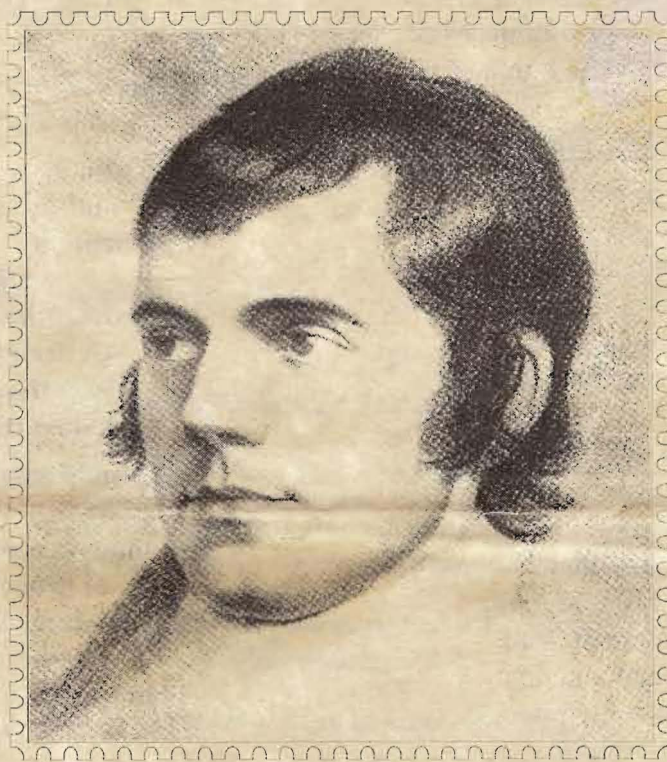


ROBERT BURNS DINNER



January 20th, 2007

Scottish St. Andrew Society of Greater St. Louis 35th 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.

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.

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.

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.

*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'.



Dancing Demonstration by the Highland Mist Dancers

President's Welcome : Chris Brennan

Master of Ceremonies : Allan Stewart

Toast to the President : Gary Scott

"The Star Spangled Banner" led by Diane McCullough

Toast to the Queen : Aprille Winston

"God Save the Queen" led by Alex Sutherland

Toast to Scotland : Craig Spradling

"The Flower of Scotland" led by Alex Sutherland

Accompaniments by Diane McCullough

Invocation and Selkirk Grace : Rev. Dr. John Carothers

Address to the Haggis

Alex Sutherland

The Haggis piped in by Pipe Major Matt Pantaleoni; Chef Jerry Jester

DINNER

(wine may be purchased at the table)

Traditional Scottish Haggis.

Baby Spinach Leaves with Sliced Strawberries, Shaved Red Onions, Spiced Walnuts & Crumbles of Feta Cheese with Strawberry Balsamic Vinaigrette

Roast Loin of Pork with Whole Grain Mustard Sauce, served with Orzo Pasta Primavera and Vegetable Ratatouille

Apple Spice Cake with Cinnamon Mousse and Fresh Granny Smith Apples

**** * * INTERMISSION * * ****

Dance Caledonia - under the direction of Sandra Brown

Toast to the Lassies : Scott Runnels

Reply for the Lassies : Ann Runnels

The Immortal Memory

Reverend Dr. John Carothers

"The Star O' Rabbie Burns" led by Alex Sutherland and Bill Nicoll

Highland Reign in Concert

The Pipes and Drums of the St. Louis Invera'an Pipe Band

Pipe Major - Matt Pantaleoni, Drum Sergeant - Jonathan Taylor

Announcer : Bill Nicoll

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 (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 (rush),
His spindle (thin) shank (leg) a guid whip-lash,
His nieve (fist) a nit (nut);
Thro' bloody field to dash
O how unfit!

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

We are pleased to welcome:

Highland Reign

From the heartland of America comes the next
wave of Celtic pride: The Highland Reign

Three lads, with roots deep in Scottish and Irish heritage, wave their pride fiercely with versions of their ancestor's tunes along with their own Celtic based originals! Highland Reign, a Celtic band from Indianapolis, takes the tunes of the old country and breathes a rocking new life into them! "My Roots Are Rockin'" is the most recent release by Highland Reign with a mixture of rocked up traditional tunes along with Celtic based originals!



You may view the Highland Reign Website at
www.highlandreign.com.
Look for Highland Reign CDs available here to-night.

Membership Information

Information about joining the Scottish St. Andrew Society of Greater St. Louis may be obtained at the foyer table, or call Alex Sutherland at:
(314) 771-0119

St. Louis Scottish Games

The 7th Annual Games and Cultural Festival will be held October 5-6, 2007 at Forest Park.
For information, visit the table in the foyer, or call:
(314) 821-1286.