**Robert Burns**

**Supper**

**Saint Andrew’s Society**

**of the Lowcountry celebrates**

**the 265th Anniversary of the**

**birth of Robert Burns**



**January 26, 2024**

**MCAS Officers Club**

**Beaufort, SC**

**Address to a Haggis**

Good luck to you and your honest, plump face, Is there that over his French ragout,

Great chieftain of the sausage race! Or olio that would sicken a sow,

Above them all you take your place, Or fricassee would make her vomit

Stomach, tripe, or intestines; With perfect disgust,

Well are you worthy of a grace Looks down with sneering, scornful view

As long as my arm. On such a dinner?

The groaning trencher there you fill, Poor devil!! See him over his trash,

Your buttocks like a distant hill, As feeble as a withered rush,

Your pin would help to mend a mill His thin legs a good whip-lash,

In time of need, His fist a nut;

While through your pores the dews distill Through bloody flood or field to dash,

Like amber bead. O how unfit.

His knife see rustic Labour wipe, But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed

And cut you up with ready slight, The trembling earth resounds his tread,

Trenching your gushing entrails bright Clap in his ample fist a blade,

Like any ditch; He’ll make it whistle;

And then, O what a glorious sight, And legs and arms and heads will cut off

Warm steaming, rich. Like the heads of thistles.

Then spoon for spoon, the stench and strive: You powers, who make mankind your care,

Devil take the hindmost, on they drive, And dish them out their bill of fare,

Till all their well swollen bellies by-and-by Old Scotland wants no watery stuff

Are bent like drums; That splashes in small wooden dishes;

Then old head of the table, most like to burst, But if you wish her grateful prayer

“The grace” hums. **Give her a Haggis!!**

Program

6:00 p.m. **Cocktails – Cash Bar**

7:00 p.m. **Pipes to Supper**

**Welcome and Opening Remarks - Phil Cromer**

**Introduction of Members and Guests**

**Secretary’s Report – Jim Atkins / Treasurer’s Report – Tom Moody**

**Toasts**

**Piping in of the Haggis**

Piper …………………………… Robert Strother

Haggis Bearer ……………… The Chef

**Address to the Haggis**, by Robert Burns

Presented by ………………… Wayne Vance

**Selkirk Grace**, by Robert Burns ……… Phil Cromer

**Supper**

Robert Burns ………………………………………. Tom Burnett

**Piper’s Retreat**

**Closing – Auld Lang Syne Tribute**

**Toasts**

To the President of the United States ……………………………… Hastings Greene

To Robert the Bruce ………………………………………………………………. Randy Atkins

His Brittanic Majesty, Charles III of Scotland ……………….. David Simpson

To Scotland ………………………………………………………………………………. Graham Walters

To the Tartan ………………………………………………………………………….. Jody Henson

To Our Armed Forces ……………………………………………………………. Harlold Mills

To the Lassies ………………………………………………………………………….. Wayne Heath

To the Laddies …………………………………………………………………………. Stuart Heath

To Saint Andrew ……………………………………………………………………… Tom Burnett

To Robert Burns …………………………………………………………………….. James Atkins

**Closing - Auld Lang Syne** by Robert Burns

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

And never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

And Auld Lang Syne

For auld lang syne, my dear,

For auld lang syne.

We’ll take a cup o’kindness yet,

For auld lang syne.