

BURNS NIGHT MENU

3 courses 29.95

ON YE' MARKS

WHISKY LACED HAGGIS

wi' neeps & tatties

POTTED CHICKEN LIVER PÂTÉ,
cranberry sauce and toasted bloomer bread

PRAWN COCKTAIL

topped with smoked salmon, drookit in Marie-Rose sauce with lemon and granary bread **•**

CRISPY FRIED MUSHROOM BALLS,
roast garlic mayonnaise and soft herb oil **(VG)**

MAIN SCRAN

BAKED SEABASS FILLET

served with hearty Cullen skink **(NGCI)**

SLOW BRAISED SHIN OF BEEF & HAGGIS

with creamed mash, glazed carrots and ale gravy

BALMORAL CHICKEN BREAST

in a creamy blue cheese & mushroom sauce with sautéed potatoes and wilted spinach **(NGCI)**

BEETROOT WELLINGTON

Beetroot, onion & soy mince wrapped in puff pastry with roast potatoes and seasonal vegetables **(VG)**

YE AF'TERS

BAKED APPLE CRUMBLE

with custard

CRANACHAN

whipped cream with raspberries, whisky, honey and toasted oats **•**

DEEP FRIED MARS BAR

with vanilla ice cream and toffee sauce

A SELECTION OF CHEESES

Lancashire cheese, Stilton and Brie with apple & ale chutney and oatcakes **•**



Scan here to see
our calories and
allergens

NGCI - NO GLUTEN CONTAINING INGREDIENTS / **•** CAN BE ADAPTED TO BE COOKED WITHOUT GLUTEN
(V) - SUITABLE FOR VEGETARIANS / (VG) - SUITABLE FOR VEGANS / (VGA) - VEGAN ALTERNATIVE AVAILABLE

If you suffer from a food related allergy please inform a team member for advice before you order. Not all ingredients are listed on the menu and our kitchen uses nuts, gluten and other allergens. Although every care is taken to prevent cross contamination of allergens we cannot guarantee it. Adults require around 2000 kcal a day. Should the listed product be unavailable it may be replaced by a similar alternative product. Fish may contain bones. Weights stated are uncooked and approximate. Prices are GBP.

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 ye 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-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then 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' bluidy 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 whissle;
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!