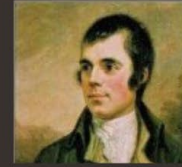


IMCZ 28th Edition of Burns Supper

Poet Laureate Robert Burns



Ceremonial

Bagpipe pibroch, Immortal Memory of Robert Burns, Selkirk Grace, poetry recital, Gaelic speeches, Address to the Haggis, Innumerable Toasts to All and Sundry.

Venue: Banquet Hall, Brandenburg, 6300, Zug. January 27, 2024

An unforgettable evening of Scottish folk lore and fine fare.

Dress Code: Kilt, evening dress or best effort at Scottish dress.

Cast

Bagpipes:: Craig Holmquist

Singer: Isi Schennach

Selkirk Grace: Richard Beswick

Address to Haggis: William Lichtensteiger

Immortal Memory: Richard Beswick

Mâitre de Whisky: Jukka Mäkinen

Mâitre de Cérémonie: Richard Beswick

Isi Schennach

My Heart's in the Highlands

A Man's a Man for A' That'

Green grow the rashes, O

4 My Luv'e's Like a Red, Red Rose

O, Once I Lov'd A Bonie Lass

Auld Lang Syne

Craig Holmquist

My Love She's but a Lassie Yet

Whistle O'er the Lave O't

Kenmures Up and Awa', Willie

Brose and Butter

A Man's a Man for A' That

6/8 March

MacCrimmon's Lament



SCAN ME



International Men's Club of Zug (IMCZ)
Scan the QR Code to access the Lyrics to the phone
<https://www.imcz.club>

IMCZ Burns Supper 2024 – Titles, Tunes and Lyrics Sheet

Craig Holmquist Piping Robert Burn's compositions/songs:

- My Love She's but a Lassie Yet
- Whistle O'er the Lave O't
- Kenmures Up and Awa', Willie
- Brose and Butter.

Isi Schennach Singing and Playing

My Heart's in the Highlands (Robert Burns)

[Chorus]

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
A chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

[Verse 1]

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North
The birthplace of Valour, the country of Worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove
The hills of the Highlands, forever I love

[Verse 2]

Farewell to the mountains, high-cover'd with snow
Farwell to the straths and green vallies below
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods

[Chorus]

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
A chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

[Outro]

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
A chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Reading of The Selkirk Grace before dinner is served:

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.

Craig Holmquist Piping in the Haggis: A Man's a Man for A' That Procession with Haggis to Central Table.

William Lichtensteiger makes The Address to the 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-swallow'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 whistle;
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!

William Lichtensteiger Leads Toast to the Haggis

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Here's to the haggis, the pride of Scotland's fare,
A dish so fine, it conquers every care.
With its savory filling, plump and good to eat,
It warms the soul and makes the heart complete.

So raise your glasses high, let us all agree,
To the haggis, Scotland's culinary decree.
May it fill our plates with joy and glee,
And bring us all together, hands and knee.

Huzzah! Huzzah! To the haggis, we proclaim,
The king of puddings, second to none to claim.

Craig Holmquist Piping out the Haggis Dundee City Police Pipe Band - 6/8 march

Isi Schennach Sings and Plays: A Man's a Man for A' That'

A Man's a Man for a' That (Robert Burns)

[Verse 1]

Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, an' a' that,
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscured, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's a gowd for a' that.

[Verse 2]

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that,
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king of men for a' that.

[Verse 3]

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that,
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that,
The man of independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

[Verse 4]

A prince can mak a belted knight,

A marquis, duke, an' a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guide faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that,
The pith o'sense, an' pride o'worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

[Verse 5]

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that)
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

Richard Beswick Recites the Immortal Memory - poem honouring Burns

In Ayrshire's heart, where bonnie streams meander,
A bard arose, his verses set hearts ablaze,
Robert Burns, the poet, with his wit so keen,
A genius born, whose legacy would reign.

From humble beginnings, in a farmer's stead,
His pen would paint a world, both rough and sweet.
His words, like honeyed dew, would touch the soul,
His melodies, like Highland pipes, would make us whole.

In politics, he championed justice's cause,
His verses echoed, "A man's a man for a' that."
Against oppression's chains, he raised his voice,
A voice for freedom, in a land of choice.

Through highs and lows, his life was a tapestry,
Of joy and sorrow, intertwined so deep.
He loved with passion, his heart on fire,
Yet human frailty, he couldn't quite retire.

Affairs, both fleeting and enduring,
Left their mark, on his spirit's yearning.
Yet through it all, his poetry shone,
A beacon of passion, where true love was known.

A nationalist at heart, he held his land dear,
In his verses, Scotland's spirit came so near.
"Scots Wha Hae," a battle cry so grand,
Inspired a nation, with its fiery hand.

Oh, Robert Burns, the Bard of Ayrshire's soil,
Your legacy lives on, your spirit takes its toll.
Through every land, your words we still embrace,
A poet's genius, in time and space.

So raise your glasses, let's make a toast,
To Robert Burns, the Bard who truly boasts.
A man of wit and passion, a lover of life,
His immortal memory, forever will survive.

Cheers to Robert Burns! The Bard of Ayrshire's fame,
His words will echo, throughout the coming days.
A poet, a patriot, a man of soul,
Robert Burns, your legacy will forever unfold.

Isi Schennach sings and plays Green Grow the Rashes, O

Green Grow the Rashes `O (Robert Burns)

[Verse 1]

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

(Chorus)

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

[Verse 2]

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

(Chorus)

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

[Verse 3]

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O;
An' warly cares an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

(Chorus)

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

[Verse 4]

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest Man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

(Chorus)

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;

The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

[Verse 5]

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

(Chorus)

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

Craig Holmquist Piper plays from a Selection of Marches, Strathspeys and Reels

Isi Schennach Sings and Plays My Love is Like a. Red, Red Rose.

My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose (Robert Burns)

[Verse 1]

My Love's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
My love is like a melody
So sweetly play'd in tune

[Verse 2]

As fair art thou, my bonnie lad,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Though all the seas gone dry.

[Verse 3]

Though all the seas gone dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt with the sun;
I will love thee still my dear,
Though the sands o' life shall run.

[Verse 4]

So fare-thee-weel, my only love!
And fare-thee-weel awhile!
And I will come to you again,
Though it were ten thousand miles!

[Verse 5]

Though it were ten thousand miles, my dear
Though it were ten thousand miles.
I will come to you again.
Though it were ten thousand miles

Craig Holmquist. Piper plays from a selection of Marches, Strathspeys and Reels

Craig Holmquist Instrumental introduction to Auld Lang Syne

Isi Schennach leads Singing of Auld Lang Syne

Guests cross arms and join the singing

Auld lang Syne (Robert Burns)

[Verse 1]

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

And ne'er brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot

And auld lang syne?

[Chorus]

For auld lang syne, my dear,

For auld lang syne,

We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet

For auld lang syne.

[Verse 2]

We twa hae run about the braes

And pou'd the gowans fine;

But we've wander'd mony a weary foot

Sin' auld lang syne.

[Verse 3]

We two hae paidled i' the burn,

Frae mornin' sun till dine;

But seas between us braid hae roar'd

Sin' auld lang syne.

[Verse 4]

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,

And gie's a hand o' thine;

And we'll tak' a right gude-willy waught,

For auld lang syne

[Chorus]

For auld lang syne, my dear,

For auld lang syne,

We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet

For auld lang syne.

[Outro]

And surely, ye'll be your pint stowp!

And surely I'll be mine!

And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,

For auld lang syne.

Isi Schennach (lament) O, Once I Lov'd A Bonie Lass

O, Once I Lov'd A Bonie Lass / Handsome Nell (Robert Burns)

[Verse 1]

O, once I lov'd a bonie lass,
Ay, and I love her still!
And whilst that virtue warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell.

[Verse 2]

As bonie lasses I hae seen,
And monie full as braw,
But for a modest gracefu' mien
The like I never saw.

[Verse 3]

A bonie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e;
But without some better qualities
She's no a lass for me.

[Verse 4]

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet,
And, what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete
And fair without a flaw.

[Verse 5]

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars onie dress look weel.

[Verse 6]

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart;
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

[Verse 7]

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without controul.