Paisley Burns Club

Instituted 1805

Bi-Centennial Dinner

and celebration of the Two Hundred and Forty Sixth Anniversary
of the Birthday of

Reproduced from the Painting by James Tannock, Paisley, 1805.
The property of Paisley Burns Club.

Robert Burns

"Of him ye've got sae guid a painting,
That nocht but real life is awanting.
I think yon rising genius, Tannock,
May gain a niche in fame's heigh winnock."

- Robert Tannahill

GEORGE A. CLARK TOWN HALL, PAISLEY
25th JANUARY 2005

THOMAS McCOOL
Chairman

DAVID AARON
Croupier

JAMES SKINNER
Secretary

DAVID OSBORNE
Treasurer

"Gentlemen, It is with infinite pleasure that I see, at this moment, so many men of taste, so many fond and enthusiastic lovers of Scottish song, met on this evening to celebrate the birth of our immortal bard"

(W McLaren 29 January 1805)

Farin'

Cockie Leekie

Haggis
Neeps
Tatties

Roast Beef
in a Rich Red Wine and
Mushroom Sauce
Seasonal Vegetables and Baby Boiled Potatoes

Bannocks and Cheese

Fresh Fruit

Coffee

"Sit round the table with content
An steer about the toddy!"

Toast List

"The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter"

1. The Queen

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"

(Shakespeare)

Proposed by THE CHAIRMAN

2. The Imperial Forces

"Your hearts are the stuff, Will be pouther enough"

Proposed by THE CHAIRMAN

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour:
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power -
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn, and flee!

Wha' for Scotland's King and Law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa'
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow! -
Let us do, or die!

3. The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns

"...dirt and deity - all mixed up in that one compound of inspired clay"

(Byron)

Proposed by THE CHAIRMAN

"The hour approaches Tam maun ride"

There was a lad was born on Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin, rovin, rantin, rovin,
Robin was a rovin boy,
Rantin, rovin, Robin!

He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma'
But ay a heart abune them a':
He'll be a credit till us a':
We'll a' be proud o' Robin

But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin
So leeze me on thee, Robin.

INTERVAL

"A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment"

4. The Club Greeting

Read by THE BARD

"Those who think that composing a Scotch song's a trifling business - let them try"

Is there for honest poverty,
That hings 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 obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke an' a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might -
Gude faith, he mauna 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.

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.

5. Inter Club Greetings

"Though at a distance fate has set you, Your friends in Paisley don't forget you"

(R Tannahill)

6. The Memory of Our Founder and First Secretary

"Wha sweetly tuned the Scottish lyre"

Proposed by THE SECRETARY

Reply by THE SECRETARY

"Let Whig an' Tory a' agree,
Tae spend this nicht wi' mirth an' glee,
An cheerfu' sing alang wi' me"

(J. Skinner)

Thou bonnie wood o' Craigielea,
Thou bonnie wood o' Craigielea,
Near thee I've passed life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
Blume bonnie o'er the flow'ry lea;
And a' the sweets that ane can wish,
Frae nature's han' are strewed on thee.

Thou bonnie wood o' Craigielea,
Thou bonnie wood o' Craigielea,
Near thee I've passed life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,
The cushat croodles am 'rously;
The mavis, down thy bughted glade,
Gars echo ring frae ev'ry tree.

Thou bonnie wood o' Craigielea,
Thou bonnie wood o' Craigielea,
Near thee I've passed life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

7. Second Literary Toast - Robert W. Service (1874-1958)

"It isn't the mountain that wears you out it's the grain of sand in your shoe"
(R Service)

Proposed by DAVID STEEL

"Brothers I am sorry I have got no Morrison's Pill for curing the maladies of Society"
(T Carlyle)

MUSICAL ITEM

8. Reading

by ROBBIE MENZIES

"A good farmer is nothing more than a handy man with a sense of humus"

9. The Lasses

"The gust o' joy, the balm of woe
The saul o' life, the heav'n below
Is rapture-giving woman"

Proposed by BOB CARRUTH

"Farming looks mighty easy when your plough is a pencil"
(D Eisenhower)

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

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye'er nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl'e e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O!

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest works she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O!

Reply by TOM NIXON

"He is winding the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike"
(Shakespeare)

MUSICAL ITEM

10. Our Guests

"Ye favoured, ye enlightened few
Companions of our social joys"

Proposed by COLIN CAMPBELL

"The Campbells are coming, oho, oho!"

MUSICAL ITEM

Reply by JAMES WARDROP

"He was a verray parfit gentil knight"

(Chaucer)

11. The Chairman

"Learning makes a man fit company for himself"

(T. Fuller)

Croupier

"Men of few words are the best men"

(Shakespeare)

Secretary

"May ne'er misfortune's growling bark
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the clerk"

The Treasurer

"You might prove anything by figures"

(T. Carlye)

Proposed by FRANK WALKER

"Bless this house, wherever it is, this house and this and this and this"

(W McIlvanney)

AULD LANG SYNE

"An each took aff his several way
Resolved to meet some other day"