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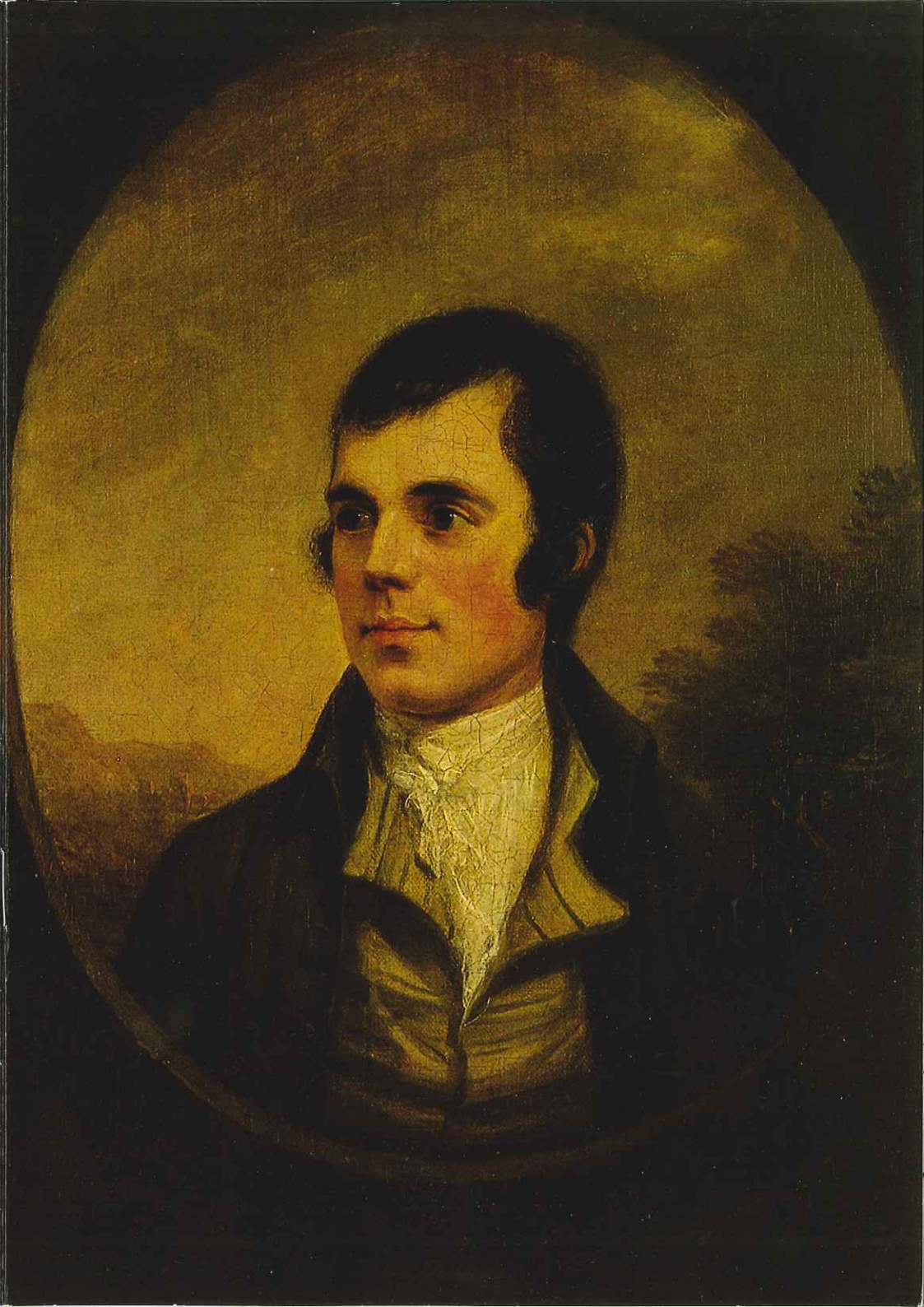
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Newcraighall Poosie Nansie Burns Club
90th Burns Supper

Gilmerton Miners Welfare Club

Friday 28th January 2011
6:00 for 6:30pm till late



NEWCRAIGHALL POOSIE NANSIE BURNS CLUB

www.poosie-nansie.com

**Catering by Ideal Cakes and Catering:
0131 660 1664**

Programme

- | | | |
|-----|------------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. | Welcome | Bill Clapperton |
| 2. | Entrance of the Chieftain | Mike Fraser |
| 3. | Address to the Haggis | Jack Scott |
| 4. | The Selkirk Grace | Alan Berg |
| 5. | <i>The Supper</i> | |
| 6. | The Immortal Memory | Ken Adams |
| | <i>Short Interval</i> | |
| 7. | Opening Songs | Club members |
| 8. | The Lea Rig | Hugh D'Arcy |
| 9. | Vote of Thanks | Bill Clapperton |
| 10. | The Bonnie Lass o' Ballochmyle | Danny Nicolson |
| 11. | The Fornicator | Bob Mitchell |
| 12. | My Love is Like a Red Red Rose | Brian Venters |
| 13. | The Humble Petition of Bruar Water | John Strang |
| 14. | I Murder Hate/The Soldier's Return | Malkie Robertson |
| 15. | Tam o'Shanter | Robert D'Arcy |

Interval

- | | | |
|-----|---|-------------------------------|
| 16. | The Centrepiece. The Devil's Brew | Various artists |
| | <i>Interval/Pipe Medley (Raffle ticket sales)</i> | |
| 17. | Community songs | Poosie Nansie Players |
| 18. | Sweet Afton | George Thompson |
| 19. | Holy Willie's Prayer | Ian Wightman |
| 20. | The Siller Tassie | Brian Venters |
| 21. | Death and Dr Hornbook | Alan Berg and Arthur Johnston |

Short Interval (Raffle Draw)

- | | | |
|-----|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 22. | Community songs | Poosie Nansie Players |
| 23. | Toast to the lassies | Jim Graham |
| 24. | Green grow the rashes o' | B Venters & G Thompson |
| 25. | Thanks to artistes | Guest |
| 26. | Reply for the artistes | Ian Pow |
| 27. | Community songs | Poosie Nansie Players |
| 28. | Auld Lang Syne | The company |

SONGS.

1. THE BANKS O DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair
 How can ye chant ye little birds
 And I sae weary fu' o' care.
 Thou'll break my heart ye warbling bird
 That wantons through the flowering thorn.
 Thou minds me o departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu sweet upon its thorny tree.
 But my fause lover staw my rose,
 But ah, she left the thorn wi me.

2. Rantin Rovin Robin

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

Chorus

*Robin was a rovin' Boy,
Rantin', rovin', rantin', rovin';
Robin was a rovin' Boy,
Rantin', rovin', Robin!*

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' Win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The Gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo'scho wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But ay a heart aboon 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.

"Guid faith," quo'scho, "I doubt you Stir,
Ye gar the lasses lie aspar;
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur-
So blessins on thee, Robin."

3. McPHERSONS FAREWELL

Fareweel ye dungeons dark and strang,
The wretches destinie!
Mc Phersons time will no' be lang,
On yonder gallows tree.

*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He played a tune and he danc'd it round,
Below the gallows tree*

O what is death but parting breath ,
On mony a bloody plain,
I've dared his face, and in this place,
I scorn him yet again.

Untie these bands frae aff my hands,
And bring tae me my sword,
And there's no a man in a' Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life o' strut and strife,
I die by treacherie,
It burns my heart I must depart
And no' avenged be.

Now farewell light thou shining bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dare not die.

4 . SCOTS WHA HAE

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,
Free-man stand, or Free-man 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!

5. A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there for honest poverty,
That hings his heid an' a' that,
The coward slave may pass him by,
We daur 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

What though on hamely fare we dine
Wear hoddin grey an' a' that,
Gie fools their skills
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're sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that

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

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke an' a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa that
For a' that an' a' that, His dignities an' a that
The pith o' sense and 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 an' worth o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree an' a' that.
For a' that an' a' that, It's comin' yet for a' that
That man to man the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a that

6 YE JACOBITES BY NAME

*Ye Jacobites by name
Lend an ear lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name
Your fauts I will proclaim
Your doctrines I maun blame
You shall hear, you shall hear
Your doctrines I maun blame
You shall hear*

What is right and what is wrong
By the law by the law
What is right and what is wrong by the law
What is right and what is wrong
The weak arm or the strong
The short sword or the long
For to draw, for to draw
The short sword or the long for to draw

What makes heroic strife
Famed afar famed afar
What makes heroic strife famed afar
What makes heroic strife
To whet the assassins knife
Or haunt the parent's life
Wi bloody war, bloody war
Or haunt the parent's life wi bloody war

Then let your schemes alone
In the state, in the state
Then let your schemes alone in the state
Then let your schemes
Alone adore the rising sun
And leave a man undone
To his fate, to his fate
And leave a man undone to his fate

7 GREEN GROW THE RASHES

There's nought but care on ev'ry han'
In every hour that passes, O
What signifies the life o' man
If '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*

The war'ly race may riches chase,
And riches still may fly them O
But when at last they catch them fast
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O

But gie me a canny hour at een
My airms about my dearie O
And warly cares and warly men
May a' gang tapsilteerie O

For you sae douce, as sneer at this
Ye're naught but senseless asses O
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
He dearly lov'd the lasses O

Auld nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O
Her prentice han' she try'd on man
And then she made the lasses O

8. THE BRAES O' KILLIECRANKIE

Whaur hae ye been sae braw lad?
Whaur hae ye been sae cantie-o?
Whaur hae ye been sae braw lad?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie-o?

*And ye had been whaur I hae been,
Ye wadna been sae cantie-o
And ye had seen what I hae seen,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o*

I fought at land, I fought at sea,
At hame at fought wi my auntie-o,
But I met the devil and Dundee,
On the braes o Killiecrankie-o

The bold Pitcur fell in a fur,
And Clavers got a Clankie-o
Or I had fed an Atholl gled,
On the braes o Killiecrankie-o

O fie MacKay what gart ye lie,
In the bush ayont the brankie-o
Ye'd better kissed King Willie's loof
Than come by Killiecrankie-o

There's nae shame there's nae shame,
There's nae shame tae swankie-o
There's soor slaes on Atholls braes,
And the Diel's at Killiecrankie-o.

9. DAINTY DAVIE

Now rosy May comes in wi flowers
To deck her gay green spreading bowers
And now comes in the happy hours
A wandering wi my Davie
*Meet me on the Warlock Knowe,
Dainty Davie Dainty Davie
And there I'll spend the day wi you,
My ain dear Dainty Davie*

The crystal waters round us fa'
The merry birds are lovers a'
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi my Davie

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare
Then thro the dewes I will repair,
To meet my faithfu Davie

When day expiring in the west
The curtain draws o Natures rest
I flee to the arms I loe the best
And that's my ain dear Davie

10. AULD LANG SYNE

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 tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.*

And surely you'll be your pint-stowp
And surely I'll be mine
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes
And pou'd the gowans fine
But we've wandered monie a weary fit
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine.
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.

And here's a hand my trusty fiere
And gies a hand o thine.
And we'll tak a right guid willie waught
For auld lang syne

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