

SKELMORLIE GOLF CLUB



Burns Supper

Saturday 17th February 2018



And there's a hand, my trusty fiera!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak' a right guid-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

Chairman's Welcome	Bron Gorny
Piping the Haggis	Tom Colquhoun
Haggis Carrier	Nigel Ovens
The Address to the Haggis	Bill McLaren
The Selkirk Grace	Mick Dorrian

Supper

Scotch Broth, Haggis, Neeps and Tatties, Cheese & Oatcakes

Interval

Chairman's Remarks	Bron Gorny
The Immortal Memory	Alistair Hendry
Song	Elspeth Howie & Colin Fisher

Interval



Holy Willies Prayer

Bill McLaren

Toast to the Lassies

Adam Piggott

Song

Elsbeth Howie & Colin Fisher

Reply to the Lassies

Julie Dorrian

Interval

Toast to the Club

Jimmy MacKellar

Tam O'Shanter

Adam Piggott

Music

Elsbeth Howie & Colin Fisher

Vote of Thanks

Tommy Campbell

Auld Lang Syne



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

Chorus

Should old acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And old lang syne?

Chorus

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!
and gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus

WHISKY

Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair,
An liquor guid to fire his bluid
That's prest wi' grief and care,
There let him bouse an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'r
Till he forgets his loves and debts
An' mind his griefs no more.

THE STAR OF RABBIE BURNS

There is a star whose booming ray,
is shed on every clime,
It shines by night, it shines by day
And ne'er grows dim wi' time.
It rose upon the banks of Ayr,
It shone on Doon's clear stream -
A hundred years are gane and mair,
Yet brighter grows its beam.

Chorus

Let kings and courtiers rise and fa'
This world has mony turns
but brightly beams aboon them a'
The star o' Rabbie Burns

Though he was but a ploughman lad
And wore the hodden grey,
Auld Scotland's sweetest bard was bred
Aneth a roof o' strae.
To sweep the strings o' Scotia's lyre,
It needs nae classic lore;
It's mither wit an native fire

Chorus

On fame's emblazon'd page enshrind
His name is foremost now,
And many a costly wreath's been twin'd
To grace his honest brow.
And Scotland's heart expands with wi' joy
When'er the day returns
That gave the world its peasant boy
Immortal Rabbie Burns.

Chorus

