



# Local & Wild

## Burns Night Set Menu

Savour Burns Night with our special menu, crafted in partnership with The Botanist, Bruichladdich, and Port Charlotte, spotlighting sustainably sourced, local ingredients.

### MOUTHFULS & STARTER

MUSHROOM MARMITE ÉCLAIR

VENISON CROQUETTE, QUINCE AND THYME

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SCOTTISH SMOKED SALMON, CRÈME FRAÎCHE, CHIVES, RYE MALTED BREAD

*Cocktail pairing: The Botanist Seaweed Martini*

*[The Botanist Islay Dry Gin, Noilly Prat Vermouth, Homemade Seaweed Tincture]*

### MAIN

HOMEMADE BAKED LOCAL & WILD HAGGIS, POTATO AND TURNIP HASH, WHISKEY JUS

*Cocktail pairing: Oat Fashioned*

*[Porridge Oats Infused Bruichladdich The Classic Laddie, Brown Sugar, Walnut Bitters, Orange Bitters]*

### DESSERT

CRANACHAN, HEATHER HONEY, RASPBERRIES

*Cocktail pairing: Scotchmopolitan*

*[Port Charlotte 10 Years Old, Cointreau, Cranberry Juice, Lime Juice]*

58.0pp (including cocktails)



### COURSES CAN ALSO BE ORDERED INDIVIDUALLY:

SCOTTISH SMOKED SALMON, CRÈME FRAÎCHE, CHIVES, RYE MALTED BREAD	£14
HOMEMADE BAKED LOCAL & WILD HAGGIS, WHISKEY JUS	£20
SIDE OF POTATO AND TURNIP HASH	£6.50
CRANACHAN, HEATHER HONEY, RASPBERRIES	£7

THE BOTANIST  
ISLAY DRY GIN



BRUICHLADDICH



## 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 o' 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 you 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;  
The 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 scunner,  
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 bloody flood or field to dash,  
O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,  
The trembling earth resounds his tread,  
Clap in his wallee 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



The Shed | Rabbit | Sussex | The Black Lamb | The Fat Badger