



The WOLSELEY

✧ BURNS NIGHT ✧

— SUNDAY, 25TH JANUARY 2026 —

In honour of Scotland's most celebrated poet, Robert Burns, this evening we'll be paying homage with a special menu steeped in heritage and much-loved classics.

Alloway Sour 14.50

*the singleton 12yr whisky, lapsang souchong tea cordial,
ginger liqueur, lemon juice*

Bobby Burns 14.50

*the singleton 12yr whisky, cacao nibs, sweet vermouth,
benedictine, lemon essence*



Cullen Skink 12.50



haddock, potatoes, onion

Haggis, Neeps and Tatties 24.50

with a whisky infused cream sauce

Cranachan 10.00

raspberries, cream, toasted oats



*Please inform your server if you have any food allergies or special dietary needs.
Prices include VAT. A discretionary 15% Service Charge will be added to your bill.
All gratuities are managed independently.*



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ADDRESS TO A HAGGIS

by Robert Burns

*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 bill,
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!*

