

What tho' on hamely fare we dine.

The Farin'.

GRACE.....Mr W. D. Munro.

Scotch Broth.

A wee taste tae begin wi'.

—O—

Fish

Frae the Dornoch Firth.

—O—

Ye powers wha gie us a' that's gude
Still bless auld Caledonia's brood
Wi' great John Barleycorn's heart's blude,
In stoups or luggies,
And on our board that King o' food
A glorious

Haggis

An' anither wee drappie, o' yon.

ADDRESS TO THE HAGGIS.....Mr William Wright.

—O—

Roasen Stot.

Birsled Bubbly-Jock.

Happit Nowt.

Biled Taties — Chappit Neeps.

Noo lads, dinna be owre rash.

—O—

Dumplin'.

Shiverin' Leezie.

An' ithar Mixtie-Maxties wi' Swatches o'

Suckery Freath.

—O—

The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell,
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid.

Kebbuck Straes.

—O—

Aipples, Nits and Sic Like.

—O—

Coffee.

—O—

We thank Thee for these mercies a'
Sae far beyond oor merits,
Let Meg noo tak the plates awa'
An' John fetch ben the speerits !