**Japan Scotland Association**

**Chubu Branch**

**Burns Night**

**Kiwami Bar**

**Hilton Nagoya Hotel**

**Saturday 28th January 2017**

**18:30~21:30**

Scotch Drink

Let other poets raise a fracas

"Bout vines, an' wines, an' drucken Bacchus,

An' crabbit names an'stories wrack us,

An' grate our lug:

I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us,

In glass or jug.

**Contents**

Burns Night Itinerary Page 3

Address to the Haggis Page 4

To a Mouse Page 5

Tam o’ Shanter Page 6

Red, Red Rose Page 8

Auld Lang Syne Page 9

A Man’s a Man for A’ That Page 10

What is the Japan Scotland Association? Page 11

Acknowledgements! Page 12

**Burn’s Night Itinerary**

* **6:30~6:45** **Drinks:** (Open bar from 6:30~6:45)
* **6:45~6:50** **Formal opening:**

 Introduction to speakers

* **6:50~7:05** **Immortal Memory:** PowerPoint Presentation on Burns & Greetings from Burn’s Federation in Scotland
* **7:05~7:15 Selkirk Grace:** (Prayer)

*“Some hae meat and canna eat,*

*And some wad eat that want it,*

*But we hae meat and we can eat,*

*Sae let the Lord be thankit.”*

* **Pipe in the Haggis:**

Piper: Hideki Asai

Chef: Chris Hori

**Toast:**

**Address to the Haggis**:

Gerry McLellan

*“Aboon them a’ ye tak your place”*

* **7:15~7:40**

 **Soup:** Scotch Broth

 **Main course:** Haggis / Beef Stew

* **7:40~7:45 Burns Poem**

**Tam o’Shanter:** Brian Gallagher

* **7:45~7:55**

**Address to the Lassies:** Mike Kruze

* **Address to the Laddies:**

 Patrice Pendell

* **7:55~8:10**

**Whisky Tasting:** Felix Busch

* **8:10~8:15**

**Burn’s Poem**

**To a Mouse:** Seth William Wallace

* **8:15~8:25**

**Burn’s Song**

**A Red, Red Rose:** Nana Inoue

* **8:25~8:40**

**Burn’s Quiz:** Prize for the winning team

* **8:45~9:00**

**Dessert:** Raspberry Cranachan

 (Open bar from 8:45~9:15)

* **9:00~9:05**

**Greetings to end party**

**Auld Lang Syne**

“*Wi gratefu’ heart I thank you brawlie’*

* **9:05~9:15**

Drinks until bar closes to party at 9:15

* **9:15~9:30**

**Mingle & Enjoy!**

**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 worthy 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-swall'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 walie nieve a blade,

He'll make it whissle;

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

 **Address to a Haggis**

Fair and full is your honest, jolly face,

Great chieftain of the sausage race!

Above them all you take your place,

Stomach, tripe, or intestines:

Well are you worthy of a grace

As long as my arm.

The groaning trencher there you fill,

Your buttocks like a distant hill,

Your pin would help to mend a mill

In time of need,

While through your pores the dews distill

Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour wipe,

And cut you up with ready slight,

Trenching your gushing entrails bright,

Like any ditch;

And then, O what a glorious sight,

Warm steaming, rich!

Then spoon for spoon, the stretch and strive:

Devil take the hindmost, on they drive,

Till all their well swollen bellies by-and-by

Are bent like drums;

Then old head of the table, most like to burst,

'The grace!' hums.

Is there that over his French ragout,

Or olio that would sicken a sow,

Or fricassee would make her vomit

With perfect disgust,

Looks down with sneering, scornful view

On such a dinner?

Poor devil! see him over his trash,

As feeble as a withered rush,

His thin legs a good whip-lash,

His fist a nut;

Through bloody flood or field to dash,

O how unfit.

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,

The trembling earth resounds his tread,

Clap in his ample fist a blade,

He'll make it whistle;

And legs, and arms, and heads will cut off

Like the heads of thistles.

You powers, who make mankind your care,

And dish them out their bill of fare,

Old Scotland wants no watery stuff,

That splashes in small wooden dishes;

But if you wish her grateful prayer,

Give her [Scotland] a Haggis!

 **To a Mouse**

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,

O, what a panic's in thy breastie!

Thou need na start awa sae hasty

Wi bickering brattle!

I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,

Wi' murdering pattle.

I'm truly sorry man's dominion

Has broken Nature's social union,

An' justifies that ill opinion

Which makes thee startle

At me, thy poor, earth born companion

An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;

What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!

A daimen icker in a thrave

'S a sma' request;

I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,

An' never miss't.

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!

It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!

An' naething, now, to big a new ane,

O' foggage green!

An' bleak December's win's ensuin,

Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,

An' weary winter comin fast,

An' cozie here, beneath the blast,

Thou thought to dwell,

Till crash! the cruel coulter past

Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,

Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!

Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,

But house or hald,

To thole the winter's sleety dribble,

An' cranreuch cauld.

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,

In proving foresight may be vain:

The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men

Gang aft agley,

An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,

For promis'd joy!

Still thou are blest, compared wi' me!

The present only toucheth thee:

But och! I backward cast my e'e,

On prospects drear!

An' forward, tho' I canna see,

I guess an' fear!

 **To a Mouse**

Small, crafty, cowering, timorous little beast,

Oh, what a panic is in your breast!

You need not start away so hasty

With your hurrying scamper

I would be loath to run and chase you,

With murdering plough-staff.

I'm truly sorry man's dominion

Has broken Nature's social union,

And justifies that ill opinion

Which makes you startle

At me, the poor, earth born companion

And fellow mortal!

I doubt not, sometimes, but you may steal;

What then? Poor little beast, you must live!

An odd ear in twenty-four sheaves

Is a small request;

I will get a blessing with what is left,

And never miss it.

Your small house, too, in ruin!

Its feeble walls the winds are scattering!

And nothing now, to build a new one,

Of coarse grass green!

And bleak December's winds coming,

Both bitter and piercing!

You saw the fields laid bare and wasted,

And weary winter coming fast,

And cozy here, beneath the blast,

You thought to dwell,

Till crash! the cruel plough passed

Out through your cell.

That small bit heap of leaves and stubble,

Has cost you many a weary nibble!

Now you are turned out, for all your trouble,

Without house or holding,

To endure the winter's sleety dribble,

And hoar-frost cold.

But little Mouse, you are not alone,

In proving foresight may be vain:

The best laid schemes of mice and men

Go often askew,

And leave us nothing but grief and pain,

For promised joy!

Still you are blessed, compared with me!

The present only touches you:

But oh! I backward cast my eye,

On prospects dreary!

And forward, though I cannot see,

I guess and fear!

 **Tam o’ Shanter**

 **1**

When chapmen billies leave the street,

And drouthy neibors, neibors meet,

As market days are wearing late,

An' folk begin to tak the gate;

While we sit bousing at the nappy,

And getting fou and unco happy,

We think na on the lang Scots miles,

The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,

That lie between us and our hame,

Where sits our sulky sullen dame.

Gathering her brows like gathering storm,

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,

As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,

(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses

For honest men and bonie lasses.)

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,

As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!

She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,

A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;

That frae November till October,

Ae market-day thou was nae sober;

That ilka melder, wi' the miller,

Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;

That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,

The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;

That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,

Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.

She prophesied that late or soon,

Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;

Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,

By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,

To think how mony counsels sweet,

How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,

The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:-- Ae market-night,

Tam had got planted unco right;

Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,

Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely

And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;

Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither--

They had been fou for weeks thegither!

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter

And ay the ale was growing better:

The landlady and Tam grew gracious,

wi' favours secret,sweet and precious

The Souter tauld his queerest stories;

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:

The storm without might rair and rustle,

Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

 **Tam o’ Shanter**

 **1**

When the peddler people leave the streets,

And thirsty neighbours, neighbours meet;

As market days are wearing late,

And folk begin to take the road home,

While we sit boozing strong ale,

And getting drunk and very happy,

We don’t think of the long Scots miles,

The marshes, waters, steps and stiles,

That lie between us and our home,

Where sits our sulky, sullen dame (wife),

Gathering her brows like a gathering storm,

Nursing her wrath, to keep it warm.

This truth finds honest Tam o' Shanter,

As he from Ayr one night did canter;

Old Ayr, which never a town surpasses,

For honest men and bonny lasses.

Oh Tam, had you but been so wise,

As to have taken your own wife Kate’s advice!

She told you well you were a waster,

A rambling, blustering, drunken boaster,

That from November until October,

Each market day you were not sober;

During each milling period with the miller,

You sat as long as you had money,

For every horse he put a shoe on,

The blacksmith and you got roaring drunk on;

That at the Lords House, even on Sunday,

You drank with Kirkton Jean till Monday.

She prophesied, that, late or soon,

You would be found deep drowned in Doon,

Or caught by warlocks in the murk,

By Alloway’s old haunted church.

Ah, gentle ladies, it makes me cry,

To think how many counsels sweet,

How much long and wise advice

The husband from the wife despises!

But to our tale :- One market night,

Tam was seated just right,

Next to a fireplace, blazing finely,

With creamy ales, that drank divinely;

And at his elbow, Cobbler Johnny,

His ancient, trusted, thirsty crony;

Tom loved him like a very brother,

They had been drunk for weeks together.

The night drove on with songs and clatter,

And every ale was tasting better;

The landlady and Tam grew gracious,

With secret favours, sweet and precious;

The cobbler told his queerest stories;

The landlord’s laugh was ready chorus:

Outside, the storm might roar and rustle,

Tam did not mind the storm a whistle.

 **2**

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;

Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;

To sing how Nannie lap and flang,

(A souple jade she was, and strang),

And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,

And thought his very een enrich'd;

Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,

And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;

Till first ae caper, syne anither,

Tam tint his reason ' thegither,

And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"

And in an instant all was dark:

And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,

When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,

When plundering herds assail their byke;

As open pussie's mortal foes,

When, pop! she starts before their nose;

As eager runs the market-crowd,

When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,

Wi' mony an eldritch skriech and hollo.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!

In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!

In vain thy Kate awaits thy commin'!

Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!

Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,

And win the key-stane o' the brig;

There at them thou thy tail may toss,

A running stream they dare na cross.

But ere the key-stane she could make,

The fient a tail she had to shake!

For Nannie, far before the rest,

Hard upon noble Maggie prest,

And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;

But little wist she Maggie's mettle -

Ae spring brought off her master hale,

But left behind her ain gray tail;

The carlin claught her by the rump,

And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

No, wha this tale o' truth shall read,

Ilk man and mother's son take heed;

Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,

Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,

Think! ye may buy joys o'er dear -

Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

 **2**

But here my tale must stoop and bow,

Such words are far beyond her power;

To sing how Nannie leaped and kicked

(A supple youth she was, and strong);

And how Tom stood like one bewitched,

And thought his very eyes enriched;

Even Satan glowered, and fidgeted full of lust,

And jerked and blew with might and main;

Till first one caper, then another,

Tom lost his reason all together,

And roars out: ‘ Well done, short skirt! ’

And in an instant all was dark;

And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,

When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees buzz out with angry wrath,

When plundering herds assail their hive;

As a wild hare’s mortal foes,

When, pop! she starts running before their nose;

As eager runs the market-crowd,

When ‘ Catch the thief! ’ resounds aloud:

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,

With many an unearthly scream and holler.

Ah, Tom! Ah, Tom! You will get what's coming!

In hell they will roast you like a herring!

In vain your Kate awaits your coming !

Kate soon will be a woeful woman!

Now, do your speedy utmost, Meg,

And beat them to the key-stone of the bridge;

There, you may toss your tale at them,

A running stream they dare not cross!

But before the key-stone she could make,

She had to shake a tail at the fiend;

For Nannie, far before the rest,

Hard upon noble Maggie pressed,

And flew at Tam with furious aim;

But little knew she Maggie’s mettle!

One spring brought off her master whole,

But left behind her own grey tail:

The witch caught her by the rump,

And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, who this tale of truth shall read,

Each man, and mother’s son, take heed:

Whenever to drink you are inclined,

Or short skirts run in your mind,

Think! you may buy joys over dear:

Remember Tam o’ Shanter’s mare.

**A Red, Red Rose**

O my Luve is like a red, red rose

That’s newly sprung in June;

O my Luve is like the melody

That’s sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,

So deep in luve am I;

And I will luve thee still, my dear,

Till a’ the seas gang dry.

Till a’ the seas gang dry, my dear,

And the rocks melt wi’ the sun;

I will love thee still, my dear,

While the sands o’ life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!

And fare thee weel awhile!

And I will come again, my luve,

Though it were ten thousand mile.

**Auld Lang Syne**

|  |
| --- |
| Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And 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. And surely ye'll be your [pint](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1245.html) stowp! And surely I'll be mine! And we'll tak a cup o'kindness yet, For auld lang syne.For auld, &c.We twa hae run about the braes, And pou'd the gowans fine; But we've wander'd mony a weary fit, Sin' auld lang syne. For auld, &c. We [twa](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1740.html) hae paidl'd in the burn, [Frae](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/720.html) morning sun [till](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1695.html) dine; [But](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/288.html) seas between us [braid](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/228.html) [hae](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/839.html) roar'd [Sin'](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1451.html) auld lang syne. For auld, &c. And there's a hand, my trusty fere! And gie's a hand [o'](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1208.html) thine! And we'll [tak](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1635.html) a right gude-willie waught, For [auld](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/62.html) [lang](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1054.html) syne. For auld, &c. **For old times’ sake**Should old acquaintance be forgot,And never brought to mind?Should old acquaintance be forgot,And old lang syne?CHORUS:For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll take a cup of kindness yet, For auld lang syne.And surely you’ll buy your pint cup!And surely I’ll buy mine!And we'll take a cup o’ kindness yet,For auld lang syne.For auld,&c.We two have run about the slopes,And picked the daisies fine;But we’ve wandered many a weary foot,Since auld lang syne.For auld,&c.We two have paddled in the stream,From morning sun till dine;But seas between us broad have roaredSince auld lang syne.For auld, &c.And there’s a hand my trusty friend!And give me a hand o’ thine!And we’ll take a right good-will draught,For auld lang syne.For auld, &c. |

**A Man’s A Man for A’ That**

Is there for honest Poverty

That hings his head, an' a' that;

The coward slave-we pass him by,

We dare 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](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/800.html) for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,

Wear [hoddin](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/909.html) grey, an' a that;

[Gie](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/769.html) fools their silks, and knaves their wine;

A Man's a Man for a' that:

For a' that, and a' that,

Their tinsel show, an' a' that;

**The honest man, tho'** [**e'er**](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/592.html)[**sae**](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1371.html) **poor,**

**Is king o' men for a' that.**

Ye see yon birkie, ca’d a lord,

[Wha](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1833.html) struts, an' stares, an' a' that;

Tho' hundreds worship at his word,

He's but a [coof](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/415.html) for a' that:

For a' that, an' a' that,

His ribband, star, an' a' that:

The man o' independent [mind](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1159.html)

He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can [mak](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1124.html) a belted knight,

A marquis, duke, an' a' that;

[But](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/288.html) [an](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/41.html) honest man's abon his might,

[Gude](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/823.html) faith, he [maunna](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1133.html) [fa'](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/616.html) that!

For a' that, an' a' that,

Their dignities an' a' that;

The pith o' sense, an' pride [o'](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1208.html) worth,

Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,

(As come it will for a' that,)

That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,

Shall [bear](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/125.html) the gree, an' a' that.

For a' that, [an'](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/40.html) a' that,

It's coming yet for a' that,

**That Man to Man, the world o'er,**

**Shall brothers be for** [**a'**](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/4.html) **that.**

**What is the Japan Scotland Association?**

The JSA is an NPO, established to help fund student scholarships for international study. Some of the events we have planned for throughout the year include:

* Whisky Tastings
* Burns Nights
* Highland Games
* Ceilidhs
* Presentations on renowned Scottish figures
* Scottish cooking classes
* Information on studying in Scotland
* Annual party at the British Embassy in Tokyo

The JSA was established at Waseda University in Tokyo. There are now several branches throughout Japan and the first branch in the Chubu district was established in March 2016. If you are interested in discovering more about a country with a unique culture join the JSA. JSA members receive discounts to JSA events.

We look forward to welcoming you to our next JSA event. At the moment, we are planning a Highland Games for either May or November. This will be a family event.

If you have any comments or opinions about tonight’s Supper, we look forward to hearing from you. Any ideas on how we can make the Burns night more successful are especially welcome.

Lastly, we look forward to hearing from you if you are interested in helping to organise future events, or if you would like to become a member of the JSA.

**Acknowledgements!**

The Chubu Branch of the Japan Scotland Association would like to thank all those who helped with this Burns Supper. I know that a lot of work has gone on behind the scenes to ensure that poems were told, food and drink was prepared, whisky was tasted and people were toasted. I would especially like to thank the following:

Felix Busch: Hilton GM and whisky expert. Also for providing discount rates so that more proceeds can go to the intended charity.

Chris Hori: Hilton chef and haggis wizzard!

Hideki Asai: Piper

Seth Wallace: For reciting, *To a Mouse*.

Brian Gallagher: For his rendition of *Tam o’Shanter*.

Michael Kruse: For his eloquent address to the *Lassies*.

Patrice Pendell: For her witty reply to the *Laddies*.

Nana Inoue: Whisky expert and, hitherto unknown, singing talent.

Carter Witt: For providing free advertising for the event.

David Smith and the folks at the Globe Inn: for sharing their event with us.

Mayumi McLellan: For helping with all problems encountered, especially in relation to language.

Brewdog and Whisk-E: For providing free whisky at the previous tasting and discounted beer and whisky tonight.

Above all, I’d like to express my gratitude to all for coming this evening. This is the first of, what we hope will be, many Burns Suppers. If anyone would like to contribute to next years event by reciting a poem or singing a song, addressing either the lassies or the laddies, or by simply telling a joke or interesting story related to Burns, kindly contact me at the following: jsagerry@gmail.com

**“Wi’ gratefu’ heart I thank you brawlie!”**

