



Under the distinguished patronage of

**The Much Honoured
Baron and Lady of Prestoungrange of Scotland**
in The Chemainus Theatre on January 25th 2003

BURNS' SUPPER AND CONCERT

with

The Victoria Gaelic Choir, the Lynne Griffiths Highland Dancers
and the Pipes and Drums of The Canadian Scottish Regiment (Princess Mary's)

Produced and Directed by Terry Jones



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 of 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 all their weel-swali'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' 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 mak 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' pray'r,
 die her a *Haggis!*

THE SELKIRK GRACE

Some hae meat, and canna eat,
 Some canna eat that want it;
 But we hae meat and we can eat,
 Sae let the lord be thankit.

3

LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild;
But woman, Nature's darling child
There all her charms she does compile;
Even there her other works are foii'd
By the bonnie lass o'Ballochmyle.
O' had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotia's plain!
Thro' weary winter's wind, and rain
With joy, with rapture, I will toil,
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o'Ballochmyle!
Then pride might climb the slip'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And ev'ry day have joys divine
With the honnie lass o'Ballochmyle.

4

TO A MOUSE

*On Turning Her Up In Her Nest With
The Plough, November 1785*
Wee, sleeket, 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 lie laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

4

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,
And never miss't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast,
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.

5

I LOVE MY JEAN

Of a' the airts the wind can b)aw
I dearly like the West;
For there the bony Lassie lives,
The Lassie I lo'e best:

5

There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.-

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bony flower, that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bony bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.-

6

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bony brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my Jo.

John Anderson myjo, John,
WE clamb the hill the gather;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep the gather at the foot,
John Anderson my Jo.

6

7

SCOTS, WHA HAE

Has broken Nature's social union,
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace tiled,
Welcome to your gory *bed*
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as *he* a Slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they *shall* lie free!

Lay the proud Usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do - or die!

7

BURNS NIGHT 2003 IN CHEMAINUS

Produced and Directed by Terry Jones

5:45pm **Canadian Scottish Regiment (Princess Mary's) Pipes and Drums**

parade down the main street of Chemainus to the theatre

6-6:30pm Pipes and drums played in theatre lobby while guests arrive and take their seats in the restaurant

THE BURNS' SUPPER

6:30pm **The Much Honoured Baron and Lady of Prestoungrange** arrive

accompanied by *The Much Honoured* Baron of Dolphinstoun and are

pipied to their seats by their personal pipers when all stand for

The National Anthem 0' Canada

Supper begins with a welcome and opening remarks by the Chairman

John Davidson

including an introduction to the VIP guests

Scotland's Greeting from the Patron **The Much Honoured Baron of Prestoungrange**

Entrance of The Haggis pipied in and escorted by the honour guard of Canadian Scottish Regiment (Princess Mary's).

Address to The Haggis delivered by **John Davidson**

The Selkirk Grace - all standing

The Haggis with *Glenkinchie* malt whisky and Supper will then be served

During the Supper **Susan Smedley** will play Scottish airs on the piano

Toast to Her Majesty The Queen The Patron

Toast tae the Lassies Terry Jones

Reply for the Lassies Nancy Johnston

The Bonnie Lass O'Ballochmille sung by **John Davidson** accompanied by

Susan Smedley

THE IMMORTAL MEMORY Roy Kennedy

8:55pm **The Much Honoured Baron and Lady of Prestoungrange** take their

seats in the theatre

9pm Canadian Scottish Regiment (Princess Mary's) Pipes and Drums play a medley

9:15pm **Highland Dance Solo** performed by Loren Macklin of the Lynne

Griffiths Highland Dancers

The Victoria Gaelic Choir under the direction of **Douglas Hodgkinson**

Sabhal la'n ic Uisdean

Ca'the Vowes

Ehskay Love Lilt

Burns' Medley on the Celtic Harp by **Beth Potter**

Crodh an Taitteir by **Maureen Campbell and Marlene**

MacDonald Cheng

Bail' Inbhir Aora

Srathspe, Reel, Fling and Jig with **Lynne Griffiths**

Highland Dancers

Chi mi na Mor-bheanna

Johnie Cope

My Love is Like a Red Red Rose by **Norma Selwood**

Comin' Thro' the Rye

Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon

Fiddle Selection and Tin Whistle by **Michelle Steeves**

and Denis Wightman

Loch Lomond

Pipes and drums medley and the **dancers with pipes and drums**
Concert goers Burns' Sing-a-long led by The Victoria Gaelic Choir

FINALE

Burns' most famous song *Auld Lang Syne* sung by all Concert goers with **The Victoria** Gaelic Choir and the pipes and drums

*

Canadian Scottish Regiment (Princess Mary's) Pipes and Drums pipe all out

Selection of Burns' poetry read by **Alex Provan**

The *Star of Robbie Burns* sung by **John Davidson** accompanied by
Susan Smedley

with all guests invited to join in the chorus after which The Patrons and VIP
guests are
piped out and all other guests make their way to the theatre for the
Concert at 9pm

AFTON WATER

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet Cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy hanks and green vallies below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow,
 There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
 The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

The crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As, gathering sweet flowers, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

CA' THE YOWES

Hark, the mavis e'ening sang
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang.
 Then a-faulding let us gang.
 My bonnie dearie.

CHORUS

*Ca' the yolves to the knives,
 Ca' them where the heather grows,
 Ca' them where the hurnie rowes,
 My bonnie dearie*

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
 Thro' the hazels spreading wide
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide
 To the moon sae clearly

Yonder Clouden's silent towers
 Where, at moonshine's midnight hours,
 O'er the dewy (lending flowers
 Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
 Thou'rt to love and Heav'n sae dear,
 Nacht of ill may come thee near,
 My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou has stown my very heart;
 I can die - *hut* canna part,
 My honnie dearie.

10

JOHNIE COPE

Sir John Cope trode the north right far,
Yet ne'er a rebel he cam naur,
Until he landed at Dunbar
Right early in a morning.
*Hey Johnie Cope are ye wanking yet,
Or are ye sleeping I would wit,
O haste ye get up for the drums do beat,
O fye Cope rise in the morning.*

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
Come fight me Charlie an ye daur;
If it be not by the chance of war
I'll give you a merry morning.
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon
He drew his sword the scabbard from -
'So Heaven restore to me my own,
'I'll meet you. Cope, in the morning.'
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

Cope swore with many a bloody word
That he would fight them gun and sword.
But he fled frae his nest like an ill scar'd bird,
And Johnie he took wing in the morning.
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

It was upon an afternoon,
Sir Johnie marched to Preston toun;
He says, my lads come lean you down,
And we'll fight the boys in the morning
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

But when he saw the Highland lads
Wi' tartan trews and white cokauds,
Wi' swords and guns and rungs and gauds,
O Johnie he took wing in the morning.
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

On the morrow when he did rise,
He look'd between him and the skies;
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,
Which fear'd him in the morning.
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

O then he flew into Dunbar,
Crying for a man of war;
He thought to have passe'd for a rustic tar,
And gotten awa in the morning.
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

Sir Johnie into Berwick rade,
Just as the devil had been his guide;
Gien him the world he would na stay'd
To foughten the boys in the morning.
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John,
O what's become of all your men,
In faith, says he, I dinna ken,
I left them a' this morning.
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

Says Lord Mark Car, ye are na blate,
To bring us the news o' your ain defeat;
I think you deserve the back o' the gate,
Get out o' my sight this morning.
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

11

MY LOVE IS UKE A RED, RED ROSE

O my love is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O my love is like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune

12

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I,
And I will love 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
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sand o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only love
And fare-thee-weel, a while!
And I will come again, my love,
Tho, it were ten thousand mile.

12

YE BANKS AND BRAES

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stow my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

14

13

13

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days a' lang syne?

CHORUS

*For auld lang syne, my lo,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.*

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.

We two ha'e paidi'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid ha'e rear'd
Sin' auld lang syne

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

15



www.prestoungrange.org <http://victoria.tc.ca/Culture/Vges> www.islandnet.com/~csmuse