

By **Amin Debretts** □ *Our nobility correspondent.*



Dear British patriot,

I write to you today to invite you to the Scotland in Union "Burns Night" celebrations to be held in Hopeton House, West Lothian.

As Prime Minister Theresa May has said, Burns Night is part of the UK's enduring Union and we will be marking it this year with a celebration of all things British, just as Rabbie would have wished.

However, such an evening demands at least on uniquely Scotch touch, we're all proud Scots after all, so we will be kicking off the festivities with a champagne reception (of English Sparkling wines, naturally) followed by the traditional piping of the haggis.

On this occasion haggis will be served on 'neep 'n tattie' tuiles with a whisky sauce accompanied by a fois gras air. This excellent starter will be brought to table to the strains of 'Jerusalem' played by members of the LSO chamber group. (some of our members find their digestive provesses are hampered by the raucous sound of indoor bagpiping.)

The fish course will feature smoked salmon from the 'This is no Scottish fish, this is M&S British

fish' range.

This will be followed by the main course of game bird turrine from the estates of several of our patrons.

We will finish the meal with something called Cranachan. i have no idea what it is, but Nanny used to make it for us when we visited our estates in Summer, and I remember it being quite delicious.

This will be accompanied by tea and a range of innovative jams.

Following on from dinner, we will have a quiz entitled 'Can you point to the bits of Scotlandshire you own?' with Quizmaster in Chief, Lord Alistair Darling ARS HoL.

Later, we will have a number of speeches demonstrating how Rabbie was actually quite the Unionist, with selected readings of his poetry as examples.

As I am unfamiliar with the language (if language it is) in which he wrote most of his poetry, I have asked one of my ghillies for advice on the matter.

Hamish has recommended the following verse from the song 'A man's a man', which he tells me epitomises the great man's love for all things British.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a yoon for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that:
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

I think that sums us up nicely. Don't you agree?

Comments

In contrast to the spoof BBC across the Clyde, comments are no longer banned on BBC Scotlandshire News pages.

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