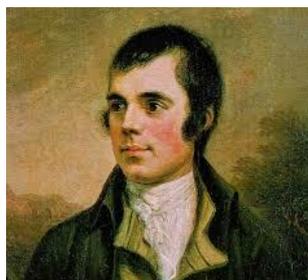


British Business Club Düsseldorf will be 60 years old on 8 July 2018



www.britishbusinessclub.de

A Very Warm Welcome to the British Business Club Düsseldorf (BBCD) Burns' Night Celebrations!

Master of Ceremonies and Chieftain: Andrew Gardiner

Pipers: David Johnston and his son Kian Johnston

Date: Friday 9 February 2018

Venue: Industrie-Club, Elberfelder Straße 6, 40213 Düsseldorf



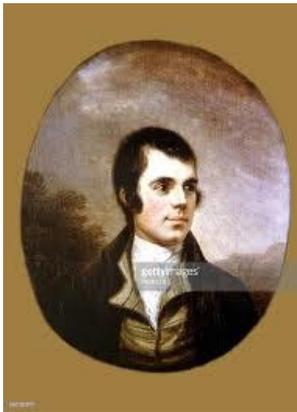
British Business Club Düsseldorf will be 60 years old on 8 July 2018

Programme for the Burns' Night Evening

- 19:00 Welcome Drinks & Reception
- 19:35 Everyone to the dining tables
- 19.50 Welcome from Honorary BBCD Chairman, Brian Hicks
- 19.55 Speech from the Honorary BBCD President and British Consul General, Rafe Courage
- 20:00 BBCD Hon. Vice-Chairman, Vincent McCue, introduces the Chieftain and Master of Ceremonies, Andrew Gardiner
- 20:05 The MC greets the Guests
- 20:10 *The Selkirk Grace* spoken by Ken McKinney
- 20:15 **Starter Course – Cock-a-leekie soup** (leeks and peppered chicken stock, thickened with barley)
- 20:35 *Address to the Haggis* by Andrew Gardiner
- 20:45 **Main Course – Haggis (meat/vegetarian), nips & tatties**
- 21:05 Recital of Burns' Poems by Brian Hicks & Vincent McCue
- 21:15 **Dessert – Raspberry Trifle**
- 21:30 *Toast to the Lassies* by Rafe Courage
- 21:40 *Toast to the Laddies* by Thelma Matuk
- 21:50 *Immortal Memory* by Tam Pearce
- 22:00 Charity Auction and Raffle hosted by Louisa & Ian MacKenzie
- 22:20 Scottish Dancing till late led by Jörn Bongers
- 00:30 Farewell words by MC and BBCD Vice-Chairman

Robert Burns (25 January 1759 – 21 July 1796)

Robert (or Rabbie) Burns, the Bard of Ayrshire, was a Scottish poet and lyricist, who is enjoyed and celebrated worldwide. Born in Alloway to William and Agnes Brown Burnes, Robert Burns followed his father in becoming a tenant farmer. Unlike his father, however, Burns escaped the uncertainties of the soil. Later in life, he became an excise collector in Dumfries, where he died in 1796. Throughout his life he was a practising poet. He wrote about aspects of farm life, regional experience, traditional culture, class culture and religion, becoming the national poet of Scotland. Although he did not seek that distinction, he expressed his wish to be called a Scots bard.



The Selkirk Grace

Some hae meat and canna eat
And some wad eat that want it
But we hae meat, and we can eat
And sae let the Lord be thankit

Amen



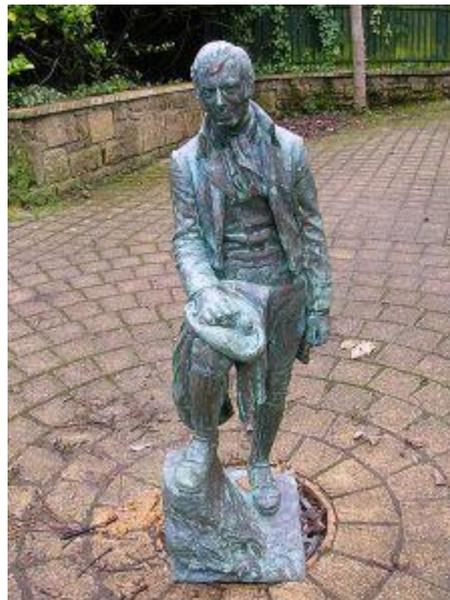
A Red, Red Rose - 1794

O my Luv'e's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luv'e's like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luv'e am I;
And I will luv'e 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 luv'e thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only Luv'e!
And fare-thee-weel, a while!
And I will come again, my Luv'e,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile



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 dewes 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-swallow'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 wallee 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

Translation:

Good luck to you and your honest, plump 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 dewes distil
Like amber bead.

His knife sees 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.

Your 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!

Source: www.robertburns.org.uk and © Alexandria Burns Club

For a' that (1795)

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 for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that;
Gie 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 sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

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 coof 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.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's abon his might,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that;
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' 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 the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that

Translation:

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and all that?
The coward slave, we pass him by -
We dare be poor for all that!
For all that, and all that,
Our toils obscure, and all that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for all that.

What though on homely fare we dine,
Wear rough grey tweed, and all that?
Give fools their silks, and knaves their wine -
A man is a man for all that.
For all that, and all that,
Their tinsel show, and all that,
The honest man, though ever so poor,
Is king of men for all that.

You see that fellow called 'a lord',
Who struts, and stares, and all that?
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He is but a dolt for all that.
For all that, and all that,
His ribboned, star, and all that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at all that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and all that!
But an honest man is above his might -
Good faith, he must not fault that
For all that, and all that,
Their dignities, and all that,
The pith of sense and pride of worth
Are higher rank than all that.

Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that)
That Sense and Worth over all the earth
Shall take the prize and all that!
For all that, and all that,
It is coming yet for all that,
That man to man the world over
Shall brothers be for all that

The BBCD Burns' Night Charity Auction and Tombola

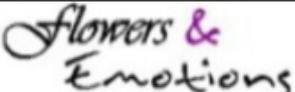
This evening there will be an auction and tombola (raffle tickets at EUR 2 each), all the proceeds of which will go to the club's two designated charities, the **Bahnhofsmision** and the **Royal British Legion (Rheindahlen Branch)**. The club and committee would like to thank **Stheeman Treasury Solutions GmbH (STS)**, which has kindly donated, for the auction, a 0.7 litre bottle of:

 www.stheeman.de	Balblair Vintage Single Malt Whisky 1990/2017 46.0% proof	
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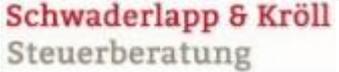
And also the following sponsors, who have kindly donated items for the tombola:

Ewa Budzilo, Heilpraktikerin www.aesthamedica.de	 aesthaMedica	EUR 350.00 beauty treatment voucher
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Scottish Development International  www.scottish-enterprise.com	Balvenie Doublewood 12-year old single malt	
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Flowers and Emotions http://flowersandemotions.de		Three vouchers for flowers
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Lush Fresh Handmade Cosmetics https://de.lush.com		Six surprise boxes of Lush products
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Schwaderlapp & Kröll GbR www.schwaderlapp.com		10 mobile phone power banks
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Holmes Place Provinzialplatz http://holmesplace.de/provinzialplatz.c/de	 HOLMES PLACE	Three 10-day entry passes
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Bio-Queen http://bio-queen.de	 Die Krönung gesunder Lebensfreude	Voucher for a basket of fruit
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Teehaus Benrath www.teehaus-benrath.de		Bags of Earl Grey & Silva Kandy tea and tea voucher
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Jacques' Wine Depot Hilden www.jacques.de/depot/89/hilden		Bottle of Beronia Rioja Reserva 2013
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Thelma Matuk Former Chairman BBCD		Michael Jackson's book, Malt Whisky Companion
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BBCD www.britishbusinessclub.de		Two free new membership subscriptions
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Auld Lang Syne (1788)

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 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 hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

For the Sake of Old Times

Should old acquaintances be forgotten
And never be remembered?
Should old acquaintances be forgotten
and days long ago.

*Chorus: For days long ago, my dear,
For days long ago
We'll drink a cup of kindness yet
For days long ago!*

And surely you'll have your pint tankard
And surely I'll have mine.
And we'll drink a cup of kindness yet
For days long ago.

Chorus

We two have run about the hills
And pulled the daisies fine
But we've wandered many a weary mile
Since the days long ago.

Chorus

We two have paddled in the stream
From morning sun till dinner-time
But the broad seas have roared between us
Since the days long ago.

Chorus

And here's my hand, my trusty friend,
And give me your hand too,
And we will take an excellent good-will
drink
For the days of long ago

Chorus

Auld Lang Syne is well known in many countries, its traditional use being to bid farewell to the old year at midnight on New Year's Eve. It is also sung at funerals, graduations, and as an ending to other occasions, such as the annual Labour Party Conference and international scouting movement jamborees.