

# Sussex

By Local & Wild

## Burns Night Set Menu

Savour our special menu, carefully crafted by our team to celebrate Burns Night with sustainably sourced, local ingredients.

*Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,  
Great chieftain o' the pudding-race!*

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### WELCOME DRINK

The Bruich-lyn

Bruichladdich Classic Laddie, London Vermouth Co. Amber  
Vermouth, Maraschino Liquor, Orange Bitters

### MOUTHFULS

Mushroom Marmite Éclair

Portland Crab Doughnut

Sourdough Bread, Whipped Smoked Cod's Roe

### STARTER

Haggis, Swede & Carrots, Whisky Jus

### MAIN

Lamb & Mushroom Duxelles Wellington,  
Salt-Baked Truffled Pecorino Red Desiree Potatoes

### DESSERT

Cranachan, Pastry Cream, Honey, Oat Crumble

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72.0

@SUSSEX\_RESTO

A discretionary service charge will be added to your bill





## 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 wordy 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

