



MOTHERS DAY MENU – 30th March

Sittings at 12 noon, 2.45pm or 5.30pm

STARTERS

Pan Fried Herb & Truffle Gnocchi *purple sprouting broccoli, toasted pine nuts, sun dried tomato pesto (v, gf)*

Beef Cheek Croquettes *horseradish crème fresh, pickled veg, parmesan crisps*

Duck Liver Pate *cornichons, pickled shallots, red onion jam, melba toast (gfo)*

Sticky Asian Chicken Wings *lime, chilli, sesame seeds, micro coriander (gf)*

MAINS

Choice of Roast Belly of Pork, Chicken Supreme or Sirloin of Beef

served with roast potatoes, roast carrots & parsnips, broccoli, braised cabbage, cauliflower cheese, Yorkshire pudding and gravy (gfo)

Vegan Wellington *served with roast potatoes, roast carrots & parsnips, broccoli, braised cabbage, cauliflower cheese, Yorkshire pudding and gravy (v, ve, gfo)*

Pan Fried Lamb Rump *dauphinoise potatoes, pea puree, tenderstem, roots, mint jus (Supp £5pp)*

Pan Fried Salmon *crushed new potatoes, greens, white wine sauce (gf)*

DESSERT

Vanilla Crème Brulee *sweet puff pastry sticks (gfo, v)*

Lemon Posset *mixed berry compote, shortbread biscuits (v, gfo)*

Triple Chocolate Brownie *raspberry coulis, vanilla ice cream (v)*

Sticky Toffee Pudding *toffee sauce & custard (v)*

Add a cheeseboard for £9.50

Cheeseboard: *A selection of Black Bomber Cheddar, Suffolk Blue, Baron Bigod Brie, grapes, celery & crackers (Add a Port for £3)*

2 course £25 per person, 3 course £30 per person

£10pp non-refundable deposit when booking. Please email your menu choices to bookings@marinersfreehouse.co.uk by 27th March 2025.

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 ye 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;
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' bluidy 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 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*