St Andrew is Scotland’s patron saint, and the celebration of St Andrews Day on 30 November marks the beginning of our winter festivals.

Did you know that St Andrew is also the patron saint of many other countries? They include Barbados, Romania and Cyprus.
Mary Queen of Scots organised an enormous party here at Stirling Castle, just before Christmas 1566.

She had new outfits made for some of her nobles. The Earl of Moray’s new clothes were green, the Earl of Argyll was clad in red, and the Earl of Bothwell wore blue.
Christmas was celebrated in medieval Scotland with mirth and music, feasts, dances, plays and stories. The celebration could vary in length, but it usually lasted for twelve days – like in the song ‘The Twelve Days of Christmas’. 
Midwinter celebrations happened on the days around the winter solstice – the shortest day of the year.

Today, we recognise this as 21 December, but the official calendar of the Roman Emperor Julius Caesar recorded it as 25 December, and a Roman festival was held on that day.
On the last day of celebrations, a cake was baked with a bean inside. Whoever found the bean ruled the feast. It was called a Twelfth Cake, because it was served on the twelfth day of Christmas.

An 1803 recipe said it contained:
- 7lb flour
- A gill and a half of yeast
- A little warm milk
- 1lb fresh butter broke into small lumps
- 1¼lb sifted sugar
- 4½lb currants
- ½oz sifted cinnamon
- ¼oz pounded cloves, mace, and nutmeg
- Sliced candied orange or lemon peel and citron
During the winter celebrations normal rules were turned topsy-turvy.

From St Nicholas Day on 6 December through to the end of the month, a boy would be selected to become the ‘boy bishop’. He would give sermons and lead processions, blessing people in the street.
In Renaissance Scotland, people usually gave each other presents on New Year’s Day rather than on Christmas Day. The king or queen would give valuable, personal gifts to their courtiers and servants.
Each year on 25 January, we celebrate the national poet, Robert Burns. In his poem, ‘Epistle to Mrs Scott’, he writes:

‘Wi’ merry dance in winter days,
   An’ we to share in common;
The gust o’ joy, the balm of woe,
The saul [soul] o’ life, the heaven below’.