

# Restaurant Review

*The Bull*  
AT BURFORD

HOTEL & RESTAURANT  
c.1475

Having previously met The Bull's owner, Jean-Marie Lauzier and his wife Clare on neutral turf, it wasn't a surprise to discover that their allegedly 'superb' restaurant wasn't quite what we were led to believe. It was infinitely better.....Jean-Marie, you do yourself a disservice!

Ironically, on the Sunday evening that Tina and I took the children along to 'I'd love to live here' Burford (as it is commonly referred to in our household – in fact, I think up until recently, I firmly believe the kids thought that was Burford's real name!), the ebullient Monsieur Lauzier was taking a well-earned break.

His glorious and immaculate restaurant was, however, in the safest of hands. Joe, Jean-Marie and Clare's son, hosted us like a seasoned maître he clearly wasn't – he was in charge, but with age aggravatingly on his side, this young man was not far from the finished article.

Bright, engaging, knowledgeable, in fact everything you would like from your host, Joe was, as they say, 'worth the ticket price alone'.

That was certainly true of the team at The Bull. Awareness is vital in any restaurant. Showing you give a hoot about your customers' enjoyment, respecting their privacy and making sure you deliver. This was a well drilled team, making sure our experience was one we would never forget, and that is half the battle.

The other half is the quality of the food. OK the kids weren't too enamoured with the beetroot and cream brioche, which in my opinion was delicious, but, thereafter, the delivery, presentation and taste of everything put in front of us was quite simply amazing. From the warm walnut and raisin bread, to the perfectly cooked scallops; from Tina's delectable guinea fowl to Abi's (yes you guessed it for those of you familiar with our reviews) enormous sirloin steak; and, finally, from Ed's tender chicken breast to my monkfish in the most heavenly cream sauce, we were all knocked out by the exceptional taste, dazzled by the creative presentation and mesmerized by the intoxicating aromas emanating from our plates.

"No room for dessert?" Challenged Joe. This was one chap who wasn't going to take no for an answer. For our starters and mains, I have given you an overview of the food we enjoyed, but get this for dessert, the real theatre at The Bull:

Rhubarb crumble soufflé with lemon meringue pie ice cream and sour poached rhubarb batons

The Caramel Experience: caramel parfait, crème caramel, a caramel mousse, warm caramel soufflé and a banana caramel ice cream

A trio of homemade sorbets each served with their own compote – inventively presented on a tray, a vibrant mix of bright colours and incredible tastes.

We didn't have the caramel dessert, but I have since met someone who did, and when you go to this heavenly restaurant, you must try it. Or go for the soufflé or sorbets – in fact, if our experience is anything to go by, you just can't go wrong at The Bull.

A special occasion it need not be, just make sure you go and experience food which is truly divine.

Thanks to Joe, Jean-Marie, Clare and their amazing team.  
Reviewed by Richard Rosser

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