

There comes once a year to Duddenhoe End  
A Pink Lady whose honour we have to defend  
She comes in disguise  
So as to surprise  
But always leaves with a friend

So again the Pink Lady has struck  
When you thought you were up on your luck  
But as you've just found  
Your judgement's not sound  
As someone has passed you the buck

If this was your choice for a prize  
It's not been terrible wise  
Though it shouldn't have been risky  
To have chosen the Whisky  
But oh what a cartoon of lies

At the time of the harvest moon  
You must stand and orate to the room  
In front of the crowd  
If you've read out aloud  
You can collect a real whisky from June