

With Apologies to Lewis Carroll

“You are old dear Pink Lady,” the young man said,
“And your wine must be now quite stale.
Do you think that maybe it is time for a change
And we’ll raffle a bottle of ale?”

“In my youth,” the lady replied to the lad,
“I was considered the finest of labels.
At grand dinner parties all over the land,
I lined up on their dining room tables.”

“But look at you now,” said he once again.
“Your wine has really gone musty.
Your label looks like it’s been out in the rain,
And all round your cork it is crusty.”

“For many a year in this village I’ve been,
From wagons through to the plane age.
And they’ve prospered mightily under my care
Now I hear they are getting main drainage.”

“Oh really,” the young man returned to his theme.
“It really is quite elementary.
You really can’t think in your wildest of dreams,
You are fit for the Duddenhoe gentry.”

Said she, “If people find out what you’re at
All of your plans they would scupper.
For really, dear boy, what would they all do
Without me at their fine Harvest Suppers?”

So come all you people here gathered tonight.
Let’s rally and rise to her cause.
Show her we need her and that she is right
And give her a round of applause!

June and David Woollcott