

An Ode to the new owner of the Pink Lady from Willow Barn

There once was a prize called the Pink Lady
Which I thought might be Kate Adie
As it turns out
I would have preferred a stout
As this beauty's a little shady

For her past is chequered and long
Although if you thought you could drink her you'd be wrong
She's a fine vintage for sure
For many an ailment she's a cure
Her undoing is that she's wrapped in a pink thong

Now who is the thong's owner, quite a mystery
Many people have tried to unravel this trickery
Please don't be shy
Go on give it a try
If I were you I would check Bob's medical history

Before closing I would like to point out
That the Pink Lady is no brown trout
She's tall slim and elegant
Some might even say decadent
She is the best of British wine without a doubt

So to the next owner I wish them well
My advice is don't dally or dwell
Because writing a rhyme
Takes quite some time
To leave the audience with a fond farewell