

Harvest (and Pink Lady) Home

We've ploughed the fields, and scattered
The good seed on the land,
And now we're fed and watered
A merry, happy band;
We'll face the snow in winter,
Boosted by grape and grain,
Look forward to the sunshine,
or a heavy downpour of rain.

All good gifts around us
Donated, not sent from above,
Still, thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all His love.

We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
This festival and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food:
No gifts have we to offer
In place of fizzy drink,
So enjoy the Yellow Widow
Not the Lady, bright and Pink.

We have been privileged to house the Pink Lady for the last twelve months; we feel she is almost reaching an age that could best be described as vintage, at worst, well past it. We charge you, her new carer, to return this venerable old lady to Duddenhoe End Village hall next autumn. Do not break the chain that has existed in two centuries.

Jane & Trevor Guy
Warren Farm, Wenden Lofts.
October 2005.