

Tayport Wassail

Be merry be glad may your crops never fail
We come here today to give thanks and wassail
We come to the land where just four years ago
We planted these trees in the hope that they'd grow
And bless us with apples, with damsons and plums
And hear us say thank you by beating our drums
So thank you to Hawthornden, thank you to Katy
Thanks to John Dowie, the crab that's not weighty
You've all helped our denizens thrive, we believe
So thanks to Discovery, thanks to James Grieve
All hail, Bloody Ploughman, all hail and Wassail
We'll eat our Scotch Bonnets with good Scottish ale
We'll sit by the warmth of a good winter's fire
And glow with good health as we eat Golden Spire
White Melrose will rouse us to crunch and to taste
The fair Lass of Gowrie will ne'er go to waste
And old Stobo Castle will soon be rebuilt
The leaves of Lord Derby will no longer wilt
So gather brave Tayport and celebrate now
You've started an orchard, a garden and how
These seeds that we've planted will grow, grow and grow
And yield up such harvests that we'll never know
For now we'll plant footsteps along the fruit trail
We'll marvel and wonder, but mostly – Wassail!

© Mark O'Reilly

February 2017