

I'm Meg Bignell and also I'm thrilled to be back with you here at the show.

It's been a hot minute, it's tested our limits,

But here we are, raring to go.

Three years is too long between drinks at the boozier,

Too long since I've seen those lawn mower manoeuvres,

And too long to wait to find out who will lose the

Battle of the biscuits, the chutney, the knitting,

And who'll win the pumpkins, the scones, the wood splitting.

Who can make wine and who's learnt to crochet,

And whether the cars will get through the causeways,

And whether the weather will keep crowds at bay,

And which of the blokes will be pissed by midday.

It's been hard,

So disheartening,

No festival after the harvesting.

No social focus,

No town symbiosis.

No birds of a feather.

No flocking together.

This little show, we all know — it's a treasure.

It's a sign of good will and of strength, it's our pleasure.

We've shed a few tears but we've rallied the team

And we've waited three years to turn a hundred and nineteen.

And finally, shinily, here we all are,

Back down on the farm, where we open our arms,

With all our good cheer and our warmth and our charm.

With the tractors and fleeces,

The oysters, the cheeses

The bullocks, the bees and what I believe is

The smell of the cows, up there on the breezes.

This is our day

Our day in Bream Creek.

Where the pastures are green and meringues have good peaks.

Where *you* can watch sand being shaped into artwork,

And wood being whittled and dogs doing yard work.

Where rabbits and calves meet with ponies and llamas,

Where the damper is hot and so are the farmers.

To the kids who grew up

And to Lionel who left us,

To all of his prize-winning carrots and lettuces.

To the crowds of supporters with all their nice messages.

To our president presiding over postponement,

The committee who gave all their hours and moments,

To Mrs Berry who prob'ly can't fit in her house

Because three years of crafts have pushed her right out.  
To the sewers, the growers, all those blunnie throwers,  
The bakers, the makers, the noisy lawn mowers,  
I'm sorry for what you have missed, what all this,  
This pestilent Covid has taken from you,  
(I'm sorry to mention the c-word there too.)

But on with the show,  
The show must go on,  
Let us show you, what can be done  
With a show of community,  
Of friendship and unity,  
Of courage and vigour and glee and salubrity  
Bugger the virus and bugger immunity,  
We've ticked all the boxes and filled all the forms,  
We've three years of energy saved, so be warned,  
We will be stubborn and we won't be broken,  
We are hard-working and tough country folk and,  
As long as Bream Creek runs down to the ocean.  
This little show is in full locomotion,  
So now, at long last and with lots of emotion,  
I declare this show – finally . . . open.