

The Baybery

Glandore Bay, West Cork, Ireland



An Irish Christmas Menu

Tartan drapes are drawn to keep out the winter chill. Garlands of aromatic greens decorate the glowing fireplace and a pine scented Nobel Fir tree, dressed with golden pears and fairy lights, glitters in the corner.

All around, candlelit tables, draped in red linen, are filling up with guests ordering spiced hot toddies and bottles of burgundy. The hostess guides you to your place by the fireside, takes your cocktail order and places a warm basket of the chef's freshly baked rosemary Focaccia bread on your table. You tear off a crusty piece and dip it in olive oil while perusing the menu and considering starters such as:

WOOD PIGEON

Marinated, pan seared breast of Wood Pigeon
With a port wine & winter berry compote

BAYBERY SALAD

Mixed baby green salad tossed with heirloom tomatoes
Kalamata olives, red onions & balsamic vinaigrette
Sprinkled with honey roasted pecans

PORTOBELLO

Grilled Portobello mushroom served on a red pepper crostini
With a roasted shallot & pancetta reduction



IRISH DUCK

Grilled Irish duck breast, stuffed with pistachios, croutons & bacon
Served over sautéed spinach, green apples and currants,
With a potato galette and a raspberry port wine sauce.

WILD MUSHROOM TORTELLINI

House-made pasta filled with four cheeses and tossed with
A wild mushroom, light saffron cream sauce with a touch of vermouth
Garnished with crispy leeks

FREE-RANGE TURKEY

Walnut encrusted, roasted free-range turkey served with
A baked tartlet of winter vegetables, roasted garlic red bliss potatoes
And a fresh tarragon sherry sauce

Following dinner, you continue the festivities with one of the chef's homemade desserts. "Perhaps a Pear Poached in Armagnac and encased in a golden crystal sugar basket," the waiter suggests, "or a Caramel Crème Brûlée?"

You select one of each and then ponder whether to savour an after dinner drink: Vintage Christmas Port, a Champagne Cognac, or maybe one of *The Baybery's* famous "Flaming Sambucca," before bundling up and venturing out into the Christmas cold.

It's getting late now and, after a frothy Cappuccino, you're wide awake and heading homeward through the star-lit night, past the silent boats bobbing on Glandore Bay, and you find yourself wondering when you'll be back to *The Baybery* again and with whom. . .