## Pat Batt's Poems



## MOONLIGHT SERENADE

I went to a Ball in the Highlands of Hampstead, I wore my fur wrap, it was Grandma's, but mink, And I bought for this very especial occasion A dream of a dress in a bright shocking pink.

No one had told me my partner's dress tartan Was scarlet and yellow, an unlucky chance. It's rather unnerving when someone you care for Has eyes tightly shut when he asks you to dance.

The Round Reel of Eight was not a good starter, I thought I had got it all right from the book But the girl I knocked over was really quite poorly, So I hid behind Pilling and had a quick look.

My partner smiled kindly and danced Muirland Willie, I'm sure I had sorted it out in my head, But I thought I was third when I should have been second, Not setting and crossing, but casting instead.

The people we danced with were quite nice about it They said that it just didn't matter at all, But they all disappeared for the rest of the evening, Though I glimpsed them far down at the end of the hall.

We then did The Sailor, I knew that was perfect, We danced it through twice and then asked for some more, But I caught my big toe in the hem of my dress And my partner and I landed flat on the floor!

The next seven dances I spent in the "Ladies" But over refreshments he said he was glad It was only his left thumb we'd just dislocated, And as he's right-handed it wasn't too bad.

And next there came "Waverley"- this was my last chance, l'd read it all up and I knew it quite well.
Our set decided to do Fugal Fergus, It was all right for them but for me it was Hell!

My partner suggested that we should leave early, The moonlight, he said, was superb on the Heath, And my grandmother's mink didn't clash with his tartan, For my shocking pink dress was quite hidden beneath.

The moon on the Heath was incredibly lovely, The tenderest feelings he fondly expressed.
And although l'm no dancer, I gave him this answer "The Honeymoon Reel" is the one I like best.

