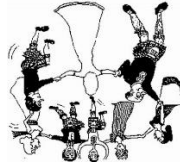


# Pat Batt's Poems



## **PRIDE GOETH....**

I am a Scottish Dancer,  
Experienced, advanced,  
I like to show less able friends  
How dances should be danced.

My back is straight, my head held high,  
My smile securely fixed,  
I know my dances thoroughly  
And never get them mixed.

I'm ready for the next eight bars,  
I know just where I'm heading,  
I even pass left shoulders  
In the reels in Mairi's Wedding.

I always close my feet in third,  
I stand just where I should,  
Although I am a modest soul,  
I'm really rather good.

And now look at that dancer  
Who is coming down the room,  
With a frown of concentration  
And a general air of gloom.

Her head is poking forward,  
She isn't quite in line,  
Her toes are turning upward! –  
Quite different from mine.

It must be fairly obvious  
That she is a beginner,  
Her figure's similar to mine,  
Thank heaven I am thinner.

It's strange her dress is so like mine,  
Her hair as well I see.....  
Oh, Lord, it is a mirror  
And that reflection's ME

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Well now I know how I appear  
To others in the set,  
And that's a hard, hard lesson  
I'm sure I won't forget.