

Pat Batt's Poems



OLD FRIENDS

We're a group of Scottish Dancers
And our years are showing through,
Our ageing feet don't always
Do the things we want them to.

We sometimes don't remember
And we often take short cuts
And any youngster watching us
Would no doubt think we're nuts.

Our muscles may be bandaged up,
Our rheumatism bad,
But we'll think when we're really old
Of all the fun we've had.

The crippling agony of cramp
The drives through rain and sleet,
Assorted ligaments we've pulled,
The aching of the feet.

Ah happy days of jolly fun!
And when the season ends –
The main thing we are left with
Is a lovely lot of friends.