

Pat Batt's Poems



THE BALL

Remember the blizzard last Saturday week?
The night of our annual Club Ball.
We all had a wonderful evening _
Though I only just got there at all.

I was dressed in my best and the car wouldn't start,
But my very kind neighbour, Old Nell,
Pushed me for nearly a mile down the road,
And waved me goodbye as she fell.

Because of the weather the band arrived late
Except for the chap on the drums,
He had attempted some do-it-yourself
And managed to damage both thumbs.

There was something not right with the heating,
And at first we all thought we would freeze,
But during the evening the temperature rose
To a tropical ninety degrees.

But we did have a wonderful evening,
Though the gentlemen might not agree,
They couldn't get into their cloakroom
As the caretaker mislaid the key.

It was rather a pity the President's wife
Should measure her length on the floor,
The dress she was wearing revealed quite a lot,
And then she revealed a lot more!

An envious rumour is going around
That our vol-au-vents tasted quite funny.
It was only six people who didn't feel well,
And what do they expect for their money?

But we did have a wonderful evening,
Maybe the M.C. had a tankful,
But it wasn't his fault he announced "Cradle Song"
And the band struck up "Rest and be Thankful".

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We had a good set for "Schiehallion" –
We all clapped and shouted "ENCORE"! –
But one of the fellows attempted high cuts
And had to be helped from the floor.

I do wish the tea-urn had not sprung a leak,
And it does seem a shame that my gown
Was totally ruined by plaster and dust
When part of the ceiling fell down.

And that was the end of the evening,
And this is the end of my rhyme
I know there were some minor hitches,
But we all had a marvellous time!