

Pat Batt's Poems



THE KILT (An Autobiography)

I was in the shop window for all to admire,
Kilt, kilt pin and sporran, the lot!
My pleats all aligned, my buckles well shined,
And I needed a free-spending Scot.

When who should come by but a well-set-up man
With gold and with silver to pay,
He bought me and wore me, the ladies adored me,
And that was my golden heyday.

He wore me with pride, then, for many a year,
But with haggis and whisky replete
He put inches round him, it seemed to astound him
When buckles and straps wouldn't meet.

He sold me, he sold me! Imagine my shame!
To a woman of very poor taste.
A thorough bad lot and not even a Scot,
But the right size for me round her waist.

She flounced and she flaunted her male attire,
She wore me till one fateful day,
Ah, then was I humble, she took me for jumble
And practically gave me away!

They cut off my buckles, they cut off my straps,
And if you consider that bad,
You would never have guessed, I was cut, stitched and pressed,
Into trews for a SASSENACH lad.