

Pat Batt's Poems



THE CEILIDH

I'm supposed to run a Ceilidh
For our next St. Andrew's night –
But I'm in a deep depression
For the future's far from bright.

Our gallant Demonstration Team
Is now reduced to five –
Fiona's in Australia
And Ann's run off with Clive.

John could do a sword dance
Or perhaps a Highland Fling –
But he will do it in trousers,
Which isn't quite the thing.

And Ian plays the bagpipes –
He plays them fairly well –
But always full fortissimo,
And indoors that's sheer Hell!

Mrs Gertrude Macintosh –
Our President's close friend –
She's bound to play that waltz in C
That never seems to end.

The vicar's daughters – Faith and Hope
Are keen to do a turn –
They've started ballet classes
And they've got a lot to learn!

Their mother plays the cello
And makes a nasty sound
Whilst her offspring, like young kangaroos
Leap round – and round – and round.

And that woman who does monologues
(She looks a bit like me) –
There's no way you can stop her
As far as I can see.

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They say it's only jolly fun –
It's more than I can bear,
And the only way to dodge it
Is to make sure I'm elsewhere.

I know – I'll join the navy
Seasick and homesick daily –
I might loathe every minute,
But at least I'll miss the Ceilidh!

Written in November 1992