

# Piper's Lament

by Don MacDonald

Winter's day dawned bleak and cold  
But we are pipers brave and bold  
So when the question came to pass  
Of course we'll play, it's a type of mass.  
The Red Coats file rank upon line  
With guns and dogs and high boot shine  
Headed by the Colour Party  
Medals clinking, damn the hardy  
"Parade right turn" the order's given  
"By the left quick march" we're further driven.  
The snare drums roll a snappy wave  
While pipes start up with "Scotland the Brave"  
The road was icy, snowy compaction  
Hope my black runners give me some traction.  
We marched, oh so carefully, on to the park  
My feet went numb, it was not a lark.  
The speeches lasted half an hour  
My pipes got cold and turned sour  
My knees turned blue, I'd like to sue,  
The one responsible for this hue.  
Marching orders were given at last  
Back to the Legion for a repast.  
My feet were burning, as if on fire  
By now I have lost my marching desire.  
The doctor said after viewing the site,  
"Your left foot has severe frost bite."

*Mr. MacDonald is a piper in the Hope Legion Pipe Band. On hearing of the memorial ceremony and carving dedication to commemorate the death of PSD "Chip", he and members of the Pipe Band insisted on taking part in this event. Although when the day came, it was cold and blowing, but as his poem suggests, the Band played on. Mr. MacDonald who has diabetes, suffered severe frostbite to his left foot and since then has required extensive treatment and therapy for the injuries he suffered that day. His determination and support in carrying through with the commitment to play at our ceremony is indicative of the support and emotion felt by the entire community at the loss of PSD Chip. — Ed.*