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The Ghost of Bras D'Or

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(Words, Lillian Crewe Walsh; Music, Charlie MacKinnon)

Piper Donald John MacPherson volunteered for overseas
With the plaid of the MacPhersons gaily swinging in the breeze
On farewell leave from Halifax he marched along the shore
Then his parents went to meet him, by the waters of Bras D'or.

Piper Donald John MacPherson at the closing of the day
Marched down to the little steamer that would take him on his way
He played the Scottish melodies 'til he reached the other shore
And marched into the sunset from the waters of Bras D'or.

Well he wrote to them from England, told of places he had been
He had been to London Castle and had played before the queen.
He had been to bonny Scotland and along the English shore
He saw nothing like the maples by the waters of Bras D'or.

:Mother dear I've been promoted, I'm a Sergeant Major now
And I wear a blue glengarry with a badge upon my brow
Sometimes in dreams I see you standing by the cabin door
While my father plays the bagpipes by the waters of Bras D'or"

Then one day there came a letter, and this is what it said
"Major Donald John MacPherson killed in action" so it read
Kindly friends and neighbours gathered in that cabin by the shore
And heard the Last Post sounding o'er the waters of Bras D'or

There's a piper on the hillside at the closing of the day
You can hear his stirring music where the sunset fades away
You can see him through the maples as he marches to the shore
And he enters in that cabin, by the waters of Bras D'or.

Repeat verse 4

note: Charlie MacKinnon's adaptation of Lillian Crewe's poem. RG

The Bras D'or Lakes are not true lakes at all but inland arms of the sea. TJ

TJ

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