

A poem written for the Highland Games Festival

Music would sound so much better to our ear
The pipers lament, its strong calling high and clear
From Scotland to Canada from afar to here
In New Brunswick where life is sweet all through the year

But for three days in the same wind our flags will glow
The Saltire and the Royal Standard will flow
With the Maple Leaf and our own Red and Yellow
In Fredericton where the games are about to go

On Old Government House Grounds an old castle stands
Reminding us for a moment of the homeland
Dreamlike vision to those who have been to Scotland
An inspiring background to these games of Highlands

Our cap'tal city is off'ring you its best seat
Follow the music to the games by every street
The kilts of all colors of all the clans will meet
Rejoice and sing the summer is ours to greet

The bands, the dresses, the dance and the food are great
It's a time to be proud a time to celebrate
The moment has come as every year on this date
For the Highland Games and their magic to create

*Hon. Herménégilde Chiasson
Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick
Honouray Patron and Honorary Chieftain of the
New Brunswick Highland Games Festival
Presented at the Friday night concert, July 25, 2008*