

# Washabuck Tartan

*Along the shores of a lake so blue,  
Green fields and foliage enhance the golden hue  
Of buttercups, dandelions and goldenrod --  
Soon to give way to the colours of fall.*

*The sight of the gold and crimson so bold  
Reminds one of the times of old  
And the labours and skills of those gone past --  
Woven in tartan as the colour black.*

*The lake now frozen and covered with white,  
The trees how they sparkle, what a lovely sight!  
The sun grows stronger the blossoms bloom--  
Steady rhythm makes quick work on the loom.*

*The cycle of seasons and life goes on  
With memories of family and friends so fond,  
Spun, woven and intertwined --  
With the colours of nature and the passage of time.*

B. MacNeil 2017