

The Vision Of Blind Harry

Skiltron

Of our ancestors, brave true ancient Scots,
Whose glorious shields knew no bars no blots;
But blood untained circled every vein,
And every thing ignoble did disdain.

In the fifteenth century a poet was born,
He could never see the light from outside his eyes,
All he needed was his mind and a convincing heart.

Of such illustrations patriots and bold,
Who stoutly did maintain our rights of old,
Who their malicious, and inveterate foes.
With sword in hand, did gallantly oppose.

Blind Harry! Your vision has inspired many people
Blind Harry! Pioneer of this deep heart feeling

Immortal are your writings,
Still encouraging a nation.
Noble man still alive,
The country is saluting you.

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