

„The Blind Piper“

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On a hill a piper stands
with his bagpipe in his hands.
Fragrant blossoms in the air,
wind is playing in his hair.

Smells of haystacks fill his nose.
sweet impressions, ... more of those.
What his eyes will never see:
Frothy waves of Loch Maree.

Watering his lips to play
on this lovely summer day.
River grudie at his feet,
he hears sounds of wavey beat.

Sounds of nature, sounds of peace.
birds are singing in the trees.
lovely melody in mind,
oh so sweet and oh so kind.

And his pipe begins to play.
close your eyes, prepare to stay.

As the piper on the hill
now your heart with pictures fill
to that blind man's mighty tune
feel the highlands in you soon.

DIEBIGCH GUT!