

Real Mckenzie's, Will Ye Be Proud

Out of the darkness the torches are comin'
Clatter of hoofs and torches on roofs
Young bairns wailin', ships they are sailing
Burning off our homeland a new land to calm

Will ye be proud when yer grand fathers turnin'
Will ye be proud as yer son dies sae well
Will ye be proud when the last battle's over
Will ye be proud at yer lifes last remain

Highland men hangin' by English decree
Hung by their kilts as a warnin' ta the free
From a landlord's voice the Highlands are finished
Your swords and yer plaid shall be never again

The targe is torn and the claymore is blunt
As is the spirit of those who won't stand
Betrayed and dishonoured and robbed of their land
What has become of a Highland band

There's a new day dawning
For those who are Highland
Heads held high and proud once again
Two hundred years of bitter tears mourning
The country that's ours must now be again