

Ashney Patricks

"Children Of The Mist"

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"Farewel to the Highlands, farewell to the north.
The birth-place of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the highlands for ever I love"

Old days when will was to be strong,
When mighty great lads fought as one
Through standing stones on hills of trust
Oh bonnie lasses wave goodbye
Their men would seek the highland's night to trap
and kill the nobels' knights
Honourable brave clans
Fills hearts with courage
Running to be free
Gathered upon brother's blade
Bleeding swords, crimson tears
They will never fear...
Honourable brave clans
Feels hearts with courage
Running to be free
Gathered upon brother's blade
And they sealed their fate
Dying or living, they always win
The children of the mist

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