

## The Real McKenzies

### "Will Ye Be Proud"

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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

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