Where Will You Go?

Enter The Haggis

Where will you go my faithful fair one?
What will you do when ye are on your own?
Whither, oh tell me, shall you wander?
December's hard winds are blowin' cruel and cold

And the snow lies deep
And the rivers white
And the sea is high
Raging is the tide

And may my love ride with you on the road to valor
And may the eye of heaven guide your soul with light
And may your foes be slain with easy hand wherever they be
Fair judgement be there on the day you pay the price

When the battle's nigh
And the pipes blow strong
Hear the battle cry
Of the highland throng

And the snow lies deep
And the rivers white
And the sea is high
Raging is the tide

Where will you go, my faithful fair one?
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