

The Mist Covered Mountains

Mark Knopfler

Oh ro soon shall I see them;
Oh he ro see them oh see them.
Oh ro soon shall I see them the
Mist covered mountains of home.

There shall I visit the place of my birth
And they'll give me a welcome the warmest on earth
All so loving and kind full of music and mirth,
In the sweet sounding language of home.

Oh ro soon shall I see them;
Oh he ro see them oh see them.
Oh ro soon shall I see them the
Mist covered mountains of home.

There shall I gaze on the mountains again,
On the fields and the woods and the burns and the glens,
Away 'mong the corries beyond human ken
In the haunts of the deer I will roam

Oh ro soon shall I see them;
Oh he ro see them oh see them.
Oh ro soon shall I see them the
Mist covered mountains of home.

Hail to the mountains with summits of blue,
To the glens with their meadows of sunshine and dew.
To the women and men ever constant and true,
Ever ready to welcome one home.