

March The Heroes Home

Blackmore's Night

I sing the praise of honored wars of glory and of kings
The bravery of soldiers, The joy that peace can bring
The captains on their way home, The ribbons on their chests
They've packed away the firearms the trumpets lay to rest...
They've taken in the battlefields with one last weary breath
And set their sights on something new while there's still
something left
The poets and the dreamers thank the stars above
For leaving hatred in the dust and bringing back the love...
Over land and over sea

March The Heroes Home
For the faithful, for the free
March The Heroes Home
We'll be waiting when you
March The Heroes Home
All the night and day through
March The Heroes Home...
The flowers laughing in the fields boast colors bright and new
A kind of freedom in the air, the chimes are ringing true
They're bringing in the New Year and ringing out the old
Beaconing the springtime though winter winds blow cold...

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