Mist Covered Mountains of Home

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Hoo, ho, soon shall I see them
O! He ho see them, O see them
O! Ho ro soon shall I see them
The mist covered mountains of home

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

There I shall gaze on the mountains again
On the fields and the woods and the burns in the glen
And away among the corries beyond human ken
In the haunts of the deer I shall roam

CC
apr97