

The White Horse Inn

André Rieu

My heart is broken, but what care I? Such pride inside me has spoken,
I shall do my best not to cry, by and by,
When the final farewells must be spoken.
I'll join the legion, that's what I'll do, and in some far distant region,
Where human hearts are staunch and true; I shall start my life anew.

Goodbye, it's time I sought a foreign clime,
Where I may find there are hearts more kind than I leave behind
.
And so I go to fight the savage foe,
Although I know that I'll be sometimes missed by the girls I've kissed.

In some Abyssinian, French dominion I shall do my bit,
And fall for the flag if I must.
Where the desert sand is nice and sandy, I 'll be full of grit,
You won't see my heels for the dust.

I'll do or die, you'll know the reason why when told,
Of bold Leopold's last stands for the fatherland.

Goodbye. Goodbye. I wish you all a last "Goodbye".
Goodbye. Goodbye. I wish you all a last "Goodbye".