

# 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...