Brigadoon

By Alan Jay Lerner
Once in the Highlands
The Highlands of Scotland
Deep in the night
on a murky brae
There in the Highlands
The Highlands of Scotland
Two weary hunters
Lost their way
And this is what happened
The strange thing
that happened
To two weary hunters
Who lost their way
Brigadoon
Brigadoon
Brigadoon
Blooming under
Sable skies
Brigadoon
Brigadoon
There my heart
Forever
Lies
Let the world grow cold
Around us
Let the heavens
Cry above
Brigadoon
Brigadoon
In my valley
There'll be
Love
Come all to the square
Come all to the square
The market square
The market square
Salted meat
I'm sellin' there
"At the square, laddie"
Come ye to the fair
Ale for sale
or barter there
"At the square, laddie"
Ale for sale
or barter there
"At the square, laddie"
Come all ye down
Ye in the town
Come ye from the hills
"Woolen cloth I'm sellin' there
at the square, laddie"
Come ye from the mills
Come all ye there
Come all ye there
Come ye to the fair
"Come ye, all ye"
Everywhere to the fair
Come ye from the hills
Come ye from the mills
Come ye in the glen
Come ye bairn
Come ye men
Come ye from the loom
Come from pail and broom
Hear ye everywhere
Don't ye ken
There's a fair
Down on MacConnachy Square
I'm sellin' a bit
of milk and cream
Come sip it and ye will vow
That this is
the finest milk and cream
That ever came out a cow
Though fine as it is
the price is small
With milk an' the cream alack
There's nothin' to do
but sell it all
The cow will not take it back
Come all ye there
Come all ye there
Come ye to the fair
Now all of ye come
to Sandy here
Come over to Sandy's booth
I'm sellin'
the sweetest candy here
That ever shook loose a tooth
I eat it myself
and there's no doubt
'Tis creamy and good and thick
"So, laddies, I hope
you'll buy me out"
'Tis makin' me kind o' sick
Come ye to the fair
Come ye to the fair
Come ye in the glen
Come ye bairn
Come ye men
Come ye from the loom
Come from pail and broom
Hear ye everywhere
Don't ye ken
There's a fair
Down on MacConnachy Square
Let me see that map again.
Let's see.
Here's Auchindale.
"As I remember, that should be
on the left, and I don't remember."
It is.
Here's Braekirk.
Should be on the right.
- Then where the devil are we?
- What's in the middle?
- Nothing.
- That's where we are.
- Nothing?
- Yep.
For a fellow
of my potentialities...
this is an ideal location.
We'll find our way out
when the mist clears.
Must be depressing to be a bird...
and know the hunting season is on.
"The way you aim, the birds
have nothing to worry about."
Yeah? Watch.
Wait a second.
That isn't a grouse.
Fine couple of game hunters we are.
"We come here from New York, and the first night out, we get lost."
Maybe we took the high road instead of the low road.
"- Like a drink?  
- No, thanks."
Good. That leaves more for me.
You told me you were gonna cut down.
"Yes, I did, but I'm a terrible liar."
"Besides, it doesn't pay."
I remember I was going with a wonderful girl once... and she used to plead with me to give it up.
"So, one day I did."
"We discovered we had nothing more to talk about, so we broke up."
There's something about this forest... that gives me the feeling of being in a cathedral.
"If we were, I'd know where the exit is."
"- You don't believe in anything, do you?  
- Of course I do."
Really? What? Practically anything I can understand. Anything that's real to me.
"Things I can touch, taste, hear, see, smell and swallow."
What about the things you don't understand? I dismiss 'em.
"Makes it very easy, doesn't it?"
"Comfortable, anyhow."
- I envy you.  
- Why? You seem so satisfied.
I am. Aren't you?  
"No, I'm not."
That's the silliest thing I ever heard.
You've got a fine job
and you're engaged to a fine girl.
You're lost in a fine forest.
What more do you want?
I don't know.
Something seems wrong.
Especially about Jane and me.
That makes everything seem wrong.
Look how I postponed getting married.
I can't get myself to that altar.
Don't you love her?
You did when we left New York.
Sometimes I think I'm really
not capable of loving.
Sometimes I think nobody is anymore.
That's nonsense.
Don't start talking yourself
into an inferiority complex.
- You don't deserve it.
- What do you mean?
Most of my friends who have
an inferiority complex are right.
They're not as good
as everybody else.
"But you...
young, dashing, loaded."
Hey. Look at that.
- It looks like a village.
- It is.
I thought you said there were
no towns on the map around here.
"- I did. You wanna see the map?
- No, I believe you."
Let's go down.
There must be people down there.
They must eat food.
That's what we're interested in.
Funny it isn't on the map.
Maybe they don't like publicity.
Jean. Jean!
- Come away from the window.
- I'm tryin' to see Charlie.
"I know you are,
and you're not supposed to."
'Tis bad luck to see the groom before the weddin'.
Put the clothes in the chest.
Do you think he's glad he's marryin' me...
or do you think he's beginnin' to regret it?
"Well, if I see him..."
I'll ask him.
"Now, hurry up."
"Father, how did ye feel when Mother agreed to marry ye?"
I didn't propose to her.
She proposed to me.
Didn't it make you happy?
"Aye, her good judgment pleased me highly."
"Fiona, you'll be sure to see Charlie and tell him...
to come over to sign the family Bible.
"- Aye, Father.
- I'm off to see Mr. Lundie."
Attend to the marketing.
Buy everything that's needed for the weddin' supper.
"- Aye.
- But remember, just what's needed."
My aim for this occasion is to be hospitable... not philanthropic.
When you gonna think about marriage for yourself?
When I find someone who makes me think of it.
You've never met anyone up 'til now that made you think of it?
"No, not as yet."
Doesn't that worry you?
"Aye, a little..."
but I'm not gonna let it worry me into marryin' the wrong one.
Many a lassie as everyone knows'll
Try to be married before 25
So she'll agree
to most any proposal
All he must be
is a man and alive
I hold a dream
and there's no compromisin'
I know there's one
certain laddie for me
One day he'll come
walkin' o'er the horizon
But should he not
Then an old maid I'll be
Foolish ye may say
Foolish I will stay
Waitin' for my dearie
And happy am I
To hold my heart
'til he comes
Strollin' by
"When he comes, my dearie"
One look and I'll know
That he's the dearie
I've been wantin' so
Though I'll live 40 lives
'Til the day he arrives
"I'll not ever, ever grieve"
For my hope will be high
That he'll come strollin' by
For you see
I believe
That
There's a laddie weary
And wanderin' free
Who's waitin'
For his dearie
Me
What do you do
while you're waitin' around
For your lad to come your way
"Well, when no one is lookin'"
You kneel on the ground
And you pray and pray
And pray
But when lassies sit
and have no men
"Oh, how long becomes the night"
But I fear the night
is longer when
The lad's not right
Waitin' for my dearie
Is sweeter to me
Than wooin' any laddie
On the lea
Dreamin' of your dearie
And idlin' the day
That's how I am
And how I'll always stay
Though I'll live 40 lives
'til the day he arrives
"I'll not ever, ever grieve"
For my hopes will be high
That he'll come strollin' by
For you see
I believe
That
There's a laddie weary
And wanderin' free
Who's waitin'
For his dearie
Me
"Good mornin', Fiona!"
Thanks.
"- Good mornin', Miss Fiona.
  - Good mornin', Mr. Beaton."
  - Good day.
  - What would you be lookin' for?
A waistcoat for my father
for the weddin'.
"Of course. Jean and young Dalrymple
are gettin' married today, aren't they?"
"If she had to choose someone
other than my son, Harry..."
I'm glad 'twas a lad
as fine as Charlie.
Would you have a waistcoat
of this that would fit him?
I think so. I'll have Harry
run over to the house and see.
"Friends, your attention, please!"
This is the second day
of our blessing...
and so to remind ye...
Mr. Lundie has drawn up
a map of our town...
and asked me to hang it
in the public square here...
where ye all can see it
and be reminded.
"Now, the boundaries
of our village are:"
"To the east, the bridge.
To the west, the old kirk road."
"To the north, the stone fence
at the edge of the forest..."
"and to the south, Loch Harold."
Let no one cross...
or we shall be ungrateful
before God...
and night shall
fall upon us forever.
The second day of whose blessin'?
'Tis for certain not mine.
- I'm truly sorry.
- Do not be.
"If anyone's goin' to pity me,
let it be me."
'Tis not fair for Charlie Dalrymple
to be weddin' her.
He's got everything...
school in Edinburgh and now Jean...
and I've got nothing.
Nothing but to be trapped
in this peasant village all my life.
Look at it.
The boundaries of a town?
Not to me.
'Tis more the dimensions
of my jail.
"Hey, sonny, could you tell us
where we could get some breakfast?"
That kid's gonna have problems
when he grows up.
Pardon me. Could you tell us
where we could find a local inn?
What is this?
Is there a place around here
where we could get some breakfast?
"- I do not know, sir.
- What do you know? It talks."
What's the name of this town?
I do not know.
You'll have to excuse me.
You're in Brigadoon.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
You must forgive him. I imagine
he was a wee bit taken back.
People do not come here
very often.
What did you say
the name of this town is?
Brigadoon.
That's funny.
It isn't on the map.
I should not be surprised.
You know it isn't on the map?
Aye.
"That's a little snobbish of you,
don't you think?"
- Why isn't it on the map?
- For good reason.
"Well, look, Miss, uh..."
- Campbell.
- Thank you.
We're trying to get some breakfast.
Is there an inn around here?
An inn?
I do not think so.
"But if you follow the road,
you'll come to MacConnachy Square."
You can find all the food you want
for sale there.
Thank you very much.
You're more than welcome.
Good day.
Good day.
Good day.
Good day.
Good day.
Look!
Funny clothes
they wear around here.
Maybe this is the day
they take pictures for postcards.
Hello.
It couldn't be me. There must be
something peculiar about you.
"This milk is for sale,
 isn't it?"
- Aye.
- Do you mind if I help myself?
"One moment, sir.
I'll have to see your money first."
- My money?
- Show 'im the money.
- Look at the date!
- Funny-lookin' thing.
What did you give 'em?
A hunk of uranium?
"No, just a shilling.
What a loony layout this is."
"Aye, 'tis very interesting, sir..."
but it does me no good.
You mean you won't sell me anything?
"I'm sorry, sir. I cannot."
Why not?
"I cannot explain further, sir."
They just happened in
a wee while ago.
"Well, welcome to Brigadoon.
How did you gentlemen get here?"
"We came from Graymore,
six miles yonder."
Six miles.
That's quite a distance.
"You must be hungry. Angus, how about
some breakfast for our visitors?"
"Charlie, their money..."
I do not want their money.
"This is my weddin' day, laddie.
You're my invited guests."
"Help yourselves.
Bread, scones, ginger cakes."
"Oh, but first,
a bit o' heather ale."
Sandy!
- Here I am.
- Some ale for our guests.
Ale for everybody!
So you're getting married today.
That's wonderful.
"Aye, it is."
"This afternoon,
to Miss Jean Campbell."
- Campbell?
- Aye.
I think I met your bride
a few minutes ago. She's very charming.
"Aye, that she is."
Her health.
Her health!
- To our visitors!
- Here!
And to Mr. Forsythe.
I hope he knows
how grateful I am to him...
to postponin' the miracle for me.
"- That what?
- 'Tis a toast we have here, sir."
And may God bless me this evenin'
as much as I would bless him...
if I were he
and he were Charles Dalrymple.
I guess we'll not be seein' you
at the tavern anymore.
"Aye, lads.
My tavern days are over."
I used to be a rovin' lad
A rovin' and wanderin' life
I had
On any lass I'd frown
Who would try to tie me down
But then one day
I saw a maid
Who held out her hand
and I stayed and stayed
And now across the green
I'll go home with bonnie Jean
"Go home, go home"
Go home with bonnie Jean
"Go home, go home"
I'll go home with bonnie Jean
In Aberdeen I used to know
A lass with an air
an' her name was Jo
And every night at 10:00
I would meet her
in the glen
But now you'll not
see her again
Especially not
in the glen at 10:00
For now across the green
You'll...
Go home with bonnie Jean
"Go home, go home"
Go home with bonnie Jean
"Go home, go home"
I'll go home with bonnie Jean
Hello to married men I've known
I'll soon have a wife
and leave yours alone
A bonnie wife indeed
And she's all I'll ever need
You wanted her at any cost
But how do you know
if you've won or lost
And still across the green
You'll go home with bonnie Jean
"Go home, go home"
Go home with bonnie Jean
"Go home, go home"
You'll
Go home with bonnie Jean
"- Oh, you can't stop now!
- Go on!"
"Go home, go home"
Go home with bonnie Jean
"Go home, go home"
I'll go home with bonnie Jean
"Go home, go home"
Go home with bonnie Jean
"Go home, go home"
I'll go home with bonnie Jean
"Go home, go home"
Go home with bonnie Jean
"Go home, go home"
I'll go home
With bonnie
"- Jean
- Go home, go home"
"Go home, go home
go home, go home"
"Go home with bonnie Jean, aye"
Meg Brockie just told me
at the back window...
there are two strangers in town.
- Aye.
- Ya mean ya know it?
Why didn't ya tell me?
Did ya see them?
- Aye.
- Tell me about them.
What are they like?
How do they look?
"He has brownish hair,
a wee bit taller than father."
- Very nice face.
- What about the other one?
"The other? He's about
the same, I imagine."
I really cannot remember.
I only saw them for a moment.
Where are they?
Where did they go?
To the square for some food.
They've probably left by now.
Maybe they haven't.
I'm goin' to see.
I'll pick up the bread for ya.
Jean! Are you daft?
How can you even think of goin' out today?
Supposin' you run into Charlie.
Do you want to start out your marriage under a cloud of bad luck?
"- I'll get the bread.
- Oh, but, Fiona..."
Who ever heard of a bride bein' seen on the day of her weddin'?
I'm surprised at you for even thinkin' of it.
Lovely.
"Oh, you're a winnin' lad.
A right winnin' lad!"
"You've noticed that, have you?"
Do you have a wife?
I never touch the stuff.
I don't believe in marriage.
I've seen too many happy love affairs broken up by it.
"Oh, you're a braw and handsome lad, Mr. Douglas."
You should see me when I'm rested.
I'm almost robust.
We do not have enough lads in Brigadoon.
"Enough for everybody else, or enough for you?"
There are so few single lads in town.
It's hard for a lass to catch a husband.
It would be so nice if ya could stay a while. Could ya?
I'll have to ask my pop.
We came over here to hunt grouse.
And coming from this hill...
"- Oh.
- Good mornin', dearie."
Father asked me to remind ya... to be sure and come sign the family Bible this afternoon.
I'll be over.
"- How was breakfast, sir?
- Wonderful. Thanks."
Where's my bride?
She's home...
palpitatin'.
Isn't that your bride?
"No, lad.
That's her older sister, Fiona."
- Do you mind if I have more ale?
- Help yourself.
"Here, old tank.
Amuse yourself."
I thought we were going hunting.
I am.
See you at the weddin'.
Can I carry that for you?
"No, thank you.
I do not have far to go with it."
"You're very busy today,
aren't you?"
"- Aye, my sister...
- They told me she's getting married."
- I was overjoyed.
- That's very kind of ya.
"Not at all. In this case,
her happiness is mine."
"Besides, Charlie's a nice kid."
"Aye, he is that."
It's wonderfully refreshing
these days...
to see someone so enthusiastic
about getting married.
- Is it so unusual?
- I think so.
I was thinking of facing
the minister once...
and I certainly wasn't
bubbling over like Charlie.
Oh?
"Oh, what?"
I'm very surprised.
You do not look like the sort of lad
who'd be thinkin' of settlin' down.
I didn't say that. I just said
I was thinking of getting married.
"Well, if ya felt that way..."
'tis a very good thing ya didn't.
"Yes, I suppose it was
a very good thing I didn't."
"- Good mornin', Fiona.
- Good day, Mrs. Maclntosh."
- This is...
- Albright. Tommy Albright.
- Likewise.
- He's just passin' through.
Where do ya come from?
From America.
You're an American?
Isn't that all right?
"Aye, of course."
"- The bread, Mrs. Maclntosh.
- Aye."
Andrew! Come to the window
and look at the stranger!
He's an American.
She gives us bread
for our potatoes.
- That's nice.
- She's a very nice lady.
'Tis just that...
People don't come here
very often.
Aye. You're very understandin'.
"No, I'm not."
I don't understand one thing
about this place.
The bread will be ready in an hour.
I'll bring it to your cottage.
"- Thank you, Mrs. Maclntosh.
- Good day."
Good day.
I've been wanting
to do that all day.
Now where?
I must gather some heather
for the weddin' decorations.
Where do you do that?
"On the far hill,
where the heather is."
Do you mind if I come along?
- Why did ya want to?
- Why?
"Oh, I don't know exactly."
Maybe it's because
I've nothing much else to do.
Or maybe it's because I'm so
full of wonder about this place...
and want to stay a little longer.
Or maybe it's because
I remember how relieved I was...
when I found out it was
your sister's wedding day and not yours.
Can't we two
go walkin' together
Out beyond
the valley of trees
Out where there's
a hillside of heather
Curtsyin' gently
in the breeze
That's what I'd like to do
See the heather
But with you
The mist of May
is in the gloamin'
And all the clouds
are holdin' still
So take my hand
and let's go roamin'
Through the heather
on the hill
The mornin' dew
is blinkin' yonder
There's lazy music
in the rill
And all I wanna do is wander
Through the heather
on the hill
There may be other days
as rich and rare
There may be other springs
as full and fair
But they won't be the same
They'll come and go
For this
I know
That when the mist
is in the gloamin'
And all the clouds
are holdin' still
If you're not there
I won't go roamin'
Through the heather
on the hill
The heather
On the hill
"- Here's your waistcoat, Mr. Campbell.
- Thank you, Harry."
'Tis good to see ya.
"- Wait a minute, lad.
- What for?"
Why don't ya take my hand?
I'm not your enemy.
"Ye may not mean to be, but ye are,
and so is everybody in this town."
Why do ya hate everybody?
I couldn't get through seein' her
marry someone else if I didn't.
What else can ya do when ya realize
your life means less than nothin'?
I cannot leave here.
I cannot go to the university
and make something o' myself...
and I cannot have Jean.
So there's nothin' left to do
but to hate everything and everybody...
in this cursed town.
"You'll never find peace
by hatin', lad."
It only shuts ya off more
from the world...
and this is only a cursed town
if ya make it so.
"To the rest of us,
'tis a blessed place."
Who was that?
My waistcoat came.
You should be gettin' ready.
I was waitin' for Fiona.
Where is she?
She's been gone for hours.
Go to your room.
Close the door.
"Charlie, go 'round to the window."
Here's the Bible.
There's the quill and ink.
Now sit ye down there and sign
right under the name...
of my dear departed wife.
"And when you've done that,
take your leave!"
"Aye, sir."
This is where I come all day
and tend my flock.
"When I say it sounds fascinating,
I want you to believe me."
- It's a very picturesque view.
- Thank ya.
- What for?
- For likin' where I've brought ya.
It makes me very happy.
"- You get happy very easily, don't you?
- Aye."
I haven't been in a shed like this
since I was in college...
"which at this point seems
a good 2,000 years ago."
"- Ya mean you're tired?
- Aye, lassie, I'm tired."
"That's what you brought me here for,
wasn't it, so I could take a nap?"
I should not think a long walk
would fatigue a young lad like ye.
"- A young lad?
- Aye, you're very young."
That's either a deliberate lie
or wishful thinking.
"I am ancient, decrepit
and disintegrating rapidly."
My mother and father
met in this shed.
We all make mistakes.
My mother was a gypsy...
and one day she was
walkin' past this shed...
and she saw my father
lyin' down asleep.
"She liked his looks,
and she was achin' for a husband."
"So, she took off her shoes,
sat in the rocking chair there..."
and waited for him to wake up.
And it was not long after that
that I was born.
That's one of the sweetest
bedtime stories I've ever heard.
"What's under here, your father?"
Thank you very much.
You've been more than kind.
"Now, if you want to round out
your generosity, buzz off."
I just hate to leave ya.
"You better. When I sleep,
I make all sorts of odd noises."
Who told ya?
Ya do not have a wife.
I was engaged once.
You're a right winnin' lad.
You should have someone
to take care of ya.
I don't know what you're after.
I just wanna go to sleep.
Now go!
Go?
But do ya not see?
I'm highly attracted to ya.
"Why, when I look at ya, I feel
wee tadpoles jumpin' in my spine."
That's about as repulsive an idea
as I've heard in years.
"If love were a hobby,
you'd be a collector's item."
All you men are all alike.
- I should certainly hope so.
- You're all brutes!
Ya get what ya want from a lass
an' then 'tis farewell!
Get what I want?
I can't even get you to go away!
That's what I'm referrin' to.
I thought ya wanted to propose to me.
That's why ya brought me here.
You misled me.
You sure have one lulu
of an imagination.
"Can you think of one good reason
why I, a strange man..."
"should be interested in proposing
to you, a mighty strange woman..."
and at this hour of the day?
"Because you're a lad,
and I'm a lass."
"With that philosophy, you must have
had a provocative career."
Now go. Be off.
Away with ya.
- But...
- Go tend your flock.
"Fiona! There's some white heather,
lots of it."
"Tommy, stop!"
There isn't any
white heather over there.
Of course there is.
There's plenty...
What is it?
What frightened you?
'Tis nothin'.
Is it the bridge? Why do you have
such a look of fear on your face?
I cannot say.
Why can't you?
"Fiona, what's the matter?
What's going on around here?"
What was all that business
about Charlie and a miracle?
"Hey, look out! Tommy!"
What happened? Tommy!
Are you all right?  
"If there's anything I hate,  
it's you."
Any civilized person  
would be dead by now.
Maybe the sun  
gave me the power  
For I could swim Loch Lomond  
and be home in half an hour  
Maybe the air  
gave me the drive  
For I'm all aglow
And alive
What a day this has been
What a rare mood I'm in
Why it's almost
like bein' in love
There's a smile on my face
For the whole human race
"Why, it's almost
like bein' in love"
All the music of life
seems to be
Like a bell that is ringin'  
for me
And from the way
that I feel
When that bell
starts to peal
I could swear I was fallin'
I would swear I was fallin'
It's almost like bein'
In love
When we walked up the brae
Not a word did we say
It was
And her arm linked in mine
Made the world kind of fine
It was
"Why, it's"
Almost like bein' in love
"Why, it's almost like bein'
in love"
Life seems to be
Like a bell
that keeps ringin'
For me
And from the way that I feel
When that bell starts to peal
I would swear I was fallin'
I could swear I was fallin'
It's almost like bein'
In love
- Aren't we headin' back?
- There's no hurry.
Let's stick around a while.
There's gonna be a wedding.
"- Yours?
- Oh, very funny."
I thought we came to Scotland
to go grouse shooting.
I'd like to get one little bird
before the day is over.
- What's the matter?
- Hey.
I must be a little touched.
Listen to this.

"Married:
to Andrew Campbell..."
"July 2nd, 1719."
What about it?
People used to get married then.
"No, wait a minute.

"Children:
"Born October 10th, 1732."
"Jean. Born April 8th, 1736."
Well?
Fiona told me Jean's four years younger.
- Well?
- They're the sisters in this Bible!
That's ridiculous.
They're probably just named after them.
"- You know Charlie's last name, right?
- Dalrymple, isn't it?"
"Dalrymple, yes.
Get this."
"Married:
Charles Chisholm Dalrymple"
"May 24th, 1754."
Now what do you say?
Congratulations.
I don't understand.
No Brigadoon on the map.
All those odd things that happened when
I was out with Fiona this afternoon...
all that stuff about a miracle...
and now this.
Why are you getting so worked up?
"If it makes 'em happy to disregard
200 years of human bing-bang, let 'em."
"There must be a logical explanation
for this, logical enough even for you."
You don't have to explain
anything to me. I don't care.
What's the matter?
Is that your name
in this Bible?
Aye.
Someone seems to have
messed up your book.
What does it mean?
You must tell me.
"There is an explanation for it,
isn't there?"
"Aye, there is,
but I cannot tell ya."
Is there anybody who can?
I've got to know.
- You must talk with the dominie.
- Who?
"Our schoolmaster, Mr. Lundie."
"- Where does he live?
- Down the road in a tree, maybe."
"He does not live in a tree, Mr. Douglas.
Mr. Lundie's a great man."
"All right, Tommy,
I'll take you to him."
I hadn't wanted to...
because it'll be so hard
for you to believe what you'll hear.
And I wanted...
I wanted you to stay with me...
'til the end of our day.
Take us to see Mr. Lundie.
Aye.
"Is it informal,
or should I wear my Napoleon hat?"
"Good day, Mr. Lundie."
"Why, hello, Fiona.
What a pleasant surprise."
"Mr. Lundie, I'd like you
to meet Mr. Tommy Albright..."
and Mr. Jeff Douglas.
"- Good afternoon, gentlemen.
- How do you do, sir?"
Good afternoon.
Where do you gentlemen come from?
- We're from New York.
- New York?
We changed it from New Amsterdam.
- So I understand.
- The British changed it.
"Confidentially, though, as soon as
Washington organizes himself..."
"we're gonna chase them out,
but keep it under your hat."
"Put a cork in it,
will you, Jeff?"
"Mr. Lundie, I was wonderin'
if you'd be good enough..."
to tell these gentlemen
about Brigadoon.
They've heard and
they've seen a great deal...
and they're very perplexed indeed.
- Perplexed is right.
- I would very much like him...
I mean them... to know.
I see.
"- Will you not be seated, gentlemen?
- Thank you."
"From what I gather, nobody can talk
about the place around here but you."
"- Is that right?
- No, that's wrong."
Mr. Forsythe could've told ya.
"Forsythe? I've heard about him, but I didn't meet him."
Likely not.
I think he's dead.
"That would stand in the way, I suppose."
"Let me warn you that what I'm goin' to tell ya, ya will not believe."
That's all right.
We've already been warned.
Why won't we believe it?
Because what happened in Brigadoon was a miracle...
and most folks do not believe in miracles.
"Miracles require faith, and faith seems to be as dead as..."
Mr. Forsythe?
Aye.
Now this miracle happened...
Let me see.
- What day is it?
- Friday.
Friday. That means it happened exactly 200 years ago.
Two hundred years ago the Highlands of Scotland were plagued with witches...
wicked sorcerers who were takin' the Scottish people... away from the teachings of God and puttin' the devil into their souls. "They were indeed horrible, destructive women."
- I do not suppose you have such women.
- Witches?
"Oh, we have 'em. We pronounce it differently."
It did not matter that they were not real sorcerers... because you and I know there's no such thing...
but their influence
was very real indeed.
Now we had at that time
in Brigadoon...
an old minister of the kirk...
named Mr. Forsythe...
and a good man he was.
- The kindest man in Scotland.
- I believe he was.
No man loved his parish
as did Mr. Forsythe...
"but he was gettin' old,
and it grieved him that one day soon..."
he'd have to leave
those he loved so well.
But most of all
he worried about the witches.
"Now mind you, they hadn't
visited us as yet in Brigadoon..."
but he knew that there was
a band of them coming our way.
So he began to wonder whether
there was not something he could do...
"to protect the folk of his parish,
not only against them..."
but against all the evils
that might come to Brigadoon...
from the outside world
after he died.
Then one day he came to me
and told me...
that he had decided
to ask God for a miracle.
"And on an early Wednesday mornin',
right after midnight..."
he went out to a hill
beyond Brigadoon...
and made his prayer to God.
"And there, in the hush
of the sleeping world..."
he asked God that night
to make Brigadoon...
and all the people in it...
vanish into the highland mist.
Vanish...
but not for always.
They would return
just as they were for one day...
every hundred years.
The people would lead
their customary lives...
but every day when they awoke...
it would be a hundred years later.
And when we awoke next day...
it was a hundred years later.
"In this way,
Mr. Forsythe figured that..."
there'd be no change
in the lives of the people.
They just wouldn't be in any century
long enough to be touched by it.
You mean that...
You mean that you
go to bed at night...
"and when you wake up the next day,
it's a hundred years later?"
Aye.
And every day
is a hundred years later?
Aye.
What happened to the minister?
We ne'er saw him again.
"You see, he realized
to ask for such a miracle..."
"some sacrifice would have to be made,
and he wanted to be the one to make it."
"Well, what was the greatest
sacrifice that he could offer?"
It was to be separated from
those he loved before his time.
And that was why he went out
to a hill beyond Brigadoon...
"where, his miracle granted..."
he'd ne'er see Brigadoon again.
All this happened
200 years ago?
"Aye, lad."
"Which of course to us, you see,
is only two days ago."
Let me ask you something.
Suppose somebody around here
got fed up and wanted to leave?
"- Then what?
- Well, he cannot leave."
"- You mean, I've gotta stay here now?
- No, lad."
But according to Mr. Forsythe's
contract with God...
if anyone belonging
to Brigadoon leaves...
the enchantment
will be broken for all.
"And that night,
when all the people go to sleep..."
Brigadoon will disappear forever.
"Look, I'm not saying
I believe all this..."
but just for argument's sake...
suppose a stranger like...
"well, like me..."
came to Brigadoon
and wanted to stay.
Could he?
"Aye, he could.
Mr. Forsythe provided for that."
"He didn't miss a trick, did he?"
"No, lad, he did not."
A stranger can stay
if he loves someone here.
"Not Brigadoon itself, mind you,
but someone in Brigadoon..."
足够的 to be willing
to give up everything...
to stay near that person.
"Which is only right,
because after all, lad..."
if you love someone
deeply enough...
anything is possible.
Aye. Anything is possible.
"Oh, Fiona, shouldn't you be thinkin'
of changin' for the weddin'?"
"Tommy, will I see ya later?"
I'll be there.
I'd like to stick around...
and see if this place evaporates
like you say.
I must hurry now.
"Good-bye, Mr. Lundie..."
and thank you.
She's a dear lassie.
"Yes, I'm finding that out."
"Mr. Lundie, are you all perfectly happy
living here in this little town?"
"Why, of course, lad."
"After all, sunshine can peep
through a wee hole."
But what's it like at night
when you go to sleep?
For me it's like being
carried on shadowy arms...
up to a distant cloud...
and there I float 'til mornin'.
And yet...
sometimes I think
I hear strange voices.
  - Voices?
  - Aye.
They say no words
that I can remember...
and yet...
they're voices filled
with a fearful longin'.
And often they seem
to call me back.
I've pondered over it
when I was awake...
and I think...
I have a feelin'
I'm hearin' the outside world.
"Oh, there must be
an awful lot of folk out there..."
searchin'...
for a Brigadoon.
Buchanan!
Douglas!
Lindsey!
There's goin' to be a weddin'.
We have no minister
in Brigadoon now.
"In most villages,
this would be a calamitous thing..."
but when there is
no minister present...
"it is perfectly proper,
according to the laws of Scotland..."
for two people to wed each other
by sincere mutual consent.
There need be nothin' in writin'.
All that is necessary...
is that ye promise
to love each other...
while ye both are on Earth.
"Go ahead, lad."
I shall love ya 'til I die...
and I'll make all effort
to be a good husband to ya.
And so much will I try...
to be a fine and lovin' wife.
"- Are we married now, Mr. Lundie?
- Aye, lad, you're married."
"Go on, kiss her, lad."
"Mr. Forsythe would have liked
to have been here, I know..."
but as long as you're both
good and true to one another...
ya cannot fail
but live in the grace of God...
and Mr. Forsythe could've
wished no more than that.
All I've done
was to want ya too much.
I'm leavin' Brigadoon!
'Tis the end of all of us!
The miracle is over!
"We must stop 'im! Cover the woods!
Sandy and Angus, guard the bridge!"
"Robert, take a group
and spread out along the old kirk!"
"Fiona, is it true? Could he make Brigadoon disappear?"
"Aye, if he gets away."
Harry Beaton!
Harry Beaton!
Harry Beaton
Harry Beaton
Run and get him
Get him
Run and get him
Get him
Run ye men or ye will never see another mornin'
Go and stop him
Stop him
Go and stop him
Stop him
Run ye Highland men
or ye won't get another day
Harry Beaton!
Harry Beaton!
Beaton sure came this way
"And we cannot be too far behind him, laddie"
"Ye there, head for the brae"
"Keep your eye open
or ye will not find him, laddie"
I'll go down to the creek
"And by God, if I see him
I'll throw him in it"
Search the hill to the peak
"Find him, lads
or tomorrow will never, never come"
Run and get him
Get him
Run and get him
Get him
Run and get him now
Or ye won't plow another meadow
Go and stop him
Stop him
Go and stop him
Stop him
Run ye Highland men
Or ye won't get another day
Harry Beaton!
Harry Beaton!
If he comes into sight
Hold him fast
Many lives are depending on it
This must not end tonight
They must know that tomorrow
is really going to come
Run and get him
Get him
Run and get him
Get him
Spread your human net
But don't forget
that time's against ya
Go and stop him
Stop him
Go and stop him
Stop him
Run ye Highland men
Or ye won't get another day
- How did it happen?
- He must've hit his head on a rock.
"Ah, the poor lad!"
"Oh, Harry, my son, my son."
How could ya be so ungrateful?
"Oh, I'm so ashamed for ye."
I'm so ashamed for ye.
"Look here, all of ya. There's been
enough sorrow for one weddin' night."
Don't tell anyone he's dead.
Just say he was stopped.
They can find out in the mornin'.
I'll take him to my cottage.
No one will see him.
"- Father, what happened?
- It's all right. The alarm is over."
"- Was he hurt bad?
- No, just scratched a wee bit."
He'll be fine and fit
in the mornin'.
Now let's all come back
to the weddin' supper.
"Aren't ya comin', Fiona?"
"Aye, Father."
"Angus, did ya see Tommy, the American?"
"Aye, dearie. I saw him cross the bridge."
"Angus, did he come back?"
I did not see him. They stopped him just in time. He wasn't far from the brook. "Yes, they told me."
"Oh, Fiona, when I think what could have happened..."
"Your whole world, gone forever."
I thought my world was gone. I thought you'd left. Without saying good-bye to you? You know I wouldn't do that. I know ya wouldn't have. "Tommy, darlin'." I can't leave you. I can't.
Lundie said you could stay if you love someone enough... and I do.
I love you. I'd better hurry and find him. There's not much time.
"Are they after you now?"
"I'm looking for Lundie. I've got something very important to tell you. I'm not going back with you. I'm gonna stay here."
"Oh, that's nice."
"Please, Jeff, be serious, just for once."
I am. I'm being serious all over the place. "I tell ya, I feel more a part of her and all this..." than I ever felt about Jane or anybody or anything back home.
"Great."
I can't give it up. I belong here.
"Yeah, you belong here, all right.
No doubt about it."
"Milking cows in the morning,
planting little things..."
"weaving, butter churning."
"That's for you, boy.
You'll have a ball."
"And just think,
you can do it for always, always..."
"in a town that's got one of
the longest "always" on record."
It's got nothing to do with
all these things you're talking about.
Don't you see?
I believe in her.
"And what's more, I believe
in this place, and I can't leave."
"Well, kiddies,
that's what happened to Tommy today."
"But what about his friend, Jeff?
Well, he had fun too."
Tonight he went running off through
the woods after some Highland hothead...
who was gonna make
all the people disappear...
by crossing the wrong street.
"Well, after a while
Jeff thought he saw a bird..."
"perched low in a tree,
and he shot at it."
Something fell to the ground.
"He rushed over to it,
and what do you think it was?"
It was Hothead Harry.
"Yes, sir, the boy dervish himself,
lying there looking all dead."
You mean you...
To kill somebody somewhere else in the
world would have been an awful thing.
But Harry was a citizen
of the little town that wasn't there...
and he probably never lived
in the first place.
"Chances are, there weren't even any woods."
"In fact, the whole day probably never even happened..."
"because, you see, this is a fairy tale."
"Oh, Jeff, you poor guy. You must feel horrible."
"What do you mean, I must feel?"
What am I supposed to feel in a voodoo joint like this?
"Dream stuff, boy, all made up out of broomsticks and wishing wells."
It's that or a boot camp for lunatics. I don't know what goes on around here.
"All I know is that whatever it is, it's got nothing to do with me or you..." and anything that happens to either of us just doesn't count!
How can it when you don't understand it?
"And you want to give up your family, your friends, your whole life for this?"
It's not even worth arguing about. Now go say good-bye to the little people and thank them for the picnic.
"You're confused, aren't you, boy?"
"You know, if you believed as much as you think you do, you wouldn't be."
"Tommy, Fiona tells me you want to stay."
I'll wait for you by the bridge.
"Tommy, what did he mean by that?"
What is it?
"Fiona, it's me. I thought..."
"Do not be ashamed of yourself, lad."
It's the hardest thing in the world to give everything... though it's usually the only way to get everything.
"You'd better hurry, Fiona. There's not much time left."
"Fiona, do you understand at all?"
- I think so.
- Then you're not sorry I came?
"No, I'm glad.
I'll be less lonely now."
Real loneliness is not
bein' in love in vain...
but not bein' in love at all.
- If I only had more time.
- It's not your fault.
'Tis the end of our day!
"- It isn't because I don't love you.
- I know, I know."
"But to stay, I had to have
no fears and no doubts."
"Aye, Tommy, aye."
"Good-bye, Tommy..."
"and do not forget
any day, any night..."
that always and always...
I love you.
I love you.
I love you.
I love you.
I love you.
"Peter, Peter,
I left the dogs in the car."
Will you be a dear and ask the driver
to take them home and feed them?
"I can't afford to get a divorce,
what with community property and taxes."
- But alimony is deductible.
- But she'll want capital.
I can't give her that.
It isn't fair to the children.
"Darling, I'm so sorry I'm late,
but I had the most agonizing afternoon."
My new analyst is divine.
He has the most
marvelous new theory.
He believes that childhood
hasn't got anything to do with anything.
- Sounds dreamy.
- I've got my standards.
"I'll lie, cheat, 
steal for this company..."
but I will not
give up my integrity.
I feel that a man is of value
to the organization as long as he...
"- Yes, it arrived this afternoon.
- Have Andre fix it for a party at 6:00."
Tell him for me that if he
messes up the sauce this time...
"Great little car.
Hiya, Jeff."
Once you get into
one of those foreign cars...
"But, honey, why don't you
try and see my side of it?"
"Frank, bring me another brandy."
"- Lt's bourbon, sir.
- It is?"
"That's all you've had for four months,
ever since you got back from Scotland."
Is that right?
I just decided I don't like it.
It's not near as good as the whiskey
Mother used to make. I'll have brandy.
"- Yes, sir.
- Honey, I can't get home tonight."
"I know, but I can't
let the boss down."
He's got this girl
that he wants to take out...
and he needs another man along
so it won't look like she's with him.
"Yes, dear."
"You'd better bring me
two glasses of water, Frank."
"I know, baby, but we can celebrate
your birthday tomorrow night."
"Honey, I can't take any longer.
I've gotta get back. Talk to you later."
Frank? Sorry.
"- Sorry.
- Would you like dinner, Mr. Douglas?"
- No. Bring me my lunch check.
- Certainly.
  I think I'll eat out tonight.
  "- Frank, bring me another.
- So soon? Where's the last one?"
It vanished...
like Brigadoon.
"Like who, sir?"
That was the name
of my brother who ran away.
"Good evening, Mr. Albright.
Your table will be ready in a moment."
"- Thank you, Peter.
- Tommy, Tommy."
What's your opinion
about the Parker deal?
- I'll let you know tomorrow.
- I've got a real slant on it...
I'll tell you tomorrow.
I'll give you a call.
"Albright, how about that meeting
this morning? Was that great?"
- Great.
- Things were brought out in the open.
- Let in a lot of fresh air.
- Great.
- Do you like how I handled the old man?
- Great.
"Thanks, Albright."
- Hi.
- Hi.
- It's hot in here.
- It's not the heat. It's the humanity.
"- Good evening, Mr. Albright.
- Oh, thank you, Frank."
- Have you seen Jane?
- She meeting you here?
- Yeah.
- I'll drink up and get outta here.
There's nothing a woman hates more
than her fianc's best friend.
He knows the secrets she's gonna spend
the rest of her life tryin' to find out.
- I've been dodging her for a month now.
- Don't worry about it.
"I always say, scratch the surface
of any woman and she'll enjoy it."
- When are you getting married?
- I don't know.
- I don't know if I want to get married.
- Why?
"Because, old tank,
I'm in love with someone else..."
"and I"canna"get over it."
"And the trouble is, because I can't
be with her, I can't be with anyone."
So many things
remind me of her.
"I'll be talking with people,
and they might say one little word..."
"that opens the door
to a memory for me, and then..."
"I'm a few thousand miles away with...
well, you know."
"But slowly I come back to the
conversation, they ask me a question..."
and I don't know what in the world
they've been talking about.
- I haven't heard a word.
- You must be fascinating company.
It ain't easy.
"- Hello, Jane!
- Hello, Jane!"
"- You've certainly been elusive.
- Hello, Jeff."
I've been up to my neck at the office.
Would you like a drink?
"Love one. An old-fashioned, please,
and would you bring it to the table?"
"- How are you, Jeff?
- Darling, it's been weeks."
"- Fine, Jane. How are you?
- I'm sorry."
"Oh, I've had a little cold,
but other than that..."
- But you could've called more often.
- I hate to eat and run.
"- Your table is ready, Mr. Albright.
- Thank you."
- I'll call you later.
- Hello!
"Good-bye!
Frank, put it on the bill."
"- Your bill, sir, is very high.
- So am I!"
"- Jane, you look fine.
- So do you."
"- Would you care to order dinner now?
- No, we'll finish our drinks first."
"Darling, I wish you'd been
with me over the weekend."
"I went up to Connecticut, house hunting.
Saw the most wonderful place."
"Rather interesting. Colonial,
and right on top of a beautiful hill."
Through the heather
On the hill
The mornin' dew
Is blinkin' yonder
There's lazy music
On the rill
And all I want to do is wander
Through the heather...
"And I didn't think you'd
want to do that, would you?"
"Hmm? Uh, maybe."
"You mean, you'd even consider it?"
What?
Commuting from
60 miles out of New York.
"- No, I wouldn't wanna do that.
- I didn't think so."
And I told Mr. Bradville.
- Who?
- Herbert Bradville.
"- Who's he?
- Darling, he's the real estate man..."
I just told you
I've been working with.
"I told him you'd call, so please do.
I'm trying hard to arrange everything."
"By the way, do you still want
Jeff to stand up for you?"
"Yes, if he can."

Why?

Nothing. It's just
he's so impossible these days.
Everybody's bored to death with him.
"Maybe I'm not interested
in everybody, Jane."

"Well, you certainly have been antisocial
since you got back from Scotland."
I thought for a while there was
something really bothering you.
You certainly wouldn't
keep me waiting and...

Waitin' for my dearie
And happy am I
To hold my heart
'Til he comes strollin' by
"- Give me a ring, won't you?
- Oh, of course."
"When he comes, my dearie"
One look and I'll know
That he's the dearie
I've been wantin' so
"- When I see you wander around like...
- No, Jane. No."
- No what?
- There won't be a wedding next month.
"- Do you mean you're postponing it again?
- No, Jane, I'm not postponing it."
- I'm calling it off for good.
- Calling it off?
"Jane, I'm sorry.
You've been wonderful, darling."
"It's not your fault, but something
strange happened to me a few months ago."
"I can't explain it,
but I just don't fit here anymore."
You've gone clean out of your mind.
We can't stand here and talk about it.
Let's go home and...
"Go home, go home
Go home with bonnie Jean"
"Go home, go home"
"If you want to stay and make
a fool of yourself, you can."
"I'll go home with bonnie Jean
"Go home, go home
Go home with bonnie Jean"
"Until I'm old enough
for Social Security...
I've got my expense account.
"But most important of all,
I'm building."
Building every day. That's about
the only security a man can have.
"Hello. Room 732, please."
"Jeff, are you sober?
Listen to me."
I wanna go back to Scotland.
You wanna come along?
Never mind what for!
Do you wanna come with me?
"Okay, get plane reservations
right away."
"I know it isn't there,
but I wanna see where it was!"
"Who cares if it doesn't make sense?
Jeff, I wanna go!"
I've got to!
It's unbelievable.
- Awful and unbelievable.
- What is?
"To think that down there, somewhere
between the mist and the stars..."
"there's someone I want so terribly,
and I know she's not dead."
"She's only asleep,
and yet I'll never see her again."
"Well, you didn't have to come
all the way over here just to say that."
You could've told me on the phone
back in New York for a dime.
"No, I'll tell you why."
She became so alive to me that
I had to come back and see for myself...
if the place really wasn't here.
It didn't work that way for me.
It's so much like a dream now
that I have to work hard...

to convince myself
it happened at all.
"There's the big difference
between us, Jeff."
"Oh, tell me about it."

I found that...
sometimes the things you believe in
become more real to you...

than all the things
you can explain away or understand.
"Oh, why do people
have to lose things..."
to find out
what they really mean?
"Well, let's start walkin'."

I got lost around here once.

Brigadoon
Brigadoon
Blooming under
Sable skies
Brigadoon
Brigadoon
There my heart forever
Lies
Let the world grow cold
Around us
Let the heavens
Cry above
Tommy!
"Tommy, lad, you!"
"My, my, you must really love her.
You woke me up."
"Come, lad."

You shouldn't be too surprised.
"I told ya, if ya loved
someone deeply enough..."
anything is possible.
Even miracles.

Brigadoon
Brigadoon
In my valley
There'll be
Love
There'll be love