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# 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  
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. MacIntosh."  
- 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. MacIntosh.  
- 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. MacIntosh.  
- 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..."  
enough 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'?"

I had.  
"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.  
- Lf I only had more time.  
- It's not your fault.  
'Tis the end of our day!  
"- Lt 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