



Scotland the Brave

Hark when the night is falling
Hear, hear the pipes are calling
Loudly and proudly calling down through the
glen
There where the hills are sleeping
Now feel the blood a-leaping
High as the spirits of the old Highland men

Towering in gallant fame
Scotland my mountain hame
High may your proud standards gloriously
wave
Land of my high endeavor
Land of the shining river
Land of my heart forever, Scotland the Brave

High in the misty Highlands
Out by the purple islands
Brave are the hearts that beat beneath
Scottish skies
Wild are the winds to meet you
Staunch are the friends that greet you
Kind as the love that shines from fair maiden's
eyes

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