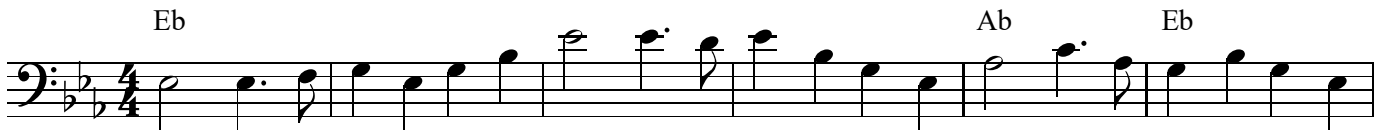


# Scotland the Brave

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E<sub>b</sub> Ab E<sub>b</sub>



Hark when the night is fal-ling Hear! hear the pipes are cal-ling, Loud - ly and proud-ly cal-ling,

7 B<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub>7 E<sub>b</sub>



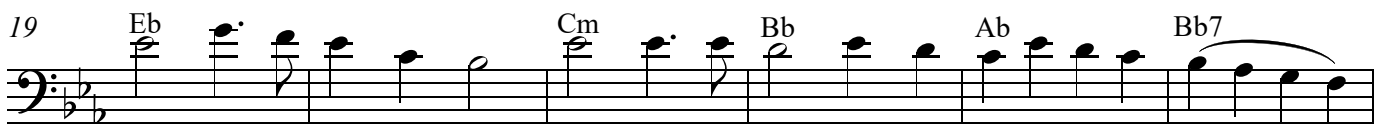
Down thro' the glen. There where the hills are sleep-ing, Now feel the blood a lea-ping,

13 A<sub>b</sub> E<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub> E<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub>



High as the spi-rits of the old High-land men. Tower - ing in gal-lant fame,

19 E<sub>b</sub> C<sub>m</sub> B<sub>b</sub> A<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub>7



Scot - land my moun-tain hame, High may you proud stan-dards glo-ri-ous-ly wave,

25 E<sub>b</sub>



Land of my high en - dea - vour, Land of the shin - ing ri - ver,

29 A<sub>b</sub> E<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub> E<sub>b</sub>



Land of my heart for e - ver, Scot - land the brave.