

# Scotland the Brave

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Hark when the night is fal-ling Hear! hear the pipes are cal-ling, Loud - ly and proud-ly cal-ling,  
7 Down thro' the glen. There where the hills are sleep-ing, Now feel the blood a lea-ping,  
13 High as the spi-rits of the old High-land men. Tower - ing in gal-lant fame,  
19 Scot - land my moun-tain hame, High may you proud stan-dards glo-ri-ous-ly wave, —  
25 Land of my high en - dea - vour, Land of the shin - ing ri - ver,  
29 Land of my heart for e - ver, Scot - land 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.

Far off in sunlit places,  
Sad are the Scottish faces,  
Yearning to feel the kiss  
Of sweet Scottish rain.  
Where tropic skies are beaming,  
Love sets the heart a-dreaming,  
Longing and dreaming for the homeland again