

SCOTLAND THE BRAVE

19th Century Scottish Folk Song

1. Hark! When the night is fall - ing, Hear! Hear, the pipes are call-ing, Loud - ly and
 2. High in the mist - y High-lands, Out by the pur - ple is-lands, Brave are the
 3. Far off in sun - lit plac - es, Sad are the Scot - tish fac - es, Yearn - ing to

proud - ly call-ing, down through the glen. There where the hills are sleep-ing,
 hearts that beat be - neath Scot - tish skies. Wild are the winds to meet you,
 feel the kiss of sweet Scot - tish rain. Where trop - ic skies are beam-ing,

Now feel the blood a - leap-ing, High as the spi - rits of the old High-land men.
 Staunch are the friends that greet you, Kind as the love that shines from fair maid-ens' eyes.
 Love sets the heart a-dreaming, Long-ing and dreaming for the home-land a - gain.

Tow - 'ring in gal-lant fame, Scot - land my moun-tain hame, High may your

proud stan - dards glo - ri - ous - ly wave, Land of my high en - deav - our,

Land of the shin-ing riv-er, Land of my heart for-ev-er, Scot - land the brave.