

SCOTLAND THE BRAVE

1.

Hark when the night is falling, HEAR!

Hear the pipes are call- ing, Loud- ly and proud-ly call-ing,

Down thro the glen.

There where the hills are sleep-ing,

Now the blood a -leap-ing,

High as the spir-its of the Old High-land men.

Chorus:

Towering in gallant fame, Scotland my Mountain hame,

High may your proud standards gloriously wave,

Land of my high endeavour,

Land of the shining river, Land of my heart forever.

Scotland the brave.