

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 - dream - ing, Long - ing and dream - ing 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.