

Scotland the Brave

Cliff Hanley

Scottish Folk

D G D

Hark when the night is fal - ling, hear, hear, the pipes are cal - ling,
High in the mis - ty High - lands, Out by the pur - ple is - lands,

G D A

Loud - ly and proud - ly cal - ling down thro' the glen.
Brave are the hearts that beat be - neath Scot - tish skies.

D G D

There where the hills are sleep - ing, Now feel the blood a - leap - ing,
Wild are the winds to meet you, Staunch are the friends that greet you,

G D A D A

High as the spi - rits of the High - land men! Tow'r - ing in gal - lant fame,
Kind as the love that shines from fair maid - en's eyes. Far off in sun - lit places,

D Bm F#m G A

Scot - land my moun - tain hame, High may your proud stand - ards glo - ri - ous - ly wave.
Sad are the Scot - tish faces, Year - ning to feel the kiss of Scot - tish rain.

D G D

Land of my high en - dea - vour, Land of the shi - ning ri - ver,
Where tro - pic skies are beam - ing, Love sets the heart a - dream - ing,

G D A D

Land of my heart for - ev - er, Scot - land the brave!
Long - ing and dream - ing for the home - land a - gain.