

# Scotland The Brave

Cliff Hanley (~1950 1923-1999)

**I**  
Hark when the night is falling  
**I**  
Hear! Hear the pipes are calling,  
**IV          iii          ii          V**  
Loudly and proudly calling down thru the glen.  
**I**  
There where the hills are sleeping,  
**I**  
Now feel the blood a-leaping,  
**IV          iii          ii          V          I**  
High as the spirits of the old Highland men.

**V**  
*Towering in gallant fame,*  
**I**  
*Scotland my mountain hame,*  
**IV          iii          ii          V**  
*High may your proud standards gloriously wave.*

**I**  
*Land of my high endeavor,*  
**I**  
*Land of the shining river,*  
**IV          iii          ii          V          I**  
*Land of my heart forever, Scotland 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 that 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,  
Yearnin' to feel the kiss of sweet Scottish rain!  
Where tropic skies are beamin',  
Love sets the heart a-dreamin',  
Longin' and dreamin' for the homeland again!