

Scotland The Brave

Traditional Scottish

D D D G D D7
Hark when the night is fal - ling, hear, hear the pipes are cal - ling,

5 G D E7 A7
loud - ly and proud - ly cal - ling down thro' the glen.

9 D D D G D D7
There where the hills are sleep - ing, now feel the blood a - leap - ing,

13 G D Bm E7 A7 D
high as the spi - rits of the Old High - land men.

17 A7 A7 D D
Tower - ing in gal - lant fame, Scot - land my moun - tain hame,

21 Bm F#m E7 A7
high may your proud stan - dards glori - ous - ly wave

25 D D D G D D7
Land of my high en - dea - vour. Land of the shin - ing ri - ver,

29 G D Bm Em A7 D
Land of my heart for - e - ver, Scot - land the Brave.

1. Hark when the night is falling. Hear! hear the pipes are calling,
Loudly and proudly calling, down thro' the glen.
There where the hills are sleeping, now feel the blood a-leaping,
High as the spirits of the old Highland men.

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 for ever, Scotland the brave.

2. High in the misty Highlands, out by the purple islands,
Brave are the hearts that beat beneath Scottish skies.
Wild are the winds to meet you, staunch are the friends that greet you,
Kind as the love that shines from fair maiden's eyes.

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 for ever, Scotland the brave.

3. Far off in sunlit places, sad are the Scottish faces,
Yearning to feel the kiss of sweet Scottish rain.
Where tropic skies are beaming, love sets the heart a-dreaming,
Longing and dreaming for the homeland again

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 for ever, Scotland the brave.