A part

D

Hark when the night is falling
Hear! Hear the pipes are calling
Loudly and proudly calling,
Down through the glen.

D

There where the hills are sleeping

G

Now feel the blood a-leaping,
High as the spirits of the old High land men.

D

Tower ing in gallant fame—Scotland my mountain home,
High may your

G

proud standards glorious ly wave—Land of my high endeavor

D

Land of the shining river Land of my heart for ever Scotland the Brave.

Refrain

High in the misty Highlands,
Out of 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 eye

Refrain

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

Refrain