

# Scotland the Brave

Folk from Scotland

For bagpipes only (maybe for an akkordeon out of tune)



Hark when the night is fal - ling  
High in the mis - ty High - lands,  
Far off in sun - lit pla - ces  
Hot as a bur - ning em - ber



hear! hear the pipes are cal - ling, loud - ly and proud - ly cal - ling,  
out by the purp - le is - lands, brave are the hearts that beat be -  
sad are the Scot - tish fac - es, year - ning to feel the Kiss of  
flam - ing in bleak De - cem - ber, burn - ing with - in the hearts of



down thro` the glen! There where the hills are slee - ping,  
neath Sco - tish skies! Wild are the winds to meet you  
sweet Scot - tish rain! Where tro - pics skies are bea - ming,  
clans - men a - far! Cal - ling to home and fi - re,



now feel the blood a - lea - ping, high! as the spi - rits of the  
staunch are the friends that great you, kind as the love that shines from  
love sets the heart a - drea - ming, long - ing and drea - ming for the  
cal - ling the sweet de - si - re shi - ning a light that be - ckons



old High - land men. *Chorus:*  
fair mai - den's eyes. Towe - ring in gal - lant fame, Scot - land my moun - tain hame!  
home - land a - gain.  
from ev` - ry star.



High may your pro - ud stan - dards glo - ri - ous - ly wa - ve! Land of my high en - dea - vour,



land of the shi - ning ri - ver, land of my heart for e - ver! Scot - land the brave!