

# 7. Scotland the Brave

Verse D



1. Hark where the night is fall - ing. Hark hear the pipes a call - ing  
 2. High in the mist - y moun - tains, Out by the pur - ple high - lands,



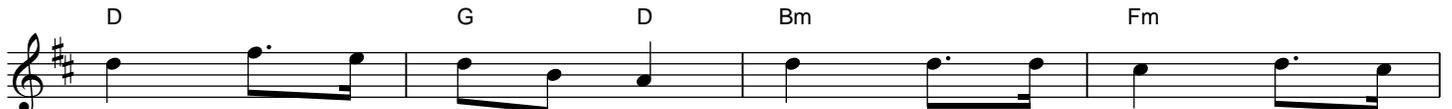
Loud - ly and proud - ly call - ing down thru the glen. There where the  
 Brave are the hearts that beat be - neath Scot - tish skies. Wild are the



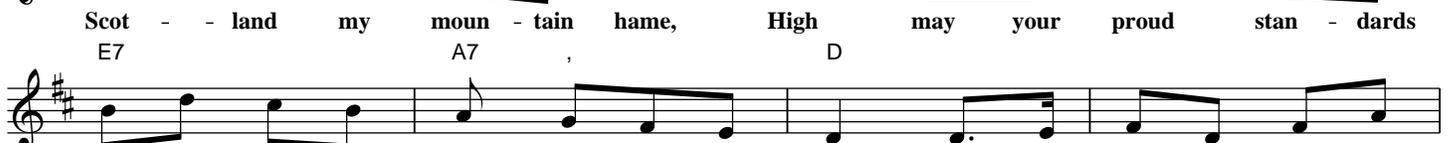
hills are sleep - ing, Now feel the blood a leap - ing, High as the  
 winds to meet you. Staunch are the friends that greet you. Kind as the



spi - rits of the old high - land men. Tower - ing in gal - lant fame,  
 love that shines from fair maid - ens eyes.



Scot - - land my moun - tain hame, High may your proud stan - dards



glo - ri - ous - ly wave. Land of my high en - dea - vor,



Land of the shin - ing ri - ver, Land of my heart for - ev - er, Scot - land the Brave.

INTRO  
 Concertina  
 G

This song is basically an instrumental led by concertina and flute, with singers as accompaniment

**John opens on accordion; I come in on concertina, then Sheila on fiddle;  
 Then KT on whistle.  
 No 8va on whistle. Idea is to start quiet and grow louder.**