



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*

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 maidens' eyes

Towering in gallant fame...

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...

- Cliff Hanley (1950) -