Scotland The Brave
Scottish folk song

Hark where the night is falling hark hear the pipes are calling

Loudly and proudly calling down thru the glen

There where the hills are sleeping now feel the blood a leaping

high as the spirits of the old High-land men Towing in gall-ant fame

Scotland my moun-tain hame High may your proud stand-ards

glorious-ly wave Land of my high en-deavor

Land of the shin-ing river Land of my heart for-ev-er Scot-land the brave

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