



Hark where the night is fal- ling, Hark hear the pipes a- cal- ling Loud- ly and



proud- ly cal- ling down through the glen, There where the hills are slee- ping Now feel the



blood a- lea- ping High as the spi- rits of the old High- land men. Tow- 'ring in gal- lant fame,



Scot- land my moun- tain hame, High may your proud stan- dards glor- ious- ly wave, 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!