

Scotland the Brave

*Let Italy boast of her gay gilded waters,
Her vines and her bowers and her soft sunny skies,
Her sons drinking love from the eyes of her daughters,
Where freedom expires amid softness and sighs.*

*Scotland's blue mountains wild where hoary cliffs are piled,
Towering in grandeur are dearer tae me,
Land of the misty cloud land of the tempest loud,
Land of the brave and proud land of the free.*

*Enthroned on the peak of her own highland mountains,
The spirit of Scotia reigns fearless and free,
Her green tartan waving o'er blue rock and fountain,
And proudly she sings looking over the sea.*

*Here among my mountains wild I have serenely smiled,
When armies and empires against me were hurled,
Firm as my native rock I have withstood the shock,
Of England, of Denmark, of Rome and the world.*

*But see how proudly her war steeds are prancing,
Deep groves of steel trodden down in their path,
The eyes of my sons like their bright swords are glancing,
Triumphantly riding through ruin and death.*

*Bold hearts and nodding plumes wave o'er their bloody tombs,
Deep-dyed in gore is the green tartan's wave,
Shivering are the ranks of steel dire is the horseman's wheel,
Victorious in battlefield Scotland the brave.*

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