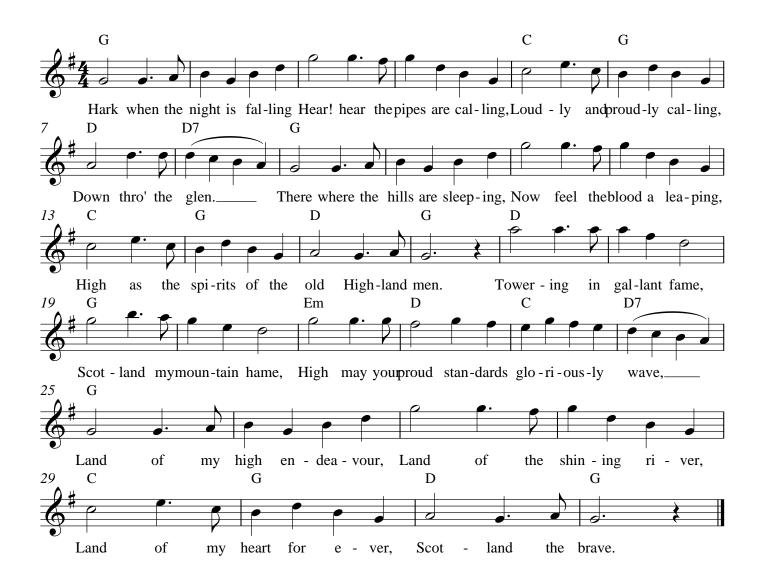
Scotland the Brave

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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 maiden's eyes. 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