

# John McDermott, Scotland For Ever (Scotland The Brave)

Scotland For Ever (Scotland the Brave) : To Cliff Hanley  
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, or 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-eyed 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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