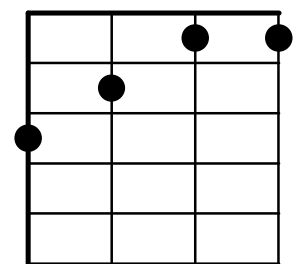


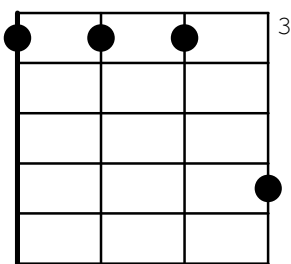
Far off in sunlit places
Sad are the Scottish faces
Yearning to feel the kiss
Of sweet Scottish rain
Where tropic skies are beaming
Love sets the heart a-dreaming
Longing and dreaming
For the homeland again

Hot as a burning ember
Flaming in bleak December
Burning within the hearts
Of clansmen afar
Calling to home and fire
Calling the sweet desire
Shining a light that beckons
From every star

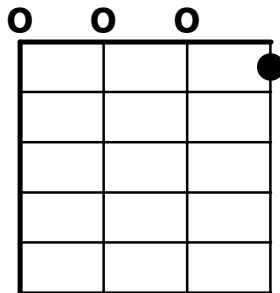
Bb



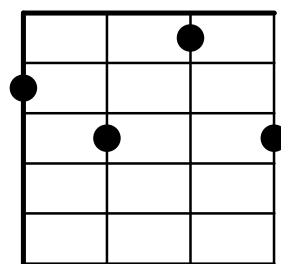
Eb



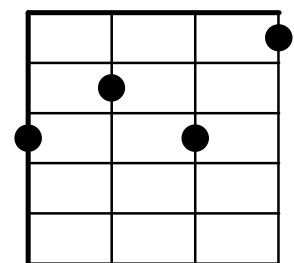
C7



F7



Gm



Dm

