

For Scotland's Honoured Men

(Malcolm Melville)

Words & Music by
JIM HOWARD

Allegro ♩ = 120

Chord diagrams: C, C sus4, C, C sus4, C, C maj7, F, C, F, C, Dm7, G, F, C, F, C maj7, F.

1. An auld thached hoose in
2. I see her lift the

Scot-land, whaur the sil-ver streams rins clear. Whaur the hea-ther decks the
bi-ble, frae the ta-ble 'ben the room. I hear her read a

moun-tain-side, in that glen sae ev-er dear. She waits ma puir auld
chap-ter, then — pit the bi-ble down. I see the tear draps

Mi-ther, for her bairn sae far a-wa' and prays He'll send him
on her cheek, she sobs sae hard and sair, oh whaur's ma bairn, ma

C Dm7 G F

safe - ly back, tae her and ane and a'. In ma dreams I see her
boy this neicht, will I ever see him mair? I can hear ma graun auld

G C F C

kneel - ling at ma bed be - side the wa', I hear her ask Him
Fai - ther lift up his voice in prayer, I hear him sing the

Am Dm7 G C C sus4

aye tae keep, what ev - er meicht be fa'.
Hun - dredth Psalm, we all join in the air.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

C sus4 C C sus4 F G

9.

They're far a - wa' frae their sweet hames, their

The musical score is written for guitar and piano. The guitar part is in the treble clef, and the piano part is in the bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The tempo and style are not specified.

Guitar Chords:

- C (C major)
- F (F major)
- C (C major)
- A m (A minor)
- D m 7 (D minor 7)
- G (G major)
- C (C major)
- C sus 4 (C major suspended 4)
- C (C major)
- C sus 4 (C major suspended 4)
- C (C major)

Vocal Line (Treble Clef):

herts are cold and still. We sing this sang tae ho - nour them, young Mal - com Mel-

Piano Line (Bass Clef):

ville.

3. Can ye think how sweet how sacred, are those memories noo tae me. I'm far awa' frae ma ain folk, in a land sae strange tae be. I'm deein' for auld Scotland, for ma Mither's hearth and hame, for ma land o' birth, the best on earth and for Scotland's honoured name. I can hear ma sister singing, the sangs I lo'e sae weel. "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon" and "The Land o' the Leal".

4. I'm back again in ma sweet hame, way down in the glen. I'm wandering through the auld hoose, whaur I've been baith 'but and ben'. I heard the horses neighing, ma han' is on the ploos, the graun auld hills, the graun auld dales, I see them a' the noo. But I ken ma strength is failing and I'm deein' far frae hame, I'm wrapped in Scotland's honour and enrolled in our ain fame.

5. He has promised me forgiveness, for a' dark days that hae past. I'm joining Him in Heaven, when I cross the bridge the last. I hear His roll-call sounding, I hear Him ca' me hame. Fareweel ma soldier comrades, a' the pain seems tae hae gane. Farewell ma dear auld Mither, God mend your broken hert, I've done ma duty faithfully, I've played the manly pairt.

6. Guid-bye, guid-bye, ma sister dear, I see ye on the hill. Ye are waiting for ma comin', but that is not His sweet will. Be kind to our auld Mither, cheer her declining days. Tell Faither I have faithfully, redeemed ma wayward ways. And sister, will ye speak to her, ma schoolmate leal and true, tell her I have her keepsake, it lies on ma hert the noo.

7. I hope that some dear comrade will luve her for ma sake. Will luve an' cherish fondly that dear hert I canna take. And think sometimes o' him wha's gane, wha luved her tae the last, wha died for her and those sae dear and noo his life is passed. The sun will rise o'er ma dear glen, the moon will wade the sea. The lark will sing his morning sang, but sing nae mair tae me.

8. For I'm deeing on a foreign field, far, far frae a' ma ain. Ma een would like tae see again, that dear auld thatched hame. Would I could hear ma Mither's prayer, as the darkness starts tae fa', and ma Faither clasps me tae his hert, before I gang awa'. Tae the land whaur shadows never rest, whaur the bonded are a' free. Whaur those that fell in freedom's name will sairly welcome me.

9. We sing this sang for freedom's sake, for auld Scotland's honoured name. For those young men who focht and died, we'll see them nae mair again. Wha left their puir auld mithers, their sisters on the hill, nae mair will hear their faithers sing, or see their sweethearts by the mill. They're far awa' frae their sweet hames, their herts are cold and still. We sing this sang tae honour them, for that we His sweet will.

Short Version, Verses 1, 2, 5, 8 and 9.