

Praise to the Man / Scotland the Brave

'Praise to the Man' text: William W. Phelps
One line of this text was changed to show that One, we forgive, and Two, vengeance belongs to the Lord; not us. And there's the matter of that Good-Neighbor policy.

Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah!
Jesus anointed that Prophet and Seer.
Blessed to open the last dispensation,
Kings shall extol him and nations revere.

Chorus:

*Hail to the Prophet, ascended to heaven!
Traitors and tyrants now fight him in vain.
Mingling with Gods, he can plan for his brethren;
Death cannot conquer the hero again.*

Praise to his mem'ry he died as a martyr;
Honored and blest be his ever great name!
Long shall his blood, which was shed by
assassins,
Stain Illinois, while the earth lauds his fame.

Great is his glory and endless his priesthood.
Ever and ever the keys he will hold.
Faithful and true, he will enter his kingdom,
Crowned in the midst of the prophets of old.

Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven;
Earth must atone for the blood of that man.
Wake up the world for the conflict of justice.
Millions shall know "Brother Joseph" again.

For those of you who have wondered concerning the words to "Scotland the Brave", here you go!

Hark when the night is falling,
Hear! hear the pipes are calling,

Loudly and proudly calling, down thro' the glen.
There where the hills are sleeping,
Now feel the blood a-leaping,
High as the spirits of the old Highland men.

Chorus:

*Towering in gallant fame,
Scotland my mountain hame!
High may your proud standards gloriously wave!
Land of my high endeavour,
Land of the shining river,
Land of my heart for ever!
Scotland the brave!*

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.

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!