

Scotland The Brave

André Rieu

Hark, when the night is falling
Hear, hear the pipes are calling
Loudly and proudly calling down through the glen
There where the hills are sleeping
now feel the blood a leaping
high as the spirits of the old highland men

Towering in gallant fame
Scotland my mountain hame
High may your proud standards gloriously wave

Land o' the high endeavour
Land o' the shining river
land o' my heart forever
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 maidens eyes.