

## 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.