Flower of Scotland

Roy M.B. Williamson

O Flower of Scotland, When will we see your
like again, That fought and died for
Your wee bit Hill and Glen and stood against him
proud Edward's
army, And sent him homeward
To think again.

The Hills are bare now, And Autumn leaves
lie thick and still, O'er land that is lost now,
Which those so dearly held, That stood against him,
Proud Edward's Army, And sent him homeward,
To think again.

O Flower of Scotland,
When will we see your like again,
That fought and died for,
Your wee bit Hill and Glen,
And stood against him,
Proud Edward's Army,
And sent him homeward,
To think again.