

## Flower of Scotland

Alestorm

Oh 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

Those days are past now  
And in the past they must remain  
But we can still rise now  
And be the nation again

That stood against him  
Proud Edward's army  
And sent him homeward  
To think again.

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