

Flower Of Scotland

The Corries

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

Those days are past now,
And in the past
they must remain,
But we can still rise now,
And be a nation again,
That stood against them,
Proud Edward's Army,
And sent them homeward,
Tae think again.

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