Flower of Scotland

ROY MB WILLIAMSON

O Flower of Scotland When will we see your like again, That
The Hills are bare now And Autumn leaves lie thick and still O'er
Those days are past now And in the past they must remain But
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
land that's lost now Which those so dearly held That stood against him
we can still rise now And be the nation against him
fought and died for Your wee bit Hill and Glen And stood against him

Army, And sent him home-ward Tae think again. The Hills are
Those days are
O Flower of