

# Flower of Scotland

Slow March

Trad



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  
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  
And stood against him  
Proud Edward's army  
And sent him homeward  
Tae think again

Those days are passed 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  
Tae think again