

# Flower of Scotland

ROY MB WILLIAMSON



O Flow- er of Scot- land When will we see your like a- gain, That  
The Hills are bare now And Au- tumn leaves lie thick and still O'er  
Those days are past now And in the past they must re- main But  
O Flow- er of Scot- land When will we see your like a- gain, That



fought and died for Your wee bit Hill and Glen And stood a- gainst him Proud Ed- ward's  
land that's lost now Which those so dear- ly held That stood a- gainst him  
we can still rise now And be the na- tion a- gain That stood a- gainst him  
fought and died for Your wee bit Hill and Glen And stood a- gainst him



Ar- my, And sent him home- ward Tae think a- gain. The Hills are  
Those days are  
O Flow- er of