

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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