

## Flowers of Scotland - Scotlands War - scottish life (songs, hotels, visit, map)

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 Saturday, 03 March 2007  
 Last Updated Saturday, 21 April 2007

### Flowers of Scotland

The song Flower of Scotland is the un-official Hymn for de Scottish Nation. It Was composed by Roy Williamson in the 60's and is often heard before the rugby games played by thne scottish national team, especially when playing the English.

Here is the text of « Flower of Scotland » :

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  
 That stood against him  
 Proud Edward's Army  
 And sent him homeward  
 Tae 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,  
 Tae think again.

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.

For your info, the official Scottish Hymn is « Scotland the Brave » :

Hark when the night is falling  
 Hear! hear the pipes are calling,  
 Loudly and proudly calling,  
 Down thro' the glen.  
 There where the hills are sleeping,  
 Now feel the blood a-leaping,  
 High as the spirits  
 of the old Highland men.

Towering in gallant fame,  
 Scotland my mountain hame,  
 High may your proud  
 standards gloriously wave,  
 Land of my high endeavour,  
 Land of the shining river,  
 Land of my heart for ever,  
 Scotland the brave.

High in the misty Highlands,  
Out by the purple islands,  
Brave are the hearts that beat  
Beneath Scottish skies.  
Wild are the winds to meet you,  
Staunch are the friends that greet you,  
Kind as the love that shines  
from fair maiden's eyes.

Towering in gallant fame,  
Scotland my mountain hame,  
High may your proud  
standards gloriously wave,  
Land of my high endeavour,  
Land of the shining river,  
Land of my heart for ever,  
Scotland the brave.

Far off in sunlit places,  
Sad are the Scottish faces,  
Yearning to feel the Kiss  
Of sweet Scottish rain.  
Where tropic skies are beaming,  
Love sets the heart a-dreaming,  
Longing and dreaming  
for the homeland again.

Towering in gallant fame,  
Scotland my mountain hame,  
High may your proud  
standards gloriously wave,  
Land of my high endeavour,  
Land of the shining river,  
Land of my heart for ever,  
Scotland the brave.

Formore information about the history of Scotalnd, see [Scotland Civil Wars](#) .