



## CABIN SONGS LYRICS

These Lyrics are under review and will be updated accordingly over time. If you have any suggestions, changes or corrections to make, please get in touch. Email [graeme@mackaymusic.co.uk](mailto:graeme@mackaymusic.co.uk)

Updated song sheets will be posted on social media pages such as facebook, please follow [www.facebook.com/ceilidhcabin](https://www.facebook.com/ceilidhcabin) to stay up to date on news & events.

All the best folks, enjoy the tunes and the songs, see you soon

Graeme.

## **Track 1**

### **I love A Lassie**

I love a lassie, a bonnie bonnie lassie,  
She's as pure as a lily in the dell,  
She's sweet as the heather, the bonnie  
bloomin' heather,  
Mary, my Scots bluebell

### **Roamin' In the Gloamin'**

Roamin' in the gloamin' by the bonnie banks o'  
Clyde,  
Roamin' in the gloamin' wi' ma lassie by ma  
side,  
When the sun has gone to rest,  
That's the time that we love best,  
Oh, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'.  
Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie banks o'  
Clyde,  
Roamin' in the gloamin' wi' ma lassie by ma  
side,  
When the sun has gone to rest,  
That's the time that we love best,  
Oh, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'

### **Donald Where's Yer Troosers?**

I've just come down from the Isle of Skye  
I'm no very big and I'm awful shy  
And the lassies shout when I go by  
Donald, where's your troosers?  
Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
Through the streets in my kilt, I'll go  
All the lassies say hello  
Donald, where's your troosers?

A lassie took me to a ball  
And it was slippery in the hall  
And I was feared that I would fall  
For I had nae on my troosers

Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
Through the streets in my kilt, I'll go  
All the lassies say hello  
Donald, where's your troosers?

### **Star o Rabbie Burns**

There is a star whose beaming ray  
Is shed on ev'ry clime.  
It shines by night, it shines by day  
And ne'er grows dim wi' time.  
It rose upon the banks of Ayr,  
It shone on Doon's clear stream -  
A hundred years are gane and mair,  
Yet brighter grows its beam.

#### *Chorus*

Let kings and courtiers rise and fa',  
This world has mony turns  
But brightly beams aboon them a'  
The star o' Rabbie Burns.

## **Track 2**

### **Oh My Jock Mackay**

Oh my name is MacKay from the island of  
Skye,  
And just how I left there I'll never know why.  
There were girls by the score whom I'd longed  
to adore,

But the lassies back hame hae a gleam in their  
eye.

Oh they call me Mackay when I stroll down  
Broadway.

That's the price that I pay for my roaming.  
But I'm going home to rest in the land I love  
best,

And the welcome I'll hear when I'm homing ....

(It'll be) Oh my, Jock Mackay,  
Tell me who is the girl that you'll marry?  
Is it Molly or Clare from Maddison Square,  
Or bonnie young Jean from Glengarry?

### **Gordon for me**

I'm Georgie McKay  
of the HLI,  
I'm fond o' the lassies and a drappie forbye  
One day when out walking I chanced to see,  
A bonnie wee lass wi' a glint in her ee'.  
Says I tae the lassie will you walk for a while,  
I'll buy ye a bonnet and we'll do it in style,  
My kilt is McKenzie o' the HLI,  
She looked at me shyly and said wi' a sigh:

"A Gordon for me, a Gordon for me,  
If you're no' a Gordon, you're nae use to me,  
The Black Watch are braw, the Seaforths an'  
a',  
But the cocky wee Gordon's the pride o' them  
a'

### Track 3

#### Bonnie Wee Jeannie McColl

A fine wee lass, a bonnie wee lass, is bonnie  
wee Jeannie McColl;

I gave her my mother's engagement ring and a  
bonnie wee tartan shawl.

I met her at a waddin' in the Co-operative Hall  
I wis the best man and she was the belle of the  
ball.

The very first nicht I met her, she was awfy,  
awfy shy,

The rain cam' pourin' doon, but she was happy,  
so was I.

We ran like mad for shelter, an' we landed up a  
stair,

The rain cam' poorin' oot o' ma breeks, but och  
I didna care:

For she's a

A fine wee lass, a bonnie wee lass, is bonnie  
wee Jeannie McColl;

I gave her my mother's engagement ring and a  
bonnie wee tartan shawl.

I met her at a waddin' in the Co-operative Hall  
I wis the best man and she was the belle of  
the ball.

#### Soor milk cairt

Oh, I am a country chappie,  
an Ah'm serving at Polnoon,  
A wee bit fairm near Eaglesham,  
that fine auld-fashioned toon,  
Whaur in the mornin early, a little efter three  
We tak the road richt merrily,  
ma auld black horse and me.

Wi her cheeks red as roses  
an her e'en sae bonnie blue,  
Glancin, entrancin,  
they pierced me through and through,  
She fairly won ma fancy an she stole awa ma  
hert,  
Drivin intae Glesga in ma soor mulk cairt.

#### Lassie Come And Dance with Me

Oh lassie come and dance with me  
the stars begin to shine,

Oh lassie come and dance with me  
and say you will be mine.

Put our arms around each other as happy as can be  
And as i love no'other lassie, come and dance with  
me.

When the fiddler starts a tuning  
and the band begins to play,  
There's laughter in the music and  
the laddy's heart was gay,

But a lassie alwa'ld fancy by his loving side would  
play,  
How'dya'do the music you'll hear the lassie say.

Oh lassie come and dance with me  
the stars begin to shine,

Oh lassie come and dance with me  
and say you will be mine.

Put our arms around each other as happy as can be,  
And as i n'other lassie come and dance with me.

#### Aunty Mary...

Aunty Mary Had a canary  
Up the Leg of her Drawers  
She pulled a string and made them ring  
And down came Santa Claus

### Track 4

#### Daisy daisy

Daisy, Daisy give me your heart to do  
I'm half crazy, hopeful in love with you

It won't be a stylish marriage

I can't afford the carriage

But you look sweet upon the street

On a bicycle built for two

#### I belong to Glasgow

I belong to Glasgow

Dear old Glasgow town

Well what's the matter with Glasgow

For it's goin' 'roon and 'roon

I'm only a common old working chap

As anyone here can see

But when I get a couple of drinks on a

Saturday

Glasgow belongs to me

#### My Bonnie lies over the ocean

My Bonnie lies over the ocean

My Bonnie lies over the sea

Well, my Bonnie lies over the ocean

Yeah, bring back my Bonnie to me

Yeah bring back, ah bring back

Oh bring back my Bonnie to me to me (to me)

Bring Back, bring back,

Oh bring back my Bonnie to me

## **When Irish eyes are smiling**

When Irish eyes are smiling  
Sure it's like a morning spring.  
In the lilt of Irish laughter,  
You can hear the angels sing.  
When Irish hearts are happy,  
All the world seems bright and gay.  
And when Irish eyes are smiling,  
Sure, they steal your heart away.

### **Loch Lomond**

You'll take the high road and I'll take the low  
road,  
And I'll be in Scotland afore you.  
Where me and my true love will never meet  
again,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

## **Track 5**

### **If you're Irish**

come into the parlour  
There's a welcome there for you  
If your name is Timothy or Pat  
So long as you come from Ireland  
There's a welcome on the mat  
If you come from the Mountains of Mourne  
Or Killarney's lakes so blue  
We'll sing you a song and we'll make a fuss  
Whoever you are you are one of us  
If you're Irish, this is the place for you

## **With me shillelagh under me arm**

With me shillelagh under me arm  
And a twinkle in me eye  
I'll be off to Tipperary in the morning.  
With me shillelagh under me arm  
And a toora loora lie  
I'll be welcome in the home that I was born in.

Me mother's told the neighbors  
I'm going to settle down,  
Phil the fluter's coming out  
To play me round the town.  
With me shillelagh under me arm  
And a toora loora lie  
I'll be off to Tipperary in the morning.  
Pat McCarthy's goin' to have  
A party Friday night,  
I'll be there, bejabers,  
'Cause there's bound to be a fight.

## **Track 6**

### **Black velvet band**

In a neat little town they call Belfast  
Apprentice to a trade I was bound  
And many's an hour's sweet happiness  
Have I spent in this neat little town.

A sad misfortune came over me  
Which caused me to stray from the land  
Far away from my friends and relations  
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

Her eyes they shone like diamonds  
I thought her the queen of the land  
And her hair hung over her shoulders  
Tied up with a black velvet band.

I took a stroll down Broadway  
Meaning not long for to stay  
When who should I meet but this pretty fair  
maid  
Came a traipsing along the highway

She was both fair and handsome  
Her neck it was just like a swans'  
And her hair is hung over her shoulder  
Tied up with a black velvet band.

Her eyes they shone like diamonds  
I thought her the queen of the land  
And her hair hung over her shoulders  
Tied up with a black velvet band.

## **Cockle's & Mussels**

In Dublin's fair city  
Where the girls are so pretty  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone  
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow  
Through streets broad and narrow  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh  
Alive, alive, oh  
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

She was a fishmonger  
And sure 'twas no wonder  
For so were her father and mother before  
And they both wheeled their barrows  
Through streets broad and narrow  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh  
Alive, alive, oh  
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

## Tack 7

### Rose of Allendale

The moon was bright, the night was clear  
No breeze came over the sea  
When Mary left her highland home  
And wandered forth with me  
The flowers be-decked the mountainside  
And fragrance filled the vale

But by far the sweetest flower there  
Was the rose of Allendale

Oh the rose of Allendale  
Sweet rose of Allendale

By far the sweetest flower there  
Was the rose of Allendale

Where e'er I wandered east or west  
Though fate began to lour  
A solace still was she to me  
In sorrow's lonely hour  
When tempests lashed our lonely barque  
And rent her quivering sail  
One maiden's form withstood the storm

'Twas the rose of Allendale

Oh sweet rose of Allendale  
Sweet rose of Allendale  
One maiden's form withstood the storm  
'Twas the rose of Allendale

## The Hiking Song

Oh' the wanderlust is on me  
And tonight I strike the trail  
And the morning sun will find me  
In the lovely Lomond Vale  
Then I'll hike it through Glen Falloch  
Where the mountain breezes blow  
And we'll darn up in the evening  
In the valley of Glencoe

Then swing along to a hiking song  
On the highway winding west  
Tramping highland glens and bracken bens  
To greet the Isles we love the best

Then I'll bivouac and slumber  
Till the dawn gives place to day

And I'll wander by the river  
That inspired old Ossian's Lay  
Then I'll do some mountaineering  
On the Bidean's snowy crest  
Just to view the Hills o' Derry  
And the islands o' the west

Then swing along to a hiking song  
On the highway winding west  
Tramping highland glens and bracken bens  
To greet the Isles we love the best

She died of a fever  
And no one could save her  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone  
But her ghost wheels her barrow  
Through streets broad and narrow  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh  
Alive, alive, oh  
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh  
Alive, alive, oh  
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

### Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many's the year  
And I've spent all me money on whiskey and  
beer  
But now I'm returning with gold in great store  
And I never will play the wild rover no more

And it's no, nay, never  
No, nay never no more  
Will I play the wild rover  
No never no more

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent  
I told the landlady my money was spent  
I ask her for credit, she answered me nay  
Such a custom as yours I can have any day

And it's no, nay, never  
No, nay never no more  
Will I play the wild rover  
No never no more

And it's no, nay, never  
No, nay never no more  
Will I play the wild rover  
No never no more

## **Track 8**

### **Naver Bay**

Where the Naver meets the sea  
That's the place I long to be  
Where the crofters tend their sheep  
and make their hay  
Workin' on a threshin' mill  
Back in bonny Bettyhill  
In a place that's known as Bonny Naver Bay.

You can go to Kirtomy  
That's a place beside the sea  
Or to Hope or Tongue a few miles further west  
Ah but if I had my way  
I would stay by Naver Bay  
It is the place I dearly love the best.

Where the Naver meets the sea  
That's the place I long to be  
Where the crofters tend their sheep  
and make their hay  
Workin' on a threshin' mill  
Back in bonny Bettyhill  
In a place that's known as Bonny Naver Bay.

### **Waters of Kylesku**

By Clebrig and Ben Loyal and the bonnie Kyle  
of Tongue,  
The roads we oft times travelled in the days  
when we were young;  
There's magic and there's beauty in those Hills  
while passing through,  
There's many a mile from Melness to the  
Waters of Kylesku.

O'er all of Bonnie Scotland I dearly love the  
west,  
It's bens and glens in summer time they surely  
are the best;  
There's grandeur and there's beauty in those  
Hills while passing through,  
There's many a mile from Lairg to the Waters  
of Kylesku.

### **OVER THE ORD**

(Chorus) NOW COME ALL YE PEOPLE, COME  
OVER THE ORD  
THERE'S A WELCOME AWAITING THAT YOU  
CAN AFFORD  
BE YE A PAUPER OR BE YE A LORD  
YOU WILL ALWAYS BE WELCOME  
IN CAITHNESS

THERE ARE LOCHIES  
AND BURNIES, BROCHANS AND BRAES  
QUAINT LITTLE HAMLETS AND HAVENS AND  
BAYS  
ALL PLACES YOU'LL CHERISH THE REST OF  
YOUR DAYS  
WITH A WARM HEARTED WELCOME  
IN CAITHNESS

FOR THE LAND THERE BELOW, THE PLACE OF  
MY BIRTH  
IS CARRESSED BY THE WAVES OF THE  
WILD PENTLAND FIRTH  
OF ALL THE FINE PLACES THAT I'VE EVER  
SEEN  
THERE IN NO FINER COUNTY  
THAN CAITHNESS

## **Dancing In Kyle**

When the sun has gone down on the dark  
western islands  
Our work is all done for a while.  
Then we gather together whatever the  
weather  
And drive to the dancing in Kyle  
Now there's Marie and Duncan and Morag and  
Callum  
Fiona and Kenna and Dawn  
And were driving from Dornie Glenelg and  
Killinen  
And laughing as we race along.

2. Now Rory will sing of the beauties of Isley  
And Seamus of Stornaway's isle  
And the finest of dancers will show us the  
lancers  
When we go to the dancing in Kyle  
Theres the swirl o the kilt and the skirl o the  
pipes  
And Ken Masons accordion band  
And its ah for the eightsome and ah for the jig  
And the dashing white seargent is grand.

3. Soon the dawn will be showing the great  
mountains glowing  
And we must drive many a mile  
But we'll leave Inverinate and Ardelve and  
Dornie  
Next time that there's dancing in Kyle  
And we'll laugh and we'll sing and we'll hueoch  
and we'll swing  
And we'll set to our partners in style  
For there's nothing so grand in the whole of  
the land  
As to drive to the dancing in Kyle.

## Track 9

### Scotland the Brave

Hark when the night is falling  
Hear! hear the pipes are calling

Loudly and proudly calling

Down through 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 rivers

Land of my heart for ever

Scotland the brave

### The Thistle o' Scotland

O, the Thistle o' Scotland was famous of auld,  
Wi' its toorie sae snod and its bristles sae  
bald;

'Tis the badge o' my country – it's aye dear to  
me;

And the thocht o' them baith brings the licht to  
my e'e. Its strength and its beauty the storm  
never harms;

It stan's on its guard like a warrior in arms;  
Yet its down is saft as the gull's on the sea,  
And its tassel as bricht as my Jeanie's blue  
e'e.

O, The Thistle, etc.

## We're No Awa tae Bide Awa

As I gaed doon by Wilsontoon

I met auld Johnnie Scobbie,

Says I to him will ye hae a hauf,

Says he, "Man! That's my hobby."

### *Chorus:*

For we're no' awa' tae bide awa',

For we're no' awa' tae le'e ye,

For we're no' awa' tae bide awa',

We'll aye come back an' see ye.

### Mairi's wedding

Step we gaily, on we go,

Heel for heel and toe for toe

Arm in arm and row on row

All for Marie's wedding

Over hillways up and down

Myrtle green and bracken brown

Past the shielings through the town

All for sake of Marie

Step we gaily, on we go

Heel for heel and toe for toe

Arm in arm and row on row

All for Marie's wedding

## Track 10

### Dark Island

Away to the westward, I'm longing to be

Where the beauties of heaven

Unfold by the sea

Where the sweet purple heather blooms

Fragrant and free, On a hilltop high above

The Dark Island

So gentle the sea breeze, That ripples the bay

Where the stream joins the ocean

And young children play, On the strand of pure  
silver

I'll welcome each day, And I'll roam for ever  
more

The Dark Island

### Skye Boat Song

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the  
wing, Onward, the sailors cry!

Carry the lad that's born to be King  
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds cry, loud the waves  
roar, Thunderclaps rend the air.

Baffled our foes stand by the shore.  
Follow they will not dare

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the  
wing, Onward, the sailors cry!

Carry the lad that's born to be King  
Over the sea to Skye.

### Westering Home

Westering home and a song in the air  
Light in the eye and its good by to care  
Laughter o' love and a welcoming there

Isle of my heart my own land

Tell me a tale of the Orient gay

Tell me of riches that come from Cathay

Ah but it's grand to be waken at day  
And find oneself nearer to Islay

And it's westering home with a song in the air

Light of me eye and it's goodbye to care

Laughter and love are a welcoming there

Pride of my heart my own love

## Track 11

### 40 Shades

Green, green, forty shades of green

I close my eyes and picture  
The emerald of the sea  
From the fishing boats at Dingle  
To the shores of Donaghadee

I miss the river Shannon  
And the folks at Skibbereen  
The moorlands and the meddle  
With their forty shades of green

But most of all I miss a girl  
In Tipperary town  
And most of all I miss her lips  
As soft as eiderdown

Again I want to see and do  
The things we've done and seen  
Where the breeze is sweet as Shalimar  
And there's forty shades of green  
(Green, green, forty shades of green)

I wish that I could spend an hour  
At Dublin's churching surf  
I'd love to watch the farmers  
Drain the bogs and spade the turf

To see again the thatching  
Of the straw the women glean  
I'd walk from Cork to Larne to see  
The forty shades of green

But most of all I miss a girl  
In Tipperary town  
And most of all I miss her lips  
As soft as eiderdown

Again I want to see and do  
The things we've done and seen  
Where the breeze is sweet as Shalimar  
And there's forty shades of green

### Pokarekare Ana

Pōkarekare ana, ngā wai o Waiapu  
Whiti atu koe hine, marino ana e.

E hine e, hoki mai ra  
Ka mate ahau i te aroha e.

Tuhituhi taku reta, tuku atu taku rīngi  
Kia kite tō iwi, raru raru ana e.

E hine e, hoki mai ra  
Ka mate ahau i te aroha e.

E kore te aroha, e maroke i te rā  
Mākūkū tonu i aku roimata e.

E hine e, hoki mai ra  
Ka mate ahau i te aroha e.

Whati whati taku pene, kua pau aku pepa  
Ko taku aroha, mau tonu ana e.

E hine e, hoki mai ra  
Ka mate ahau i te aroha e

## Track 12

### Loch marie Islands

Show me Airigh 'n Eilean, below me Loch  
Maree  
Oh leave me to my solitude and let me wander  
free

To climb the rocky mountains and to search  
the glen below  
For a fine ten pointer or a royal 'O'

Oh, give to me a rifle and set me on the trail  
High on the hillside, the early sunshine pale  
Rising over Maiden and reflecting on Fraymore  
High on the hillside, all the royal rivals roar

Show me Airigh 'n Eilean, below me Loch  
Maree  
Oh leave me to my solitude and let me wander  
free

To climb the rocky mountains and to search  
the glen below  
For a fine ten pointer or a royal 'O'

### Kishorn Commandos

We're the Kishorn Commandos way up in  
Wester Ross  
We've never had a gaffer, we've never had  
a boss  
But we'll build the biggest oil-rig you've  
ever come across  
Remember we're the Kishorn Commandos



## Track 13

### Road & Miles to Dundee

Cauld winter was howlin', o'er moor and o'er  
mountain  
And wild was the surge, on the dark rolling  
sea.  
When just about daybreak, I met a young  
lassie,  
Wha asked me the road, and the miles to  
Dundee.

So here's to my lassie, I ne'er can for-get her  
And il-ka young laddie, wha's list'ning to me,  
O nev-er be a sweer, to convoy a young lassie  
Though it's only to show her, the road to  
Dundee

### Bonnie Dundee

To the Lords o' convention 'twas Claverhouse  
spoke  
E'er the King's Crown go down, there are  
crowns to be broke  
So each cavalier who loves honor and me  
Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee

Come fill up my cup, come fill up can  
Come saddle my horses and call out my men  
Unhook the West Port, and let us gae free  
For it's up with the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee

Every single morning we get wakened by a  
shout  
Get up, ye idle buggers, won't you get the  
finger out  
And what do we get for breakfast? Seven pints  
of stout  
Remember we're the Kishorn Commandos  
  
We're the Kishorn Commandos way up in  
Wester Ross  
We've never had a gaffer, we've never had  
a boss  
But we'll build the biggest oil-rig you've  
ever come across  
Remember we're the Kishorn Commandos

Show me Airigh 'n Eilean, below me Loch  
Maree  
Oh leave me to my solitude and let me wander  
free  
To climb the rocky mountains and to search  
the glen below  
For a fine ten pointer or a royal 'O'

Show me Airigh 'n Eilean, below me Loch  
Maree  
Oh leave me to my solitude and let me wander  
free  
To climb the rocky mountains and to search  
the glen below  
For a fine ten pointer or a royal 'O'

Dundee, he is mounted, and rides up the street  
The bells, they ring backwards, the drums,  
they are beat  
But the provost douce man says, "Just let it  
be"  
But the toon is well rid o' that devil Dundee

Come fill up my cup, come fill up can  
Come saddle my horses and call out my men  
Unhook the West Port, and let us gae free  
For it's up with the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee

### Dark Lochnagar

Away ye grey landscapes, ye gardens o' roses  
In you let the minions of luxury rove  
And restore me the rocks where the snowflake  
reposes

If still they are sacred to freedom and love  
Brave Caledonia, dear are thy mountains  
Round their white summits though elements  
war

Though cataracts roar 'stead of smooth-  
flowing fountains  
I sigh for the valley o' dark Lochnagar

## Track 14

### Lights of Lochindal

From Mull to the pentland Skerries, from  
Skye to Colonsay

From Staffa to Iona and the sands of  
Castle Bay.

Each Island has it's magic, which holds  
men in it's thrall

But always in my dreams I'll see  
the lights of Lochindaal

T'was there on summers night boys, as  
we strolled hand in hand, listening to the  
sea waves whisper softly on the sand

T'was there she said she loved me, that  
she would be my all,

Oh How the moonbeams danced that  
night on lovely lochindaal.

I'm now a few years older

I've left dear Islay's shore, I'm living in the  
city now among the smoky roar

But through the crowded bustle I still can  
hear the call

Of cattle in the evening  
By the shores of lochindaal

And soon I shall return again, to Islay's  
gentle shore

And see across the tide waves wide

The bright lights of Bowmore

Or wander through Bruichladdich, as night  
begins to fall

And see the moonlit beam  
On lovely Lochindaal

From Mull to the pentland Skerries, from  
Skye to Colonsay

From Staffa to Iona and the sands of  
Castle Bay.

Each Island has it's magic, which holds  
men in it's thrall

But always in my dreams I'll see  
the lights of Lochindaal

From Mull to the pentland Skerries, from  
Skye to Colonsay

From Staffa to Iona and the sands of  
Castle Bay.

Each Island has it's magic, which holds  
men in it's thrall

But always in my dreams I'll see  
the lights of Lochindaal

## Track 15

### 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

The Hills are bare now  
And Autumn leaves lie thick and still

O'er land that is lost now  
That though so dearly held

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