

Flower of Scotland

The Wolfe Tones

Alone all alone by the wave-washed strand
And alone in a crowded hall
The hall it is gay and the waves they are grand
But but my heart is not here at all
It lies far away by night and by day
To the times and the joys that are gone
But I never will forget the sweet maiden I met
In the valley near Slievenamon
Oh it was not the grace of her queenly air
Nor her cheeks of roses glow
Nor her soft black eyes nor her flowing hair
Nor was it her lily white brow
'Twas the soul of truth and of melting ruth
And the smile like a summer's dawn
that stole my heart away one soft summer's day
In the valley near Slievenamon.
In the festive hall by the star watched shore Oh ever
my restless spirit cries
My love oh my love will I ne'er see you more
And my land will you never arise
By night and by day I ever ever pray
While lonely my life flows on
To see our flag unrolled
And my true love to enfold
In the valley near Slievenamon.