

*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.*

*The Flower of Scotland*

## Alexander Christie McKellar



\* 3. März 1953  
in Paisley

† 31. August 2012  
in Fürth

*„Du bist Schotte geblieben  
und Fürther geworden.*

*Du hast den Kilt mit dem gleichen Stolz getragen  
wie das Kleeblatt auf der Brust.*

*Du hast diese Stadt und unser Leben  
mit Deiner Lebensfreude, Deiner Liebe  
und Deiner Musik unendlich bereichert.*

*Wir sind sehr dankbar,  
dass wir Deine Freunde sein durften.*

*Du wirst Fürth sehr fehlen,  
aber Fürth wird Dich nie vergessen.“*

**Fürth im September 2012**

