FLOWER OF THE HIGHLANDS Key of C 349

(A tribute to the late Ted Konig)

Music by Ted Konig © 2010 - Lyrics by Colin McLaren © 2020
Arranged by Col Crawford © 2020

Intro:- Instrumental (last line of verse) **Time Signature: 3/4** **Tempo: 80 bpm**

C C7 F C
Up on the hills that kilt the Clyde – and in the glens of wild Speyside,
Am Em7 Bb G7sus4
It is there that you are sure to find - our bonnie Highland flower,
C C7 F C
That's where the black grouse builds her nest – and mountain hares lie down to rest,
F F#dim7 C Am7 Fm6 C G7 C
And the herds of mighty red deer – bow their heads to slowly graze.
Am Em7 F C
Through the valley of great Glencoe – when the ground is free from snow,
Am Em7 Bb G7sus4
It is there that you will also see – that our Highland flower does grow,
C Gm7 C7 F C
'Tis where the golden eagles fly – high on the thermals in the sky,
F F#dim7 C Am7 Fm6 C G7 C
As they scan the purple carpet – on the moorlands far below.

Repeat last line as instrumental

C C7 F C
Now if you cross the sea to Skye – you'll see the Cuillin peaks rise high,
Am Em7 Bb G7sus4
It is there that you will also find – our bonnie Highland flower,
C C7 F C
That's where Prince Charlie fled the foe – in yesteryears so long ago,
F F#dim7 C Am7 Fm6 C G7 C
After fighting for his Kingdom – on the grey Culloden fields.
Am Em7 F C
If you sail across to Islay – you will see our flower once more,
Am Em7 Bb G7sus4
When you make that scenic journey from - old Port Ellen to Bowmore,
C Gm7 C7 F C
That's where our famous whisky stills – brew malted barley from our mills,
F F#dim7 C Am7 Fm6 C G7 C
To produce that amber liquid – that gives peaty flavoured thrills.

Repeat last line as instrumental

FLOWER OF THE HIGHLANDS Key of C 349 (cont'd)

C C7 F C
Now whilst our bluebells are sae braw – and whilst our thistle is anaw,
Am Em7 Bb G7sus4
And our broom floodlights our Borders hills – with a show of yellow blaze,
C C7 F C
It's with her vibrant purple hue – and in her rare white version too,
F F#dim7 C Am7 Fm6 C G7 C
That the bonnie blooming heather – is our ain true Highland flower.
Am Em7 F C
Through the Highland glens and mountains – in my youth I'd often stride,
Am Em7 Bb G7sus4
And I'd pick some sprigs of heather for – the braw lassies by my side,
C Gm7 C7 F C
And when my time has come to part – I'll have a yearning in my heart,
F F#dim7 C Am7 Fm6 C G7 C
That they'll lay me 'neath the heather – Scotland's ain true Highland flower.

Repeat last line as instrumental - SLOWLY

Glossary

Ain - own
Anaw - also
Bonnie – beautiful
Braw – beautiful
Broom – a flowering shrub
Lassie – young lady
Sae – so
Sprig - twig
Stills – distilleries
© - Copyright