

**Flower of Norton Hill**

**Words & Music Richard Grainger**

I wandered by the old museum  
Its tower standing tall  
Displaying all its history  
On every gallery wall  
It was there among antiquity  
And by those hallowed shelves  
I found a rare and bonny flower  
The flower of Norton Hill

The Rose in June The Heather, broom  
The Farndale daffodil  
There's none so rare nor can compare  
To the flower of Norton Hill  
The flower of Norton Hill me boys  
The flower of Norton hill  
There's none so rare as can compare  
To the flower of Norton hill

The days and nights went slowly by  
But rest was hard to find  
Every hour and every day  
The flower filled my mind  
Then one day I took my time  
And told to her my will  
And she agreed to come with me  
The flower of Norton Hill

I've travelled north and to the east  
Been south in burning sun  
Seen snow-capped rocky-mountains boys  
A sea where grey whale run  
Been struck in awe by purple moor  
Its curlew stark and trill  
But nothing ever moved me like  
The flower of Norton Hill

Now our ties are bound in finest steel  
And so the die is cast  
And in the blinking of an eye  
I know the years will pass  
And in the quiet of the night  
When all the world is still  
I bless the day she chanced my way  
The Flower of Norton Hill

