

The Scottish Soldier (Green Hills of Tyrol)

There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier
Who wandered far away and soldiered far away
There was none bolder, with good broad shoulder
He's fought in many a fray, and fought and won.
He'd seen the glory and told the story
Of battles glorious and deeds nefarious
But now he's sighing, his heart is crying
To leave these green hills of Tyrol.

Chorus
Because these green hills
Are not highland hills
Or the island hills,
The're not my land's hills
And fair as these green foreign hills may be
They are not the hills of home.

And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier
Who wandered far away and soldiered far away
Sees leaves are falling and death is calling
And he will fade away, in that far land.
He called his piper, his trusty piper
And bade him sound a lay a pibroch sad to play
Upon a hillside, a Scottish hillside
Not on these green hills of Tyrol.
Chorus

And so this soldier, this Scottish soldier
Will wander far no more and soldier far no more
And on a hillside, a Scottish hillside
You'll see a piper play his soldier home.
He'd seen the glory, he'd told his story
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious
The bugles cease now, he is at peace now
Far from those green hills of Tyrol.
Chorus

Melody - Seq. by Barry Taylor