

A SCOTTISH SOLDIER



There was a soldier,
a Scottish soldier
Who wandered far away and
soldiered far away
There was none bolder
with good broad shoulder
He fought many affray,
and fought and won

He'd seen the glory,
he'd told the story
Of battles glorious
and deeds victorious
But now he's sighing,
his heart is crying
To leave those green hills of Tyrol

(Chorus)

Because those green hills
are not highland hills
Or the island hills,
they'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 those green hills of Tyrol
(Chorus)

And now 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's seen the glory,
he's told the story
Of battles glorious
and deeds victorious
The bugle's ceased now,
he is at peace now
Far from those green hills of Tyrol
(Chorus x 2)