A Scottish Soldier (Green Hills Of Tyrol)

Andy M. Stewart

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's seen the glory
He 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

Because these 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's called his piper
His trusty piper
And bade him sound alay
A pi-broch sad to play

Upon a hillside
A Scottish hillside
Not on these
Green hills of Tyrol

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 bugles cease now
He is at peace now
Far from those
Green hills of Tyrol

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