

# 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