



Scottish Songs



The 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 shoulders,
He fought in many a fray and fought and won.

He's seen the glory, he's told the story,
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious.
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's hills, they're not my land's hills,
As 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, on that dark land.

He called his piper, his trusty piper,
And bade him sound away, a pibroch sad to play,
Upon a hillside, a Scottish hillside
Not on these green hills of Tyrol

Chorus

And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier,
Who wanders far no more, and soldiers far no more,
Now on a hillside, a Scottish hillside,
You'll see a piper play this soldier home.

He's seen the glory, he's told the story,
Of battles glorious, and deeds victorious;
But he will cease now, he is at peace now,
Far from these green hills of Tyrol

Chorus