

The Corries

"Scottish soldier"

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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 in many a fray and fought and won
he'd seen the glory and told the story
of battles glorious and deeds victorious
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 the soldier the 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 fair 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

and so the soldier the scottish soldier
will wander far no more and soldier far no more
and on a hillside a scottish hillside
you'll hear a piper play his soldier home
he'd seen the glory and told the story
of battles glorious and deeds victorious
the bugles cease now he is at peace now
far from these 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

