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 his 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'd wandered far away and soldiered far away sees leaves are falling and death is calling and he will fade away in that far land so he called his piper his trusty piper and bade him sound a lay, a pibroch sad to play upon a hillside but Scottish hillside not on 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

and now 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 his 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 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

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