

## **Steve McKenna**

### **"Scottish Soldier"**

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These are our soldiers, our Scottish soldiers  
Who wandered far away and soldiered far away  
There are none bolder with good broad shoulder  
Who fought in many affray, and fought and won

Theyâ€™d seen the glory, and told the story  
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious  
Now theyâ€™re returning, their hearts are pounding  
To see those green hills of their home

Because these green hills are the highland hills  
And the island hills, they are my hills  
As fair as these green, foreign hills may be  
They are not the hills of home

And so these soldiers, these Scottish soldiers  
Will wander far away to fight another day  
And on a hillside, a Scottish hillside  
Theyâ€™ll hear a piper play them home

Theyâ€™d seen the glory, theyâ€™d told the story  
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious  
Our heroes home now, they must move on now  
Back to those green hills they call home

Because these green hills are the highland hills  
And the island hills, they are my hills  
As fair as these green, foreign hills may be  
They are not the hills of home

Because these green hills are the highland hills  
And the island hills, they are my hills  
As fair as those green, foreign hills may be  
They are not the hills of home

And now these soldiers, these Scottish soldiers  
Who wandered far away, soldiered far away  
Our friends are falling, but hope is calling  
The fight for freedom in that far land

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