

A Scottish Soldier

^{Eb}
There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier,
^{Bb} who wandered far away and ^{Eb} soldiered far away.

^{Eb}
There was none bolder, with good broad shoulder,
^{Bb} he's fought in many a fray, and ^{Bb7} fought and ^{Eb} won.

^{Eb}
He's seen the glory, he told the story,
^{Bb} of battles glorious and ^{Eb} deeds victorious.

^{Eb}
But now he's sighing, his heart is crying,
^{Bb} to leave these green hills of ^{Bb7 Eb} Tyrol.

Chorus ^{Ab} Because these green hills are not ^{Eb} highland hills,
^{Bb} or the island hills, they're not ^{Eb} my land's hills.
^{Ab} And fair as these green foreign hills may be,
^{Bb} they are not the hills of ^{Bb7 Eb} home.

L ^{Eb} And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier,
^{Bb} who'd wandered far away, and ^{Eb} soldiered far away,
^{Eb} sees leaves are falling, and death is calling,

and he will fade away in that far land.

M He called his piper, his trusty piper,
and bade him sound alay, a pibroch sad to play,
upon a hillside, but Scottish hillside,
not on these green hills of Tyrol.

Chorus 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.

M And so 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!

L He'd seen the glory, he'd told his story
of battles glorious, and deeds victorious.

The bugles cease now, he is at peace now,
far from those green hills of Tyrol.

Chorus x 2