

A Scottish Soldier (Green Hills of Tyrol)

G
 There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier
D **G**
 Who wandered far away and soldiered far away
G
 There was none bolder, with good broad
 shoulders
D **D7** **G**
 He fought in many a fray, and fought and won

G
 He'd seen the glory, he'd told the story
D **G**
 Of battles glorious and deeds victorious
G
 But now he's sighing, his heart is crying
D **D7** **G**
 To leave these green hills of Tyrol

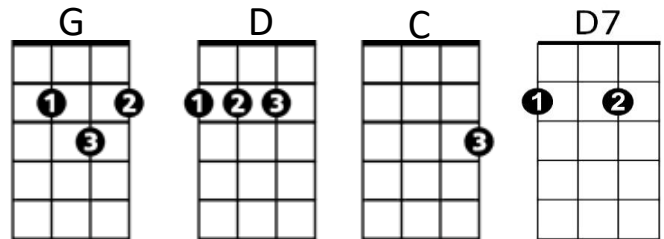
G
 And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier
D **G**
 Will wander far no more and soldier far no more
G
 And on a hillside, a Scottish hillside
D **D7** **G**
 You'll see a piper play his soldier home

G
 He's seen the glory, he's told the story
D **G**
 Of battles glorious and deeds victorious
G
 The bugles cease now, he is at peace now
D **D7** **G**
 Far from those green hills of Tyrol

Chorus:

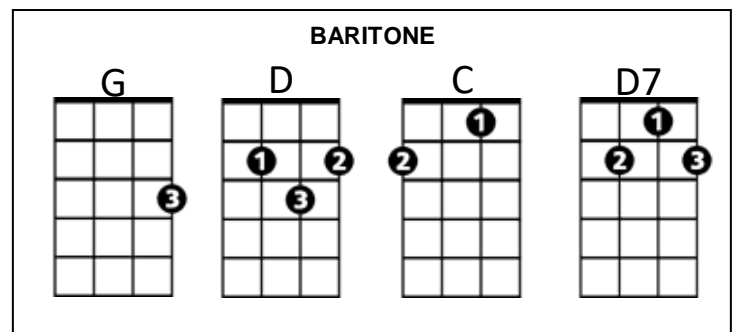
C **G**
 Because those green hills are not Highland Hills
D **G**
 Or the Island Hills, they're not my land's hills
C **G**
 And fair as these green foreign hills may be,
D **D7** **G**
 They are not the hills of home

(Chorus)



G
 And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier
D **G**
 Who wandered far away and soldiered far away
G
 Sees leaves are falling, and Death is calling
D **D7** **G**
 And he will fade away in that far land

G
 He called his piper, his trusty piper
D **G**
 And bade him sound a lay a pibroch sad to play
G
 Upon a hillside, a Scottish hillside
D **D7** **G**
 Not on these green hills of Tyrol



(Chorus)