



The Green Hills of Tyrol

There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier
Who wandered far away
And soldiered far away
There was none bolder
With good broad shoulder
He'd fought in many a fray
And fought and won
He'd seen the glory
He'd told the story
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious
But now he's sighing
His heart is crying
To leave those green hills of Tyrol
Because those 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 this soldier, this 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 far 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 those green hills of Tyrol
Because those 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 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
He's seen the glory, he's 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
Because those 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 those green hills are not highland
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