Green Hills of Tyrol

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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 shoulders,
He fought in many a fray and fought and won

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

cho: Because these green hills are not highland hills
Or the Islands hills they're not my lands hills,
As 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, on that dark land

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

And now this soldier this Scottish soldier
Who wanders far no more, and soldiers far no more
Now on a hillside, a Scottish hillside
You'll see a piper play this soldier home

He's seen the glory, he's told the story
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious
But he will cease now, he is at peace now
Far from these green hills of Tyrol

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