

Scottish Soldier

D
There was a sol-dier, a Scot-tish sol-dier
A A7 D
Who wan-dered far a-way and soldiered far a-way
D
There was none bold-er, with good broad shoul-der
A A7 D
He's fought in ma-ny a fray, and fought and won
D
He'd seen the glo-ry and told the sto-ry
A A7 D
Of battles glo-ri-ous and deeds vic-to-ri-ous
D
But now he's sigh-ing, his heart is cry-ing
A A7 D
To leave these green hills of Ty-rol

G D
Chorus: Be-cause these green hills are not high-land hills
A A7 D
Or the is-land hills, they're not my land's hills
G D
And fair as these green fo-reign hills may be
A A7 D
They are not the hills of | home

D
2. And now this sol-dier, this Scot-tish sol-dier
A A7 D
Who wan-dered far a-way and sol-diered far a-way
D
Sees leaves are fal-ling and death is cal-ling
A A7 D
And he will fade a-way, in that far land
D
He called his pi-per, his trus-ty pi-per
A A7 D
And bade him sound a lay... a pi-broch sad to play
D
U-pon a hill-side, a Scot-tish hill-side
A A7 D
Not on these green hills of T-yrol

G D
Chorus: Be-cause these green hills are not high-land hills
A A7 D
Or the is-land hills, they're not my land's hills
G D
And fair as these green fo-reign hills may be
A A7 D
They are not the hills of | home

