

Soldier of Fortune

(Deep Purple)

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♩ = 68

The musical score is written for piano and voice in G minor, 4/4 time, with a tempo of 68 beats per minute. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The score is divided into five systems, each with a measure number at the beginning. The piano part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clef), and the vocal part is written in a single staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score includes various musical notations such as chords, notes, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics are: "I have of-ten told you sto - ries About the way, I lived the life of drif-ter Wait- ing__ for the day__ When I'd take your hand and sing you songs maybe you would say Come, lay with me, love me And I_would surely stay But I feel__I'm gro-wing ol - der".

4

I have of-ten told you sto - ries About the way, I

7

lived the life of drif-ter Wait- ing__ for the day__ When I'd

9

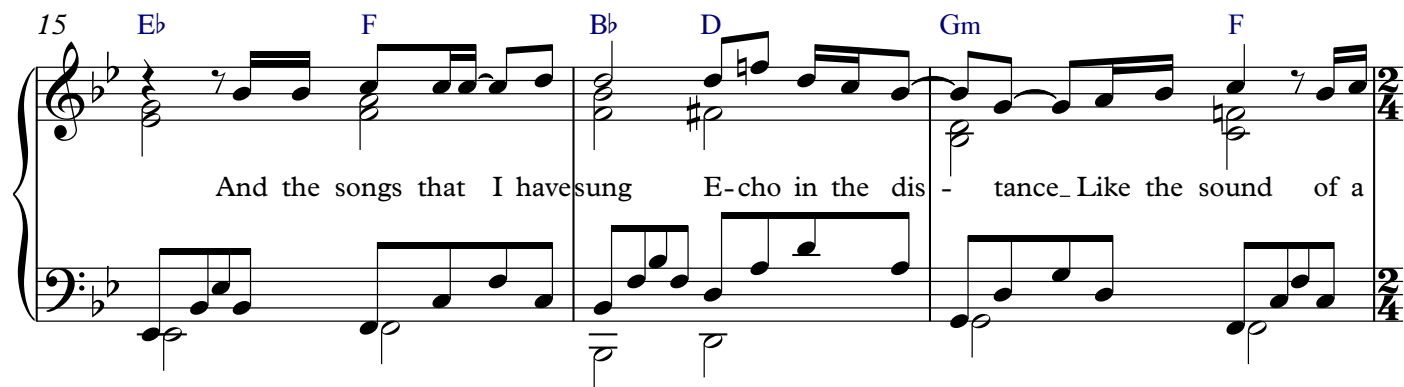
take your hand and sing you songs maybe you would say Come, lay with me, love me

12

And I_would surely stay But I feel__I'm gro-wing ol - der

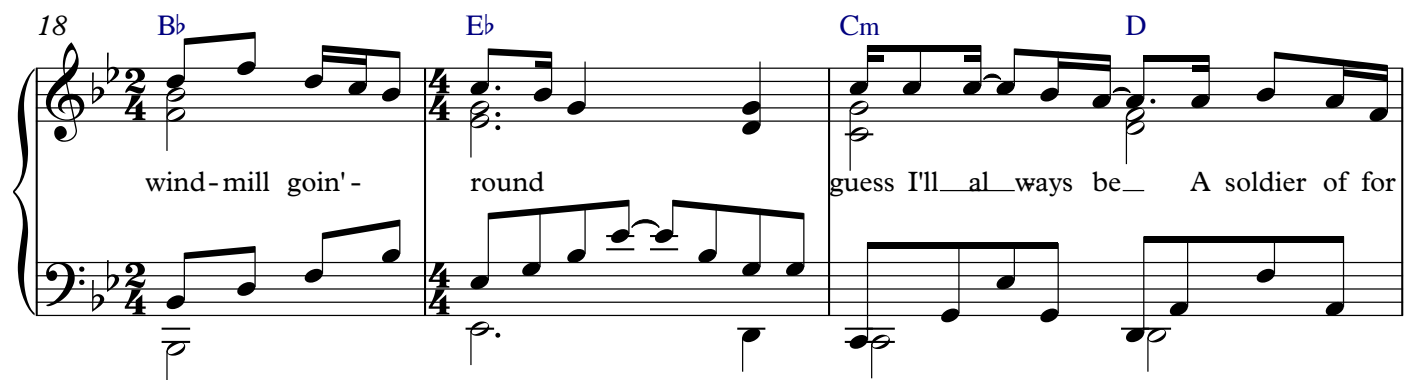
15 $E\flat$ F $B\flat$ D Gm F

And the songs that I have sung E-cho in the dis - tance Like the sound of a



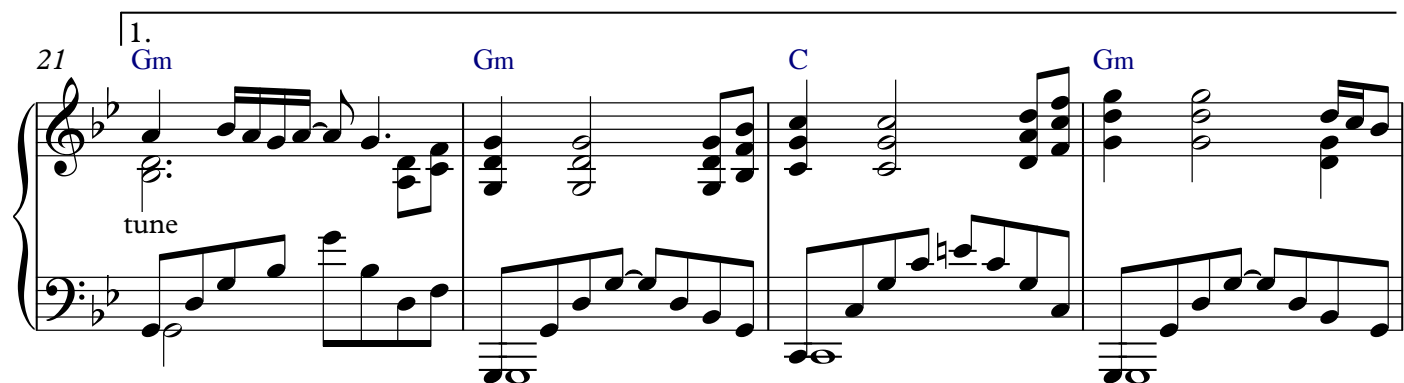
18 $B\flat$ $E\flat$ Cm D

wind-mill goin' - round guess I'll al ways be A soldier of for

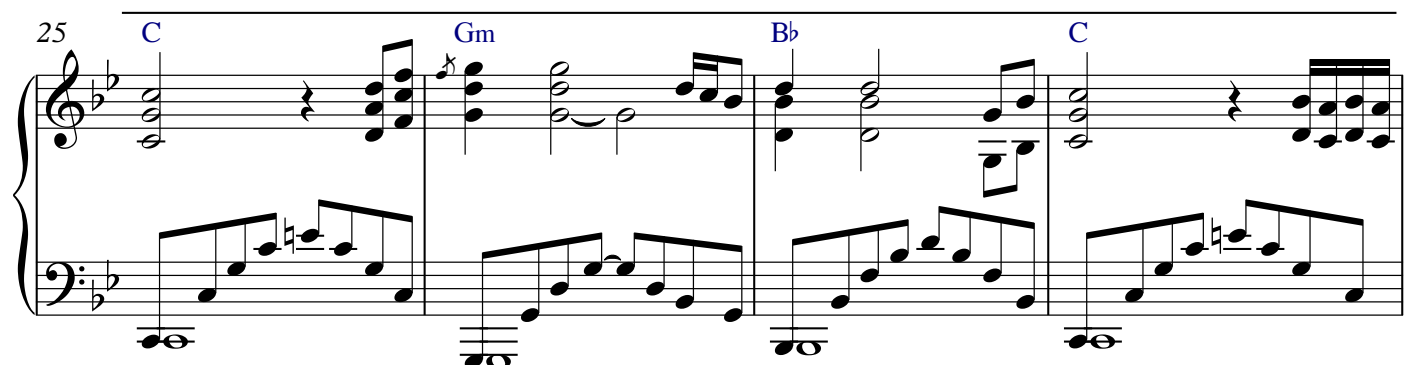


21 1. Gm Gm C Gm

tune

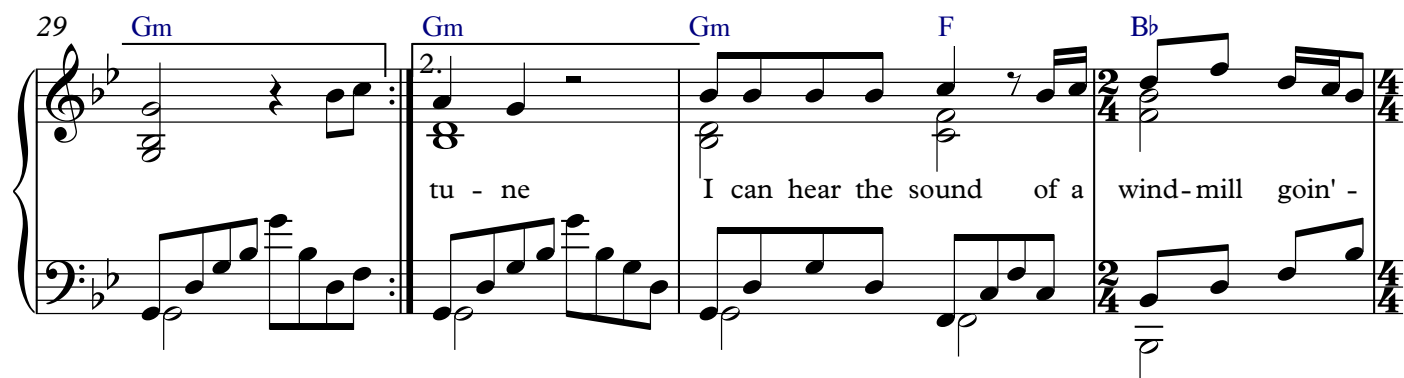


25 C Gm $B\flat$ C



29 Gm Gm Gm F $B\flat$

tu - ne I can hear the sound of a wind-mill goin' -



33 *E♭* *Cm* *D*

round guess I'll al - ways be sol - dier for-

35 *Gm* *E♭ ad libitum* *F* *Cm*

tu - ne *rit.* gues I'll al - ways be sol - dier for tu - ne

I have often told you stories
 About the way,
 I lived the life of a drifter
 Waiting for the day.
 When I'd take your hand and sing you songs
 Then maybe you would say
 Come, lay with me, love me
 And I would surely stay

But I feel I'm growing older
 And the songs that I have sung
 Echo in the distance
 Like the sound of a windmill goin'round
 I guess I'll always be
 A soldier of fortune

Many times I've been a traveller
 I looked for something new
 In days of old, when nights were cold
 I wandered about you
 But those days I thought my eyes
 Had seen you standing near
 Though blindness is confusing
 It shows that you're not here

But I feel I'm growing older
 And the songs that I have sung
 Echo in the distance
 Like the sound of a windmill goin'round
 I guess I'll always be
 A soldier of fortune
 Yes, I can hear the sound of a windmill goin'round
 I guess I'll always be
 A soldier of fortune