

COME BY THE HILLS

(Music: Traditional Gaelic [Buachaill On Eirne]; Words: Gordon Smith)

Oh, come by the hills to the land where fancy is free
And stand where the peaks meet the sky and the lochs meet the sea
Where the rivers run clear and the bracken is gold in the sun
Ah, the cares of to-morrow can wait 'til this day is done

Oh, come by the hills to the land where life is a song
And sing while the birds fill the air with their joy all day long
Where the trees sway in time and even the wind sings in tune
Ah, the cares of to-morrow can wait 'til this day is done

Oh, come by the hills to the land where legend re-mains
Where stories of old fill the heart and may yet come a-gain
Where our past has been lost and the future has still to be won
Ah, the cares of to-morrow can wait 'til this day is done

Ending: repeat first verse