

## Unknown

### "Come By The Hills"

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COME BY THE HILLS

(C) C F C F C / C F C F G7 / C F C G7 / C F C F C

Oh, come by the hills to the land where fancy is free.  
Stand where the peaks meet the sky and the loughs  
meet the sea,  
Where rivers run clear, bracken is gold in the sun;  
Ah, the cares of tomorrow can wait till this day is done.

Oh, come by the hills to the land where life is a song.  
Stand where the birds fill the air with their joy all day  
long,  
Where the trees sway in time, even the wind sings in  
tune;  
Ah, the cares of tomorrow can wait till this day is done.

Oh, come by the hills to the land where legend  
remains.  
The stories of old fill the heart and may yet come  
again,  
Where the past has been lost, the future is still to be  
won;  
Ah, the cares of tomorrow can wait till this day is done.

Oh, come by the hills to the land where fancy is free.  
Stand where the peaks meet the sky and the loughs  
meet the sea,  
Where rivers run clear, bracken is gold in the sun;  
Ah, the cares of tomorrow can wait till this day is done.

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Words by Scottish television producer Gordon Smith  
and set to the  
traditional Irish air "Buchal an Eire."

Recorded by Gordon Bok on "Bay of Fundy," FSI-54  
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