

Mckennitt Loreena

"Come by the Hills"

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Trad. arr. by Loreena McKennitt

Come by the hills to the land where fancy is free.
And stand where the peaks meets the sky and the
rocks reach the sea.
Where the rivers run clear and the bracken is gold in
the sun.
And cares of tomorrow must wait till this day is done.

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
along.
Where the trees sway in time, and even the wind sings
in tune.
And cares of tomorrow must wait till this day is done.

Come by the hills to the land where legend remains
Where stories of old stir the heart and may yet come
again.
Where the past has been lost and the future is still to
be won.
And cares of tomorrow must wait till this day is done.

Come by the hills to the land where fancy is free.
And stand where the peaks meets the sky and the
rocks reach the sea.
Where the rivers run clear and the bracken is gold in
the sun.
And cares of tomorrow must wait till this day is done.

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