

## Come by the Hills By Tommy Makem

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.

