

Come By The Hills
A Traditional Irish Poem

Come by the hills to the land
 where fancy is free
And stand where the peaks meet 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 long.
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.

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 and the rocks reach the sea.
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 is gold in the sun,
And cares of tomorrow must wait
 till this day is done.