Come By The Hills

Celtic Thunder

Buachaill ón Éirne mé 's bhréagfainn cailín deas óg Ní iarrfainn bó spré léi tá mé fhéin saibhir go leor 'S liom Corcaigh da mhéid é, dhá thaobh a' ghleanna 's Tír Eogh ain 'S mura n-athraí mé béasaí 's mé n' toidhr' ar Chontae Mhaigh Eo

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

Come by the hills to the land where life is a song And stand where the birds fill the air with their joy all day l ong Where the trees sway in time and even the wind sings in tune And the cares of tomorrow can wait till this day is done

Come by the hills to the land where legend remains The stories of old fill our hearts and may yet come again Where the past has been lost and the future is still to be won And the cares of tomorrow can wait till this day is done

And the cares of tomorrow can wait till this day is done