

Nigel Gatherer's Scottish Collection



Come By the Hills (trad/Smith)

1 Come by the hills to a land where fancy is free,
 And stand where the peaks meet the sky and the lochs 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.

2 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.

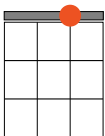
3 Come by the hills to the land where legend remains;
 Where glories of old stir the heart and may yet come again;
 Where our past has been lost and the future has still to be won;
 And cares of tomorrow must wait till this day is done.

C	G7	F	Am

The melody for this popular song is an old Irish air called Buachail On Eirne. The writer and journalist W Gordon Smith wrote the words in the 1960s, and it was first sung by Paddy Bell.



Come By the Hills



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