

Nigel Gatherer's Scottish Collection



Come By the Hills (traditional)

song air

B A B A G E D D E G A G
 D G A B C B A B A G E G B D
 B C Ḋ B A G A B C Ḋ Ė Ḋ B G A
 A B A B A G E D D E G A G

Come By the Hills

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.

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



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