

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' t-
oidhr' 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