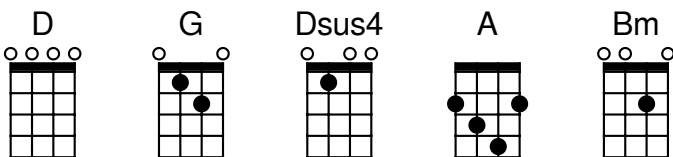


Come By The Hills

words by W. Gordon Smith; music Irish tune "Buachaill o'n Éirne Mé"



[D]Come by the [G]hills to the [D]land where [G]fancy is [D]free [Dsus4][D]
And [D]stand where the peaks meet the sky and the [G]lochs meet
the [A]sea

Where the [D]rivers run clear and the [G]bracken is [D]gold in the [A]sun
And the [Bm]cares of [G]tomorrow can [D]wait 'til [G]this day is [D]done

Oh, [D]come by the [G]hills to the [D]land where [G]life is a [D]song [Dsus4][D]
And [D]sing while the birds fill the air with their [G]joy all day [A]long
Where the [D]trees sway in time and [G]even the [D]wind sings in [A]tune
And the [Bm]cares of [G]tomorrow can [D]wait 'til [G]this day is [D]through

[D]Come by the [G]hills to the [D]land where [G]legend [D]remains [Dsus4][D]
Where [D]stories of old fill the heart and may [G]yet come [A]again
Where the [D]past has been lost and our [G]future has [D]still to be [A]won
And the [Bm]cares of [G]tomorrow can [D]wait 'til [G]this day is [D]done.

[D]Come by the [G]hills to the [D]land where [G]fancy is [D]free [Dsus4][D]
And [D]stand where the peaks meet the sky and the [G]lochs meet
the [A]sea

Where the [D]rivers run clear and the [G]bracken is [D]gold in the [A]sun
And the [Bm]cares of [G]tomorrow can [D]wait 'til [G]this day is [D]done

And the [Bm]cares of [G]tomorrow can [D]wait 'til [G]this day is [D]done