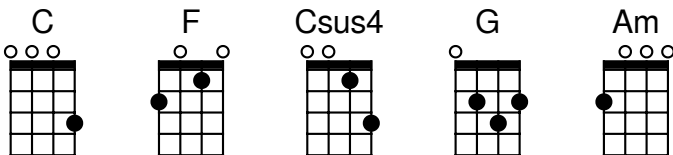


Come By The Hills

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



[C]Come by the [F]hills to the [C]land where [F]fancy is [C]free [Csus4][C]
And [C]stand where the peaks meet the sky and the [F]lochs meet
the [G]sea

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

Oh, [C]come by the [F]hills to the [C]land where [F]life is a [C]song[Csus4][C]
And [C]sing while the birds fill the air with their [F]joy all day [G]long
Where the [C]trees sway in time and [F]even the [C]wind sings in [G]tune
And the [Am]cares of [F]tomorrow can [C]wait 'til [F]this day is [C]through

[C]Come by the [F]hills to the [C]land where [F]legend [C]remains [Csus4][C]
Where [C]stories of old fill the heart and may [F]yet come [G]again
Where the [C]past has been lost and our [F]future has [C]still to be [G]won
And the [Am]cares of [F]tomorrow can [C]wait 'til [F]this day is [C]done.

[C]Come by the [F]hills to the [C]land where [F]fancy is [C]free [Csus4][C]
And [C]stand where the peaks meet the sky and the [F]lochs meet
the [G]sea

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

And the [Am]cares of [F]tomorrow can [C]wait 'til [F]this day is [C]done