

# Come by the Hills

[Aideen O'Brien](#)

Come by the hills to the land where fancy is free  
And stand where the peaks meet the sky and the rocks 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  
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  
Come by the hills to the land where legend remains  
Where stories of old stir the heart and may yet come again  
Where the past has been lost and the future is still to be won  
And cares of tomorrow must wait till this day is done  
Come by the hills to the land where fancy is free  
And stand where the peaks meet the sky and the rocks reach the sea  
Where the rivers run clear and the bracken is gold in the sun  
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