Come By The Hills

Loreena Mckennitt

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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