

Come By The Hills (buachaill On Eirne)

Celtic Thunder

(Gaelic verse)

Buachaill 'n Eirne m'À 's bhràg-fainn cail-n deas 'g
Nà- iarrfainn b' sprà l'oi t' m' fhàin saibhir go leor
'S liom Corcaigh da mhàid À, dhà; thaobh a' ghleanna 's Tà-r Eoghain
'S mura n-athra- m' b'asa- 's m' 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 long
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

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