

# Celtic Thunder, Come By The Hill

Buachaill &acute;n Eirne m's bhragfainn fin cailn deas &acute;g  
N iarfainn b&acute;spr lithe t m saibhir go leor 'S liom  
Corcaigh a mhid e , dh thaobh a ghleanna's Tr Eoghain  
'S mur n-athra m basa 's m n' t-oibhr ar Chontae  
Mhaigh Eo

(Here is translation:

I am a boy from Ireland and I'd coax a nice young girl,  
I wouldn't ask for a dowry with her, I'm rich enough myself,  
I own Cork, big as it is both sides of the glen and Tyrone,  
And if I don't change my ways I'll be the heir for County Mayo.)

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 the heart 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.