

Celtic Thunder, Come By The Hills

(Gaelic verse)

Buachaill ´n irne m 's bhragfainn cailn deas ´g

N iarrfainn b´spr li t m fhin saibhir go leor

'S liom Corcaigh da mhid , dh thaobh a' ghleanna 's Tr Eoghain

'S mura n-athra m basa '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