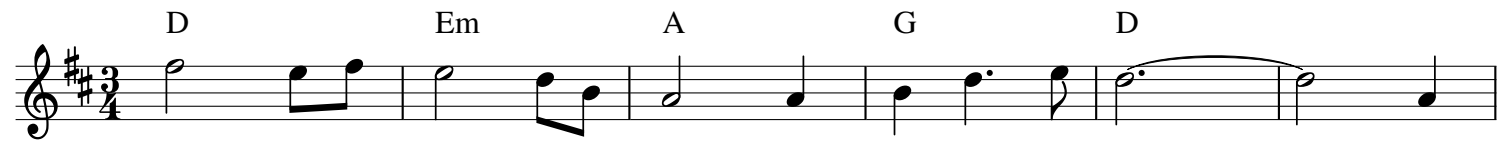


# Come by the Hills

W. Gordon Smith

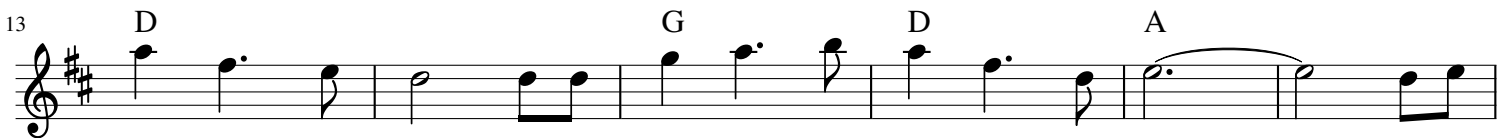
trad Irish (Buachaill o'n Eirne Me)



1. Come by the hills to the land where fan - cy is free \_\_\_\_\_ And  
 2. Come by the hills to the land where life is a song \_\_\_\_\_ And  
 3. Come by the hills to the land where le - gend re - mains \_\_\_\_\_ Where



stand where the peaks meet the sky and the boughs meet the sea; \_\_\_\_\_ Where the  
 stand where the birds fill the air with their joy all day long; \_\_\_\_\_ Where the  
 sto - ries of old fill the heart and may yet come a - gain; \_\_\_\_\_ Where the



ri - vers run clear and the brack - en is gold in the sun \_\_\_\_\_ And the  
 trees sway in time and \_\_\_\_\_ e - ven the wind sings in tune \_\_\_\_\_ And the  
 past has been lost and the fu - ture is still to be won \_\_\_\_\_ And the



cares of to - mor - row must wait, till this day is done.  
 cares of to - mor - row must wait, till this day is done.  
 cares of to - mor - row must wait, till this day is done.

1. Voice

1. Instrumental

2. Voice

2. Instrumental

3. Voice

3. Instrumental

voice tag