


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