

Come by the hills to the land where fancy is free And stand where the peaks meet the sky and the lochs meet the sea Where the rivers run clear and the bracken is gold in the sun Ah, the cares of to-morrow can wait 'til this day is done

Oh, come by the hills to the land where life is a song And sing while the birds fill the air with their joy all day long Where the trees sway in time and even the wind sings in tune Ah, the cares of to-morrow can wait 'til this day is done

Come by the hills to the land where legend re-mains Where stories of old fill the heart and may yet come a-gain Where our past has been lost and the future has still to be won Ah, the cares of to-morrow can wait 'til this day is done