

Come by the hills - Ukulele

D G D G D
Come, by the hills, to the land where fancy is free
D Em Bm Bm A
And stand where the peaks meet the sky and the lochs meet the sea
D G D A
Where the rivers run clear and the bracken is gold in the sun
Bm G D G D
And the cares of tomorrow must wait till this day is done.

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
And the cares of tomorrow must wait till this day is done.

Come, by the hills, to the land where legend remains
Where glories of old fill the heart and may yet come again
Where our past has been lost and our future has still to be won
But the cares of tomorrow must wait till this day is done.