

The Sound Of Music

The hills are a-live with the sound of music,
With songs they have sung for a thou-sand years.
The hills fill my heart with the sound of music
My heart wants to sing ev-'ry song it hears.

My heart wants to beat like the wings
of the birds that rise
from the lake to the trees.
My heart wants to sigh like a chime that flies
From a church on a breeze,
To laugh like a brook when it trips and falls
over stones on its way,
To sing through the night like a lark
who is learn-ing to pray.

I go to the hills when my heart is lone-ly.
I know I will hear what I've hear be-fore.
My heart will be blessed
with the sound of mu-sic
And I'll sing once more.