

The hills are alive with the sound of music

With songs they have sung for a thousand years

The hills fill my heart with the sound of music

My heart wants to sing every song it hears

My heart wants to beat like the wings of a bird

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 learning to pray

I go to the hills when my heart is lonely

I know I will hear what I heard before

My heart will be blessed

With the sound of music

And I'll sing once more