The Sound of Music

The hills are alive with the sound of music, With songs they have sung for a thousand years.

The hills are alive with the sound of music. My heart wants to sing every 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 learning to pray. I go to the hills when my heart is lonely. I know I will hear what the heart believes. My heart will be blessed

with the sound of music. And I'll sing once more. The more...