

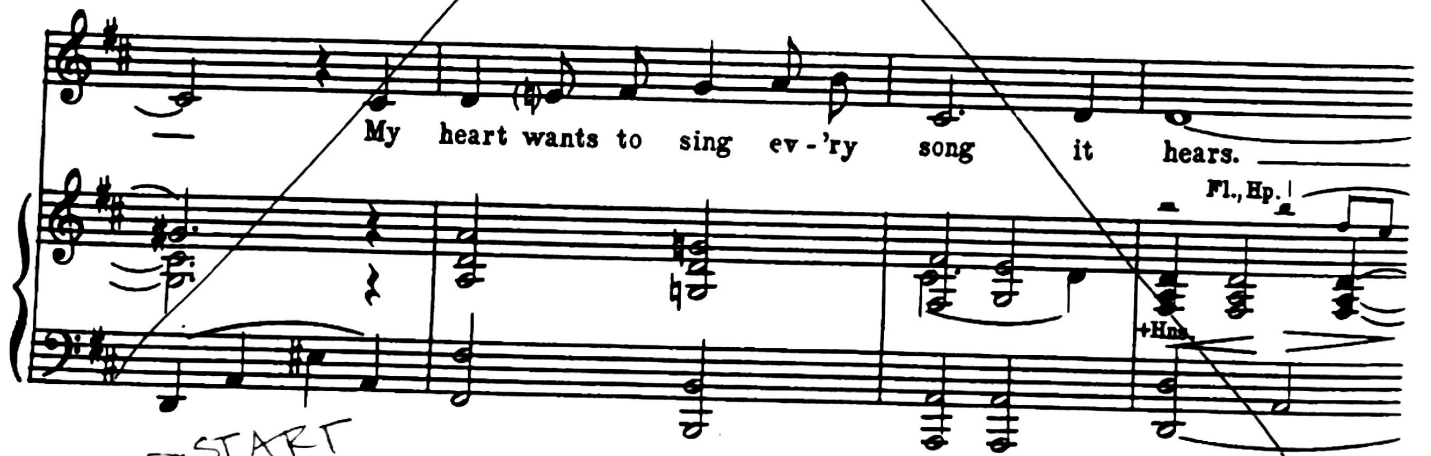
With songs they have sung for a thousand years.



27  
The hills fill my heart with the sound of music.



My heart wants to sing ev-ry song it hears.



START  
35  
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

Fl., R.H.  
Hp. 7

trips and falls o - ver stones on its way, To

sing through the night like a lark who is learn-ing to pray. I

+W.W. W.W., Hns.  
Hp. gliss.

51

go to the hills when my heart is lone - ly, I

Hp.

know I will hear what I've heard be - fore. My

Fl., Hp.

59

heart will be blessed With the sound of mu - sic And I'll

+Hns. colla voce

sing once more.

Fl. +Br. Tymp. V.

END