Rodgers And Hammerstein, The Sound Of Music

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 flys from the lake to the trees

My heart wants to sigh
Like a chime that flys
From the 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've heard before

My heart will be blessed
With the sound of music
And I'll sing once more