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The Sound of Music

Reference number pt0008

My day in the hills has come to an end, I know.

A star has come out to tell me it's time to go.

But deep in the dark green shadows are voices that urge me to stay.

So I pause and I wait and I listen for one more sound, For one more lovely thing that the hills might say.

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 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 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.

AUDITION VERSION

Maria

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