

The sound of music

G/G7//|C//

The [C] hills are alive with the sound of [B7] music
With [C] songs they have sung
For a [Am7] thousand [F] years. [G]
The [C] hills fill my heart with the sound of [B7] music
My [C] heart wants to [F] sing every
[G] song-[G7]- it [C] hears. [F/C/]
My [C] heart wants to [F] beat like the [G] wings
Of [C] birds that rise from the [F] lake [G] to the [C]
trees.
My [F] heart wants to [G] sigh like a [C] chime that
[Am7] flies from a [D7] church on a [G] breeze.
To [F] laugh like a [G] brook when it [C] trips
and falls over [F] stones [G] on its [C] way.
To [Em] sing through the night like a [Am7] lark
who is [D7] learning to [G] pray. [G7]
I [C] go to the hills when my heart is [B7] lonely
I [C] know I will hear what I [Am7] heard be-[F]-fore [G]
My [C] heart will be blessed with the sound of [F] music
And I'll [G///] sing [G7///] once [C///] more. [F/C]