

100

My heart wants to beat like the wings of the birds that rise from the

Cls.
Vls.

p

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., E.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

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

59

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

sing once more.