My Molto moderato (tenderly) 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 sty. So I pause and I wait and I listen for one more sound, For One more lovely thing that the hills might say.

Refrain (moderately with warm expression)

The hills are alive with the sound of music

With songs they have sung for a thousand
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.

The more.