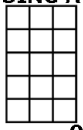
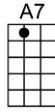


SING A

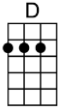


# THE SOUND OF MUSIC - Rodgers & Hammerstein

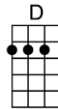
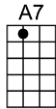
4/4 1...2...123



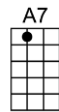
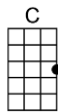
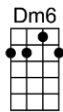
My day in the hills has come to an end, I know



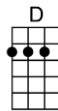
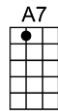
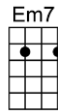
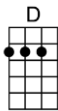
A star has come out to tell me it's time to go



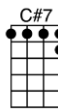
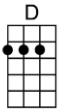
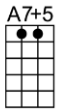
But deep in the dark green shadows are voices that urge me to stay



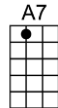
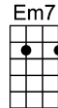
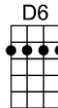
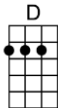
So, I pause, and I wait, and I listen for one more sound



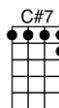
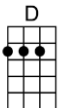
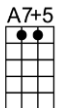
For one more lovely thing that the hills might say



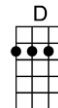
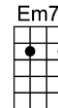
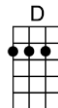
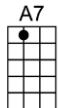
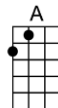
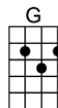
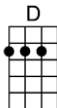
The hills are alive with the sound of music,



With songs they have sung for a thousand years.

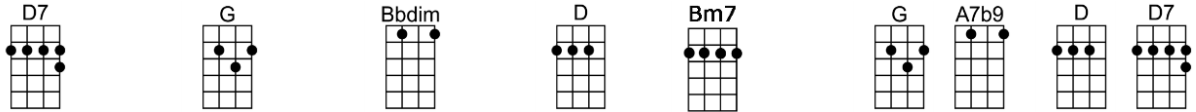


The hills fill my heart with the sound of music.

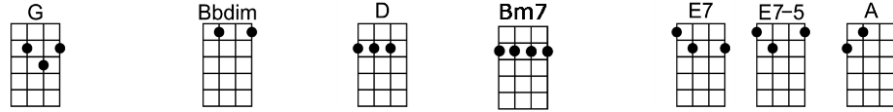


My heart wants to sing ev'ry song it hears.

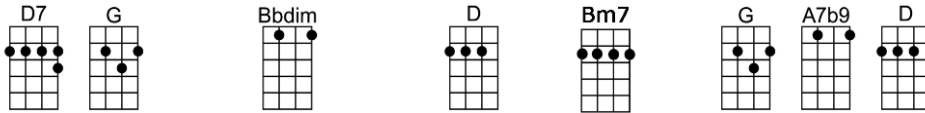
p.2. The Sound of Music



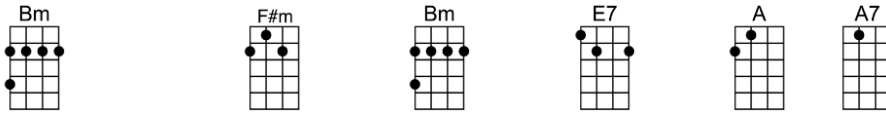
My heart wants to beat like the wings of the birds that rise from the lake to the trees.



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.

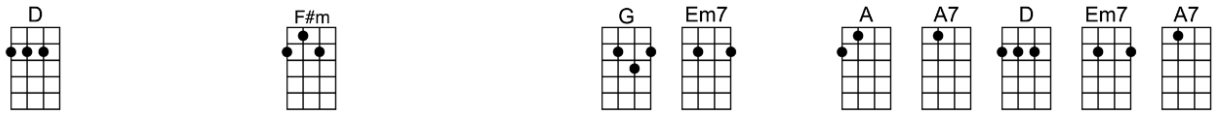
4 4



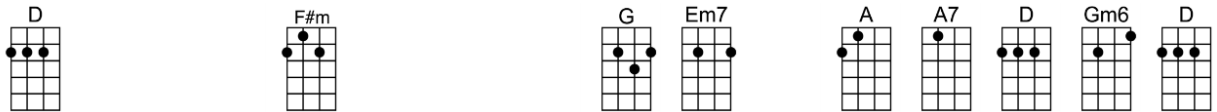
I go to the hills when my heart is lonely



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



My heart will be blessed with the sound of music and I'll sing once more.



My heart will be blessed with the sound of music and I'll sing once more.

# THE SOUND OF MUSIC-Rodgers & Hammerstein

4/4 1...2...123

D A7  
My day in the hills has come to an end, I know  
D Eb  
A star has come out to tell me it's time to go  
A7 D A7 D  
But deep in the dark green shadows are voices that urge me to stay  
Dm6 C A7  
So, I pause, and I wait, and I listen for one more sound  
D Em7 A7 D  
For one more lovely thing that the hills might say

A7+ D C#7  
The hills are alive with the sound of music,

D D6 Em7 A7  
With songs they have sung for a thousand years.

A7+ D C#7  
The hills fill my heart with the sound of music.

D G A A7 D Em7 D  
My heart wants to sing ev'ry song it hears.

D7 G Bbdim D Bm7 G A7b9 D D7  
My heart wants to beat like the wings of the birds that rise from the lake to the trees.

G Bbdim D Bm7 E7 E7-5 A  
My heart wants to sigh like a chime that flies from a church on a breeze,

D7 G Bbdim D Bm7 G A7b9 D  
To laugh like a brook when it trips and falls over stones on its way,

Bm F#m Bm E7 A A7  
To sing through the night, like a lark who is learning to pray.  
4 4

D C#7  
I go to the hills when my heart is lonely

D D6 G Gm6  
I know I will hear what I've heard be-fore.

D F#m G Em7 A A7 D Em7 A7  
My heart will be blessed with the sound of music and I'll sing once more.

D F#m G Em7 A A7 D Gm6 D  
My heart will be blessed with the sound of music and I'll sing once more.