

lake to the trees. My heart wants to sigh like a chime that flies from a



50
church on a breeze, To laugh like a brook when it

Fl., E.H.
Hp. 7



trips and falls o - ver stones in its way, To



sing through the night like a lark who is learn-ing to pray. I

+W.W. W.W., Hns.
Hp. gliss.

