

The Hills, The Hills

I long to see those hills.
To lay upon those hills, to run,
Jump and play upon those hills.
Those hills with trees of deepest green
And grass of summer's golden brown
Far into those hills which lead beyond,
Before, away...away from this place
which knows no peace.
High upon those hills,
Where the ice of a thousand heartless winters
Slowly melts into the babbling brooks.
Where birds sing and deer romp
And fish jump in watery display.
Over one hill to the bottom of the next,
I find a spot to lie and dream about these hills.
Of a time so many years ago,
Before man came and took them for his own.
When great beasts and thundering giants
Roamed upon these hills.
But were there even hills then?
Or were they someone's vast and glorious valley...
The valley, the valley, I long to see the valley...

Jim Chandler