Over The Hills
(A Pastoral Reverie)

Poem by
VIRGINIA K. LOGAN

Music by
FREDERIC KNIGHT LOGAN
Opus 107

Moderato

Con Sentimento

O blissful memory!

Con Sentimento

soft shades of twilight o'er all the hill and

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The pipes of the shepherd call his flock to the fold. And sadly the voice of the nightingale is calling, While lonely I'm yearning for those days as of old. Again thro' the wild-wood in memory I'm

* A Little Faster *

Over The Hills (Medium) 4
roaming Far down by the brook where sweet violets grew

faint chime of vespers I hear in the gloaming Once more as in

childhood I roam again with you.

in twilight's soft

purple the scene now fades before me As night draws her
veil across the valley and hills, My heart it is longing For just one hour to be Back home with the

loved ones there, Far over the hills.

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