

*sample only*

Stephen Leek

High Places  
SATB a cappella choir

# High Places

dedicated to  
the loving memory of my mother

Text by Dorothea Mackellar\*

Music by Stephen Leek

$\text{♩} = 84$  very legato, free and expressive

Soprano

1. My heart goes to the mount - ains That I so long  
2. The clouds that go so quick - ly The whole hill seems

Alto

1. My heart goes to the mount - ains That I so long  
2. The clouds that go so quick - ly The whole hill seems

Tenor

1. My heart goes to the mount - ains That I so long, so  
2. The clouds that go so quick - ly The whole hill seems, it

Bass

1. My heart goes to the mount - ains That I so long, so  
2. The clouds that go so quick - ly The whole hill seems, it

*1. mf 2. f*

5

**A**

— have missed, The blue hills on  
to lean, I want to breathe sky

— have missed, Blue hills on  
to lean want to breathe sky - line

long seems have missed, blue hills on the sky - line  
seems to lean want to breathe

long seems have missed, blue hills on sky  
seems to lean want to breathe

**B**

9

Bird haunt-ed sun-shine kissed For in my soul I see them, The gul - ilies gold - en green,  
 cool air thin and keen My heart turns to highplace - s all men have long a - dored

Bird - haunt sun-shine kissed For in my soul I see them  
 cool air thin and keen My heart turns to men a - dored

Bird - haunt sun-shine kissed For in my soul I see them,  
 cool air thin and keen My heart goes to highplace - s men a - dored

line haunt sun-shine kissed Ah Ah  
 cool air thin and keen f

**C**

15

Where from the hop - vine tan - gle The bell - birds chime un - seen  
 The proud and lone - ly mount - ains The Al - ters of the Lord.

Where from the tan - gle The bell - birds chime un - seen  
 The proud and lone - ly The Al - ters of the Lord.

Where from the tan - gle The bell - birds chime un - seen  
 The proud and lone - ly The Al - ters of the Lord.

Where from the tan - gle The bell - birds chime un - seen  
 The proud and lone - ly The Al - ters of the Lord.

**D**

**E**

20

*poco rall.....* *rit.*

My heart turns to the mount - ains That I so long have missed.

My heart turns to the mount - ains That I so long have missed.

My heart turns to the mount - ains That I so long have missed.

My heart to the mount - ains That I long have missed.