

Stephen Leek

High Places
TTBB acappella choir

www.stephenleek.com

SAMPLE ONLY

Dedicated to
the loving memory of my mother

High Places

Text by Dorothea Mackellar*

Music by Stephen Leek

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

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
1. mf 2. f

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

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

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

Tenor
long have missed, blue hills on the sky - line Bird - haunt
seems to lean want to breathe cool air

Tenor
_____ have missed, The blue hills to on sky Bird cool haunt - ed
_____ to lean, I want to breathe _____ cool air _____

Baritone
_____ have missed, Blue hills to on sky - line Bird - haunt
_____ to lean want to breathe cool _____ air

Bass
long have missed, blue hills to on sky line haunt
seems to lean want to breathe cool air

A **B**

*Text used with permission of Curtis Brown and the Estate of the late Dorothea Mackellar

10

sun - shine kissed thin and keen For in my soul I see them, thin and keen My heart goes to high place - s men a - dored

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

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

sun - shine kissed thin and keen Ah Ah

15 **C**

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 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.

20 **D** *poco rall.....* **E** *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.