

The Holy Hills

Writer: Dottie Rambo, Designer Music | **Key:** Ab | **Time:** 3:15

Verse 1

The holy hills of heaven call me
To mansions bright across the sea.
Where loved ones wait, and crowns are given.
The hills of home keep calling me.

Chorus

This house of flesh is but a prison,
Bars of bone hold my soul.
But the doors of clay are gonna burst wide open,
When the angels set my spirit free.
I'll take my flight like the mighty eagle,
When the hills of home start calling me.

Verse 2

Now I see loved ones over yonder.
Tears are gone and hearts are free.
And from the throne my Savior beckons,
And the hills of home keep calling me.

Chorus

This house of flesh is but a prison,
Bars of bone hold my soul.
But the doors of clay are gonna burst wide open,
When the angels set my spirit free.
I'll take my flight like the mighty eagle,
When the hills of home start calling me.

Tag

I'll take my flight like the mighty eagle,
When the hills of home start calling me.