

# The Forest

**E<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub> Cmin A<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub>7**

The for-est seems just like a church, Its love-ly arch-es up-ward

**E<sub>b</sub> G7 Cmin Gmin A<sub>b</sub> Cmin F7**

spring, And high a-bove, from hid-den perch I hear the choir ce-les-tial

**B<sub>b</sub> E<sub>b</sub> G7 Cmin G7**

sing. And when the si-lence comes, I feel so hap-py and so qui-et

**A<sub>b</sub> E<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub> Cmin E<sub>b</sub> B7 E<sub>b</sub>**

there, On mos-sy cush-ions I would kneel And say a si-lent prayer.