

# SPRING PICNIC IN THE HILLS

Folk Song from Switzerland

Translated by B.A.



C

C

G7

G7



1. A - bove the mos - sy peat - bogs there's no more snow,  
2. And there the hap - py peo - ple are gath - 'ring 'round,  
3. And there, in even - ing twi - light, the child - ren play;

G7

G7

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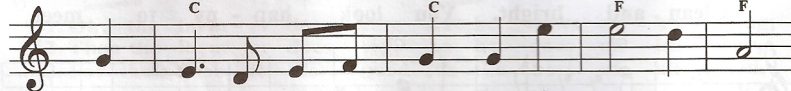
1. And there the bud - ding prim - ros - es seem to glow.  
2. They pick the yel - low prim - ros - es that a - bound.  
3. We watch the cat - tle graze in thier la - zy way.

C

C

F

F



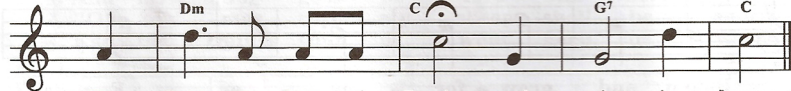
1. We see the hill - ocks bloom - ing a - far and near,  
2. We hear the hum - ming birds as they flit and zoom;  
3. We'll make a gi - ant bon - fire to light the spot,

Dm

C

G7

C



1. The fields are full of flow'rs, and spring is here.  
2. We'll pic - nic on the hill where flow - ers bloom.  
3. And roast our pic - nic meats in its em - bers hot.