

Alto

Flying Free

Don Besig

8 **A** *mf*

There is a place I call my own where I can stand

14 **B**

by the sea, and look be - yond the things I've known,

20 *cresc.* **C** *f*

and dream that I might be free. Like the

26 *dim.*

bird a - bove the trees glid - ing gen - tly on the breeze,

33 **D** *mf*

I wish that all my life I'd be with - out a care, and fly - ing

39 **E** **F** *mp* **G** *mp*

free! But life is not a dis - tant sky with - out a cloud,

52 *cresc.*

with - out rain, And I can nev - er hope that

57 *cresc.*

I can tra - vel on with - out pain.

63 **H** *mf*

Time goes swift-ly on its way. All too soon we've lost to-

69 *dim.* **I** *mp*

day. I can-not wait for skies of blue or dream so long that

76 **J** **7** **K** *mf*

life is through. So life's a song that I must sing,

88 **L**

a gift of love I must share, And when I

94 *cresc.*

see the joy it brings, my spir-its soar through the air.

102 **M** *f*

Like that bird up in the sky, life has taught me how to

107 **N**

fly. For now I know what I can be and now my heart is

114 **O** *dim.*

fly - ing free! Oo

120 *dim.* *p*