

# These Hills

Phil Keaggy

Today I walked out upon this land  
Upon the hills of my father  
The places of my childhood  
Today I walked out upon this land

My mother prayed here so long ago  
In these hills of my memory  
In these valleys  
These valleys of remembrance  
My mother prayed here so long ago

God made these hills  
And He remembers  
Why He made these hills  
And I remember  
That He made these hills

My father worked these ancient fields  
The furrows still remain  
He planted and he reaped  
My father worked these ancient fields

It's been so long since I've been here  
And stood upon this hill  
And watched the setting sun  
It's been way too long, my Lord

God made these hills  
And He remembers  
Why He made these hills  
And I remember  
That He made these hills

Yes, Lord I hear Your voice  
As my mother did, as my mother did  
Yes, Lord I hear Your voice  
And as my father listened to You  
As he stood where I'm standing

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And He remembers  
Why He made these hills  
And I remember  
That He made these hills

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These hills

For me

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