

Lucy Simon

"House Upon The Hill"

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DREAMERS:

High on a hill sits a big old house
With something wrong inside it.
Spirits haunt the halls
And make no effort now to hide it.

What will put their souls to rest
And stop their ceaseless sighing?
Why do they call out children's names
And speak of one who's crying?

MRS. MEDLOCK:

Well, you're right not to care
your uncle certainly isn't going
to trouble himself about you.

DREAMERS:

And the master hears the whispers
On the stairways dark and still,
And the spirits speak of secrets
In the house upon the hill.

MRS. MEDLOCK:

He's a hunchback, you see.
And a sour young man he was,
and got no good of all his mobney
and a big place till he were married.

MARY:

To my Aunt Lily?

MRS. MEDLOCK:

She were a sweet, pretty thing and he'd
have walked the world over to get her
a blade of grass that she wanted. When
she died, it made him worse than ever.

DREAMERS:

High on a hill sits a big old house
ith something wrong inside it.
Someone died, and someone's left

Alone and can't abide it.

There in the house is a lonely man
Still haunted by her beauty,
Asking what a life can be
Where naught remains but duty.

MARY:
Is it always so ugly here?

MRS. MEDLOCK:
It's the moor. Miles and miles
of wild land that nothing grows
on but heather and gorse and broom,
and nothing lives on but wild
ponies and sheep.

MARY:
What is that awful howling sound?

MRS. MEDLOCK:
That's the wind blowing through the bushes
they call it wuthering that sound
but look there that tiny light
far across there
that'll be the gate it will.

DREAMERS:
And the master hears the whispers
On the stairways dark and still,
And the spirits speak of secrets
In the house upon the hill.

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