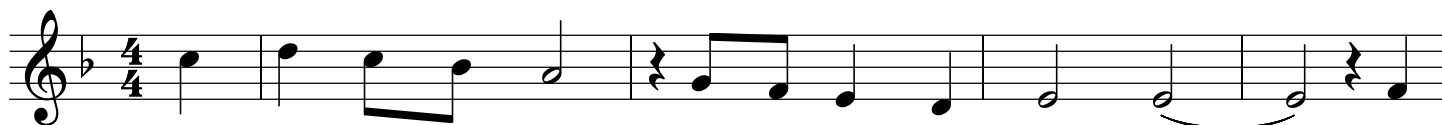
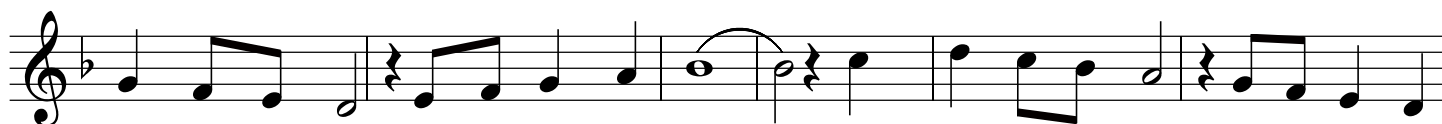


The Hills Are Alive



The hills are a live and it looks like Mon gols, I



see them all skulk ing a mong the trees. The hills are a live, and it must be



Mon gols; To be sure you have only to sniff the breeze.



The Mon gols have raised up their yurts made of un tanned skins on the top of the



hill, Mongols have built cooking fires out of heaps of dung and they're burn ing the



swill. They've hob bled their pon ies and fod dered them well on the mold diest



hay, They've re veled till dawn but at last they are fac ing the day. I'll



go to the hills with my sen ses bat tered, I

