

Mockin' bird Hill

When the sun in the mornin' peeps over the hill
And kisses the roses 'round my windowsill
Then my heart fills with gladness when I hear the trill
Of those birds in the treetops on Mockin'bird Hill

Tra-la-la, tweedlee dee dee it gives me a thrill
To wake up in the morning to the mockin' bird's trill
Tra-la-la, tweedlee dee dee
There's peace and goodwill
You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin'bird Hill

Got a three cornered plow and an acre to till
And a mule that I bought for a ten dollar bill
There's a tumble-down shack and a rusty old mill,
But it's my home sweet home up on Mockin'bird Hill

Tra-la-la, tweedlee dee dee it gives me a thrill
To wake up in the morning to the mockin' bird's trill
Tra-la-la, tweedlee dee dee
There's peace and goodwill
You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin'bird Hill

When it's late in the evenin' I climb up the hill
And survey all my kingdom while everything's still
Only me and the sky and an old whippoorwill
Singing songs in the twilight on Mockin'bird Hill