

Mockin' Bird Hill

Patti Page

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 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
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
CHORUS X 3 with FADE on third
END OF PAGE'S
VERSION
It has been reported (but I can't confirm) that other versions may contain an
Additional verse:
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

Songwriters

HORTON, VAUGHN
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