

Mockin' Bird Hill

Jean Shepard

When the sun in the mornin' peeps over the hill
And kisses the roses round my window sill
Then my heart fills with gladness when I hear the trill
Of the birds in the treetops on Mockin' Bird Hill
Tra la la twittle dee dee it gives me a thrill
To wake up in the mornin' to the mockin' bird's trill
Tra la la twittle dee dee there's peace and good will
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
Got a tumbledown shack and a rusty ol' mill
But it's my home sweet home up on Mockin' Bird Hill
Tra la la twittle dee dee...
[piano]
When it's late in the evening I climb up the hill
And survey all my kingdom while everything's still
Only me and the sky and an ol' whippoorwill
Singin' songs in the twilight on Mockin' Bird Hill
Tra la la twittle dee dee...

Songwriters

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