

Hank Snow, Mockin' Bird Hill

When the sun in the morning 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 twitle dee dee dee it gives me a thrill
To wake up in the morning to the mockin' bird's trill
Tra la la twitle dee dee dee there's peace and good will
You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin' Bird Hill

[guitar]

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 twitle dee dee dee...

You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin' Bird Hill
You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin' Bird Hill