

# Jean Shepard, Mockin' Bird Hill

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 twitle dee dee dee it gives me a thrill  
To wake up in the mornin' 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

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 twitle dee 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 twitle dee dee dee...