

Mockingbird Hill

Vaughn Horton

Waltz

When the sun in the morn-ing peeps o-ver the hill, and kiss-es the
ros-es 'round my win-dow-sill; then my heart fills with glad-ness when
I hear the trill, of the birds in the tree-tops on Mock-ing-bird Hill. Tra-la-
la, twiddly-dee-dee, it gives me a thrill, to wake up in the morn-ing to the
mock-ing-bird's trill. Tra-la-la, twid-dly-dee-dee, there's peace and good-
will; You're wel-come as the flow-ers on Mock-ing-bird Hill.

Playing Notes: none.

Mockingbird Hill

1. When the sun in the morning peeps over the hill,
And kisses the roses 'round my windowsill;
Then my heart fills with gladness when I hear the trill
Of the birds in the treetops on Mockingbird Hill.

Chorus: Tra-la-la, twiddly-dee-dee, it gives me a thrill
To wake up in the morning to the mockingbird's trill.
Tra-la-la, twiddly-dee-dee, there's peace and goodwill;
You're welcome as the flowers on Mockingbird Hill.

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

3. 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 old whippoorwill,
Singin' songs in the twilight on Mockingbird Hill.
(chorus, repeat last 2 lines)