

## George Huff

### "Mockin' Bird Hill"

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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.

Got a three cornered plow and an acre to till  
And a mule that I bought for a three dollar bill  
There's 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, 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.

--- Whistles ---

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  
Singing songs in the twilight 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.

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

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