

The Four Lads

"The Mocking Bird"

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The Mocking Bird sang his song
By the break of morn
The Mocking Bird sang his song
Then a song was born

Well, the Mocking bird
Mocking Bird, Mocking Bird
Well, the Mocking Bird

Well, the Lord looked down
To see what he heard
The Lord put the voice in
The Mocking Bird

A song was born
He liked what he heard
The song was sung by
The Mocking Bird
Singing, Lord, hear me

Well, the Lord looked down
And he blessed the bird
He gave it the power
To sing his word

To sing bout the joy
Of his heavenly land
where none but the good
And right shall stand

Well, his voice did rumble
His voice did rock
The earth was shaken
By the mighty shock
Singing, whoa, oh...

Oh, sing
Little Mocking Bird
Sing your song

Well, he sang and sang
His voice was heard

His tune was carried
By every bird

To the ends of the earth
This warning rang out
Sinner, when the fire burns
You'll wanna shout

That's how a song was born

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