

Mockin' Bird Hill

Patti Page

Tra-la-la, tweedlee dee dee it gives me a thrill
To wake up in the morning to the mockin' bird's trill
Tra-la-la, tweedlee dee dee
There's peace and goodwill
You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin'bird Hill

When the sun in the mornin' peeps over the hill
And kisses the roses 'round my windowsill
Then my heart fills with laughter when I hear the trill
Of those birds in the tree tops on Mockin'bird Hill

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When it's late in the evenin' I climb up the hill
And survey all my kingdom while everything's still
Only me and the sky and an old whippoorwill
Singing songs in the twilight on Mockin'bird Hill

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