

Mocking Bird Hill

Slim Whitman

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 Mockin' Bird Hill

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 Mockin' Bird Hill

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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 Mockin' Bird Hill

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