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Mockingbird Hill



When the sun in the mor-ning peeps o-ver the hill, And kis-ses the ro-ses '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 Moc-kin' Bird Hill. Tra la la, Twee-dle-dee dee dee It gives me a thrill, To



wake up in the mor-ning to the moc-kin' bird's trill. Tra-la-la twee-dle-dee dee dee there's



peace and good will; You're wel-come as the flow-ers on Moc-kin' Bird Hill