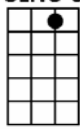


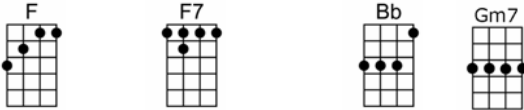
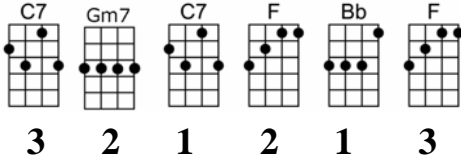
SING C



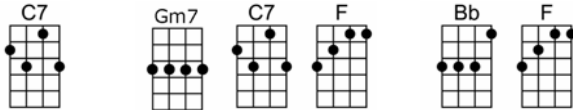
MOCKINGBIRD HILL_(BAR)

3/4 123 12 (If sung with no intro)

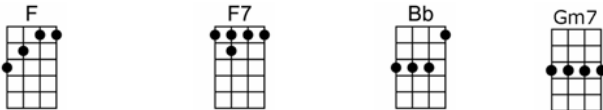
Intro:



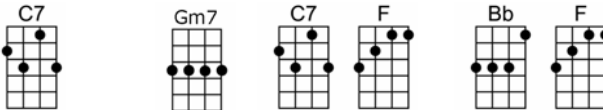
When the sun in the mornin' peeps over the hill



And kisses the roses 'round my win-dow - sill

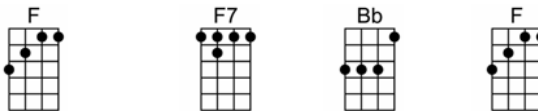


Then my heart fills with gladness when I hear the trill

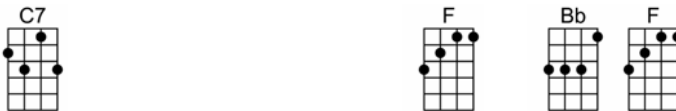


Of those birds in the treetops on Mockin'bird Hill

REFRAIN:



Tra-la-la, tweedlee dee dee it gives me a thrill



To wake up in the morning to the mockin' bird's trill

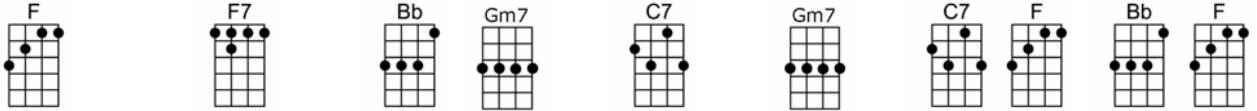


Tra-la-la, tweedlee dee dee, there's peace and good will -

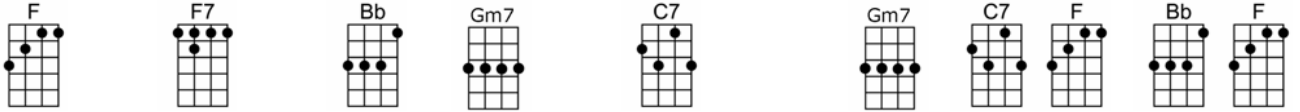


You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin'bird Hill

p.2 Mockingbird Hill

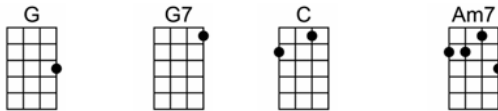


Got a three cornered plow and an acre to till, and a mule that I bought for a ten dol-lar bill

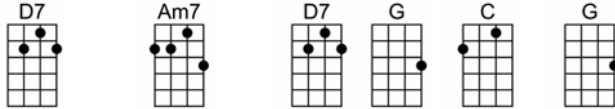


There's a tumbledown shack and a rusty old mill, But it's my home sweet home up on Mockin'bird Hill.

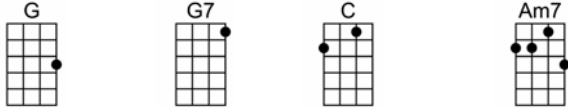
REPEAT REFRAIN-(followed by a quick D7)



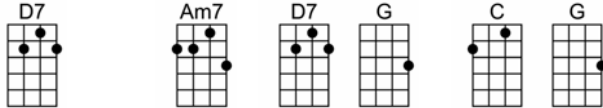
When it's late in the evenin' I climb up the hill



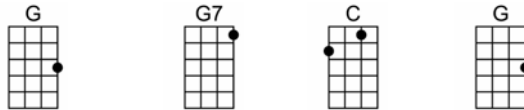
And sur-vey all my kingdom while every-thing's still



Only me and the sky and an old whippoor-will



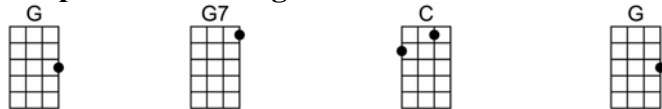
Singing songs in the twilight on Mockin'bird Hill



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 good will –



You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin'bird Hill



You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin'bird Hill