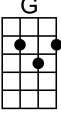
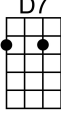
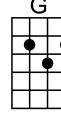


Mockin' Bird Hill

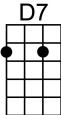
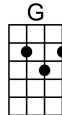
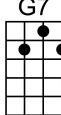
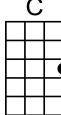
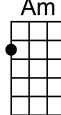
Words & Music by Vaughn Horton (1949)

Arranged by: Ron Chamberlin

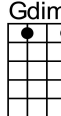
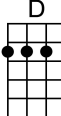
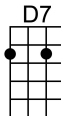
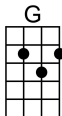
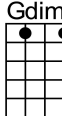
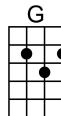
Try this: Use your index finger on the second string at the first fret and the middle finger on the first string first fret to form the Gdim chord. That makes it easy to slide up to the G chord. Then to move from the Gdim chord to the D chord just lift your fingers and use your middle, ring and little fingers to form the D chord on the fourth, third and second strings, respectively. Now, lift your ring finger to form the D7 chord.

3/4 Time - INTRO:  / /  / /  / / / /

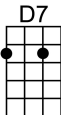
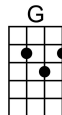
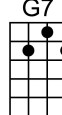
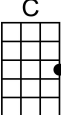
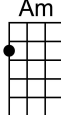
VERSE 1:

  / /  / /  / /  /

When the sun in the morn - in' peeps o - ver the hill,

  / /  / /  /   /

and kis - ses the ro - ses 'round my win - dow sill;

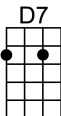
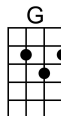
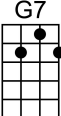
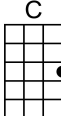
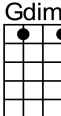
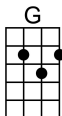
  / /  / /  / /  /

then my heart fills with glad - ness when I hear the trill,

  / /  / /  /   /

of the birds in the tree tops on Mock - in' - bird Hill.

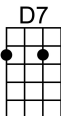
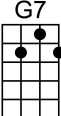
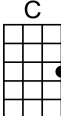
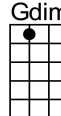
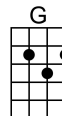
CHORUS:

  / /  / /  /   /

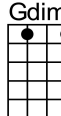
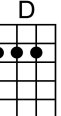
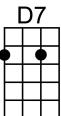
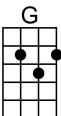
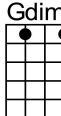
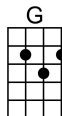
Tra - la la, twiddle-dee, dee, dee, it gives me a thrill,

  / /  / /  /   /

to wa - ke up in the morn - in' to the Mock - in' - birds' trill.

  / /  / /  /   /

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

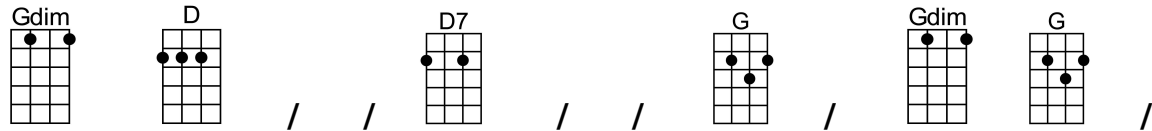
  / /  / /  /   /

you're wel - come as the flow - ers on Mock - in' - bird Hill.

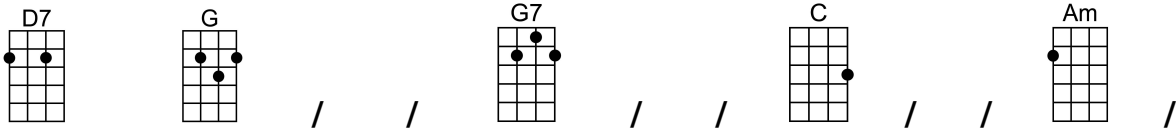
VERSE 2:



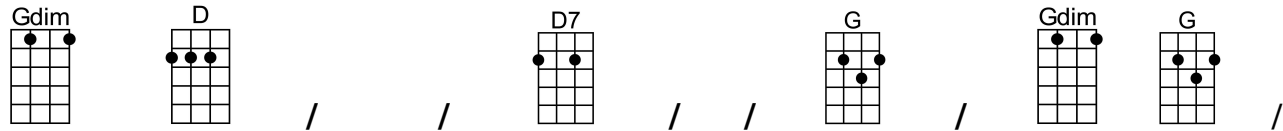
Got a three cor - nered plow and an ac - re to till,



and a mule that I bought for a ten dol - lar bill.



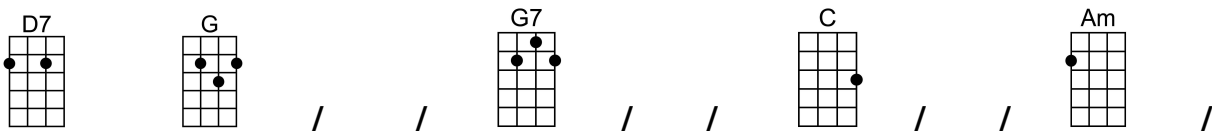
there's a tumble - ed - down shack and a rust - y ol' mill,



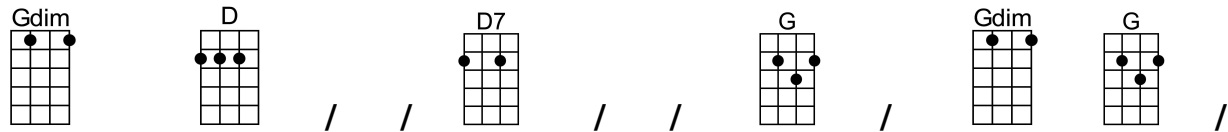
but it's my "Home Sweet Home" up on Mock - in' - bird Hill.

(Repeat Chorus)

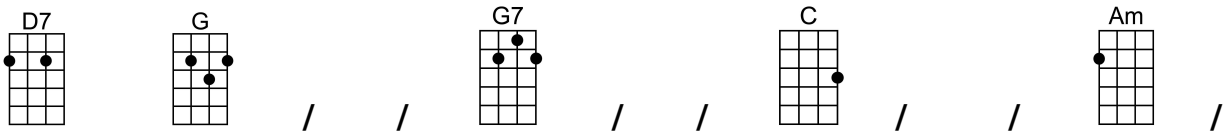
VERSE 2:



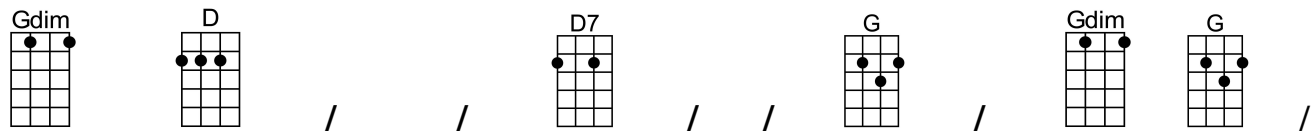
When it's late in the even - in', I climb up the hill,



And sur - vey all my king - dom while eve - ry - thing's still.



On - ly me and the sky and that old whip - poor - will.



It's my "Home Sweet Home" up on Mock - in' - bird Hill.

(Repeat Chorus)