1. When the sun in the morning peeps over the hill and three cornered plow and an acre to till and late in the evening I climb up the hill and sur-

Dulcimer

2. Kisses the roses 'round my window sill; Then my heart fills with mule that I bought for a ten dollar bill. There's a tumble down every all my kingdom while every thing's still. On-ly me and the

3. Gladness when I hear the trill of the birds in the tree-tops on shack and a rusty ol' mill, But it's my Home Sweet Home up on sky and an ol' whip-poor-will, Singing Songs in the twilight on
Mocking Bird Hill

Mock-in' Bird Hill Tra-la-la Twit-tle-dee dee dee it gives me a thrill to wake up in the morn-in' to the mock-in' bird's trill. Tra-la-la Twit-tle-dee dee dee there's peace and good will. You're welcome as the flowers on Mock-in' Bird hill.

Got a When its 3.