

No matter where I roam  
When shall I see the bees a humming  
All round the comb  
When will I hear the banjo tuning  
Down in my good old home  
Lho

Listen to the mocking bird

I am dreaming now of Hally sweet Hally sweet Hally I am dreaming  
For the thought of her is one that never died  
She's sleeping in the valley the valley the valley and the mocking bird. <sup>she she he</sup> 12,  
(Chorus) Listen to the mocking bird Listen to the mocking bird  
The Mocking bird still singing <sup>over her grave</sup> where she lies  
Listen to the mocking bird Listen to the mocking bird  
Still singing where the weeping willows wave

Oh well I yet remember remember remember  
Oh well I yet remember when we gathered <sup>side by side</sup> on the cotton  
Twas in the mid Sept. Sept - Sept - Twas in the mid Sept,  
And the mocking bird was singing far and wide

When the charms of spring awaken <sup>Chorus of open country</sup> awaken awaken when  
And the mocking bird is singing on the bough  
I feel like one forsaken forsaken forsaken I feel like one of you  
Since my Hally is no longer with me now

(Key of G.)