

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Listen to the mockingbird

I'm dreaming now of Hallie, sweet Hallie, sweet Hallie
I'm dreaming now of Hallie, for the thought of her is one that never dies
She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley
She's sleeping in the valley, and the mockingbird shinging where she lies

Listen to the mockingbird, listen to the mockingbird
The mockingbird is singing o'er her grave
Listen to the mockingbird, listen to the mockingbird
Still singing where the weeping willows wave

Ah well I yet can remember, I remember, I remember
Ah well I yet can remember, when we gathered in the cotton side by side
'Twas in the mild mid-September, in September, in September
'Twas in the mild mid-September, and the mockingbird was singing far and wide

* Refrain

When charms of spring are awoken, are awoken, are awoken
When charms of spring are awoken and the mockingbird is singing on the bough
I feel like one so forsaken, so forsaken, so forsaken
I feel like one so forsaken, since my Hallie is no longer with me now

* Refrain