

Listen to the Mocking Bird

by Alice Hawthorne (1855)

C7 *F* *C7* *F*
I'm dreaming now of Hallie, sweet Hallie, sweet Hallie;

C7 *F(½)* *F7(½)*
I'm dreaming now of Hallie,

Bb(½) *C7(½)* *F*
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 mocking bird singing where she lies.

F *(F) C7* *(C7) F*
Listen to the mocking bird, listen to the mocking bird,
C(½) *C7(½)* *F*

The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave;

F *(F) C7* *(C7) F*
Listen to the mocking bird, listen to the mocking bird,

(D) Gm(½) *C7(½)* *F*
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Ah! well I yet remember, remember, remember,
Ah! well I yet remember,
When we gather'd in the cotton side by side;

'Twas in the mild September, September, September,
'Twas in the mild September,
And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.

When the charms of spring awaken, awaken, awaken:
When the charms of spring awaken,
And the mocking bird is singing on the bough.

I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken.
I feel like one so forsaken,
Since my Hally is no longer with me now.