

Hushabye Mountain

Julie London

A gentle breeze from Hushabye Mountain
Softly blows over Lullaby Bay;
It fills the sails of boats that are waiting,
Waiting to sail your worries away.

It isn't far to Hushabye Mountain,
And your boat waits down by the quay.
The winds of night sdo softly are sighing,
Soon they will fly your troubles to sea.

So close your eyes on Hushabye Mountain,
Wave goodbye to cares of the day,
And watch your boat from Hushabye Mountain
Sail far away from Lullaby Bay.

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