

Up The Wooden Hill To Bedfordshire

Vera Lynn

Up the wooden hill to Bedfordshire
Heading for the land of dreams
When I look back to those happy childhood days
Like yesterday it seems
It was grand my mother held my hand
Daddy was the old gee gee
The old wooden hill was the old wooden stairs
and Bedfordshire of course where I knelt to say my
prayers
Climbing up the wooden hill to Bedfordshire
They were happy happy days for me.

Last night I dreamt about the place where I was born
The village school the winding lane the fields of waving
corn
Seems that dream brought memories to me
My childhood days in fancieness I could see
When the sun had gone to rest and I was tired of play
Dad would put me on his back and then to me he'd say

[Repeat Verse 1:]