

# 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:]