

## When The Golden Leaves Begin To Fall

Bill Monroe

I left the one that love in the mountains  
And all the love we shared  
But each night as she kneels by her bed side  
I know she calls my name in her prayer

When the moon shines on the Blue Ridge mountains  
And it seems I can hear my sweetheart call  
How I long to be near to my darling  
When the golden leaves begin to fall

She knows that I'll return to the mountains  
And will bring to her a wedding ring  
It will be placed upon her finger  
Happiness to us both it will bring

Winter time is so cold in the mountains  
The ground will soon be covered white with snow  
How I long to keep the home fires burning  
For I know my darling needs me so