

Bill Miller**"When The Golden Leaves Begin To Fall"**

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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

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