

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Maple sugar sweetheart

Oh I left her in the mountains in the golden summertime
I told her not to worry little darling pal of mine
I told her that I loved her and always would be true
When the moon comes o'er the mountain, I'll be waitin' there for you

She's my darling she's my sweetheart, she's the one for me
With a heart as pure as gold and in dreams her face I see
Soon I'll be returning and the wedding bells will chime
And I'll make her mine forever when it's maple sugar time

Jerry Tuckett will play the fiddle, folks will come from miles away
To the maple sugar hoedown, what a happy wedding day
I'll be a country king and I'll paint a pretty scene
I'll kiss her smiling ruby lips, she'll be my maple sugar Queen

* Refrain