

My Country Sweetheart - song lyrics

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MY COUNTRY SWEETHEART.

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Words and Music by James Silver.

Arranged by Henry S. Sawyer.

I have a sweetheart who lives in the country,
He raises potatoes and cabbage and corn;
He's not half so green as he looks from a distance,
He's a swell country farmer, as sure as you're born.
He comes into town ev'ry Saturday morning,
And brings in a big load of butter and cheese;
Then he takes me a-riding, 'way out In the country,
For a regular holiday go-as-you-please.

Refrain.

Rattlety, bang, the old cart goes over the road so fine;
Old horse on a run-oh, my, ain't it fun,
Riding along with this sweetheart of mine?
When we're out of sight, he squeezes me tight,
Maybe you think it ain't fun? He may be a gawk,
But I don't have to walk, when with this country sweetheart of mine.

He's got a nice, little home in the country,
A cute little farm about four miles from town,
With turkeys And ducks, and pigs in the clover,
And cute little guinea-pigs running around.
He says that he wants me to marry next summer,
I know that he loves me with all of his heart:
Then I'll milk the cows, and churn my own butter,
And drive him to town in my own horse and curt.-Refrain.