

Golden, Golden

Andy M. Stewart

Slowly, slowly, walk the path
And you might never stumble or fall
Slowly, slowly walk the path
And you might never fall in love at all.

Chorus:
Golden, golden is her hair,
Like the morning sun over fields of corn.
Golden, golden flows her love,
So sweet and clear and warm.

Lonely, lonely is the heart
That ne'er another can call its own.
Lonely, lonely lies the part
That has to live all alone.

Chorus

Wildly, wildly beats the heart
With a rush of love like a mountain stream
Wildly, wildly play your part
As free as a wild bird's dream.

Chorus