

Anna Lee

Levon Helm

Listen now children a story I'll tell
Of a woman they called Anna Lee
She had a fine son and she raised him up well
And a daughter as lovely as she

I'll return to you, dear, in the dimming of day
As the sparrow returns to her nest
I'll return to you dreaming with each lullaby
Hold your sweet weary head to my breast

She sang to her darlings a sweet lullaby
As the cool evening shadows grow long
Angels and nightingales gather at night
Just to hear mother Anna Lee's song

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Hold your sweet weary head to my breast

I heard it one morning she rode into town
To tend to her dear sister there
She kissed her two babies on cheek and on brow
And left them with nary a care

The wind it did rise and the rain it did fall
The river, a shadowy wave
Anna Lee never heard danger's dark call
And was swept to her watery grave

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