

White Dove

Levon Helm

In the deep rolling hills of old Virginia,
There's a place I love too well,
Where I spent many days of my childhood,
In the cabin where we loved so well.

White dove will mourn in sorrow,
The willows will hang their head.
I'll live my life in sorrow,
Since mother and daddy are dead.

We were all so happy there together,
In our peaceful little mountain home.
But the angels needed her in Heaven;
Now she sings around the great white throne.

As the years roll by, I often wonder
If we'll ever be together someday.
And each night as I wander to the graveyard,
Darkness finds me where I kneel to pray.