

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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White Dove

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(Ralph & Carter Stanley)

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

Cho: White dove will mourn in sorrow.

The willows will hang their heads.

I 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 Savior needs angels up in heaven.
Now they sing around the great white throne.

As the years roll by, I often wonder
If we will all be together some day,
And each night as I wander through the graveyard,
Darkness finds me trying to pray.**

Variants: * In the beautiful hills of old Virginia,

**Darkness finds me where I kneel to pray.

Recorded by the Stanley Brothers on

"Hymns and Sacred Songs," 1959.

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