

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Snow White Dove

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They were very very happy, their marriage was a gem  
But death was soon to take his pretty wife away from him  
With her dying breath she whispered we'll have everlasting love  
And I'll come back to be with you as a little snow white dove

Time went by and nothing happened the dove did not appear  
The young man fell in love again and married in a year  
But the day he brought his new bride home the neighbors were  
To see a snow white dove came fluttering down upon the snowball tree

There she sobbed and moaned heartbroken in a almost human way  
No matter what the weather she would perch there every day  
When the neighbors and the servants, yes the story they had learned  
That in the `guise of this white dove the young wife had returned

The new bride heard the story and her nerves began to fail  
The young man tried to help her but it was to no avail  
To save his second marriage he knew something must be done  
So at dawn the next morning he went out with a gun

He raised the gun and fired through the leaves so deep and green  
The snow white breast turned scarlet and he heard a woman scream  
The dove flew high into the air and disappeared from sight  
But as he lay in slumber the young man died that night

Neath the snow ball tree they buried him to live in last repose  
The young wife and the servants left, for where nobody knows  
Now the big house stands there empty and the garden lies in ruins  
But above the young mans grave each year the snow ball tree still blooms

They say that no one comes to see that lonely unkept green  
But every year at a certain time a visitor is seen  
And if you spoke to the neighbors then they'll tell you what they see  
A snow white dove with a scarlet breast perched on the snow ball tree

There sobs and moans heartbroken in an almost human way  
No matter what the weather she will perch there every day  
And seems forlorn and lonely for a love that couldn't last  
And you hear her cry in anguish for a sad and tragic past

Yes the story of the snow white dove has been told to you at last

This was passed down to me from my uncle. I'm not sure if the title

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is right. NF

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