White Dove

The Stanley Brothers

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 dwellWhite dove will mourn in sorrow
The willows will hang their heads
I'll live my life in sorrow
Since mother and daddy are deadWe 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 throneAs the years roll by I often wonder
If we will all be together someday
And each night as I wander through the graveyard
Darkness finds me as I kneel to pray

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