White Dove

Keith Whitley

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 a cabin where we loved to dwell
White dove will mourn in sorrow
The willows will hang their heads
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 Savior needs angels up in heaven
Now they sing 'round the great white throne
White dove will mourn in sorrow
The willows will hang their heads
I'll live my life in sorrow
Since mother and daddy are dead
As 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
White dove will mourn in sorrow
The willows will hang their heads
I'll live my life in sorrow
Since mother and daddy are dead
I'll live my life in sorrow
Since mother and daddy are dead

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