

## The White Dove 3/4 Time

(Stanley Brothers)

(E) In the deep rolling hills of ole (A) Virginia,  
there's a (E) place I love so  
(B) well,  
where I (E) spent many days of my (A) childhood, in the  
(E) cabin where we (B) loved  
to (E) dwell.

*(chorus)*

(E) White doves will mourn in (A) sorrow, the (E) willows  
will (B) hang their (E) heads,  
I'll live my life in (A) sorrow, since (E) mother and  
(B) daddy are (E) dead.

(E) We were all so happy there (A) together, in our  
(E) peaceful little mountain  
(B) home,  
but the (E) Savior needs angels in (A) heaven, now they  
(E) sing around that (B)  
great white (E) throne.

*(chorus)*

(E) As the years roll by I often (A) wonder, will we  
(E) all be together some (B) day,  
and each (E) night as I wander to the (A) graveyard,  
darkness (E) finds me where I  
(B) kneel to (E) pray.

*(chorus)*