

On The Wings Of A Dove

Iris DeMent

On the wings of a snow-white dove
He sends His pure sweet love
A sign from above
On the wings of a dove

When Noah had drifted on the flood many days
He searched for land in various ways
Troubles, he had some
he was never forgotten
He sent him His love
On the wings of a dove

On the wings of a snow-white dove
He sends His pure sweet love
A sign from above
On the wings of a dove

When sorrows beset us, when troubles come
The body grows weak
and the spirit grows numb
When these things beset us, He does not forget us
He sends down His love
On the wings of a dove

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