Dorothy of the Island

Laura Veirs

Dorothy of the island,
Dove down, dove down deep,
Silenced all the brave world,
And now she sleeps.

Her two sons left behind above,
Living in a cabin with their dad,
Who loves them.

Motherless children have a hard time,
When their mother is dead,
Motherless children have a hard time,
When their mother is dead.

Dorothy of the island,
Fell into a well inside her head,
Maybe it was something in her blood,
That poisoned her instead.

The truth is she could not,
Be saved.
The hermits in the city,
Mark a grave.

Motherless children have a hard time,
When their mother is dead.
Motherless children have a hard time,
When their mother is dead.

I've known the cold, the loneliness, the walking snowy lips of blue,
Surely nothing like the chill that Dorothy of the island knew,
So let us pull the curtains wide, and watch the pouring of the morning light,
So let us pull the curtains wide, and watch the pouring of the mourning light.

Motherless children have a hard time,
When their mother is dead,
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