

Ernest Tubb, 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 troubles surround us when evils come
The body grows weak the spirit grows numb
When these things beset us he doesn't forget us
He sends down his love on the wings of a dove
On the wings of a snow...

When Noah had drifted on the flood many days
He searched for land in various ways
Troubles he had some but wasn't forgotten
He sent him his love on the wings of a dove
On the wings of a snow...
On the wings of a snow...