

Linda Lou

Bill Monroe

In the state of West Virginia among the peaceful rolling hills
There I met a mountain maid with eyes of blue
Golden hair so soft and curly and her lips were like the dew
She was the queen of West Virginia and her name was Linda Lou

Linda Lou my Linda Lou can't you hear me calling you
Calling like a lonesome dove my Linda Lou
When the moon is in the blue and the stars are shining too
Can't you hear my lonely heart calling for you Linda Lou

I recall the night I met her how I held her hand in mine
I recall the night we kissed and bid adieu
Many miles may separate us if I should cross the ocean blue
My heart is still in West Virginia with my darling Linda Lou