

Bill Monroe

"Linda Lou"

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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 said 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

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?

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