

## Levon Helm "Anna Lee"

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Listen now children a story I'll tell  
Of a woman they called Anna Lee  
She had a fine son and she raised him up well  
And a daughter as lovely as she

I'll return to you, dear, in the dimming of day  
As the sparrow returns to her nest  
I'll return to you dreaming with each lullaby  
Hold your sweet weary head to my breast

She sang to her darlings a sweet lullaby  
As the cool evening shadows grow long  
Angels and nightingales gather at night  
Just to hear mother Anna Lee's song

I'll return to you, dear, in the dimming of day  
As the sparrow returns to her nest  
I'll return to you dreaming with each lullaby  
Hold your sweet weary head to my breast

I heard it one morning she rode into town  
To tend to her dear sister there  
She kissed her two babies on cheek and on brow  
And left them with nary a care

The wind it did rise and the rain it did fall  
The river, a shadowy wave  
Anna Lee never heard danger's dark call  
And was swept to her watery grave

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