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Hank Williams "At The First Fall Of Snow"

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I talked with a stranger, so sad and forlorn His garments were sackcloth, all tattered and torn He told me a story, of sorrow and woe His heart went to heaven, at the first fall of snow

He spoke of his angel, a dear baby girl He loved ev'ry footstep, he loved ev'ry curl But she went to heaven, just one year ago The angels came for her, at the first fall of snow

He still had the dolly that she used to love He held and caressed it and gazed up above He whispered, "My baby, you're waiting, I know I'll bring you, your dolly at the first fall of snow"

And there as I listened, my eyes filled with tears I knew she was part of his happier years His frail body trembled, he spoke soft and low I'll be with my baby at the first fall of snow

I patted his shoulder, my feelings to hide He couldn't know I was crying inside He smiled as we parted, 'cause he didn't know That we lost our baby at the first fall of snow

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