

Hank Williams Sr.

"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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