

# Hank Snow, At The First Fall Of Snow

I talked with a stranger so sad and forlorn  
His garments were sack cloth 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 every footstep he loved every curl  
But she went to heaven just one year ago  
The angels came for her at the first fall of snow

He still have the dolly that she used to love  
He held and caressed it and he gazed up above  
He whispered my darling you're waiting I know  
I'll bring you your dolly at the first fall of snow  
[ fiddle ]  
And there as I listened then 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 darling at the first fall of snow

I just couldn't tell him how I felt inside  
I patted his shoulder my feelings to hide  
He smiled as we parted cause he didn't know  
That we'd lost our darling at the first fall of snow