

# Hank Williams, At The First Fall Of Snow

I talked with a stranger, so sad and alone.  
His Garments were sackled, 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 had the dolly, that she used to love  
He held and caressed it, and gazed up above

He whispered my baby, your 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