

# Hank Thompson, In The Valley Of The Moon

(In the valley of the moon)

Down the lane we strolled neath the roses in the valley of the moon

And I lost my love neath the roses in the valley of the moon

We kissed and said goodbye she cried and so did I

Now dear you wonder why I am lonely

But we'll meet again by the roses in the valley of the moon

[ fiddle ]

Down the lane we strolled neath the roses...