

Hank Williams, Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain

Written by Fred Rose, 1945

In the twilight glow I see her
Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain.
As we kissed good-bye and parted,
I knew we'd never meet again.

Love is like a dying ember.
Where only memories remain.
Through the ages I'll remember-
Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain.

Now my hair has turned to silver.
All my life I've loved in vain.
I can see her star in heaven.
Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain.

Someday when we meet up yonder,
We'll stroll hand in hand again.
In a land that knows no parting-
Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain.