

At the First Fall of Snow

[Hank Williams](#)

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

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