

Darkest Hour

Hans Theessink

Oh the sun is nearly rising
And the night is almost gone
And the night is almost gone
The darkest hour is just before dawn

Won't you cuddle up a little closer
Mama won't you hold my hand
Mama won't you hold my hand
The blues is creeping on me
Got to loose 'em if I can

Oh, the sun is nearly rising

I can hear the rooster crowing
Mama 't ain't long fore day
Mama 't ain't long fore day
Wait for the sunshine
To drive my blues away

Oh, the sun is nearly rising