

# Old Doc Brown

Hank Snow

(Spoken)

He was just an old country doctor  
In a little Kentucky town  
Fame and fortune had passed him by  
But we never saw him frown  
As day by day in his kindly way  
He served us one and all  
Many a patient forgot to pay  
Altho' doc's fees were small

But Old Doc Brown didn't seem to mind  
He didn't even send out bills  
His only ambition was to find  
It seems, sure cures for aches and ills  
Why nearly half the folks in my home town  
Yes, I'm one of them too  
Were ushered in by Old Doc Brown  
When we made our first debut

Tho' he needed his dimes and there were times  
That he'd receive a fee  
He'd pass it on to some poor soul  
That needed it worse than he  
But when the depression hit our town  
And drained each meager purse  
The scanty income of Old Doc Brown  
Just went from bad to worse

He had to sell all of his furniture  
Why, he couldn't even pay his office rent  
So to a dusty room over a Livery stable  
Doc Brown and his practice went  
On the hitchin' post at the curb below  
To advertise his wares  
He nailed a little sign that read  
'Doc Brown has moved upstairs'

There he kept on helpin' folks get well  
And his heart was just pure gold  
But anyone with eyes could see  
That Doc was gettin' old  
And then one day he didn't even answer  
When they knocked upon his door  
Old Doc Brown was a-lyin' down  
But his soul - was no more

They found him there in an old black suit  
And on his face was a smile of content  
But all the money they could find on him  
Was a quarter and a copper cent  
So they opened up his ledger  
And what they saw gave their hearts a pull  
Beside each debtor's name  
Old Doc had (\*writ) these words, 'Paid in full'

It looked like the potter's field for Doc  
That caused us some alarm

'Til someone 'membered the family graveyard  
Out on the Simmons farm  
Old doc had brought six of their kids  
And Simmons was a grateful cuss  
He said, Doc's been like one of the family  
So, you can let him sleep with us

Old Doc should have had a funeral  
Fine enough for a king  
It's a ghastly joke that our town was broke  
And no one could give a thing  
'Cept Jones, the undertaker  
He did mighty well  
Donatin' an old iron casket  
That he'd never been able to sell

And the funeral procession, it wasn't much  
For grace and pomp and style  
But those wagon loads of mourners  
They stretched out for more than a mile  
And we breathed a prayer as we laid him there  
To rest beneath the sod  
This man who'd earned the right  
To be on speaking terms with God

His grave was covered with flowers  
But not from the floral shops  
Just roses and things from folks' garden  
And one or two dandelion pots  
For the depression had hit our little town hard  
And each man carried a load  
So some just picked the wildflowers  
As they passed along the road

We wanted to give him a monument  
Kinda figured we owed him one  
'Cause he'd made our town a better place  
For all the good he'd done  
But monuments cost money  
So, we did the best we could  
And on his grave we gently placed  
A monument - of wood

We pulled up that old hitchin' post  
Where Doc had nailed his sign  
And we painted it white and to all of us  
It certainly did look fine  
Now the rains and snow has washed away  
Our white trimmings of paint  
And there ain't nothin' left but Doc's own sign  
And that is gettin' faint

Still, when southern breezes and flickering stars  
Caress our sleeping town  
And the pale moon shines through Kentucky pines  
On the grave of Old Doc Brown  
You can still see that old hitchin' post  
As if an answer to our prayers  
Mutely telling the whole wide world  
Doc Brown has moved up stairs