

## Little Joe

Bill Monroe

What will the birds do, mother, in the spring  
Will they gather the crumbs around our door  
Will they fly from the nest to the top of the tree  
And ask why Joe wanders out no more

What will the kitten do, mother, all alone  
Will she stray from her frolic for a day  
Will she lie on the rug beside my bed  
Like she did before I went away

What will Thomas, the old gardener do  
When you ask him for flowers for me  
Will he give you a rose he has tended with care  
The fairest one that lies around the tree

I saw the tears coming to his honest eyes  
He said it was the wind that brought 'em there  
As he gazed on my cheeks growing paler each day  
His hand trembled over my hair

Keep Tag, mother, my little dog  
I know that he'll mourn for me too  
Keep him though blind and older he grows  
To sleep in the whole summer through

Show him my coat, mother, so he may know  
That his master then will be dead  
Speak to him kindly and often of Joe  
And pat him on his brown shaggy head

And you, dearest mother, shall miss me for a while  
But in heaven I shall no larger grow  
And any kind angel you meet at the gate  
Can take you to your darling Little Joe