

## Little Joe

Hank Snow

What will the birds do, mother, in the spring  
When they stop to gather crumbs around the door  
Will they fly from the trees half as nice with glee  
Askin' why Joe wanders out no more

What will the kitten do, mother, all alone  
Will he stop from his frolic for the day  
Will he lie on his rug by the side of my bed  
As he did before I went away

What will Thomas, that old gardener, say  
When you ask him for flowers for me  
Will he give you a rose he has tended with care  
The first, fairest bloom of the tree

I have seen the tears in his honest, old eyes  
But he said it was the wind that brought them there  
As he gazed on my cheeks growing paler each day  
And his hand went trembling through my hair

Keep tied, mother, my poor little dog  
For I know he will mourn for me too  
Just keep him when old and useless he grows  
Sleepin' the whole summer through

Show him my coat, mother, so he'll not forget  
His master who then will be dead  
Just speak to him kindly and often of Joe  
And pat him on his brown, shaggy head

And you, dearest mother, may miss me for a while  
But in Heaven I'll no larger grow  
And any kind angel will know at the gate  
When you ask for your darlin' little Joe