

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