

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