## Hank Snow, Little Joe

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 Asking why Joe wanders out no more

What will the kitten do mother all alone Will he stop from his frolick 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
[ clarinet - guitar ]
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'll mourn for me too Just keep him when old and useless he grows Sleeping 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 darling little Joe