Little Joe-Hank Snow
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C                        F             C
What will the birds do mother in the spring
                                                G7
When they stop to gather crumbs around the door
C                             F
Will they fly from the trees half as nice with glee
G7                             C
Asking why Joe wanders out no more

                        F             C
What will the kitten do mother all alone
                                      G7
Will he stop from his frolic for the day
C                              F
Will he lie on his rug by the side of my bed
G7                             C
As he did before I went away

                         F             C
What will Thomas that old gardener say
                                     G7
When you ask him for flowers for me
C                              F
Will he give you a rose he has tended with care
G7                             C
The first fairest bloom of the tree

                            F               C
I have seen the tears in his honest old eyes
                                                    G7
But he said it was the wind that brought them there
C                                F
As he gazed on my cheeks growing paler each day
G7                                C
And his hand went trembling through my hair

                       F            C
Keep tied mother my poor little dog
                                  G7
For I know he'll mourn for me too
C                              F
Just keep him when old and useless he grows
G7                            C
Sleeping the whole summer through

                           F             C
Show him my coat mother so he'll not forget
                                 G7
His master who then will be dead
C                              F
Just speak to him kindly and often of Joe
G7                                C
And pat him on his brown shaggy head

                               F              C
And you dearest mother may miss me for a while
                                 G7
But in heaven I'll no larger grow
C                              F
And any kind angel will know at the gate
G7                                      C
When you ask for your darling little Joe
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