

Oklahoma!

"Poor Jud Is Daid"

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Curly:

Pore Jud is daid,
Pore Jud Fry is daid,
All gather 'round his cawfin now and cry
He had a heart of gold
And he wasn't very old
Oh why did such a feller have to die?

Pore Jud is daid
Pore Jud Fry is daid,
He's lookin' oh so peaceful and serene

Jud: And serene!

Curly:

He's all laid out to rest
With his hands acrost his chest
His fingernails have never been so clean!

(Spoken)

Then the preacher'd get up and he'd say:

(Chanting)

Folks, we are gathered here to moan and groan over
our brother Jud Fry,
who hung hisself up by a rope in his smokehouse

(Spoken)

Then there'd be weepin' and wailin'... from some of
those women. Then he'd say:

(Chanting)

Jud was the most misunderstood man in this here
territory.
People used to think he was a mean ugly feller and
they called
him a dirty skunk and an ornery pig stealer

(Sung)

But the folks that really knowed him.

(Chant)

Knowed that beneath them two dirty shirts he always
wore

(Sung)

There beat a heart as big as all outdoors

Jud:

As big as all outdoors.

Curly:

Jud Fry loved his feller man

Jud:

He loved hes feller man

Curly (Spoken):

He loved the birds of the air and the beasts of the field.

He loved the mice and the vermin in the barns, and he
treated

the rats like equals, which was right. And he loved little
children.

He loved everybody and everything in the whole world!

Only he never let on, so nobody ever knowed it.

(Sung)

Pore Jud is Daid

Pore Jud Fry is daid

His friends'll weep and wail for miles around

Jud: Miles Around!

Curly:

The daisies in the dell

will give out a different smell

Because Pore Jud is underneath the ground.

Jud:

Pore Jud is daid

A Candle lights his haid

He's layin' in a cawfin made of wood

Curly: Wood...

Jud:

And folks are feelin' sad

Cause they useter treat him bad

But now they know their friend is gone for good

Curly: Good..

Both: Pore Jud is Daid a candle lights his haid!

Curly:

He's lookin' oh so purty and so nice
He looks like he's asleep,
It's a shame that he won't keep
But it's summer and we're running out of ice.

Both: Pore Jud, Pore Jud.

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