

Bill Monroe

"Little Joe"

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Mother, what will Thomas, the old gardener say
When you ask him for flowers for me?
Will he give you a rose he has tended with care?
The fairest, fairest broom on the tree

What will the birds do, mother, in the spring?
Will they gather the crumbs around our door?
Will they fly from the trees and tap at my window
Asking why Joe wanders out no more?

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

I've seen tears come in his honest eyes
But he said it was the wind that brought 'em there
As he gazed on my cheeks growing paler everyday
His hand trembled over my hair

Keep Tag, mother, my poor little dog
I know he will mourn for me too
Keep him in old and unless he grows
Sleeping all along summer through

Show him my coat, mother, so he'll not forget
His master then will be dead
Speak to him kindly and often of Joe
Pat him on his brown shaggy head

And you, mother dear, may you miss me for a while?
But in heaven no larger I grow
And any kind angel will open the gate
When you ask for your darling Little Joe

And any kind angel will open the gate
When you ask for your darling Little Joe

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