

Oscar Hammerstein

"Poor Jud Is Daid"

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Poor Jud is daid
Poor Jud Fry is daid
All gather round his coffin now and cry
He had a heart of gold
And he wasn't very old
Oh why did such a fella have to die

Poor Jud is daid
Poor Jud Fry is daid
He's looking oh so peaceful and serene

And serene!

He's all laid down to rest
With his hands across his chest
His fingernails have never looked so clean

And then the preacher'd get up and he'd say: "Folks,
we are gathered
Here to mourn and growl our brother Jud Fry, who hung
himself up
By a rope in a smokehouse, and then we have been
weepin' and
Wailin' within some of the women." And then he'd say:
"Jud was the
Most misunderstood man in the territory. People used
to think he was
A mean, ugly fella and they called him a dirty skunk
and a northern
Pig stealer.

But the folks that really knowed 'I'm
Knowed that neath those dirty shirts he always wore
There beated a heart as big as all outdoors

As big as all outdoors

Jud Fry loved his fellow man

He loved his fellow man

He loved the birds of the forest
And the bees of the field
He loved the mice and the vermin in the barn
And he treated the rats like equals, which he knew was
right!
And he loved the little children
He loved everybody and everything in the world
Only he never let on, so nobody ever noticed

Poor Jud is Daid
Poor Jud Fry is daid
His friends all weep and wail from miles around

Miles around!

The daisies in the dell will give out a different smell
Because poor Jud is underneath the ground

Poor Jud is daid, the candle lights his head
He's layin' in a coffin made of wood

Wood

And folks are feelin' sad cause they used to treat him
bad
Now they know their friend has gone for good

Good

Poor Jud is daid, a candle lights his head
He's lookin oh so pretty 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 runinng out of ice

Poor Jud... Poor Jud

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