

Rodgers And Hammerstein

"Pore Jud Is Daid"

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[Gordon]

Pore Jud is daid,
Pore Jud Fry is daid,
All gether 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~

[Rod]

And serene!

[Gordon]

He's all laid out to rest
With his hands acrost his chest.
His finger nails have never b'en so clean.

[Gordon]

[speaking]

Nen the preacher'd git up and he'd say: "Folks! We are
gethered here to
Moan and groan over our brother Jud Fry, who hung
hisse'f up by a rope in the smokehouse."
Nen there'd be weepin' and wailin' from some of those
womern.
Nen he'd say, "Jud was the most misunderstood man in
the territory. People useter think he was a mean, ugly
feller,
And they called him a dirty skunk and a ornery pig-
stealer.

[Gordon]

[Singing]

But the folks 'at really knowed him,
Knowed 'at beneath them two dirty shirts he alw'ys
wore,
There beat a heart as big as all outdoors."

[Rod]

As big as all outdoors.

[Gordon]
Jud Fry loved his fellow man.

[Rod]
He loved his fellow man.

[Gordon]
[Speaking with the impassioned infections of an evangelist]
He loved the birds of the forest and the beasts of the field,
He loved the mice and the vermin in the barn,
And he treated the rats like equals~which he was right.
And he loved little children.
He loved ev'ybody and ev'ythin' in the world...
On'y he never let on, so nobody ever knowed it!

[Gordon]
[Singing]
Pore Jud is daid,
Pore Jud Fry is daid,
His friends'll weep and wail fer miles around.

[Rod]
Miles around.

[Gordon]
The daisies in the dell
Will give out a diff'runt smell
Becuz pore Jud is underneath the ground.

[Rod]
Pore Jud is daid,
A candle lights his haid,
He's layin' in a cawfin made of wood.

[Gordon]
Wood.

[Rod]
And folks are feelin' sad
Cuz they useter to treat him bad,
And now they know their friend has gone fer good.

[Gordon]
Good.

[Rod And Gordon]
Pore Jud is daid,
A candle lights his haid~

[Gordon]
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 runnin' out of ice...
Pore Jud~pore Jud

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