

And he loved little children. He loved ev'body and ev'thin' in the world! On'y he never let on, so nobody ever knowed it!

Ped. *

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CURLY:

Pore Jud is daid. Pore Jud Fry is daid! His friends 'll weep and wail for miles a -

W.W.
Stgs.
Hp.
Hns.

JUD:

Miles a - round.

CURLY:

round. The dais - ies in the dell, Will give

out a diff-'rent smell, Be - cuz por Jud is un-der-neath the ground.

JUD:

Pore Jud is daid, A can - dle lights his haid, He's

Vns.
W.W.
Hp. *pp*

Bs.

CURLY:
Wood.

JUD:

lay - in' in a caw - fin made of wood. And

folks are feel - in' sad Cuz they use - ter treat him bad, And

CURLY:
Good.

now they know their friend has gone fer good.

Hns.

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BOTH:

CURLY:

Pore Jud is daid, A can - dle lights his haid! He's

look-in' oh, so purt - y and so nice. He looks like he's a - sleep, It's a

shame that he won't keep, But it's sum-mer and we're run-nin' out of ice.

BOTH:

Pore Jud! Pore Jud!

Stgs. W.W. Hns. pp

8va *loco*

poco rit