

PAPA JOE S CABIN

by John F. Langford

Papa Joe fished for bream
Along Cedar Creek.
With a pole and the worms
Away he would sneak.

He found a spring
Hidden in the ditch
Below Brock's mill
And he didn't snitch.

He bought the place
And cleared the spring
Then built a cabin
Along with a swing.

He did a garden
And planted fruit trees
Then listened to birds
And cooled in the breeze.

Then, all of a sudden
Friends came from around
He became "Papa Joe"
To all those in town.

They came in to fish
And giggered on the frogs
They ate fried fish
Like a big bunch of hogs.

The weiners were roasted
The steaks were fried
Pork chops were cooked
Along on the side.

Later on came the fruit,
The apples and pears,
Scuppernongs on the hill,
Were some of the wares.

The Sunday Schools came
Training Unions as well
Kin folks were here
As this crowd did swell.

Papa Joe is now gone
As~the kids well know
The grandkids today
Are taking the show.

The frogs are gone
And fishing is slack
But kids and grandkids
Are building it back.

There still can be fun
As many will know
But the one we all love
Will still be "Papa Joe".

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