

Put My Little Shoes Away

Hank Snow

Mother dear, come bathe my forehead
For I'm growing very weak
Mother, let one drop of water
Fall upon my burnin' cheek
Tell my loving, little playmates
That I never more shall play
Give them all my toys but, Mother
Put my little shoes away

(You will do this, Mother, won't you)
(Put my little shoes away)
Give them all my toys but, Mother
Put my little shoes away

Santa Claus, he brought them to me
With a lot of other things
And I think he brought an angel
With a pair of golden wings
Mother, soon I'll be an angel
By, perhaps, another day
So if you will, my dearest Mother
Put my little shoes away

(You will do this, Mother, won't you)
(Put my little shoes away)
Give them all my toys but, Mother
Put my little shoes away