

## Little Bessie

Ricky Skaggs

Hug me closer, mother, closer,  
Put your arms around me tight,  
For I am cold and tired dear mother,  
Yet, I feel so strong tonight.  
Something hurts me here dear mother,  
Like a stone upon my breast,  
Oh I wonder, mother, wonder,  
Why it is I cannot rest.  
All the day while you were working,  
As I lay upon my bed,  
I was trying to be patient,  
And to think of what you said.  
How the king, dear blessed jesus,  
Loves his lambs to watch and keep,  
Oh, I wish he would come and take me,  
In his arms that I might sleep.  
Just before the lamps were lighted,  
Just before the children came,  
While the room was very quiet,  
I heard someone call my name.  
All at once a window opened,  
On a field of lambs and sheep,  
Some far out in a brook were drinking,  
Some were lying fast asleep.

In a moment I was looking,  
On a world so bright and fair,  
Which was filled with little children,  
And they seemed so happy there.  
They were singing oh so sweetly,  
Sweetest songs I ever heard,  
They were singing sweeter, mother,  
Than our darling little birds.  
But I could not see the savior,  
Tho' I strained my eyes to see,  
And I wondered if he saw me,  
Would he speak to such as me.  
All at once a window opened,  
One so bright upon me smiled,  
And I knew it must be jesus,  
When he said, "come here my child".  
"come up here my little bessie,  
Come up here and live with me,  
Where little children never suffer,  
Never suffer through eternity".  
Then I thought of all you'd told me,  
Of that bright and happy land,  
I was going when you called me,  
When you came and kissed my hand.  
And at first I felt so sorry,  
You had called and I would go,  
Oh, to sleep and never suffer,  
Mother, don't be crying so.  
Hug me closer, mother, closer,  
Put your arms around me tight,  
Oh, how much I love you, mother,  
And how strong I feel tonight.

And the mother pressed her closer,  
To her own dear burdened breast,  
On the heart so near its breaking,  
Lay the heart so near its rest.  
At the solemn hour of midnight,  
In the darkness calm, and deep,  
Lying on her mother's bosom,  
Little Bessie fell asleep.