

No Little Stockings To Mend - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

No Little Stockings to Mend.
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Words and Music by Henry Robson.

Come, baby, to mamma, you are a disgrace,
The neighbors will think you are wild;
With such dirty hands, and oh, what a face!
Papa will not know his own child.
Now baby's all clean and snug in her bed,
Our Father will sweet dreams send:
Just one more look at the pretty brown head,
And her dear little stockings I'll mend.

Chorus.
Her dear little stockings I'll mend,
Her dear little stockings I'll mend;
Just one more look at the pretty brown head,
And her dear little stockings I'll mend.

Ah, what a great change may come with a day,
How changed are the songs us sing,
How lonely the daisies, how dreary is May,
When we hear no child's voice ring.
My beautiful baby, with pretty brown head.
To the angels above must lend;
There's no Little face to snuggle in bed,
And no little stockings to mend.

Chorus.
There are no little stockings to mend,
There are no little stockings to mend:
There's no little face to snuggle in bed.
There are no little stockings to mend.