

Little Shoes Our Angel Wore - song lyrics

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Little Shoes Our Angel Wore.

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Words by Frank A. Kent. Music by C Forman Smith.

In the bureau, wrapped with care,
Where no careless hand can harm.
Lies it tiny pair of shoes,
Old And faded, portly worn;
Mother takes them from their rest, their rest,
Gazes while her heart is sore;
Oh, those precious, priceless gems,
Little shoes our angel wore.

Chorus.

Little shoes, whose lovely wearer sings so sweet on heaven's shore,
While we treasure what you've left us, little shoes our angel wore.

Oh, how happy was the time.
Little darling used to run,
Tripping from her mother's knee,
Come to papa to have fun.
Now those little feet so still, so still,
They will patter never more.
While we treasure, always will.
Little shoes our angel wore.- Chorus.