

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Put my little shoes away

Come and bathe my forehead, Mother
For I'm growing very weak
Let one drop of water, Mother
Fall upon my burning cheek
Tell I nevermore will play
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
I will be an nagel, Mother
By perhaps another day
You will do this for me, Mother
Put my little shoes away

Soon the baby will be larger
Then they'll fit his little feet
And he'll lock so nice and cunning
When he walks upon the street
I'm going to leave you, Mother
So remember what I say
You will do this for me, Mother
Put my little shoes away

Now I'm growing tired, dear Mother
Soon I'll say to you good day
Always remember what I told you
Put my little shoes away
I'm about to leave you, Mother

So remember what I say
You will do this for me, Mother
Put my little shoes away