

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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That little shirt my mother made for me

I'll never forget the day that I was born
It was on a cold and frosty winter morn
The doctor said I was a chubby chap
And when the nurse she took me on her lap

Oh she bathed me all over I remember
And after powder puffing me you see
She put me in a cradle near the window
In that little shirt my mother made for me

The first day I wore my knicker frocks
I felt so funny agter wearing frocks
I looked a little picture they did say
But when they left me out to run and play

Oh I didn't like the pants that I was wearing
So in the street I took them off you see
And I started walking home so brave and daring
In that little shirt my mother made for me

And then to school they said that I must go
I didn't like my teacher you must know
And when I played the truant quite so dear
The teacher said now boy you come here

With a big stick she beat around upon me
There's no mistake about my pedigree

I had the map of Scotland painted on me
Neath that little shirt my mother made for me