

When Mother Puts The Little Ones To Bed - song lyrics

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WHEN MOTHER PUTS THE LITTLE ONES TO BED.

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Words by Chas. Noll. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

When mother puts the little ones to bed
With tender words and fervent, loving prayer;
She lays her hand upon each tiny head,
As close they gather round her easy chair.
She folds each little prattler in a loving, warm embrace,
And listens till each lisping prayer is said;
How tenderly she kisses every smiling face,
And listens as they call out from their bed:

Chorus.

Good-night, mamma, good night, papa,

Angels bright watch over us all;

God, bless mamma, God, bless papa.

Pleasant dreams and now good night.

When mother puts the little ones to bed
She hears each childish tale of hope and fear;
And soothes all sorrows till all grief has fled,
And kisses off each tiny trickling tear.
Then when each little one is laid within its bed to sleep,
She kneels and prays as only mothers pray;
That heaven all her precious ones will safely keep,
And still the little voices softly say:-Chorus.

When mother puts the little ones to bed,
She thinks of days and years long passed away;
Of those who long have slumbered with the dead,
Who once with her enjoyed their childish play.
She recalls her mother's anguish if her darling drooped in pain,
And tho't, "Supposing one of mine should die;"
With anxious heart she kissed them o'er and o'er again,
And listened as they murmured in reply:-Chorus.