Put My Little Shoes Away

Put My Little Shoes Away

Mother dear come bathe my forehead, for I'm growing very weak
Let one drop of water, mother, fall upon my burning cheek.
Tell my loving little schoolmates, that I never more will play,
Give them all my toys but, Mother, put my little shoes away!

cho: I am going to leave you mother, so remember what I say:
Do it, won't you please, dear Mother, Put my little shoes away.

Santa Claus, he gave them to me, with a lot of other things
And I think he brought an angel with a pair of golden wings.
Then I too shall be an angel by, perhaps, another day
So, you will then, dearest mother, Put my little shoes away.

Soon the baby will grow larger, and they will fit his little feet
And he will be nice and cunning as he walks upon the street.
I am tired, now, dear mother So remember what I say
Do it, won't you please, dear Mother, Put my little shoes away.

From Weep Some More, My Lady, Spaeth
apr97