

Don't Make Me Go To Bed And I'll Be Good

Hank Snow

A laughing baby boy one evening in his play
Disturbed the household with his noisy glee
I warned him to be quiet but he soon would disobey
For he would soon forget a word from me

I called him to my side and said, "now son you go to bed
Your conduct has been very, very rude"
With quivering lips and tear filled eyes he pleaded then with me
"Don't make me go to bed papa and I'll be good."

Don't papa and I'll be good
Don't papa and I'll be good"
That's what I heard him say and it haunts me night and day
"Don't make me go to bed papa and I'll be good."

Our lives have just been gladdened by his bright ascending beam
Our boy now in our hearts was very dear
We hastened to his bed one night he was talking in his sleep
He didn't seem to know that we were near.

I took him in my arms and found his body "raked" with pain
To ease the pain we did the best we could
It broke my heart to hear him cryin' loudly in his sleep
"Don't make me go to bed papa and I'll be good."

All night and day we watched and prayed, we never left his side
To give him up it seemed we never could
It broke my heart to hear him crying just before he died
"Don't make me go to bed papa and I'll be good."