

## Put My Little Shoes Away

Hank Snow

Mother dear, come bathe my forehead  
For I'm growing very weak  
Mother, let one drop of water  
Fall upon my burnin' cheek  
Tell my loving, little playmates  
That I never more shall play  
Give them all my toys but, Mother  
Put my little shoes away

(You will do this, Mother, won't you)  
(Put my little shoes away)  
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  
Mother, soon I'll be an angel  
By, perhaps, another day  
So if you will, my dearest Mother  
Put my little shoes away

(You will do this, Mother, won't you)  
(Put my little shoes away)  
Give them all my toys but, Mother  
Put my little shoes away