

Bill Miller**"Put My Little Shoes Away"**

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Now, come and bathe my forehead, Mother
For I'm growing very weak
Let one drop of water, Mother,
Fall upon my burning cheek

Go and tell my little playmates
That I never more will play
Give them all my toys, but Mother,
Put my little shoes away

You will do this won't you Mother?
Please remember what I say
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 thought he brought an angel
With a pair of golden wings

Soon the baby will be larger
And they'll fit his little feet
Won't he look so nice and funny
As he walks upon the street

You will do this won't you Mother?
Please remember what I say
Give them all my toys, but Mother,
Put my little shoes away

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