

Children "Baby Shoes"

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Imagine the love
Of a child for his toys,
The love of a bird
For its mate,
Imagine the love
Of a miser for gold,
Then imagine a love
Twice as great.
If you multiply each love
A million times more,
It won't be half the love
That a mother has for:
Baby shoes, baby shoes,
Mother will never forget them,
You have forgotten
When your feet were bare,
Mother remembers,
She still has a pair
Of baby shoes, baby shoes,
To keep them,
The world she'd refuse.
If she had to choose,
Her life she would lose,
Before she'd part with her
Baby's shoes.
Baby shoes, baby shoes,
Mother will never forget them,
You have forgotten
When your feet were bare,
Mother remembers,
She still has a pair
Of baby shoes, baby shoes,
To keep them,
The world she'd refuse.
If she had to choose,
Her life she would lose,
Before she'd part with her
Baby's shoes.

Alone in the attic
She fondles those shoes,
And wonders

Where her boy has gone,
And over his shoes
She is saying a pray'r,
That the good Lord
Will keep him from harm.
In her heart
There is gladness,
Tho' her eyes are wet,
Because Mother remembers,
Tho' you may forget:
Baby shoes, baby shoes,
Mother will never forget them,
You have forgotten
When your feet were bare,
Mother remembers,
She still has a pair
Of baby shoes, baby shoes,
To keep them,
The world she'd refuse.
If she had to choose,
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