

## PUT ME IN MY LITTLE BED

By DEXTER SMITH—There has been some discussion among readers of the Post as to the correct wording of this once-famous song. The lines which follow were found in an old scrapbook where they were pasted when the song was first published:

O! birdie, I am tired now,  
I do not care to hear you sing:  
You've sung your happy songs all day,  
Now put your head beneath your wing;  
I'm sleepy, too, as I can be—  
And sister, when my prayer is said,  
I want to lay me down and rest:  
So, put me in my little bed.

Chorus: Come, sister, come, kiss me Good-Night!  
For I my evening prayer have said;  
I'm tired now, and sleepy, too;  
Come, put me in my little bed.

O, sister! what did Mother say,  
When she was called to heaven away?  
She told me always to be good,  
And never, never go astray;  
I can't forget the day she died—  
She placed her hand upon my head,  
She whispered softly: "Keep my child—"  
And then they told me she was dead!

Dear sister, come and hear my prayer,  
Now, ere I lay me down to sleep,  
Within my Heavenly Father's care,  
While Angels bright their vigils keep;  
And let me ask of Him above,  
To keep my soul in paths of right—  
O! let me thank Him for His love,  
Ere I shall say my last good-night!

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Abbie Skillings

Eppingham

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INCIDENTS  
IN THE  
LIFE OF A SLAVE GIRL.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

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“Northerners know nothing at all about Slavery. They think it is perpetual bondage only. They have no conception of the depth of *degradation* involved in that word, SLAVERY; if they had, they would never cease their efforts until so horrible a system was overthrown.”

A WOMAN OF NORTH CAROLINA.

“Rise up, ye women that are at ease! Hear my voice, ye careless daughters! Give ear unto my speech.”

ISAIAH xxxii. 9.

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EDITED BY L. MARIA CHILD.

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