MAMMY'S SONG

WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
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HIGH VOICE 6 LOW VOICE

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
CINCINNATI NEW YORK CHICAGO LEIPSIC LONDON
I had an old black mammy who used to sing to me,
All kinds of funny little songs and funny poetry;
One of a "low sweet chariot," one of "case in the brake."
One of her old white Mammas, of poems and hot hoe-cakes,
And more about a "heap o' things!"—but the one that I liked best
Was one she sang when I went to sleep with my head upon her breast.
   "Twas:

   "Hi!" said de Pussun, "den shake dat 'simmon tree!"
   "Cally!" said de Rabbit, "you's a shakin' dem on me!"
   Den dey picked wid der claws,
   As dey licked der paws,
   As dey tak a heap home to der Maws—
   A heap, oh a heap, honey, home to der Maws.

Then I would raise my head and beg, "Oh sing it once again!"
And she would say, "Hush, honey child!" and rock and pat me.
   Then:

   "Dey picked wid der claws,
   As dey licked der paws,
   As dey tak a heap home to der Maws—
   A heap, oh a heap, honey, home to der Maws—
   Oh a heap, oh a heap, oh a heap, heap.
   Oh a hoe-co-op—Oh a hoe-co-op—"

And I never heard the end, because I always fell asleep.

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Mammy's Song

Words by LAURA SPENCER PORTER  Music by HARRIET WARE

Allegretto

I had an old black Mam-my who used to sing to me,

All kinds of funny little songs and funny poetry,

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All a-bout a 'heap o' things, but the song that I liked best / Was the one she sang when I went to sleep / With my head upon her breast. 'Twas

Moderato

"Hi!" said de Pos-sum, "des shake dat 'limmon tree" / "Gol'-ly," said de Rab-bit, "you's a

Slow rocking motion

shak-in' dem on me!" Den dey picked wid der claws, And dey licked der paws, An' dey
tuk a heap home to der Maws, A heap, oh a heap, hon-ey,

home to der Maws, Oh a heap, oh a heap, oh a heap, heap, heap, To der

Maws

Then I would raise my head and beg, "Oh
sing it once a-gain.' And she would say "Hush, hon-ey chile"! And
rock and pat me. Then, "Hil" said de Pos-sum, "des shake dat 'simmon tree",
"Gol-ty!" said de Rab-bit, "you's a shak-in' dem on me!" Den dey picked wid der clowns, And dey
licked der paws, And dey tuk a heap home to der Maws,
heap, oh a heap, hon-ey, home to der Maws, Oh a heap, oh a heap, oh a heap, heap, heap, heap, oh a heap.

But I nev-er heard the end, be-cause I al-ways fell a- sleep.