

MAMMY'S SONG

WORDS BY

LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

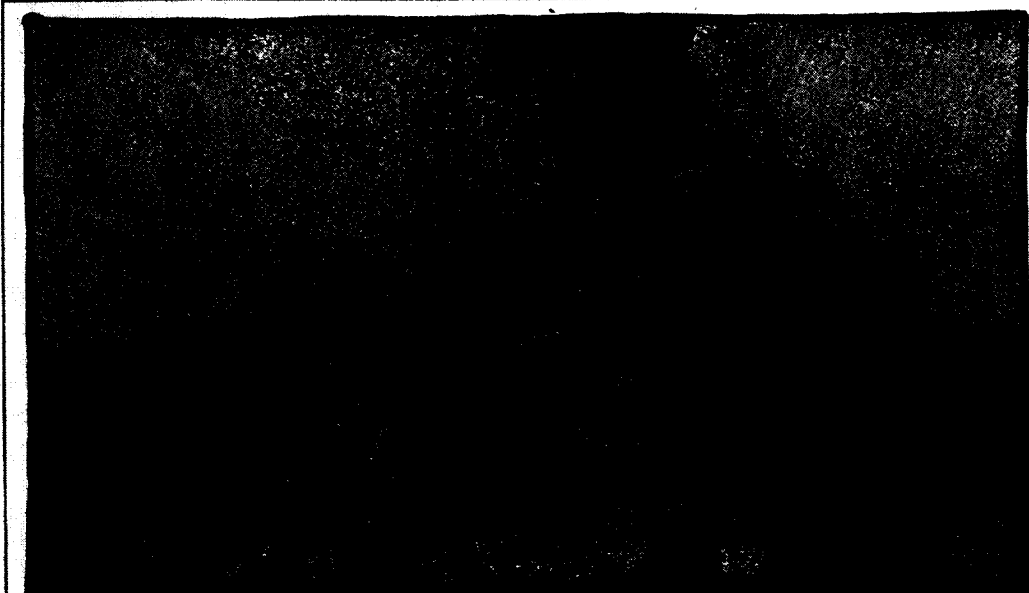
MUSIC BY

HARRIET WARE

HIGH VOICE

6

LOW VOICE



THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY

CINCINNATI

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

LEIPSI

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 "cane in the brake,"
One of her old white Massa, of possum and hot hoo-cake,
And more about a "heap o' things;"—but the one that I liked best
Wes one she sang when I went to sleep with my head upon her breast.

.. 'Twas:

"Hi!" said de Possum, "des shake dat 'simmon tree!"
"Golly!" said de Rabbit, "you's a shakin' dem on me!"
Den dey picked wid der claws,
An' dey licked der paws,
An' dey tuk 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 chile!" and rock and pat me.

Then:

"Dey picked wid der claws,
An' dey licked der paws,
An' dey tuk 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, heap.
Oh a hoo-co-cap—Oh a hoo-co-cap—"

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

Verses and Cover Drawing reproduced by courtesy of *Woman's Home Companion*.
Verses by Laura Spencer Foster. Drawing by Clara Elmore Peck.

Dedicated to and sung by Cecil Fanning

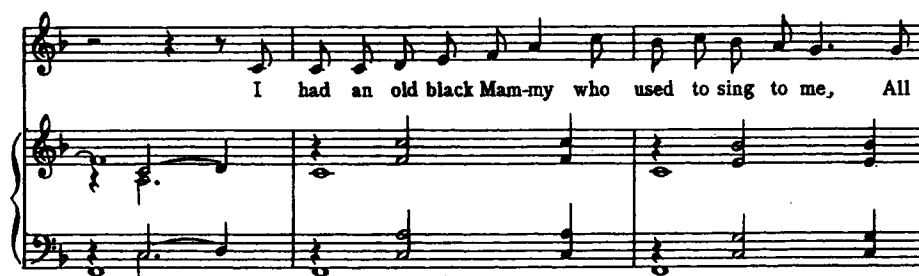
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Mammy's Song

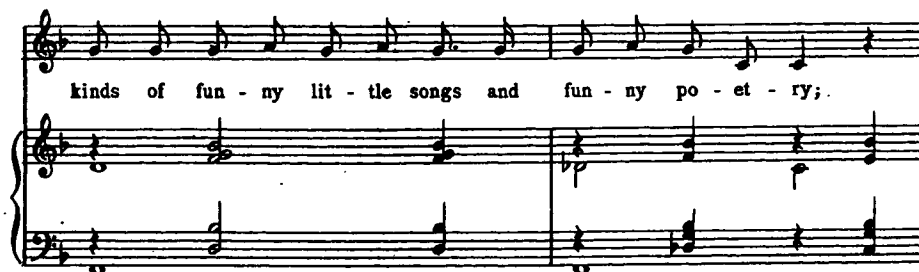
*Words by LAURA SPENCER PORTER

Music by HARRIET WARE

Allegretto



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



kinds of fun - ny lit - tle songs and fun - ny po - et - ry;

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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 up - on her breast. 'Twas

Moderato *accel.*

"Hi!" said de Pos-sum, "des shake dat 'simmon 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,

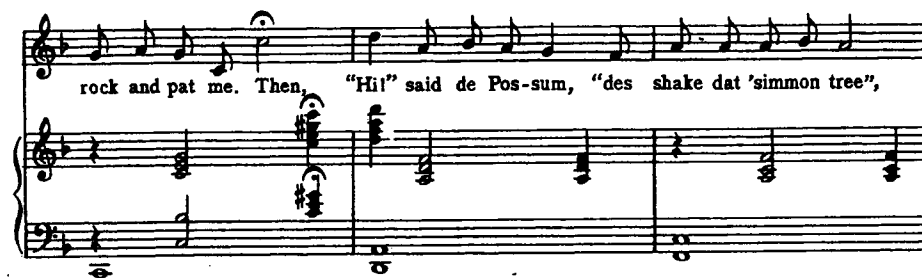
home to der Maws, Oh a heap, oh a heap, oh a heap, heap, heap, To der

a tempo
Maws.

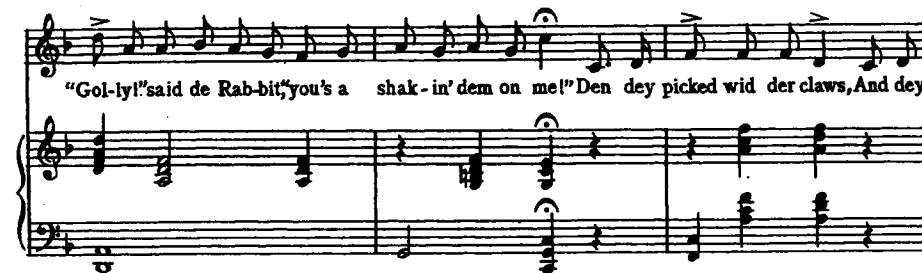
Then I would raise my head and beg, "Oh



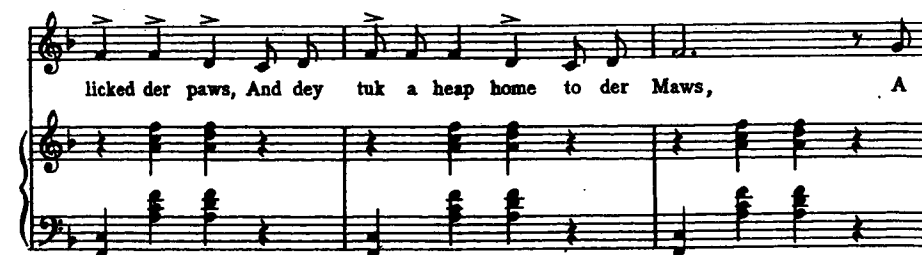
sing it once a - gain." And she would say "Hush, hon - ey chile!" And



rock and pat me. Then, "Hi!" said de Pos-sum, "des shake dat 'simmon tree",



"Gol-ly!" said de Rab-bit, "you's a shak-in' dem on me!" Den dey picked wid der claws, And dey



licked der paws, And 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

rit *dim*

heap, heap, heap, oh a heap.

p *a tempo* *p*

dim

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

rit

sleep.

dim *rall* *ppp*