



Mammy's song.

Ware, Harriet; Portor, Laura Spencer
Cincinnati, Ohio: John Church Co., 1910

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E. Miller

MAMMY'S SONG

WORDS BY

LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

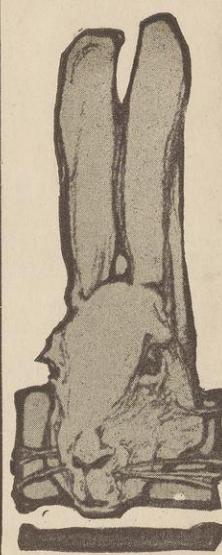
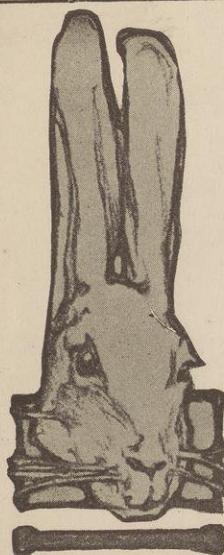
MUSIC BY

HARRIET WARE

HIGH VOICE

6

LOW VOICE



THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY

CINCINNATI

NEW YORK

LONDON

"THE HOUSE DEVOTED TO THE PROGRESS OF AMERICAN MUSIC"

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 hoe-cake,
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 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 hee-ee-eap—Oh a hee-ee-eap—"

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

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Verases by Laura Spencer Portor. Drawing by Clara Elsene Peck.

Dedicated to and sung by Cecil Fanning

3

Mammy's Song

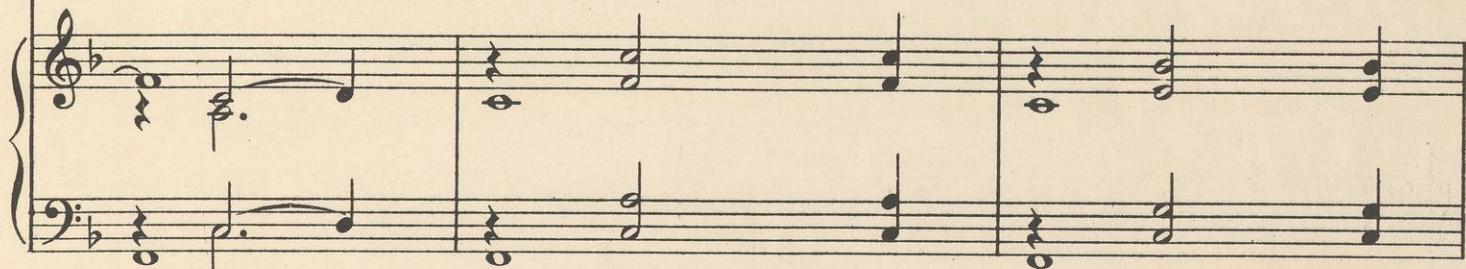
*Words by LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

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

"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.

p a tempo *pp*
heap, heap, heap, oh a heap.

p a tempo *p*
Ped. * Ped.

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

rit.

dim. *rall.*
sleep.

dim. *rall.* *ppp*



Oh! sleep my child
Cradle Song

Words by ***

G. P. CENTANINI

Andante calmo

Oh,

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Lindy

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS

Moderato

Lind-y I love dear-es'

Lind I love bes' jes'-ter look at Lind-y, sets ma

heart at res' Lind-y's might-y pret-ty

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FRANK L. STANTON *

WILLIAM G. HAMMOND

Simply, and with expression

Gwine off ter sleep y lan'

Tell de worl' good - bye; Kiss yo' han' yo'

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Cradle Song

Words and Music by
ALEXANDER MAC FADYEN

Andante cantabile

Slum-ber, my dar- ling, God is watch-ing o - ver you,

Sleep on, my loved one, May your hap-py dreams come true.

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