Mammy's Song

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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 sung when I went to sleep With my head up-on her breast. Twas

Moderato

"Hit" said de Possum, "des shake dat 'sim-mon tree'" "Gol-ly," said de Rabbit, "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

Then I would raise my head and beg, "Oh
Sing it once again." And she would say "Hash, honey chile!" And

rock and pat me. Then, "Hit" said de Possum, "Des shake dat 'sim-mon tree,"

"Gol-ly!" said de Rub-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, honey, home to der Mawes, Oh a heap, oh a heap, oh a

heap, heap, heap, oh a heap.

But I never heard the end, because I always fell in-

sleep.