



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

LEIPSIK

LONDON



High Voice



Low Voice

Dedicated to and sung by Cecil Fanning

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;

*By courtesy of the Woman's Home Companion

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 'sim-mon tree" "Gol - ly," said de Rab-bit, "you's a

accel.

Slow rocking motion

shak - in' dem on mel!" 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

dim.

dim.

a tempo

Maws.

a tempo

Then I would raise my head and beg, "Oh

Musical notation for the first system. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "sing it once a - gain." And she would say "Hush, hon - ey chile!" And

Musical notation for the second system. The vocal line continues with lyrics: "rock and pat me. Then, 'Hi!' said de Pos-sum, 'des shake dat 'sim-mon tree,'"

Musical notation for the third system. The vocal line continues with lyrics: "'Gol - ly!' said de Rab-bit, 'you's a shak-in'dem on me!' Den dey picked wid der claws, And dey

Musical notation for the fourth system. The vocal line continues with lyrics: "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

heap, heap, heap, oh a heap.

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

sleep.

SONGS BY HARRIET WARE

MONTROSE J. MOSES

Boat Song

HARRIET WARE

Allegretto

Where will you take me,
In the boat, All on a summer's day?
Shall I dream and let you float,
Whichever way?
Carry me down the rippling tide, / Where

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CARTER S. COLE

Marguerite

HARRIET WARE

Andante

Have you seen a rose half-blown,
When the dew has kissed its face, / Growing sweetly a lone
Shall unconscious of its fate? / When the sun has
shed its light, / Giving fuller light and bloom.

1912

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SAROJINI NAIDU

The Call of Râdha

HARRIET WARE

Moderato agitato

Honey child, honey child, / Whither are you going?
Would you cast your jewels / All to the breeze blowing?
Would you leave the moth / Who on / gold - en grain has fed you?

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FREDERICK H. MARTENS

The Last Dance

HARRIET WARE

Andante

The violins swayed
the languorous waltz, / With a
dence in haunting minor strain, / in haunting

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