

# Mamma

Nana Mouskouri (Arr. Wayne Richmond, 2014)

MW.  **2** **A**

This is the tale of a lit-tle boy, wan-der-ing far from his home. Most of his fam'ly were

MW. 

with him then and noth-ing but life did they own. Tor-tured by war in their na-tive land, their

MW. 

on-ly re-course was to flight. Tra-cing the path of the sun by day and led by the north star at night.

MW. 

On-ward they pressed to the prom-ised land, not know-ing if that was the way. *Stop* And

MW. 

none of the child-ren could un-der-stand and this lit-tle boy used to say. Hey, hey, hey.

MW.  **B**

Mam-ma, where do we go from here? Mam-ma, why can't we stay?

MW. 

Mam-ma, is Dad-dy ve-ry near? Mam-ma, why do you pray.

MW.  **C**


Down came the win-ter, the food was scarce. The peo-ple were fall-ing like flies. Dis-

FI. 

MW. 

ease helped star-va-tion make mat-ters worse, and par-ents re-sort-ed to lies.

FI. 

MW. 

Hush, your Mam-ma will soon be well, though all they can do is to wait. And

MW. 

one lit-tle boy hears the doc-tor tell, the oth-ers he thinks it's too late, it's too late.

54 **D**

MW. *Mam - ma, he whis-pers qui-et - ly, — Mam - ma, you're look-ing old.*

F1. *p*

58 *rit. a tempo*

MW. *Mam - ma, why don't you ans - wer me? Ma - ma, your hands feel cold. He*

F1. *rit. a tempo p*

63 **E**

MW. *rush-es out in - to the chil-ly night. He can't be-lieve what he's been told. The*

F1.

67

MW. *tears in his eyes start to blur his sight, & freeze on his face with the cold. But*

F1.

71

MW. *in the next camp, there's a moth-er mild who mourn-ing a son *Stop* passed a - way. *Stop* And*

75

MW. *fate brings the cries of the lit-tle child, to her just as he starts to say, Hey, hey, hey.*

80 **F**

MW. *Mam - ma, she knows what she must do. — Mam - ma, she thinks of her.*

Ch.

84

MW. *Mam - ma, I must take the place of you, — and take him in - to my care.*

Ch.

88 **G** *rall. a tempo rall.*

MW. *Mam - ma, Ah — Mam - ma, Ah — Mam - ma, Ah — Mam - ma, Ah —*

Ch. *2*