

Mamma

Nana Mouskouri (Arr. Wayne Richmond, 2014)

p pizz

V1. *p pizz*

Vla. *p pizz*

3 **A**

MW. This is the tale of a lit-tle boy, wan-der-ing far from his home.

V1. *p*

Vla.

7

MW. Most of his fam'ly were with him then and noth-ing but life did they own.

V1.

Vla.

11

MW. Tor-tured by war in their na-tive land, their on-ly re-course was to flight.

V1.

Vla.

15

MW. Tra-cing the path of the sun by day and led by the north star at night.

V1. *arco*

Vla. *arco*

19

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

V1.

Vla.

23

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

Vl.

Vla.

28 **B**

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

32

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

37 **C**

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

41

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

45

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

Vl.

Vla.

49

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

Vl.

Vla.

54 **D**

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

Ch.

58 *rit. a tempo*

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

Ch.

63 **E**

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

67

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

71

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

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

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

75

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

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

Vla. *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.

Vl. Vla.

84

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

Ch.

Vl. Vla.

88 **G**

MW. *Mam - ma, Ah — Mam - ma, Ah —*

Ch.

Vl. Vla.

92

MW. *Mam - ma, Ah — Mam-ma, Ah —*

Ch.

Vl. Vla.

rall. a tempo rall.

rall. pp a tempo rall.