

Little Mother (Mütterchen)

WITH UKULELE ARRANGEMENT

Lullaby Waltz

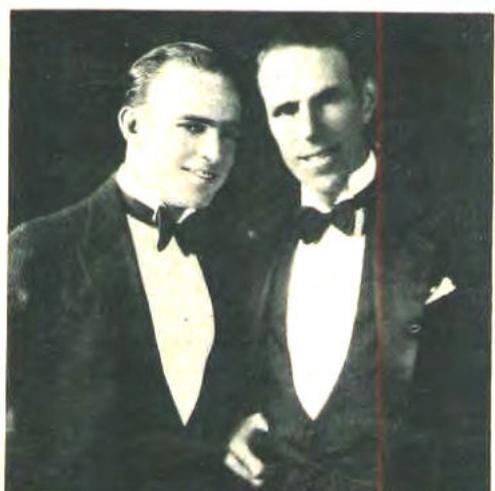
From the
William Fox Production

FOUR SONS

by

**ERNO RAPEE and
LEW POLLACK**

WRITERS of
"CHARMAINE"
"DIANE" etc.



Featured by
DICK ROBERTSON & ED. SMALLE
International Recording and Radio Stars



Sherman, May & Co.
SAN FRANCISCO



Little Mother

(Mütterchen)

Valse moderato

Tune Ukulele
or Banjulele Banjo
A D F# B
Put Capo on 1st fret

By ERNO RAPEE and
LEW POLLACK

The piano introduction is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. The melody is a simple, waltz-like tune with a repeating eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

Ukulele Arr. by MAY SINGHI BREEN VOICE
"The Ukulele Lady"



The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are: "When the day is done the Lit - tle Moth - er dear, it's". The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and a simple bass line.



The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "set - ting sun Sinks in - to a sky of blue There's a vi - sion of The ve - ry clear What you've done thru all these years Yet it's splen - did too To". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a steady bass line.



The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "one I love Lit - tle Moth er dear I mean you I can see a trace in think that you Can still wear a smile thru your tears Ev - 'ry night I pray, there'll". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a steady bass line.

your sweet face Of the one who un - der - stands And the
come a day When I gaze on all your charms Lit - tle

work you've known is clear-ly shown By the wrink-les in your toil worn hands
Müt - ter - chen just once a - gain Let me nes - tle close ly in your arms

rit.

CHORUS

Lit - tle Moth - er Müt - ter - chen There's no oth - er

p - mf

Müt - ter - chen Al - though I know that we are far a - part,

ad lib.

No one can take you dear, out of my heart, Lit-tle Moth-er

Müt - ter - chen, Let me see you smile a - gain

I pray that "He," spares you for me — Lit-tle Moth-er Müt-ter-

chen. Moth-er Müt-ter - chen.