

Greta Moore

"MAMMY'S ANGEL CHILE"

A PICKANINNY CROON

By
J. R. SHANNON.

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MUSIC PUBLISHERS

.. REFRAIN ..

Don't yo' worry 'bout them Honey,
Everything will come out right;
Mammy loves you, don't she?
don't she!
Even tho' yo' black as night.
Ain't that 'nuff to make yo' happy?
Dry yo' tears and try to smile;
White folks may be white folks,
but no white chile could
Be sweet as Mammy's Angel Chile.

MAMMY'S ANGEL CHILE.

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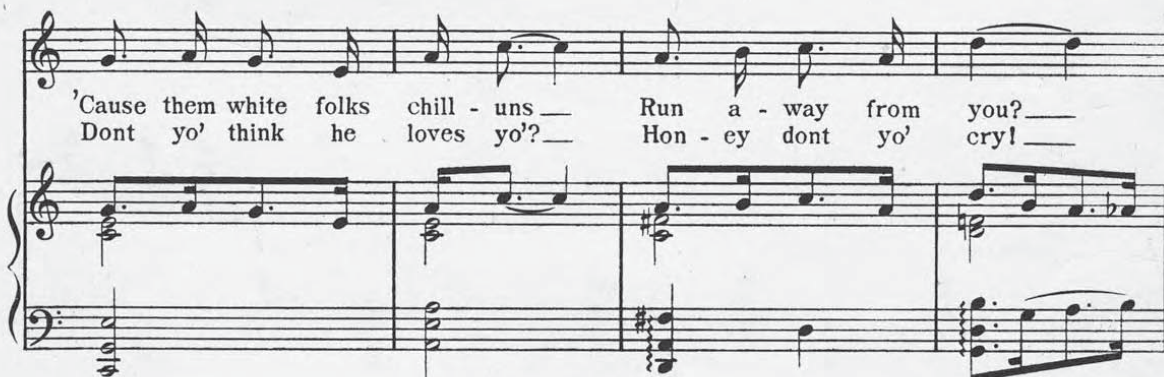
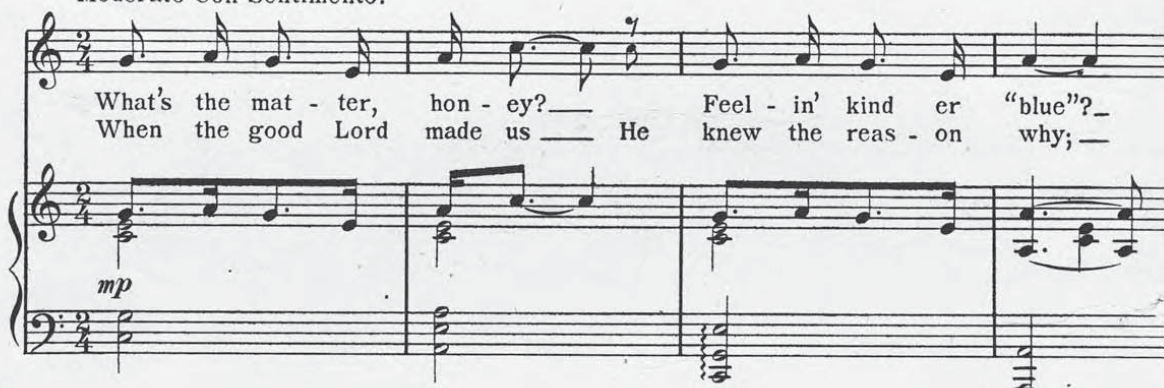
Words & Music by J. R. SHANNON.

Writer of (*Memories of the Past*
When Night Falls O'er the Sea etc.)

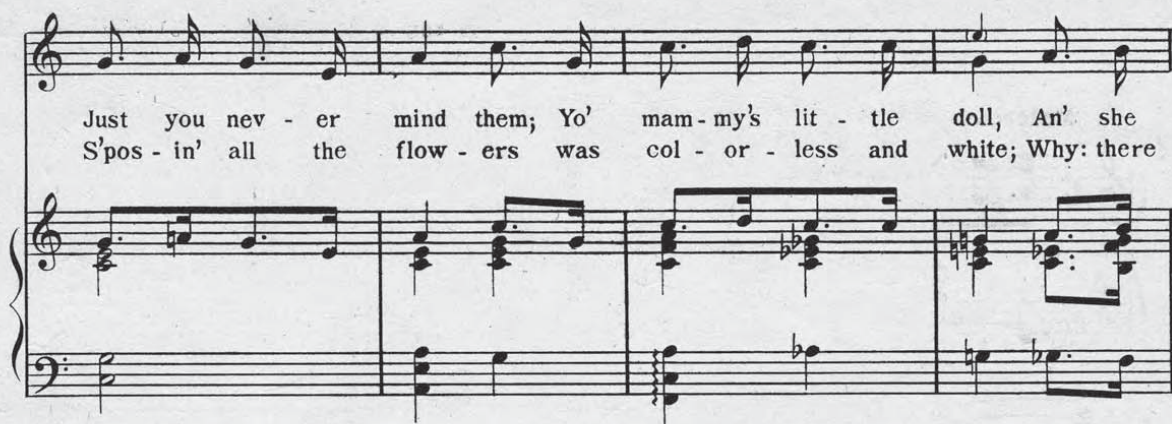
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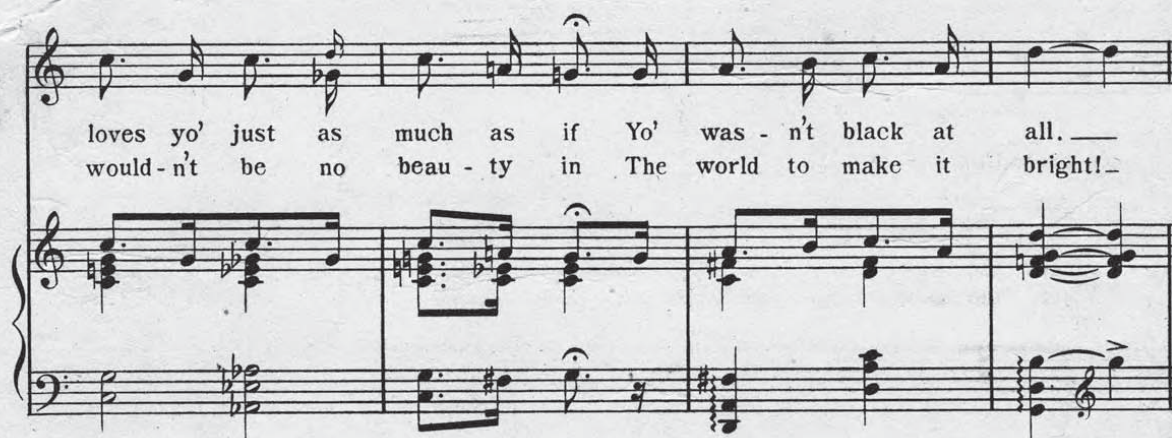
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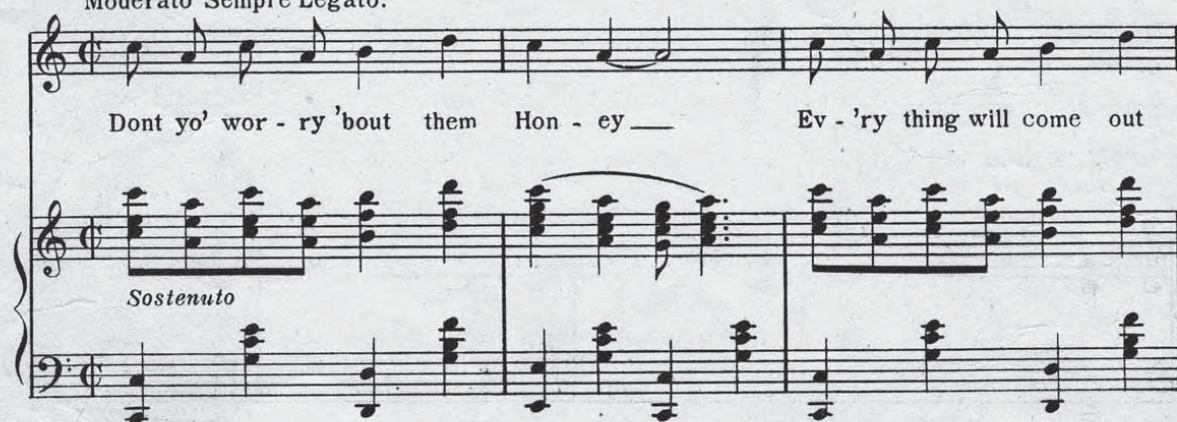


Just you nev - er mind them; Yo' mam - my's lit - tle doll, An' she
S'pos - in' all the flow - ers was col - or - less and white; Why: there



loves yo' just as much as if Yo' was - n't black at all. —
would - n't be no beau - ty in The world to make it bright! —

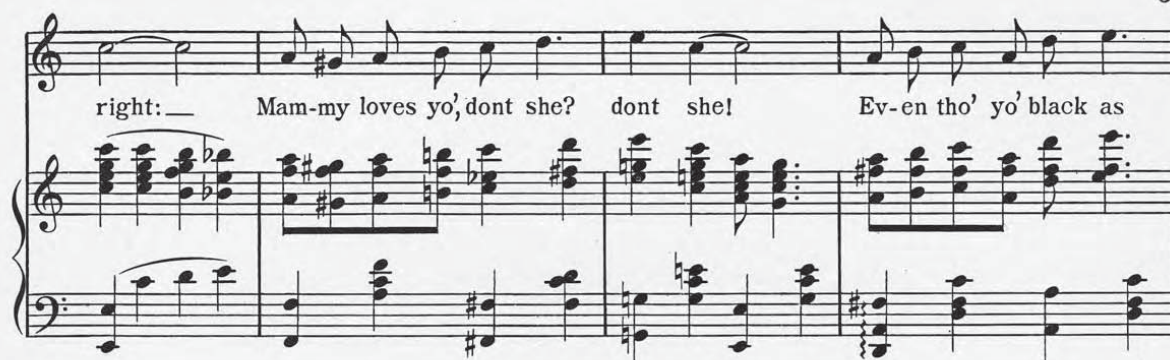
CHORUS. *Not fast.*
Moderato Sempre Legato.



Dont yo' wor - ry 'bout them Hon - ey — Ev - 'ry thing will come out

Sostenuto

right: — Mam-my loves yo', dont she? dont she! Ev-en tho' yo' black as



night — Aint' that 'nuff to make yo' hap - py —



Dry yo' tears an' try to smile — White folks may be white folks, but no



white chile could Be, sweet as mam-my's an - gel chile. —

