The Mammy Song

By W. E. Hill

There's a touch of the old pre-war days down in Dixie when Lottie Ginther was about little cabin down Georgia way and the old Mammy waiting in the door. Shut your eyes and you can almost hear the corn pone and the possums making whoopees on the plantation.

The Old South.

The Bob Film. Minnie and Lena have been in a new film, all about a Mammy singer who had to sing his stuff even though his own Mammy was being sent to the penitentiary that very day, having committed arson. O, it was so sad, him saying good-bye to his ma with the tears streaming down his face just before he had to go on the stage to sing "Mammy." Minnie and Lena have cried and cried, but they will be all right by the time they get home. And when their mother asks them where they've been and who they've been with, they will say, "O, shut up, ma, you ask too many questions."

The Bob Film.

The real quartet. Meet the Dublin singers, who will now sing "An' Will Ye Tell Yer Mither Over Much, Maggie Missie," an Irish Mammy song very popular in the days of Shamim the Powerful and the白菜ees.

The old time quartet.

The Harlems. Bossie, the hot streak of jazztime, is doing her big number, "I Want to Go Back to My Hot Harlem Mammy," in the brown-in revue, "Jamboree of 1920."

The Harlem.

Not all the Mammy songs are in vaudeville. Even grand opera has a few hidden away in the scores. Here's a scene from Carmen, with Micaela singing to Don Jose about his mother, and making him feel pretty bad, too.

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The Divorce. Eva Evans Pursey is what they call a divorcee. She does Sunday evening recitals of folk songs culled from the woods of North and South Carolina and part of West Virginia. While not the kind of songs Mr. Johnson would care to try out, they are all about pickaninnies, cotton fields, bayous, and Mammy "croonin' sich an' low," so they come under the head of Mammy songs.

The Divorce.

In the home circle. Many persons can only do real justice to all the sources of a Mammy song in a nice hot bath, which is the real home of American folk songs, some say.

In the home circle.

Mother India. Mme. Yehomua Bhaboo will give a whole program of Hindoo folk music and think nothing of it. She has no fear, nor not even a baby grand as accompaniment for her Hindoo Mammy songs—only her claymore, a long-elapsed mandolin with only one string. Mammy songs are very grounds in India. Before starting a song Madame Yehomua will explain a little. "Next," she will say, "I will sing you a little tale of a child who asks his mother to sing him to sleep. She rebukes him, saying, 'Is it, my facias bud, that thou wouldst acquire fatty of purpose according to the Yoga? Hearken then,'"

Mother India.