

Nana Mouskouri, Mamma

This is the tale of a little boy
Wandering far from his home
Most of his family were with him then
And nothing but life did they own
Tortured by war in their native land
Their only recourse was to flight
Tracing the path of the sun by day
And led by the north star at night
Onward they pressed to the promised land
Not knowing if that was the way
And none of the children could understand
And this little boy used to say
Hey, hey, hey

Mama , where do we go from here
Mamma, why can' t we stay
Mamma, is daddy very near
Mamma, why do you pray

Down came the winter, the food was scarce
The people were falling like flies
Disease helped starvation make matters worse
And parents resorted to lies
Hush, your mamma will soon be well
Though all they can do is to wait
And one little boy hears the doctor tell
The others he thinks it' s too late
It' s too late

Mamma, he whispers quietly
Mamma, you' re looking old
Mamma, why don' t you answer me
Mamma, your hands feel cold

He rushes out into the chilly night
He can' t beleive what he has been told
The tears in his eyes start to blur his sight
And freeze on his face with the cold
But in the next camp, ther is a mother mild
Who' s mourning a son passed away
And fate brings the cries of the little child
To her just as he starts to say
Hey, hey, hey

Mamma, she knows what she must do
mamma, she thinks of her
Mamma, I must take the place of you
And take him into my care

Mamma, oh oh...