

# 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...