**My Mama's Waiting There**

Words by FRANK W. STERNs  
Music by PERCY WENRICH

Moderato

A kindly stranger passing by a door-step just at eve, A
Come home with me and you shall play with my own babies dear, No

Little child found lying in the snow: He
Hunger cold or sorrow you shall know: The

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gently raised her in his arms,"Come, tell me what's your name And
stranger murmur'd, as he kissed the little tear-stained face. And

where's your dear mamma? he whispered low. He
from the golden ringlets brush'd the snow. An-

kiss'd her as she softly sigh'd."My name is little May, My
other kiss upon her brow he bent to softly press, Then.
ma-ma's gone, and now I'm all a-lone, And
started back in anguish and dismay, The

oh. I feel so lonely, won't you take me to her, please"? The
little heart lay cold and still, alas! it was too late, To

baby sobbed in wistful, pleading tone.
heaven the baby soul had flown away.

My Mama's Waiting There
CHORUS Slow

Up at the beau-ti-ful Gates of Gold, My ma-ma's wait-ing there -

With the bright an-gels, so I've been told, In that beau-ti-ful

ci-ty fair; She'll kiss my sor-row and tears a-

way And love me just as of old. Please take me to

ma-ma, she's wait-ing for me At the beau-ti-ful Gates of Gold.