

ARTIST COPY

# I'm Missin' Mammy's Kissin'

(And I Know She's Missin' Mine)

Words by  
SIDNEY CLARE

Music by  
LEW POLLACK

Moderato

Till ready

Voice

I dream of child-hood, Days in the wild-wood;  
I'm feel-ing bet-ter, I've had a let-ter;

But most of all, It's mam-my that I re-call—  
Mam-my my own, Tells me to hur-ry back home—

How I long to be, — Sit-ting now up-on my mam-my's knee. —  
Oh! how glad I'll be, — Can you pic-ture her wel-come to me? —

Chorus

'Cause I'm miss-in' mam-my's kiss-in' and — I know she's miss-in'  
mine — When I was a kid of nine — I used to love to hold her,

to my shoul-der. With my arms a-round her like — a hon-ey-suck-le  
vine — I miss her fond em-brac-es, and my place is, Be-side that lov-in'

mam-my o' mine. I've for-got-ten quite a lot in my own land of cot-ton  
days — But my mam-my's kiss-in' stays with me al-ways; Oh! Lord-y

keep her a-live — To wel-come me when I ar-rive; — 'Cause I'm miss-in' mam-my's

kiss-in' and I know she's miss-in' mine. — 'Cause I'm mine —

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D.S.