Mamma, Don'T Be Cross With Me - song lyrics

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MAMMA, DON'T BE CROSS WITH ME.
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A little blue-eyed tot so small was often left alone,
To pass the hours as best she could with her pretty toys at home;
So by herself from early morn with just her dolly dear,
Together they would spend the time her little heart to cheer;
But one day when her blocks she'd piled fell down with such a noise.
Her mother spoke in tones severe and took away her toys;
The cruel words ne'er broke her heart, and when ready for her bed,
She knelt beside her mother's knee and pleadingly she said:

Chorus.
Mamma, don't be cross with me, please don't scold me so,
I am trying so hard to be a good little girl, you know;
Now maybe some day I might die, how sorry then you'd be,
But to-night I shall pray to be good ev'ry day, please don't be cross with me.

'Twas just a month when all was changed, misfortune came one day,
And almost broke that mother's heart, the child had passed away;
The little one would ne'er again be cross or make a noise,
There was no one now to pile the blocks, no one to scatter toys;
The mother sad was left alone, the time had come at last.
Could she but have her back again, could she but recall the past,
The days were long and dreary, toe, and oft when night drew near,
She thought she heard that pleading voice once more she seemed to hear
-Chorus.