

## 1.WENDLA. MAMA WHO BORE ME

WENDLA

Mama who bore me  
Mama who gave me  
No way to handle things  
Who made me so sad

Mama, the weeping  
Mama, the angels  
No sleep in Heaven, or Bethlehem

Some pray that one day  
Christ will come a'-callin'  
They light a candle  
And hope that it glows  
And some just lie there  
Crying for him to come and find them  
But when he comes they don't know how to go

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No way to handle things  
Who made me so bad

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