

YOU CAN'T TELL THE MOTHERS FROM THE DAUGHTERS

WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
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Lillian Nelson

THE
PALACE
EMMA
CARUS
SOPHIE
TUCKER



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STARMER

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You Can't Tell The Mothers From The Daughters

Lyric by
JACK YELLEN

Music by
JACK GLOGAU

PIANO

Voice

Vamp

Things are get-ting high-er high-er ev-'ry day And folks are much a -
Once up-on a time a skirt would oft-en show, A-bout how old the

larmed, it's true, But I've still to meet the man who would com-plain, 'Cause
wear-er was; Lit-tle girls wore skirts that end-ed at the knees, Just

skirts are get-ting high-er too, Now I have no ob-ject-ions to the mod-ern style of
like my lit-tle sis-ter does; And grown-up lad-ies used to wear their dress-es rath-er

dress, I like to see all that there is to see, But there's one thing a-bout them that I
long, But now-a-days, of-course, the men all know, Po-lite skirts nev-er show the wear-er's

will con-fess Is ve-ry, ve-ry ser-i-ous with me:
age at all, Though there are lots of oth-er things they show:

Chorus

You can't tell the Moth - ers from the Daugh - - ters; You can't tell the young ones from the
 You can't tell the Moth - ers from the Daugh - - ters; You can't tell the young ones from the

old, Don't blame the girls for the naugh - ty things that they do, Be - cause their moth - ers
 old, A pret - ty dress, a lit - tle pow - der and paint Can make a nice old
 It's get - ting hard - er ev - 'ry day on us men, - We go out af - ter a

like to do the same things too, They act a lot young - er when they're for - - ty, Than
 la - dy look like what she ain't; When Moth - er and Daugh - ter go out walk - - ing, No
 chick - en and we get a hen, - When Moth - ers and Daugh - ters go par - ad - - ing, They

they used to do at six - teen, I asked a girl to go out in my motor car,
 bod - y can tell them a part, The grown up girls are get - ting young - er ev - 'ry day,
 all look a like from the rear; They're com - ing back from Hon - o - lu - lu, so I hear,

She said she would if I could get a friend for Ma, You can't tell the Moth - ers from the
 You ought to see my grandma strolling down Broadway, - You can't tell the Moth - ers from the
 They're wear - in' them a whole lot high - er o - ver here, -

Daugh - ters so what's a fel - low goin' to do. || 2 do.
 Daugh - ters, So what's a fel - low goin' to do. You do.



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and AL. PIANTADOSI

REFRAIN

Tell the last rose of sum - mer that I said "good - bye;" Ere your breath with the
aut-umn grows cold, _____ Soon, I'll leave with a sigh, and the rose too must
die, While the trees turn to crim - son and gold, _____ Sum - mer
breeze kiss the rose, while it's warm blush still glows, and the sum - mer sun

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