

SM636

# Mamma's Boarding-House.

Words by  
EDGAR SMITH.

Music by  
MAURICE LEVI.

Tempo di Valse.

I sup - pose it aint  
The gas - jet in your

right for a girl to make light of the dark deeds her  
room on - ly adds to the gloom, Its for light - ing ei -

moth - er has done, And per - haps I am  
gars when you smoke, And if with it you

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rash, but Ma's "Mai - son de Hash," take my word, is a  
 tried to com - mit su - i - cide, you would starve long be -

good place to shun. \_\_\_\_\_ As a sweet, clean re - treat, it's as  
 fore you would choke. \_\_\_\_\_ It is twen - ty to one that the

neat and com - plete As a pub - lic ho - tel brush and comb, \_\_\_\_\_  
 wa - ter won't run, And the steam - pipes are filled with cold air; \_\_\_\_\_

— And, in ev - ry de - tail, An - y sec - ond - class  
 — If you want an - y heat, You must go in the

Mamma's Boarding House.

jail has it skinned for the com - forts of home. \_\_\_\_\_  
 street, for you'll find that it's warm - er out there. \_\_\_\_\_

*REFRAIN. Slower.*

From this ha - ven of rest, Keep a - way, far a - way, As a  
 From this ha - ven of rest, Keep a - way, far a - way, If your

home it is "Nix kom-me raus." An - y strand - ed freight - car gives the  
 name is Co - hen - ski or Strauss, You would starve in a walk, for the

mer - ry Ha! Ha! To Mam - ma's board - ing - house.  
 watch - word is "Pork," At Mam - ma's board - ing - house.

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