Mamma's Boarding-House.

Words by
EDGAR SMITH.

Music by
MAURICE LEVI.

Tempo di Valse.

I suppose it ain't.
The gas-jet in your room only adds to the gloom, It's for lighting cigars

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rash, but Ma's "Maison de Hash," take my word, is a
tried to commit suicide, you would starve long be-

good place to shun. As a sweet, clean retreat, it's as
fore you would choke. It is twenty to one that the

neat and complete As a public hotel brush and comb,
water won't run. And the steam-pipes are filled with cold air;

And, in every detail. Any second-class
If you want any heat, You must go in the

Mamma's Boarding House.
jail has it skinned for the comforts of home.
street, for you'll find that it's warmer out there.

REFRAIN. Slower.
From this haven of rest, Keep away, far away, As a
From this haven of rest, Keep away, far away, If your

home it is "Nix kom-me raus." Any stranded freight ear gives the
name is Cohen 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.

Mamma's Boarding House.