Always Take Mother's Advice

Lyric by
EDWARD CLARK

Music by
SILVIO HEIN

Andante moderato

I was settin' yester-day In a gild-ed swell cafe',
Many years have passed a-way Since that gild-ed swell cafe',
That spied a girl who led a life of sin.

For I seen so very clear That she girl is now that noble wait'er wife.
Though, alas, and sad to state, They are had been drinking beer,

I could tell it by the froth upon her going to separate.
Their home they say, is full of care and
Here mother's heart was broke As to her child she spoke And
strife. For every Saturday when he gives her his pay, He

begged her she shouldn't never drink no more. Then a waiter standing by With his
holds a nick-er out to get his beer. So her mother dear, of course.

a-pron to his eye. These words spoke as he led her to the door:

getting a divorce, And now his words keep ringing in his ear:

REFRAIN

Always take mother's advice, And let that stuff a-

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dren of your own. And if they should want to drink

beer, You wouldn't think that was nice. I'm only a

waiter but I'm telling you To always take mother's advice.