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Mother says I mustn't.

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True

De Moe

MOTHER SAYS I MUSTN'T

COMIC SONG

BY

G. W. HUNT.



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"MOTHER SAYS I MUSN'T."

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY
G. W. HUNT.

ARRANGED BY
M. HOBSON.

VOICE.

Tempo di Polka.

PIANO.

f

I fell in love with a

mf

pret - ty girl A few short years a - go, All

sorts of wea - ther hail or rain To court her I would

go I'd long and sigh with love un - til 'Twas

time to be a - way, And when I asked a

part - ing kiss, She al - ways used to say

CHORUS.

O mother says I musn't, mother says I musn't, O George, please George,

not just yet awhile, Mother says I musn't, mother says I musn't,

O George, don't George, not just yet.

f *stacc.*

f

f

f

I fell in love with a pretty girl
 A few short years ago,
 All sorts of weather, hail or rain,
 To court her I would go;
 I'd long and sigh with love until
 'Twas time to be away,
 And when I asked a parting kiss,
 She always used to say. —

CHORUS.

O mother says I musn't, mother says I musn't,
 O George, please George, not just yet awhile,
 Mother says I musn't, mother says I musn't,
 O George, don't, George, not just yet.

I "waiting" kept, at last one day
 I thought I'd know my fate,
 I sunk upon my knees in quite
 An agonising state;
 "Selina say you'll have your George,
 "And when shall we be wed?"
 I long'd to hear my love's reply,
 And this is what she said. —
 (Spoken) Well George dear you're *very* kind,
 but we could *never* live on two hundred a
 year, so until you are worth at least five
 hundred per annum darling —
 Mother says I musn't, mother says I musn't,
 O George, please George, not just yet awhile,
 Mother says I musn't, mother says I musn't,
 O George, don't George, not just yet.

From then I went to work, by Jove!
 I left no stone unturned,
 Until five hundred pounds a year,
 At last I really earned;
 Selina heard how things had changed,
 And when we met one day,
 She seemed so pleasant, and at last
 She *lovingly* did say. —
 (Spoken) You remember George dear, what I said
 when you asked me some time ago, well George dear as
 you have so improved in circumstances, suppose you ask
 me *now* Georgey ~~Porgy~~ darling? eh what say?
 Well said I, upon consideration you're *very* kind but —
 Mother says I musn't, mother says I musn't,
 O dear, please dear, *not just yet* awhile,
 Mother says I musn't, mother says I musn't,
 No dear, I can't dear, *not just yet*.

Give me the girl who ¹ loves a man,
 And loves him for himself,
 Whose first consideration is, not
 What he's worth in pelf;
 All sordid minded damsels who
 May worship golden dross,
 May they be old maids till they die,
 And we'll never feel their loss.
 (Spoken) So ladies who don't want to be old maids,
 mind you don't *once too often* say —
 Mother says I musn't, mother says I musn't,
 O George, please George, don't ask yet awhile,
 Mother says I musn't, mother says I musn't,
 O George, don't George, not just yet.