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1921

# And Her Mother Came Too!

Ivor Novello

*Composer*

Dion Titheradge

*Lyricist*

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# AND HER MOTHER CAME TOO

WORDS BY  
DION TITHERADGE

VOCAL FOX TROT

MUSIC BY  
IVOR NOVELLO

SUNG BY JACK BUCHANAN

# Charlot's Revue

MARCH WITH ME  
NIGHT MAY HAVE ITS SADNESS  
ROUGH STUFF  
AND HER MOTHER CAME TOO  
WILD THYME  
BABY BLUES  
THOSE WERE THE DAYS

ASCHERBERG, HOPWOOD  
& CREW, Ltd.,  
16, MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.1

Vp. 016717  
1921

AND HER

# AND HER MOTHER CAME TOO!

Words by  
DION TITHERADGE.

Music by  
IVOR NOVELLO.

Moderato, well marked.

PIANO. *mf*

*p*

I seem to be the vic - tim of a cru - el jest, \_\_\_\_\_  
 There may be times when cou - ples need a cha - per - one, \_\_\_\_\_

— It dogs my foot-steps with the girl I love the best.  
 — But mo - thers ought to learn to leave a chap a - lone.

*cresc.*

She's just the sweet - est thing that I have ev - er known, \_\_\_\_\_  
 I wish they'd have a heart and use their com - mon sense \_\_\_\_\_

*cresc.*

*dim.*

But still we nev - er get the chance to be a - lone.  
For three's a crowd, and more, it's tre - ble the ex - pense.

## REFRAIN.

My car will meet her ——— And her mother comes too!  
We lunch at Max - im's ——— And her mother comes too!

*cresc.*

It's a two - seat - er ——— Still her mo-ther comes too!  
How large a snack seems ——— When her mo-ther comes too!

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At Ci - ro's when I am free,      At din-ner sup-per or tea,  
And when they're vis - it-ing me,      We fin-ish af - ter-noon tea,

She loves to shim-my with me —      And her mo-ther does too!  
She loves to sit on my knee —      And her mo-ther does too!

We buy her trou - seau —      And her mo-ther comes too!  
To golf we start - ed —      And her mo-ther came too!

Asked *not* to do so — Still her mo-ther comes too!  
 Three bags I cart - ed — When her mo-ther came too!

She sim-ply can't take a snub, I go and sulk at the club, Then have a  
 She faint-ed just off the tee, My dar-ling whis-perd to me — "Jack, dear, at

1. bath and a rub — And her bro-ther comes too! too! —  
 last we are free!" But her mo-ther came to! to! —

2.

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Words by  
RONALD JEANS.

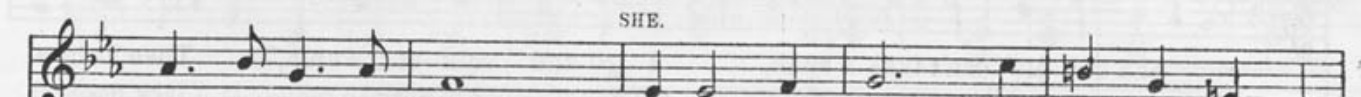
Music by  
IVOR NOVELLO.

Moderato. *p* HE. *Very simply.*

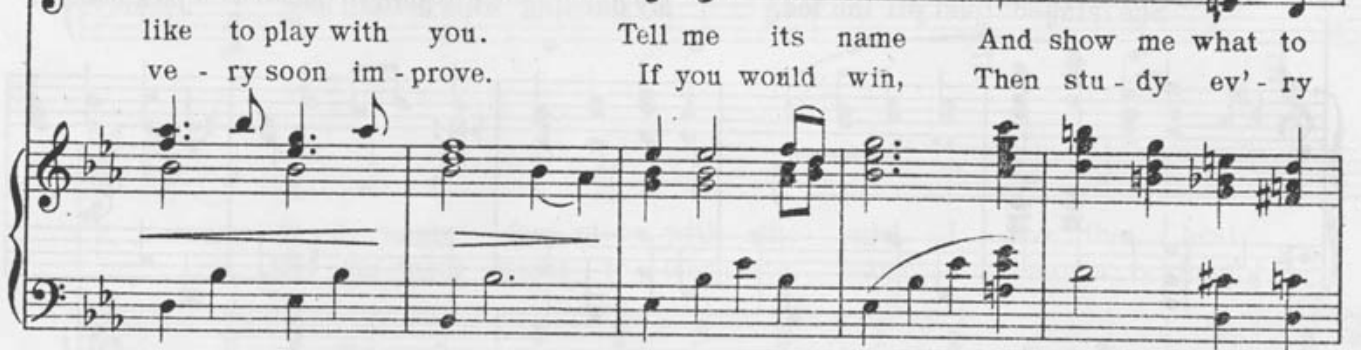
VOICE. 


PIANO. 

I know a game I'd  
Once you be - gin You'll

SHE. 

like to play with you. Tell me its name And show me what to  
ve - ry soon im - prove. If you would win, Then stu - dy ev' - ry

PIANO. 

HE. 

do. It's a game for two to play When the moon shines bright a - bove.  
move. If you play the game with skill, You must ne - ver show your hand.

PIANO. 