

Mother always sends the very thing.

Written by

Harry Randall.

Composed and Sung

by

ERNEST HASTINGS.

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Allegro moderato.



KEY C.



1. Now, bro - ther Bill's a sol - dier, and he's some - where at the front,
2. Each week we rack our brains to try and send him something nice.
3. Now, Bill's a chap who has his moods; he's some - times full of fun,

And now and then he sends us bits of
We some - how think he's caught the French - y
And then p'raps in - to sen - ti - ment he'll



{ s : - l : - : , s | 1 . , 1 : 1 , , 1 | lt , , t : t , , t | s , , s : s .. s | 1 : . 1
news, _____ And in re - turn, from home we send him par - cels ev - 'ry week, And
tone. _____ We can't make pâ - te de foie gras, or ev - en snails in ice, So we
roam. _____ He's writ - ten late - ly say - ing that when next he's here on leave, He'd



{ f , , f : s , , s | m , , n : d , , d | r : - l : - : , r | n , , re : m , , r id , , r : n , , f
han - dy lit - tle things that he can use. _____ Some-times we send him eat - a - bles, or
have to send a mix - ture of our own. _____ So mo - ther made a par - cel up of
like to meet a girl, and make a home. _____ So we all look'd up some la - dy friends, who're



leggiero.

|| s .. fe : s .. f | m : ,s | t .. le : t .. le | t .. l : s .. fe | s : - | : s .. l |

some-thing he can smoke, Or p'raps a com - ic song hed like to sing. We
 win - kles, and a pound Of bul - lock's liv - er chopp'd in ti - ny bits, And
 ra - ther fond of Bill; We sent their pho - tos on, and wish'd him joy. But

{

|| t .. l : s .. l | t .. l : s .. l | t .. l : s .. l | t : s | r .. s : l .. t | rit. | r .. t : l .. r | s : - | - : |

know some things are wast-ed- well, he writes to tell us so, But mo - ther al - ways sends the ve - ry thing.
 mo - ther said, "If on - ly Bill will rub some drip-ping in, 'Twill knock the Frenchies' pat - ties in - to fits!"
 mo - ther sat and ponder'd, for it seem'd that af - ter all It meant that she would lose her on - ly boy.

{

|| a tempo. d .. r : d .. t, | d .. r : m .. f | s : s | - : | r .. m : r .. de | r .. m : f .. s |

Sa - rah's sent some saus - a - ges and slip - pers, Fa - ther sent a half - a - pound of
 Sa - rah's sent some socks and salts and sen - na, Aun - tie sent a small tooth -
 Sa - rah's sent a "stick - y - back" of Stel - la, Fa - ther sent one on of Cous - in
a tempo.

{

|| 1 : - | - : | t .. le : t .. le | t .. l : re .. m | l : s | l : n |

shag, Aun - tie sent a - long a box of Sun - light soap, And
 comb, Fa - ther sent a pho - to of the Sun - day joint To re -
 Flo, Aun - tie sent a pho - to of a dear good girl, And

{

|| n - t, : d , de lr - ur : t | l : - i : s | s .. fe : s , fe | s .. fe : s , se |
 un - cle sent a sleep - ing bag. He wrote to say, "I'm grate - ful for the
 mind him of his home, sweet home. He wrote to say, "Out here it's ve - ry
 un - cle sent a sau - cy se - ri - o. He wrote to say, "I like the girls, they're

|| l - , l : se .. t | l : - l | l - , l : se .. l | r' , d' : t , l | t : r' l - : g |
 pre - sent s you have sent; I ap - pre - ci - ate your thoughts and kind - ly greet - ings; And
 lone - ly for the boys, No chance to see or speak to an - y fai - ry. Oh,
 ve - ry nice, but, Not They seem to me so much like one an - oth - er. I

|| d' rit. : l , la | s .. s see .. ss | l , s : f .. m | r : re | m , f : fe .. a | l , d' : n' , d' |
 ev - 'ry - thing's all right, ex - cept I can - not sleep at night!" So mo - ther sent a - long a pound of
 just to have a word with a sau - cy lit - tle bird!" So mo - ther sent a - long the pet ca -
 want one by my side - one who'd be a pal, a guide." Next

rit.

Keat - - ings. day there came a pho - to, sign'd "Your Mo - - ther!"
 na - - ry.

Slower.

D.C.

Last verse only.

Slower.