

Since Maggie Learned To Sing - song lyrics

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Since Maggie Learned to Sing.
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Words and Music by B. H. Janssen.

Terrence Grady has six children, five are girls and one a boy;
And till late life was a pleasure, each one gave him boundless Joy;
But the eldest joined a choir, Terrence now is nearly mad;
Some one said "she sang soprano," tho' a voice she never had,
Then she plagued poor Terrence daily that some lessons she must take;
She was going to sing in Op'ra, what a furore she would make.
He said "yes: "and now the family, one by one, have passed away;
And the neighbors all go crazy when they hear this roundelay:

Refrain.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do all day long you hear;
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do grates upon your ear;
"Marguerite!" "Farewell, My Own!" "To Thee, My Love, I Cling!"
We're having rain most every day since Maggie learned to sing.

She can sing in every language, be it old or be it new;
If she howls in French or German, it will be all Greek to you;
She takes high "C "and she holds it, but you'd wish she let it go;
She sings a la chills and fever, and she calls it "tremolo!"
"Just like Patti," she will tell you. "when she sings "La Trovatore!"
Tho' you faint and cry for mercy, she will surely sing once more;
Every cat will cease its howling when her voice is roaring high;
They all Join her in the chorus when she sings "Sweet Bye-And-Bye."

Refrain.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, morning, noon and night;
Do, re, me, fa, sol, la, si, do, sung with all her might;
"Violets, Sweet Violets! " "What Will the Harvest Bring?"
The city's put on mourning now since Maggie learned to sing.

She will sing dramatic music in a voice that fairly shrieks;
And she sings with such emotion that the tears run down her cheeks;
Battle songs she sings so fiercely that your blood is hound to creep;
Lullabys she sings so tender that they put you fast asleep;
Scales she runs in such a fashion that you think she'.- going to fall;
Only once she sang in concert, then policemen cleared the hall;
She's a voice just like a whistle of a steamboat out of gear;
Everyone gets influenza, If her voice perchance they hear.

Refrain.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do drives us nearly wild;
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, poor afflicted child;
"Silver Threads Among the Gold, " "Oh! Hasten, Gentle Spring;"
There hasn't been a bit of frost since Maggie learned to sing.